PUNCH

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PUNCH



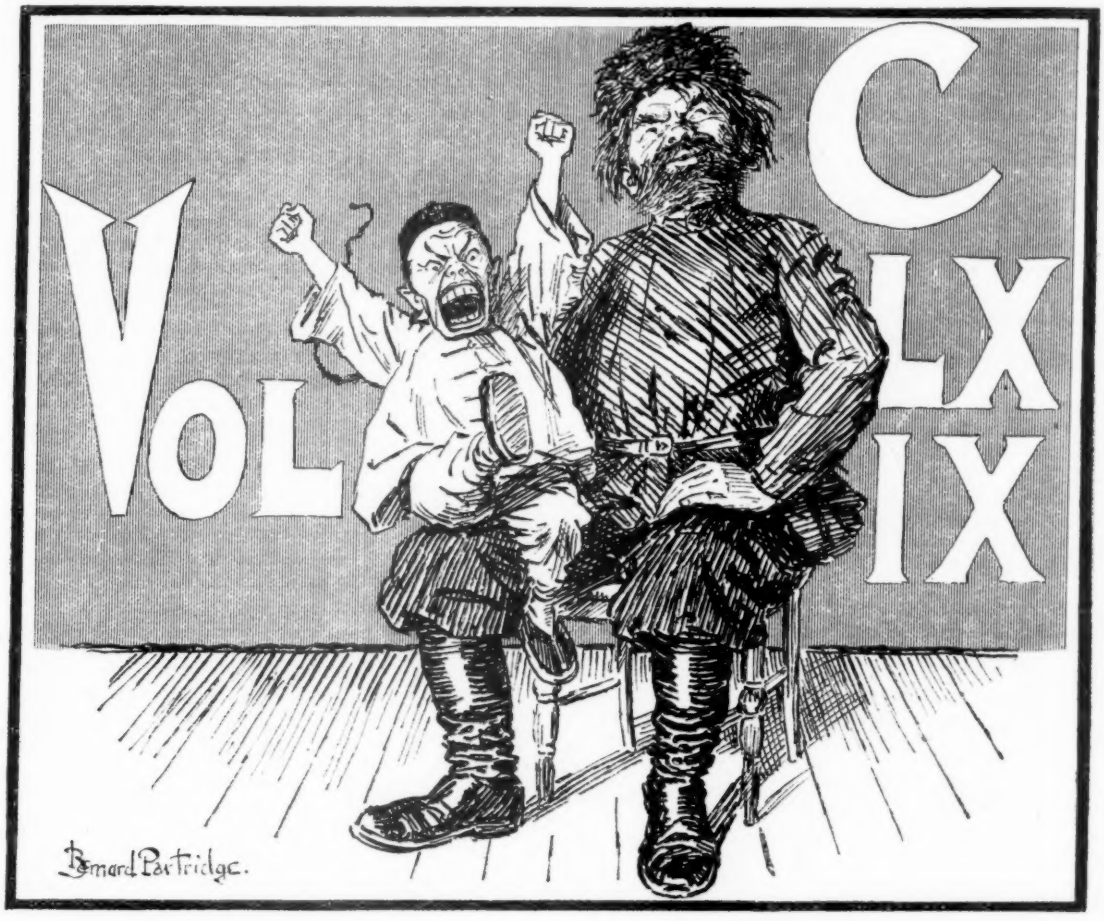
VOL·CLXIX·

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TO A WANDERER RETURNED.

(For the first time for some years the appearance of the sea serpent is reported.)

SERPENT, this welcome occasion of greeting you
After the lapse of so lengthy a time
Brings to a bard (not in danger of meeting you)
Thoughts that can only find outlet in rhyme;
All the long years when you 've been not in evidence
No other marvel has reigned in your room;
Summer has left us aware of a heavy, dense
Feeling of gloom.

Once you were one of our hardiest annuals,
Filled in our papers a regular place,
Figured, moreover, in serious manuals,
Though they were more economic of space;
Many reforms every season you brought about;
Nautical sinners, their nerves upon edge,
Saw you and trembled and solemnly thought about
Signing the pledge.

Then you retired. Oh, the summer seemed flat in a
Season wherein never once were you here,
But, like a star at a charity matinée,
Failed, in despite of our hopes, to appear;
Up on the surface you never loomed bulkily,
Down to old ocean's recesses you went,
Where, like Achilles aforetime, you sulkily
Sat in your tent.

Say, *was* it sulks at some frankly incredulous
Mariner's attitude led you to swear
Never to visit again (as per schedule) us
Just at the sultriest time of the year?
Was it the War that tabooed your epiphany?
Were you too sick for your wonted display?
Or did the calls of your family (if any)
Keep you away?

Did the demands of your father or mother rend
You from the haunts you delighted to roam,
Raising a terrible head while your other end
Lashed all the ocean around into foam?
Science may say such descriptions are flummeries;
Little care I while I stoutly maintain
Simply to read of you tells me that summer is
Summer again.

"Mr. Lloyd George's address was punctured by laughter and applause."—*Daily Paper.*

We understand that the speaker suffered no deflation.

CHARIVARIA.

PROFESSOR LOW says that in the year 2925 all crime will be treated as a disease. It will be splendid when they 'll put you to bed, take your temperature and bring you grapes for buying cigarettes after hours.

* * *

We hear of two queue entertainers who make a lot of money entertaining the queues of entertainers that are waiting to entertain the theatre queues.

* * *

Is it too late to insert something in this so-called Pact that will deal with these French people at Wimbledon?

* * *

Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN has a son. Those privileged to enjoy a close-up of the infant say that he favours his father's feet.

* * *

A Russian writer declares that Germany would like another war with us. But they haven't paid for the last one yet.

* * *

The Archbishop of WALES has expressed the opinion that the Welsh language is dying. We hardly think that. All that happens is that when it is spoken it sometimes sounds as if it were in a desperate condition.

* * *

The old question of what happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable object is about to be put to the test. MUSSOLINI is to visit TROTSKY.

* * *

A gossip-writer has mentioned that Mr. CHURCHILL finds himself lonely in the Cabinet. We are doubtful whether this is the case. The general opinion is that the Cabinet finds itself lonely in the presence of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

* * *

Mr. JACK WALLER has stated that some saxophone players receive as much as forty pounds a week. We are not at all surprised. Look at the risk they run.

* * *

General PANGALOS having seized the reins of power, Greece has experienced her seventh revolution in twenty-six years. There is now some talk of Mexico being made a suburb of Greece, so that some scheme for pooling revolts might be arranged.

* * *

A German scientist has discovered that worms can sing. There is said to be nothing more nerve-racking than a worm's high-pitched shout of "Clumsy blighter!" when someone treads on it.

* * *

The English Poultry Adviser is the name of a new weekly journal. We can only hope that it will advise the poultry in our neighbourhood to lay fresher eggs.

* * *

"Is there a cure for insomnia?" asks a contemporary. Much the best plan is to go to bed and sleep it off.

* * *

A weekly journal recently announced a forthcoming serial entitled "The Prettiest Girl in the World." Thousands of young ladies, it is reported, have already written to warn the Editor not to use their real names.

* * *

A bank-clerk who stands six feet eight inches in his socks plays cricket regularly in South London. We understand he has to stoop twice in order to pick up the ball.

* * *

Mixed bathing is permitted in Turkey for the first time. Thanks are due to the untiring efforts of the Brighter Bosphorus Society.

* * *

It seems that in America bricklayers ride to their work in motor-cars. We hear too that every plumber goes to fetch his mate in a Ford.

* * *

A conference of the British Undertakers' Association has just been held at Harrogate. No date or venue has yet been fixed for the festival of the Amalgamated Society of Gravediggers.

* * *

A *Daily Mail* reader claims to have heard the last cuckoo. Our contemporary is again to be congratulated on the alertness of its cuckoo-hearers.

* * *

Even if the Southern Railway did cost eighty thousand pounds per mile, there 's no need for some of the trains to dwell on it quite so much.

* * *

After all, you can understand why Oxford trousers are banned at one of our public schools when you think of the enormous defence of books a boy could conceal in them.

* * *

The people of Dayton, Tennessee, do not agree that man was descended from an anthropoid ape. Perhaps they think there isn't enough difference to call it a descent yet.

* * *

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE says that the world is in need of light, but where is it to come from? We always thought it was coming from those sunsets on the Welsh hills.

* * *

Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE says that "all the people who have done great things in this life have been alone." Especially on a golf-course.

The silk stockings that were brought across in an aeroplane to dodge the duty are expected to develop Jacob's ladders.

* * *

"We shall not recognise any tie," says *The Daily Telegraph*, "that does not seem to be compatible with our fundamental interests." No, it certainly *must* match our socks.

* * *

A burglar spent several hours in a house recently, but the only article missing was a collar-stud. This only goes to prove that the things *can* be found.

* * *

A moneylender had rather a grim experience the other day. He received an unstamped letter and, after paying the fee, found it contained a circular from another moneylender.

* * *

It is now possible to telephone to France practically without delay. This will probably do away with the practice of utilising Channel swimmers to dash across with important messages clenched in their teeth.

* * *

While lecturing on temperance recently a speaker was attacked with hiccoughs. We understand that with great presence of mind he called for cheers for the cause, leading the audience himself with a loud "Hic, hic, hurrah!"

* * *

The B. B. C. wants to broadcast unusual sounds. They should try to pick up Dean INGE singing "I Want to be Happy" in his bath.

THEATRE RHYMES.

VIII.—THE ENTERTAINMENT TAX.

WHEN the Treasury have spent
All the cash they have in store,
Strange devices they invent
With a view to getting more;
And I think those maniacs
Never found a stranger way
Than their stratagem to tax
My attendance at the play.

I am taxed on my cigar,
On my whisky and my wine;
They would tax my motor-car
If one happened to be mine;
Well, I 'm ready to admit
Wine and whisky and cigars
Do enliven me a bit,
So, I 'm sure, would motor-cars.

But enjoyment at a play
Is uncertain, as you know;
Frequently I come away
Saying, "What a rotten show!"
Yet the rule is not relaxed,
And it 's never been explained
Why the deuce I should be taxed
When I 've not been entertained.



THE THIEF OF SUMMER-TIME.

THE COW. "I HEAR THE PUBLIC'S CLAMOURING FOR AN EXTRA HOUR OF FRESH AIR AND SUNLIGHT DURING THE LATTER PART OF THEIR HOLIDAYS; BUT I'VE BEEN RELYING ON YOUR GOVERNMENT'S PROCRASTINATION TO DISAPPOINT THEM."

[Owing to the Government's neglect of the Summer-Time Bill it is possible that this very popular measure may, in the event of obstruction, be crowded out in the present Session, with the result that its proposed benefits will be denied to the public in the second half of September when they are most needed.]



Husband. "I SAY, BERYL, COME OVER AND BE INTRODUCED TO MY BOSS AND HIS WIFE. JUST DISCOVERED THEM SITTING OVER THERE."

Wife. "DON'T BE SO UTTERLY ABSURD. CAN'T YOU SEE I 'M NOT DRESSED FOR CALLING?"

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

OF all the "In Aid Of" affairs given lately, the "Nursery Games Bal Masqué" at the Gilded Galleries, on behalf of the Home for Asphyxiated Chauffeurs, was one of the most successful. The chance of playing Puss-in-the-corner, Kiss-in-the-ring and so on, in mask and domino, to the constant murmured accompaniment of "Who am I?" and "Oh, it 's you, is it?" brought quite a big crowd, and more pearl necklaces were lost than any night this season.

People with daughters who sing or recite or dance have been simply splendid in getting up concerts and cabarets for different causes. One of the best was the afternoon party in the ballroom at Midshire House. First on the programme was a charade written by Anne and done by herself and the Duke in period dress. I don't know what it was all about, and I don't think anyone else did, but we all agreed it was 'normously clever and congratulated Anne on her *début* as a dramatic writer. Their married girl, Rosabelle, sang one of those pretty song-cycles, "On the Top of the Haystack," right through. Her husband, Kid Boggins, the paperweight champion, gave a boxing display with a perfectly charming boy, Joe Jenks of Hoxton. The younger girl, Agatha, recited a piece of her own, "What is Everything?" a regular modernist poem with no rhymes, the lines of just any length that occurred to her, long pauses, and little gasps and exclamations. I don't know that any of us understood what everything is any better at the end of the poem than we did at the beginning, rather less perhaps, but it was quite a revelation to find that Ta-Ta, a leader in the League of Jolly Juveniles, is also a gifted modernist poet.

The Bazaar and Garden Fête in the grounds of Chadborough House was for Grace Chadborough's pet fund for Superannuated Street-Singers. There were some quite amusing novel features. For instance, the Flirtation Stall, where, by paying five shillings, visitors could have five minutes' flirtation with the popular matinée idol, Claude Clitheroe, or with the fascinating cabaret star, Pouponne. Then there was the Palace of Truth kiosk, occupied by a well-known novelist, a popular playwright and a famous artist. By paying five shillings visitors could tell one of them (or, for ten shillings, *each* of them) exactly what they thought of his work and his personal appearance. "If we, or any of us, should be found personally adorable," ran their notice displayed outside, "you may freely express your feelings. If, on the other hand, the persons of any or all of us should inspire horror, you are equally free to mention it, on payment of the proper fee."

There was a fancy stall, presided over by Frederica Forfarshire, "assisted" by Mrs. Tinkeur-Tinkeur (otherwise Tinker). Mrs. T.-T. not only stocked the stall but did almost all the work, and people remarked how swiftly and deftly she did up the parcels. Thereby hangs a tale of journalistic *méchanceté*. A day or two later, *West End Whispers* said: "The Superannuated Street-Singers Bazaar and Garden Fête has been fruitful in gossip, in particular regarding a certain wealthy and determined pusher-climber. The lady in question, Mrs. Cobbler-Cobbler, or some such echo-name, had entirely stocked one of the stalls as the price of hobnobbing with a duchess, and the thousand tongues of rumour assert that she has removed all doubts as to her antecedents by the quite professional way in which she did the parcelling and, in an absent-minded lapse, by drawing a basket along the counter and saying, 'We've a very cheap line just now in made-up neckwear.'"

Poor Mrs. Tinkeur-Tinkeur has had

a nervous breakdown in consequence, and has taken counsel's opinion about bringing an action for libel.

Everyone was surprised at the "Will not take place" announcement regarding the Widelands-Gwynneth Pendragon match. They only became engaged at Ascot and we 'd only just finished congratulating 'em. All sorts of people have given all sorts of explanations of this lightning engagement and rupture, but I 'm one of the few who know all about it and can reconstruct the whole affair. The Land's Ends' youngest girl is quite a dear girl, but very *very* modern. Her head is almost shaved, her earrings are down to her shoulders and she spells cigarette and cocktail with a big C. Widelands is a nice boy, but not nearly so temperamental as Gwynneth. They were very happy for a week, and then began to find they didn't see eye-to-eye in many ways. Widelands said Gwynneth's "views" were too pronounced, and Gwynneth said Widelands had *no* "views" and that his mentality wanted shaking up. Then, again, Gwynneth could dance all day and all night, but Widelands doesn't care about dancing.

The climax came at Delia Easthampton's last party. They were sitting down after doing the new tango-rush, and Gwynneth said, "Not much of a mover, are you, Widey? You ought to carry a spare tyre, a third leg—what?" Widelands only grunted. He 'd danced more than he liked and he had tight shoes which were putting in some strong work. "Well," queried Gwynneth as he sat looking at her, "aren't I adorable? Any complaints?"

"I dunno," said Widelands. "You're just about the last yell, of course, but I think I 'd admire you even more if your hair were longer and your earrings shorter."

"As for my hair it will stay as it is till further notice," said Gwynneth; "and as for my earrings, laddie, their length has a meaning; they 're useful as well as beautiful. *Voyons un peu!*"

She unscrewed each earring from its top, and behold! they were little crystal flasks set with brilliants and each holding a tiny but concentrated cocktail.

"Your health, old thing," she said, tossing off each in turn, "and wishing you lots of *et-cetera*," and she screwed her earrings to their tops again. Widelands professed to be shocked and disgusted. Gwynneth did nothing but laugh in her little mocking way. And the end of it was that the engagement came undone. We 've tried to straighten things out between them. Widelands would be glad to make it up again. He 's told Gwynneth he doesn't really mind the earring-cocktails, but dancing in tight shoes had sent him a little off his balance, and it was the tight shoes that said things, not himself. But Gwynneth replied calmly, "'Nuff said, laddie. I 'd rather you made *no* excuse than played the tight shoes, for who knows how far the shoes might go by-and-by? No, Widey, it 's best to call it off."

I still hope, however, that it may be set right, for it was quite the nicest engagement of the season.

Pixie Dashmore was one of the tragic four who, each thinking she had on an "exclusive model," met face to face in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, all four wearing practically the same frock. Pixie 's not built to take such a reverse lying down. Ever since she 's been determined to make amends for that disaster, and at Hurlingham one afternoon she appeared looking absolutely original. Her frock of beige lace was made with the front to the back; so was her satin coat, worn open to show the ropes of pearls hanging down her back. Her hat was a picture-poke, the poke worn at the back and the flowers and ribbon-velvet streamers at the front. She has absolutely set the back-to-front fashion, and was such a sensation that people scarcely looked at the polo. But her greatest triumph was when Colonel Chalfont, after walking round her in a state of bewilderment, said, "*Where* do I speak to you, Lady Dashmore?"



THE STICKLER.

"Well Furnished House, five beds, bath, gas cooker, garden; bathing from house, Aug., Sept.; winter later."—*Daily Paper.*
Quite so—but why remind us?

A VISION OF POPLAR.

[Mr. EDGAR LANSBURY, Mayor of Poplar, welcoming a party of Soviet delegates, expressed the hope that Poplar would become as great as Moscow and the centre of the first British Labour Republic.]

GREAT is the Green of Golders,
And, Highgate, on thy Hill
The residents rub shoulders
With princes of the quill;
Compatriots of *Count Fosco*
In Saffron Hill are seen,
But give me Little Moscow,
In London, E. 14.

D'ye want to study buildings
Of Oriental style,
Adorned with gorgeous gildings?
You need not quit this isle
Or journey to Korosko
When domes of golden sheen
Arise in Little Moscow,
In London, E. 14.

If you would watch the Cheka,
Or taste good caviare,
Or learn the balalaika,
Or buy a samovar,
Or conjure *à la* BOSCO,
Or sing like CHALIAPINE—
Make straight for Little Moscow,
In London, E. 14.

'Tis somewhere east of Shadwell,
North of the Isle of Dogs,
Nearer the Bank than Chadwell,
Remote from Oxford togs;
And here at last *agnosco*
The marvellous machine
Borrowed from Greater Moscow
By London, E. 14.

P.S.

The need of recognising
The Russ within our gates
By Poplar's rebaptizing
Decision still awaits;
But whether to "Poplosco"
Or "Moplargrad" we lean,
You'll find the soul of Moscow
In London, E. 14.

Golf by Weight.

From an article on the romance of mining:—

"Before, however, the seventh hole was nine feet deep a rich 'pocket' was revealed, and within an hour 120 lbs. of golf had been secured."—*Continental Paper.*

"... twice the game was delayed through the ground encroaching on the playing pitch."
Sunday Paper.

This seems to have worried the fielders at Bradford. But with our village club it is quite a common experience.

FIGHTING THROUGH.

A FIRE STORY.

I WAS dozing in the study about half-past nine one evening when my wife abruptly disturbed me.



"I WOKE UP AT ONCE."

"Henry, I think the house is on fire," she cried.

I woke up at once.

"You think?" I replied. "You ought to know."

"I can smell something burning. Can't you?"



"'FIRE!' I SCREAMED."

"Yes," I agreed presently. "I can. What is it?"

"Never mind what it is," she said. "Come and put it out."

Hand-in-hand, for she had torn me out of my chair, we passed into the hall. It was full of smoke. I began to cough and my eyes started smarting painfully.

"Rose is out," my wife informed me. "What on earth are we to do?"

She spoke as if the quelling of fires was one of the outstanding accomplishments of our treasure.

"I am here, dear," I reminded my wife. "Leave everything to me. One thing at a time."

Meanwhile the smoke seemed to increase in density and, though no coward, I felt that the investigation of a blazing basement might be a terrible ordeal.

"Do—do something, Henry, for goodness' sake."

Now, if ever, seemed to be the time to use the telephone.

I grasped the receiver. Smoke wreaths curled up my nostrils. Clearly no time must be lost.

"Exchange! Fire!" I screamed.

There ensued a period of terrible suspense.

"Hello," said Exchange suddenly. "I want *you*."

Click—click—brr—Johnson at the other end, a neighbour of ours.

"Hello—that you, Coot?"

"Hello," I said. "Look here——"

"Hello—is that Coot speaking?"

"Yes, it 's me, but——"

"Can you golf to-morrow?"

"Yes, but——" (Here I broke down, coughing.)

"Can't hear, old boy."

"We're on fire! Gerroff line——" (Here I choked.)

"Can't hear, old boy."

My wife, who had been dancing with impatience, snatched the receiver away from me.

"Do get off the line, Mr. Johnson," she said; "we're on fire—fire! Bother the man; he won't understand. FIRE!" she screamed at the top of her voice. "We want the engine. Get off the line. No, no, *not* an engine off the line."

She threw down the receiver on to its hook and turned to me in a state of incipient imbecility.

"The fool thinks it 's a railway accident."

"He would," I said.

Telephone-bell. Johnson again.

"Hello—cut off, weren't we?" he began brightly. "Touching this golf game. Hello—are you there?"

I tried to stop coughing and articulate slowly and distinctly.

"Johnson, our house is on fire," I said. "We want the fire-engine. Our

house is on fire. We want the fire-engine. Our house——"

At last he seemed to understand.

"*Your* house?" he shouted. "Good Lord! You'd better ring up the brigade. Don't bother about looking up their number. Just call 'Fire!' and you'll be put straight through to the fire-station. Ring up the police too, I should. Don't bother about looking up their number either. Just say 'Police!' and you'll be put straight through to the police-station. I'll get off the line so as to give you a clear call. Good Lord! Good-bye."

He rang off.

My wife and I succumbed to a bad fit of coughing, as much from exasperation as from the smoke.

"You'd better go downstairs," my wife suggested as soon as she could speak.

"Yes, in a moment," I replied, and took up the telephone receiver.

"Hello," I said—"hello——"

This time I got straight through.

"Hello — yes, hello — what, what—who is it?" inquired an excited voice.

Good heavens! the line had not been cleared and there was Johnson again.

"It's Coot," I panted. "Want to get fire-station—ring off."

He lost his head.

"I'll try from this end," he shrieked. "Fire! Fire! Police! Fire! Police——"

We shouted together, furiously rattling receiver hooks, "Exchange! Exchange!"

"Number, please?"

"FIRE! POLICE!" we bellowed as one man.

Click—click—brr—click—whizz——

"P'leece," said a far-away gruff voice.

"Fire!" I screamed.

Somehow or other Johnson had also got through, and we all began talking together.

"'Ullo, 'ullo! 'Ow many more of you on the line?"

"FIRE!" I reiterated, and gave my name and address. I could hear Johnson giving his, though goodness only knew what for.

"Whose fire *is* it?" demanded the P'leece.

"Mine," I sobbed at him. "292, Pembroke Road."

The officer took a long time to come to a decision.

At last he said, "I can't leave the station."

This infuriated me beyond all bounds.

"Nobody wants you to," I roared. "We want the brigade to leave the station, and precious quickly too. We just thought you ought to know, that's all. Get off the line—you—you——"

A frightful spasm of coughing precluded further speech and I groped for my wife. She was gone. Good heavens! was she even at this moment lying insensible in a holocaust? Panic-stricken, I attacked the telephone once more. At all costs the alarm must be given. Shouting some words of comfort which I hoped would reach my wife's ears, I found myself being heckled by the supervisor. Breathlessly I explained the urgency of the position. The supervisor did her best. After what seemed an eternity I heard a voice say "Fire station." Through at last.

"FIRE!" I gurgled. "292, Pembroke Road."



"IT WAS THE FINAL BLOW."

"The brigade's gone out," I was informed briefly.

It was the final blow. As I reeled beneath it I fell into the arms of my wife, who had just emerged from the haze.

"The brigade's gone out," I said wildly.

"So's the fire," she replied. "I went downstairs. It was only your socks scorching in the kitchen and the register had fallen down, so no wonder the place was full of smoke. I do think you might have gone with me."

My relief was tremendous.

"The main thing," I said, "is that you, darling, are safe. I thought I had lost you—my right hand."

"Don't be silly," she rejoined; "all you lost was your head."

At this juncture the telephone-bell rang once more. It was Johnson again, apparently demented.

"Hello, Coot!" he yelped. "Hold on, old boy; I'm at a fire-station—ran all the way. I'm coming round now—ON THE ENGINE!"

His voice rose to a frenzied scream and he was gone before I could answer.

"Johnson's coming on an engine," I reported faintly.

"And there's nothing to put out," said my wife.

I was struck by a happy idea.

"You can put out the whisky," I said. "Let us at least welcome our friends as warmly as we can."

HAY FEVER.

Now summer's redolent
Of sweetest scent,
Syringa, roses, stocks,
The fragrant phlox;
And, sweeter still than these,
Belov'd of bees,
Carnations, flowering fair
Perfume the air.
With rending sneezes
I greet these spicy breezes.

From meadows far away
With clover gay,
Groves of the blossoming lime
And banks of thyme,
The laden wind supplies
Its honeyed sighs,
My red unhappy nose
To discompose.
With frantic sneezes
Its wretched plight it eases.

On prim punctilious calls;
At bridge, at balls,
At concerts, at the play,
Both night and day
The dreadful blasts resound
For miles around,
While everybody stares.
Even at prayers
The Devil seizes
My very soul with sneezes.

Heard at Henley.

"What *is* a 'Leanderthal' man?"

"Cool, useful Bungalow to Let between Bournemouth and I.O.W."—*Ladies' Paper.*

"Cool" seems probable.

"The steam-trawler *Ingoldby*, which had been undergoing overhaul in Grimsby graving-dock, sang mysteriously during Saturday night."—*Evening Paper.*

It sounds like an Ingoldby legend.

"The recent heat wave would undoubtedly have aggravated the generalisation of the bacillus as it could not grow while the meat remained frozen."

Dr. BRONTË in an Evening Paper.

So long as the bacillus confines himself to generalisations we don't worry. It is when we detect a personal note in his angry buzz that we dash for cover among the pathologists of the Home Office.

In Memoriam.

A. D. Godley.

(BORN 1856. DIED JUNE 27TH, 1925.)

THE pageant of high summer glows and gleams
In Oxford's meads and on her sunlit streams,
But Oxford hearts are sad and heads are bowed
Under the shadow of a grievous cloud.

Scholars may come and go, but few, and far
Between, are born beneath a laughing star,
Like the bright spirit that we mourn to-day,
Never more wise than when his words were gay.

He wore his learning lightly, like a flower,
Neither ensconced within the ivory tower
Of pedantry, nor entering the lists
To joust with ponderous philologists.

He laughed at others' posturing and pretence,
Yet often jested at his own expense;
He loved the ancients and their golden tongue;
Rebuked and yet was tender to the young;

Faithful upholder of the antique ways,
Foe of extremes, and generous of praise
To those who from his torch their rushlights lit,
Aping his manner while they lacked his wit.

He craved no place, no honours, in the sun,
Yet sought new civic duties to be done
In war or peace, and laboured to break down
The age-long jealousies of town and gown.

Frugal of speech, yet, when the moment came,
Transfixing folly with unerring aim,
But lavish in the largess of his pen
To foster gladness in the hearts of men,

Not only in the jocund verses seen
By readers of *The Oxford Magazine*,
But in the rhyming letters sent to cheer
His friends, a legacy now doubly dear.

Long, long shall Oxford gratefully recall
The pen that never held a drop of gall,
The heart that never knew a thought unkind,
The mournful face that masked a joyous mind.

In a Good Cause.

ON Thursday, July 16th, HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN is to open the Extension of the Mothers' Hospital at Clapton. This branch of the Salvation Army's great work is devoted to the care of expectant mothers, married and unmarried, and includes Ante-Natal Clinics and a Training School in Midwifery for service at home and abroad. It has outgrown the limits of its accommodation and a sum of eighteen thousand pounds is required for this extension of its sphere of usefulness in one of the poorest districts of London.

The high task to which the Salvation Army has set itself for the last sixty years—the redemption of the bodies and souls of men, women and children who have had no chance or missed what little chance they had—has long ago justified itself in the eyes of all who understand. Their devotion to the country's needs in the War is still fresh in our memories. If one were less confident in appealing to a common chivalry and patriotism to aid them in their labours among the destitute and outcast, one might well base their claim to the gratitude of the public on the ground of those voluntary services which have saved the State untold expense in the maintenance of social order. And the sacrifices made by those who do this labour of love are not confined to the labour itself. The workers of the Salvation Army are men and women of narrow means; yet by constant self-denial they help to support their own work by gifts from the small margin left them by their vows of poverty. If they who have so little can do so much, their prayer that we others who pass by should turn aside to their succour is not an easy one to refuse.

And for this Mothers' Hospital, whose nurses have cared gently for their sisters who come to them in bodily need and often in mental anguish, and tended the little children that have been given life within its walls—it would be a debt of honour well paid to its Founders and to the devoted women who labour there if the QUEEN, when HER MAJESTY opens the Extension next week, might be able to announce that the nation had already discharged its cost.

Contributions should be sent to General BOOTH, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. 4.

BRIGHTER CRICKET.

SOONER or later the weather will change, and with a return to normal summer conditions cricket scores, among other things, will be affected, and we shall then have the usual outcry for brighter cricket.

The public wants runs and wants them quickly. It craves movement, for, after all, cricket isn't like bricklaying.

Now in football constant action maintains the excitement from start to finish. There is always the chase, the scramble, the barge. Wherever the ball is kicked, two or more players dash off in pursuit. It is this which, I am given to understand, makes the game so popular. Well, then, if bustle and brightness are synonymous, why not attempt some such modification as this in cricket?

At the beginning of an innings, instead of having two batsmen at the wicket and the rest of the team lounging decoratively on the balconies of the pavilion, let 's have 'em all out, each with a bat, but unpadded and ungloved. The first pair, who will, of course, be gloved and padded, will take up the usual positions at the crease. The rest will be disposed about the ground in a more or less oval formation about mid-way between the pitch and the boundary. To avoid confusion we might call them "half-bats." When a batsman pushes the ball, say, past mid-on, he (mid-on) dashes after it, but so does the nearest half-bat, who, if he reaches the ball first, whacks it along in any old direction, but preferably towards another half-bat, who literally keeps the ball rolling.

All this time the batsmen are running like anything, and so are the fielders, until in a really good break the whole field is in rapid motion and the crowd is yelling as at a cuptie. When, if ever, a fieldsman gets the ball he returns it in the usual way to bowler or wicket-keeper, and the over is continued. When a wicket falls the batsman retires permanently to the pavilion and his place at the wicket is taken by one of the half-bats. The field is thus gradually thinned until, when the eleventh man goes to the wicket, it is reduced to the number to which we are accustomed to-day.

This rearrangement of the game at once suggests an alteration in the batting order. For instance, let us suppose Middlesex and Surrey are playing, and the latter, having won the toss, elect to bat first. Obviously the opening pair would now be STRUDWICK and FENLEY or SADLER. (I am not suggesting that these fellows can't bat, but someone must constitute the tail which now goes in front.) Under brighter cricketing conditions they (the opening batsmen) would



Man-Woman. "IN THE OLD DAYS I NEVER PAID MORE THAN SIXPENCE FOR A HAIR-CUT; NOW THEY CALL IT A SHINGLE-TRIM AND CHARGE ME THREE-AND-SIX."

have the maximum amount of help, whereas, when it came to the closing partnership of SANDHAM and HOBBS (HOBBS now in the proud and coveted position of eleventh man), the batsmen would have to manage by themselves.

Not only would the game be brightened, but the Press accounts would become more picturesque. Take the opening paragraphs descriptive of this Middlesex *v.* Surrey match as an example. The report would read something like this:—

"Steady rain overnight had not affected the wicket more than usual, and the sun was shining when STRUDWICK and FENLEY opened for Surrey, STRUDWICK taking first knock. The half-bat play was exceptionally keen, the pace being a hot one from the start. 'STRUDDY' played a crisp if brief innings of 72, in which he hit a 26, two 18's and a 10 before having his off-stump uprooted by the last delivery of DURSTON's first over."

Of course we should need some new rules. No half-bat would be allowed to hit the ball twice in succession, to smack it across the pitch, to knock it out of a fielder's hand or to bash it into the spectators. Then we might need rules about obstruction and off-side. Off-side! What joy for the partisans in the crowd, and what a priceless opening for correspondence in the athletic Press!

Then, again, wouldn't it lead to a little brighter umpiring? Wouldn't they have to run about in shorts, with whistles? The more one thinks about it the brighter become the possibilities. I believe this is what the public wants.

"The sporting world is shocked at Holland's refusal to organise an Olympiad on the ground that sporting demonstrations encourage immortality."—*New Zealand Paper.*

But surely that is what Olympiads are for.

AMERICA AND GENESIS.

NOT only is the tyranny of Science being cast off, but Science itself, thank goodness, is at last being put into chains. In some of the more enlightened United States of America, such as Tennessee, one is now no longer permitted to believe in the theory of evolution. (I never did.) An American science-master who taught Darwinism has been lynched or tarred-and-feathered or electrocuted in Tennessee, I understand. At any rate something has been done to him to make it pretty clear that the origin of man is angelic in Tennessee and has nothing whatever to do with the apes.

All this is very much to the good. For sixty years and more we in England have been professing to believe in Darwinism and the story of Eden at the same time. But they cannot be reconciled, any more than the measurements of NOAH'S ark can be justly reconciled with the enormous measurements which scientists falsely ascribe to animals of the early world. NOAH'S ark, it will be remembered, was three hundred cubits long, fifty cubits broad and thirty cubits high; there were three storeys and it had only one window. Now, even supposing that it was possible to accommodate comfortably two mastodons and two dinosauria after their kind in the ark, and assuming for the moment that dinosauria and mastodons were not regarded as clean animals (in which case it would have been necessary, though less disagreeable, to accommodate seven), I cannot bring myself to believe that there would have been also room in the bird section of the ark for a whole covey or flock of dinornises or dinornithes each standing ten or twelve feet high. For it must be remembered that all the fowls of the air accompanied NOAH into the ark by sevens and not by twos—presumably one male bird and six hens of every species. There would thus have been practically no space for the roosting and perching of the dinornis and similar birds, together with their hens, after their kind in a vessel of so limited a capacity, and for this reason I unequivocally reject the bones in the South Kensington Natural History Museum.

For a long time too I have been impressed with the notion that the earth is flat. The idea came to me on Pevensey Marshes, I think, or it may have been in Hammersmith, and I came to the conclusion that all the scientists after their kind ever since the Middle Ages have been misled through living in proximity to mountains. In such places as Hampstead or on the Sussex Downs it is quite easy to believe that the world is round, but there is nothing about it in the Book of Genesis, and one may assume from the fact that during the Flood the waters covered the face of the whole earth that the earth was, and is, flat, or rather concave, otherwise the water would have flowed off it, and indeed even now the Atlantic Ocean would not stay on. The idea that it is the law of gravity which prevents it from slipping off the face of the earth can easily be disproved by pouring a little water on the face of a pumpkin at the dinner-table, or, better still, a little maraschino on the face of a grapefruit. Does it remain? No.

I have also proved to my own satisfaction that the earth does not go round the sun, but the sun the earth, by the simple process of sitting in the sun the whole day long, facing in a southerly direction and looking at the sea. During the early part of the day the left side of my nose peeled, at mid-day the bridge and during the afternoon the right side; and this entirely corroborates the passage in the Book of Judges in which JOSHUA commands the sun to stay still in the Valley of Ajalon. If the earth had been going round the sun he would naturally have ordered the earth to stand still. GALILEO was tortured many years afterwards for making this silly mistake about the earth and the sun, and very rightly recanted.

We have now reached a time, I think, when all the dogmas and superstitions of the Victorian period, which will probably be known as the Dark Ages, are about to be swept aside, and when punishment will be imposed for believing in them. We shall revert to the simple pristine beliefs of our forefathers. There is in their connection one particular belief to which I should like the whole world to return. This is that the United States of America do not exist. Is there any evidence in the Book of Genesis that they do? None whatever. *The United States of America are nowhere mentioned in the Book of Genesis.*

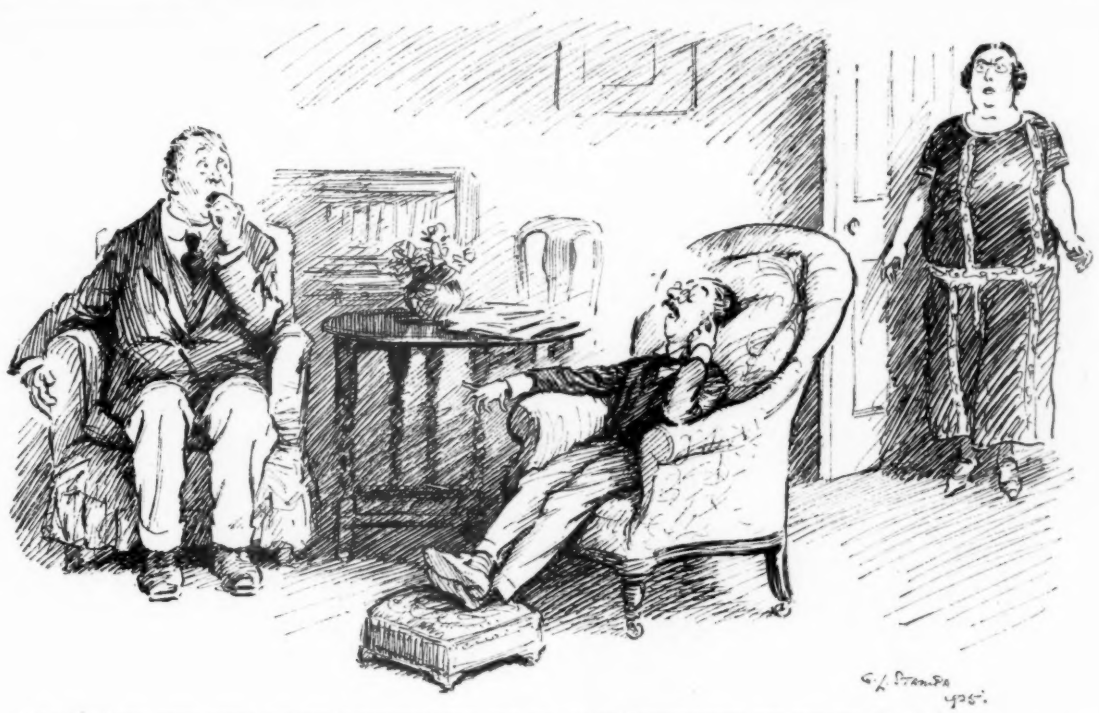
Furthermore, there is every reason to suppose that they were not intended to exist. The sons of HAM, as is pretty well known, were CUSH, and MIZRAIM, and PHUT, and CANAAN. The sons of SHEM, as no earnest Biblical student can fail to recall, were ELAM, and ASSHUR, and ARPHAXAD, and LUD, and ARAM. The sons of these various persons inherited all the central portions of the globe, leaving to the sons of JAPHETH, whose names are so often on our lips as to be almost household words—I am referring, of course, to GOMER, MAGOG, MADAI, JAVAN, TUBAL, MESHECH, and TIRAS—nothing but the isles of the Gentiles, everyone after his tongue, after their families and in their nations. Is it possible to identify the United States of America with one of the isles of the Gentiles? I think not. They were therefore not assigned to the descendants of any of the sons of NOAH, and, if they exist at all, are not intended to be inhabited by any part of the human race.

The early explorers were probably on the right lines when they assumed that, on arriving at this so-called country, they had reached the Indies, and I cannot find sufficient proof that they were wrong. Travellers' tales about the marvels of this country in the West count for very little, for we know what travellers are. One has only to think of HERODOTUS, MARCO POLO and Baron MUNCHHAUSEN. Still more remarkable is it that as the years go by stories about what happens in America tend to become more and more difficult to believe. Evolution is incredible, no doubt, but America is more incredible than evolution.



HOW TO DIVE.

FULL DIRECTIONS, EASY TO UNDERSTAND, PRINTED ON CARDS FOR CONVENIENCE, POST FREE 2/6 FROM THE BLUE SEA SWIMMING SCHOOL CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE.



Friend. "YOUR WIFE TELLS ME SHE 'S SETTLED THAT YOU ALL GO TO SUNNYBOURNE FOR THE SUMMER."
Little Binks. "HA! HA! SHE THINKS SHE DID IT. AS A MATTER OF FACT I *WILLED* HER TO CHOOSE SUNNYBOURNE. I WOULDN'T LET HER KNOW IT THOUGH, POOR LAMB."

I therefore suggest that it be made a punishable offence in this country to believe in or teach the existence of the United States of America.

The advantages of my proposal will at once be obvious. The impious belief in a country for which there is no Biblical authority being once forgotten, we can immediately reduce the income-tax. We shall no longer be under the necessity of importing American films or spending public money in providing escorts of Territorial troops to guard them, and the British film industry will prosper. We shall get all our corn from Canada and the other Dominions overseas, which are clearly included in the definition, "Isles of the Gentiles," and populated by the descendants of the sons of JAPHETH and his sons' sons, more particularly TARSHISH, KITTIM and DODANIM. This would foster imperial trade. The presence in this country of a large number of persons wearing tortoiseshell-rimmed spectacles and asking their way to Buckingham Palace or Stratford-on-Avon may seem to prove the existence of America, but those who follow Genesis closely can afford to disbelieve in them. Most probably they are mere phantoms created by witchcraft and sorcery. Their so-called country certainly does not exist on the mediæval maps, which are far more true to Old Testament teaching than those of a later age.

There is, in fact, only one, and that a very flimsy proof, of their credentials that they can possibly produce. If the land of their origin has any prophetic recognition from the Book of Genesis, which I vigorously dispute, it must be taken to occur in the thirteenth verse of the eighth chapter, where it is stated that "Noah removed the covering of the ark and looked, and behold, the face of the ground was *dry*. . . ."

EVOE.

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"'Rawn tawn tawn' is how Rin-tin-tin, the police dog and actor, should have his name pronounced, being of French birth."
Belfast Paper.

"The grating sound of the grass-cutter reminds one of the harsh note . . . of the corncrake—or handrail—a bird, according to W. H. Hudson, once one of our commonest migrants, but now declared by some to have been scared away by the patent mower."
Letter to "The Times."

We notice that there is no handrail in HUDSON'S Bird Sanctuary. But there are some good park-railings, put there to keep the public from doing injury to Mr. EPSTEIN'S panel.

WHITE HORSES.

[Many children in the Fen country make a cross on their shoes for luck when they see a white horse.]

A LOAD of hay came down the lane,
Its green wisps scattering below,
And harnessed to the creaking wain
There stepped a steed as white as snow.

I felt enchantment touch my eyes;
The road became a bannered way,
And iron hoofs rung fairy-wise
Throughout the dying end of day.

I thought I heard the sound of bells
And trumpets blown on castle walls,
And from a distance dim with spells
White stallions whinnied in their stalls.

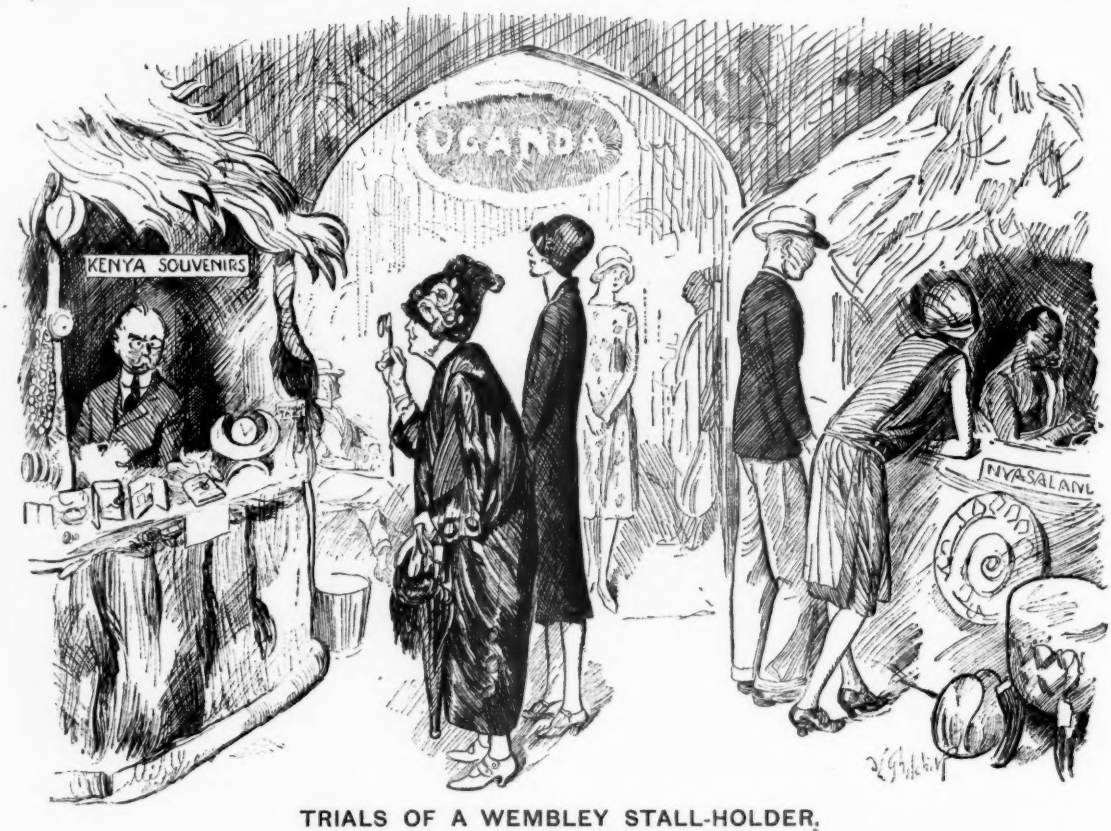
The hay-cart vanished, grimy-green;
The hoof-beats died upon the air;
But I—I felt as if I 'd seen
Saint George himself go riding there.

"For Sale, navy blue Devon Pedigree Pram. in splendid condition."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

Only blue-blooded babies need apply.

"It may be news to most people that anybody except a licensed brewer can brew beer."
Daily Paper.

What *is* the stuff that the licensed brewer brews?



TRIALS OF A WEMBLEY STALL-HOLDER.

Aunt Hester. "I DECLARE, MY DEAR, SOME OF THESE NATIVES LOOK ALMOST CIVILIZED."

ABOUT A LAMP-POST.

EVERYBODY told us that to buy a car was the most thorough piece of economy that the suburban householder could practise. They may be right. All I can say is that a fortnight after its birth our car has run violently down a steep place into a lamp-post and the whole prow of the thing is a wreck. So is the lamp-post.

Just look what a car will save you in taxis, everybody said—on nights of revelry, and so forth. True. No one, however, who pointed this out appeared to allow for the fact that in buying a motor-car one has to pay out money. Making allowance for this trifling circumstance, assuming that the car lives intact for seven years and counting two nights of revelry to a week, I calculate that only in the eighth year should we begin to save money.

Meanwhile, however, the car has run violently down a steep place into a lamp-post and the whole prow of the thing is a wreck.

But from this calculation many elements were omitted—such infinitesimal expenses as licences, driving-licences, insurance-premiums, garages, repairs, tips and bribes. During the brief but glorious life of our car I discovered that after all a motor-car is very like a boat. That is, so long as they are proceeding they give very little trouble. But whenever they stop somebody wants money. It may be a garage or a man called SHELL; it may be a commissionaire, a small boy or only a policeman; but, take it from me, suburbans, whenever a car stops for more than five minutes it costs money. And I fancy the one sure way of saving money through a motor is to drive it round for ever and ever. This was not mentioned by any of those who told us that the surest economy was the purchase of a car. Neither did they point out that in a fortnight the car would run violently down a steep place into a lamp-post and the whole prow of the thing become a wreck.

How beautiful she was—so blue, so shiny! Already, you see, I have learned to think of the creature as a she. Yet only a fortnight ago I detested motor-cars. Contented I clung to the roofs of Underground trains or, rattled to bits on the tops of omnibuses, looked down contemptuous on passing Rolls-Royces. On occasion I was prepared even to walk. Only a fortnight ago. And now I cannot bear to travel on the Tube; to pay for a taxi is torture to my soul. In a tiny fortnight my whole nature has been changed and corrupted by a little chit of a motor-car in dark blue. And now the darling has run violently down a steep place into a lamp-post and the whole prow of the thing is a wreck.

How beautifully we drove her! With what bravado we crept about the side-streets at the dead of night, hooting at every turning, slowing down to five m.p.h. at every corner and letting her out to ten or fifteen in between. In the day-time we crawled along the gutter, hooting at the pedestrians to warn them of our coming. Vast cars in front, affrighted by the noise, put out great condescending arms and signalled "Pass us!" which was the last thing that we intended. Policemen had no trouble with us; whatever complicated signs they made we stopped. Let a constable so much as move his head and I put my

foot on everything and put the engine out of action. I do not know that we were very popular on the road. Considering the current outcry against the careless driver it is odd how little thanks one gets for driving carefully. I had always understood that the great thing was not to drive too fast, but such black looks as came our way were all for driving too slow. It is a cruel world. Still, we killed nobody, which is more than every motorist can say. I don't suppose we even frightened anybody. Even the lamp-post was the act of God—or rather a small boy. A ticket on the car said that we must not drive her too fast for the first five hundred miles. All we have done is to drive her too slowly for fifty. And now she has run violently down a steep place into a lamp-post and the whole prow of the thing is a wreck. It is a cruel world indeed.

If only one of us had been on board at the time . . .! There is, I imagine, a certain satisfaction in driving into a lamp-post. It is so seldom one does an action that has a definite and visible result. And how few are the rate-payers who have had the satisfaction of knocking a lamp-post silly! Such a darned, confounded, silly, unnecessary lamp-post too! A lamp-post at the end of a blind alley where no man dwells. A useless, costly municipal futility. The very type of Socialistic effort. How gladly would I have razed that objectionable beacon to the ground. But no, we were not to have even that satisfaction. Alone, unattended, assisted only by the machinations of a small boy, she leaves her moorings, rushes violently down a steep place into a lamp-post and the whole prow of the thing becomes a wreck.

The boys of this borough are a blot upon humanity. They are capable of anything. When they are not doing runaway-rings on our front-door bells they are unfastening our boats or stealing our oars. Not long ago a boy of this borough climbed into the garden, selected a pair of sculls, with rowlocks to match, untied a boat that suited his size and rowed away with it to Richmond. He had previously abstracted a quart of milk from my neighbour's door-step, and with this for sustenance and devilry for his inspiration he spent a night and a day of piracy in the waters about Twickenham. Tiring at length of hunger and adventure, he offered the boat for sale to one like unto himself at one pound for the boat and a penny for each oar. When I caught up with him at last his price had come down and he was prepared to let the whole outfit go for a shilling. Was the wretch ashamed? Not a bit of it. He gloried in his crime. And now one of these monsters, these fiends in boyish shape, has set upon our poor defenceless car as she lay safe moored and braked before the house of a friend, took off the brake, gave her a little push and sent her rushing violently down a steep place into a lamp-post so that the whole prow of the thing is a wreck.

What fun it must have been!

Nevertheless—blast the boy!

Would that that boy, and indeed most of the boys of this borough, had lain prone before our poor defenceless car as she trundled down the slope into the lamp-post. Would that——

However. . . .

Everybody was very kind. They crowded out of the house with us and pointed out that the lamp-post was now standing exactly in the middle of the engine. They told us about the price of radiators and the length of time required to bend a car into its proper shape again. They also observed that in all probability the insurance company would refuse to pay for the lamp-post. Insurance policies, it seems, cover almost everything, but not lamp-posts. A policeman took the name and address of everybody present. An orator arrived and made a speech about the idle rich. Four men appeared by magic from the gas company. One man made a report about the lamp. Another man made a report about the post. The third examined the pavement. The fourth sniffed the air for escaping gas, looked daggers and went away. The garage sent ten men to take the car away and, seeing the prow was a wreck, they pushed her stern into a brick wall and made a wreck of that end too. Well, well, no doubt the insurance company will pay for that too. But what, I wonder—oh, I do wonder—is the price of a good lamp-post?

A. P. H.



"IS THAT FELLOW TIMPKINS ANY GOOD?"
"PRETTY USEFUL. HE 'S JUST BOUGHT A NEW SIX-SEATER!"

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"A fairly good monsoon is expected for all parts of India though possibly not for the whole, but as this is usual it is quite what may be expected."—*Calcutta Paper.*



Small Boy. "MUMMY, CAN I HAVE SOME GREENGAGES?"
Mother (in undertone). "THERE ARE ONLY TWO, DARLING."
Small Boy. "I ONLY WANT TWO."

DRINK MORE MILK.

I STROLLED into the club and found Jones as usual sitting in the chair I wanted to sit in. He said, "Are you supporting this milk movement?" I said "Thanks. Mine's a large whisky."

He got up to push the bell. I sat down in *my* chair and as soon as Jones was more or less comfortable in another he told me why practically all the milk in London has been cornered by the doctors. Apparently a man he knew quite well went to a specialist, but before he had time to open his mouth the specialist said, "You must go into a nursing home for three months."

So he went.

He arrived, but before he had time to say "Good afternoon" they put him to bed, gave him two quarts of milk and left him there alone except for the milk.

On the second day the nurse appeared and said, "Get out of bed."

He got. She made it.

Before he had time to say what was the matter she said, "You are much better. Drink this (two quarts) and keep perfectly quiet."

He drank it and could not move.

On the third day his doctor, acting on the advice of the specialist, came to see him.

The doctor said, "You are much better. If you go on like this you will be a new man."

Before he had time to say he didn't want to be a new man the doctor had gone.

He heard the nurse's footsteps approaching and was out of bed like a rabbit.

She made it again and said, "The doctor is very pleased with you. Drink this milk (two quarts) and let your brain lie fallow."

Before he had time even to arrange for his brain to produce nothing she had gone. He was alone with the milk again.

About 3 A.M. he had a rush of milk to the brain, strangled the night-nurse, rang up the specialist and said he felt completely restored to health. The specialist told him to keep calm, go back to bed and ask the night-nurse for some milk (two quarts).

The man crept back to his room, knotted his sheets together and escaped by the window.

He was just in time to catch the milk-train to town.

He hid himself at his club for a week. Then, feeling a bit of a milk-sop, he went to another specialist, who allowed him to say that he had "Tennis-Elbow," which proved to be the case.

He went down to the country.

Almost the first thing he met was a cow. He had another rush of milk to the brain, stabbed the local milkman and, when he was finally secured, told the policeman that he had only had two quarts. He was ordered to be detained during His Majesty's pleasure.

"That," said Jones, "is a true story. One of my best pals too. I could always beat him at billiards."

This reminiscence was given with a certain reserve of feeling, but somehow I felt strangely shattered. In a fit of abstraction I called for the waiter and inadvertently ordered two large milks, but before they had time to arrive I had gone, leaving Jones to pay for them.

Master. Smith minor, what is the meaning of "Barmecide"?

Smith minor. Please, Sir, suicide when of unsound mind.

"A friend tells me there is more ambition in Oxford to belong to the dramatic club than to become Senior Wrangler."—*Sunday Paper.*

And any Cambridge man will tell you that he would sooner belong to the A.D.C. than get a First in Greats.

"Owing to the check in migration caused by the war, there are one-and-a-quarter more workers in Great Britain than there were in 1914."—*Letter in Sunday Paper.*

The fraction, it is supposed, represents a bricklayer.



THE ATLAS TWINS.

VOICE OF MR. PUNCH. "LOOK HERE—UNLESS YOU TWO GET CLOSER TOGETHER YOU 'LL LET THE WHOLE THING DOWN."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 29th.—The ostensible object of the Honours Bill is to put a stop to trafficking in titles and, as Lord SALISBURY said, to set upon the practice "the seal of ignominy." Its real value lay in the chance it gave Lord NEWTON of displaying his mordant humour. His suggestion that those Peers whose elevation had been the subject of criticism should tell the House (from the Penitents' Bench, I suppose) how they came by their titles; his fancy picture of the Party Whips going up and down the country looking for merit, and always discovering it in company with a big banking account; and his outline of the procedure he would adopt supposing he wanted a Viscountcy (which presumably he doesn't), all delighted the House.

Lord OXFORD prefaced his attack on the Finance Bill by a reference to the "now unquestioned supremacy" of the other House in matters of finance, and made one wonder whether after all there is a lingering doubt in his mind as to the wisdom of the Parliament Act. His condemnation of the Budget was severe enough. Mr. CHURCHILL seemed to him to have deserted Free Trade, "the one fixed pivotal point" in his political philosophy, and to be now "toying with the fringes and fripperies of Protection"—a typically Asquithian allusion to the Silk and Lace Duties. But in the circumstances—of his own creation—his criticisms were necessarily academic; as the House recognised by promptly passing the Bill through all its remaining stages.

Miss WILKINSON, having dined in Soho with a party at an Italian (not a Russian) restaurant—the distinction seems important to the Labour Party—complained that two Scotland Yard men had been sent there disguised as waiters. The HOME SECRETARY denied the disguise and said the policemen were themselves dining in the public restaurant, but if they had known Miss WILKINSON was to be there they would not have gone. Why not? Surely two large policemen need not be afraid of little Miss WILKINSON. To calm the fears of the HOME SECRETARY for his Force, Mr. THORNE explained that "our ELLEN'S" hair was not red, but auburn.

The Parliamentary maxim that a small Opposition should avoid frontal attacks was confirmed by the fate of the Labour Party's Vote of Censure on the Government for its failure to reduce unemployment. Mr. MACDONALD, as is his wont, was rather too emphatic in presenting an argumentatively strong case. Mr. BALDWIN analysed at almost unnecessary length the causes of the difficulty; but as regards practical proposals it was with him, as with Mr. SHAW last year, a case of "Yes, there are no rabbits to-day." Mr. LLOYD GEORGE said that he would have liked the "sermon" better if Mr. CHURCHILL had not "taken up the collection."



THE UNEMPLOYMENT SYMPHONY.

The Conductor. "IT'S THE SAME TUNE, BUT THE PLAYERS SEEM TO HAVE EXCHANGED INSTRUMENTS SINCE LAST YEAR."

MR. BALDWIN. THE SPEAKER. MR. MACDONALD.

Tuesday, June 30th.—A cynic once said that the ideal committee was composed of three members, of whom two never attended. No one would dream of calling Lord HALDANE a cynic, but in his panegyric on the Committee of Imperial Defence he noted with emphasis that it had only one permanent member, the PRIME MINISTER, and hoped that the new Committee of Civil Research would be framed on the same lines. Incidentally he must have fluttered the Socialist dovecote, in which he now dwells, by his remark that the industrial revolution, whatever its drawbacks, had "operated splendidly in bringing about the application of capital to industry."

Mr. CHURCHILL informed the House of Commons that the Italian Government desired to "initiate conversations of a definite character" with a view to the settlement of their war-debt. Not being a prophet, he was unable to give Mr. VARLEY an estimate of the cash-value of conversations not yet begun, but assured him that any settlement would necessarily include "a certain payment."

The debate on the Pensions Bill opened well enough with Mr. LEES SMITH'S amendment to knock out the contributory principle from the Bill. Mr. N. CHAMBERLAIN could not accept it for financial reasons; but Mr. WHEATLEY declared that there were still "little corners in which hoards of money could be discovered by an industrious Chancellor of the Exchequer." Why, I wonder, did he not tell Mr. SNOWDEN about them last year?

An interlude caused by the arrival of Black Rod in silk stockings (untaxed) to summon the Commons to hear the Royal Assent to the Finance Bill was followed by the most entertaining incident of the debate. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD quoted an old dictum of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S that "to talk about State insurance without contribution is simply to talk nonsense;" and the late PRIME MINISTER, in an endeavour to prove that his present attitude was quite consistent with his recorded past, formulated a definition of insurance which excited the business Members to ribald laughter.

After midnight the debate declined in interest. One Labour Member after another hurled his speech vainly against the impassivity of the Treasury Bench, where Ministers nodded, sometimes in denial but mostly in drowsiness. A few Members kept themselves going by torturing their Order-papers into strange forms. But June had long merged into July and Big Ben had chimed seven before what Mr. MACDONALD described as "the most businesslike all-night

sitting he had ever known" at last petered out.

Wednesday, July 1st.—The Lords were rewarded for sitting through a dull debate on Singapore, in which nothing fresh was said, by a lively discussion on how to mitigate the perils of pedestrians in London traffic. Lord RATHCREEDAN thought the only remedy was underground—not the grave, as you might hastily suppose, but tunnels. Lord MONTAGU, on the other hand, would send them to heaven, or part of the way, by viaducts over the tops of the houses, and was rebuked by Lord NEWTON for regarding the humble footslogger in the light of a danger to "the peaceful motor-scorcher." But the most surprising statement of all came from Lord CLANWILLIAM. For years past the London policeman has been held by native and foreigner alike to be our greatest institution, and his particular claim to our idolatry has been the manner in which "with uplifted hand" he conducts "the orchestral Strand" and other congested thoroughfares. It was a shock therefore to hear the noble lord describe his methods of control of the traffic as "childish" and "ludicrous." He too would put the policeman on a pedestal—not metaphorically but literally—in order that he might be better placed to do his work.

The renewed discussion on the Pensions Bill found Mr. WHEATLEY still in fighting mood, and, though Mr. N. CHAMBERLAIN explained that, allowing for the reduction in workmen's insurance contributions announced this day, the benefits of the Bill would be secured at a net increase of two-pence per man and a penny per woman, Mr. WHEATLEY pledged the next Labour Government to knock out the contributions at the earliest possible moment.

Nevertheless, Mr. MAXTON accused Mr. WHEATLEY of excessive charity to the Government, and said that Labour had been fobbed off with light jests from the Treasury Bench. The complaint flattered Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S speeches and the shakes of the head by which Sir KINGSLEY WOOD silently refused Amendments.

At 5.40 A.M. the House adjourned, having sat for nearly thirty-one hours out of the last forty-eight.

Thursday, July 2nd.—A vigorous indictment of the Government for their neglect of the Irish loyalists was brought by Lord SELBORNE (with him the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND). Lord SALISBURY, who has never concealed his dislike of the Irish "Treaty," evidently "felt his position acutely," as they say in the police-courts. The most hopeful sentence, in a halting and perfunctory defence, was that Mr. COSGRAVE, "a very straightforward Minister to deal with," had promised that "if any injustice had been done" the Free State would put it right.

The Commons Benches were thinly sprinkled with legislators this afternoon, but neither side would admit that it was tired. Labour spoke of sitting through to-night and to-morrow, while Government Whips said they did not mind whether the sitting lasted thirty hours or forty. But after a few hours' dead-and-alive debate on the Pensions Bill Commander EYRES MONSELL and Mr. HENDERSON chaffered in a corner, and as a result the House got home in decent time, leaving behind it hundreds of unconsumed eggs and a gloomy manager of the kitchen department.

A little incident during one of the divisions helped to improve the temper of the House. Miss WILKINSON desired to raise a point of order but had no hat. As a lady she could hardly adopt Mr. LANSBURY'S expedient when in a similar difficulty and commandeer Sir GERALD STRICKLAND'S "topper." Fortunately Colonel DAY was ready with more suitable headgear, and with the gallant Member's "straw" perched upon her auburn locks "our ELLEN" was able to make her point.



THE GIFT HORSE.

Mr. WHEATLEY. "No, I WON'T HAVE IT—NOT WITH THAT SADDLE ON IT."

[Mr. WHEATLEY said that Labour will take the first opportunity of reversing this principle of the Bill and making it non-contributory.]

THE CHERRY-TREE.

THE WASHINGTONS were not alone in the possession of a cherry-tree. The Musgroves had one too; but Cyril Musgrove did not get off so lightly as the young GEORGE, nor deserve to, for Cyril told a lie. A real lie—in fact two, as you shall hear.

The Musgroves' cherry-tree was a white-heart, and it stood, and stands, on the edge of their orchard in Kent, not a hundred miles from Otford, and in the summer which I am recalling it was covered with fruit.

Cherries are always pretty good, but never so perfect as when they are picked from the tree, a little warm from the sun, without the intervention of other fingers, and, if gashed by a bird's bill, so much the sweeter, because birds know.

The Musgrove children knew too, and every time they looked up into the tree they longed more and more to eat their fill, but the fear of being found out restrained them. If the tree had been more remotely placed they might have been more daring, but there it stood, and stands, at the orchard's edge, close to the lawn, on the other side of which was the garden-room where Mr. Musgrove did his work at the window. The duty of fathers is, of course, to be in distant City offices during the day and patrol their grounds only at night. But Mr. Musgrove, who, though kind, was strict and full of enactments, carried on his toil at home and kept a very watchful eye on his adventurous young. He was also fixed in his determination that the cherries should not be picked till a certain date.

It was, as usual, Emily who had the bright idea. (Emily was eleven, Hugh nine, Cyril seven and Robin five.) While staying with Aunt Olga in the Christmas holidays Emily had been taken to the Natural History Museum and found it as tedious a place as any child would whose mind had been set on pantomime and circus. But in this world we are never aware till later of what treasure or disaster any moment may be preparing for us, and had it not been for the Natural History Museum visit Emily would have been unable to make her marvellous suggestion; but, having been there and having seen the cases illustrating mimicry, she



Affable Stranger. "I ENVY YOU YOUR LIFE IN THIS PURE AIR, UNDER THE WIDE VAULT OF HEAVEN. BUT DON'T YOU FIND THE BRIGHT SUNSHINE A TERRIBLE STRAIN ON THE OPTICS?"
Native. "THEY BEAN'T 'OP-STICKS; THEY BE CALLED 'OP-POLES IN THESE PARTS."

was all ready to put before her brothers the great Protective Colouring project.

"If," she said, "we were to paint ourselves green and go up into the tree we should be invisible. Especially," she remarked as an afterthought, "if we had a green basket."

"Why?" Robin asked.

"Because, foolish one, we should be the same colour as the leaves," she said. "There's some green paint in the potting-shed," she added.

Cyril and Hugh looked at each other dubiously, with an expression that asked, "Which of us is doomed?" They were accustomed to Emily's plans for the peril of others.

"I think Cyril would be the best," Emily said judicially. "He's the best climber, and he's little too and so he won't need so much paint. There isn't too much and we must keep some for the basket."

"Do I have to be painted all over?" Cyril asked.

"Of course," said the strategist.

"I should have thought," said Hugh, "that if a little paint were left out here and there it might look like cherries."

"No," said Emily firmly, "green all over. We'll do it directly after lunch. Father may go to sleep then."

The painting of Cyril was perhaps the greatest artistic feat outside the the pages of VASARI, of CROWE and CAVALCASELLE, even of BERENSON and ROGER FRY. Every inch of the poor boy was covered with that variety of green which the eye is accustomed to see on trellis-work and wheelbarrows but never on the leaves of a tree, no matter what its genus. When he was finished he was the oddest and most elfish thing you ever dreamed of, but as a wood-sprite, an effluence of the boskage, a total failure. Emily, however, seemed to have no sense of this; it was enough that he was green, all shades of verdancy being one to her. She surveyed him with pride, and, after a series of *détours* undertaken with the purpose of keeping out of the house's observation, manœuvred him to the tree and sent him up it, remaining herself not too near for danger.

The depredation was in full swing when Mr. Musgrove chanced to come out of the house. Cyril watched fearfully as he stood by the door and slowly filled his pipe. He lit it, made sure it was alight and then, after a momentary indecision, walked towards the orchard.

The cherry-robber held his breath; no animal—bird, insect or lizard—such as he was representing could have been more quiescent, less desirous of attracting notice.

Mr. Musgrove drew nearer, stopped under the tree and looked up.

"Cyril!" he called sharply, "what are you doing there? Come down at once."

Cyril remained motionless save for a heart that seemed to be rocking the universe.

"Come down at once!" Mr. Musgrove repeated.

"Oh, father," said Cyril piteously, yet with a note of injured pride, "you can't see me. I'm not here."

* * * * *

The rest of the story is too painful, comprising as it does several unwelcome elements, such as a homily (with a distressing accompaniment which of course hurt Mr. Musgrove more than his son) on the wickedness of theft, deception and mendacity; temporary exile from the rest of the family, and an inhibition from all cherry-eating for that summer (which might indeed have been the complete punishment). But perhaps the worst of it was getting off the paint. This was terrible. Never take a turpentine bath if you can avoid it.

E. V. L.



Barbara (having had a tiff with her young friends). "MUMMY, I *HATE* BOYS, THOUGH I KNOW IT WILL *RUIN* MY CHANCES."

THE GOLFING BRAIN.

My reason for relating this story is partly that I am unable to get to sleep and partly that I have a queer feeling it may be of some slight help to the many who share with me the misfortune of being terribly bad at golf. As to its effect upon my own future I dare not yet begin to speculate.

* * * * *

It was in the evening of another good Sunday gone wrong. I reclined in a deck-chair beside the eighteenth green, pondering sadly on the doings of the day, wondering if there was anything I could possibly do about my golf beyond the fruitless questioning of my caddie as to what I was doing wrong; whether it was possible that I could be doomed to a state of lifelong rabbitry, and whether, after all, I should not be far, far happier if I spent my Sundays in future in a more Christian-like manner, mowing my lawn, trimming my hedge and playing stump cricket in the garden with Jack and Jill.

A stranger came up to me, carrying a bag of clubs, and, almost as if he had read my thoughts, he remarked, "Has it ever occurred to you, Sir, how strange it is that there should be such a difference between different men's golf?"

"It has," I replied. "Curiously enough I was thinking about it at this very moment."

"Why is it," he asked, "that some men swing out freely at the ball, making a delicious cracking noise when the club head meets it, while others stroke at it in an apologetic sort of way, making a noise like something dropping on to a Turkey carpet? Funny, isn't it?"

"It is not altogether funny," I sighed.

"But it *is* funny," he insisted. "Do you know why it is?"

I felt a little irritated by this question. It was the very one I had been struggling in vain to answer for years and years.

"I can't tell you," I replied. "Practice, I suppose—and strength and eye."

"Practice?" he said. "My dear Sir, lots of men play golf regularly and never look like getting into practice. And as for strength and eye—why, a little man in spectacles may quite well destroy an ex-champion; and many a hefty body contains a heart that has gone all flabby with consistent failure on the links."

This was true. I made no reply.

"Yes," he went on, "and the astonishing thing is that so few people realise why it is."

"Does anyone?" I asked.

"Of course," he replied. "The difference between hitting a golf-ball well and hitting it abominably is nothing else but the difference between two habits of mind—the habit of deciding to do so and the habit of deciding not to."

I looked at him in surprise. He appeared to be quite serious.

"You see," he added quietly, "it cannot possibly be anything else."

"But the swing?" I said. "You're allowing nothing for the swing."

"The swing," he answered, "is the very thing I am talking about. You don't suppose that arms and legs and heads and wrists have some mysterious power of self-movement, without any direction from the brain? You don't suppose that it is just a difference in the construction of men's limbs which causes some men to drive two-hundred-and-fifty yards down the middle of the fairway and others to flop their ball miserably into the heather?"

"No," I agreed. "It does not seem likely. And yet——"

"Yet what?" he inquired.

"I was thinking about myself," I said.

"Quite so," he replied. "Why do you not drive a fine long ball down the middle and put all your iron shots on the green?"

"I assure you," I returned with some heat, "it is not because I have decided not to do so. I am not the world's worst golfer from choice."

"Pardon me," he said gently, "but you are wrong. It does not occur to you to hit at a golf-ball as if you were the world's best golfer. That is where you fail."

"Indeed it does," I told him. "It occurs to me whenever I've happened to play a couple of decent holes. I

stand up on the next tee brimful of confidence, waggle freely, swing well out—and dribble the ball painfully into the rough twenty yards ahead."

"Exactly," he replied. "But that has nothing to do with the habit of deciding to hit the ball. That is the habit of thinking backwards—of deciding that, as you've just played a couple of decent holes, you can slash out in a senseless and abandoned manner at the next one. Now, if you hit the ball perfectly every time——"

"Don't be silly," I said impatiently: and I got up from my chair.

"Wait!" he cried. "Stay where you are!" He pulled a driver out of his bag. "Take this club," he said.

There was a ring of authority in his voice and I felt compelled to obey. I took the club from his hand. He knelt down on the ground and teed up a ball; and I waited for further instructions.

"Now then," he commanded, "you are to hit that ball. You will not pinch in your arms and check the head of the club just at the moment when it should be travelling at full speed. Nor will you toss your head up in the air like a man in an agony of distress. You will stand up comfortably, swing freely, rhythmically and sensibly, and you will hit that ball as far as a golf-ball can be hit."

As he spoke a curious sensation of power came tingling through my frame; it was as if I had been hypnotised—transferred in one instant from a rabbit to a tiger. I fell straight into an easy stance, swung my arms gloriously behind me and let out at the ball with every ounce of strength in my body.

It was a magnificent exhilarating feeling, such a feeling as I had never before known in my life. Away went the ball—far over the big bunker that crosses the fairway of the eighteenth—on, on towards the tee, almost out of sight. For some seconds I stood, like a statue of VARDON, watching its flight over my right shoulder; and when I unwound myself I found that my friend had teed up another ball in its place.

"Again!" he cried.

And again I hit out with the same supreme confidence and easy force; and again the ball sped far, far away on its course—even further than the first one, and straight as a dart all the way.

"Again!" he cried—five, ten, I know not how many times, and each time the ball travelled further and further, until at length, maddened with joy, my whole being afire with the lust of hitting, I made that last grand stupendous shot. Never as long as I live shall I forget that shot. Away sped the ball—far away over the bunker, over the ditch beyond, over the road, over the railway embankment, over the trees in my own garden, through the open window of my bedroom, slap on to the electric reading-lamp which stands on the table beside my bed. It was a moment of moments, hectic, colossal, indescribable. But it has passed. . . .

I have rescued the reading-lamp from the floor and put it back on its table—but, alas! I shall never find that ball.

L. B. G.



The Manager's Secretary. "THE MANAGER IS OUT, MR. JONES, AND I DON'T KNOW WHEN HE'LL BE BACK. I THINK HE'S LUNCHING AT THE 'STUPENDOUS' WITH A FRIEND. ANYHOW HE TOLD ME NOT TO GET HIM A BUN AT TEA-TIME."

"Oakland, Cal.—Whenever he becomes intoxicated he cannot resist an impulse to steal saxophones, a former soldier told the Police Judge here."—*Canadian Paper.*

But, provided he doesn't play them, surely he is a public benefactor.

From a Parliamentary Report:—

"Mr. L5•/? G1•••xfil considered the Foreign Secretary's statement satisfactory."
City Paper.

This attempt to camouflage the Welsh Wizard's name did not deceive us for a moment.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SHOW" (ST. MARTIN'S).

THE latest moving pamphlet (I had almost said "movie") by Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY concerns itself with the intrusion of the Press into private life and the heartlessness of the police in the pursuit of evidence. It has been read as a biassed attack on both these institutions, but it seems to me that Mr. GALSWORTHY, true to his tradition of detachment, has stated his case fairly and has made due allowance for the difficulties of the unhappy people who practise these two arduous trades.

Naturally, you may trust our author to get his characters into a thoroughly tight corner and then festoon their devoted necks with millstones. A distinguished fighting airman, *Colin Morecombe*, is found shot, evidently by his own hand, in his own house. His wife had just returned from her lover's rooms to find him thus. As it is certain that he knows nothing of their *liaison* and, moreover, if he did, would not have cared, as he has himself made the breach which has led to an agreement that they should both go their own ways, what was his motive in destroying himself? A truculently dogged detective, instant on the track, savagely cross-questioning a maid and learning that the domestic arrangements indicate a breach between the dead man and his wife, moreover learning from the policemen on the beat that a gentleman had accompanied *Mrs. Morecombe* on the night of the tragedy almost to her house and had frequently done so within the past year, fairly reasonably assumes that the letter which the dead man is known to have written and the maid to have posted an hour or two before his death was written to his wife's lover. A diffidently dogged cub of a reporter has discovered what the police do not know, that a young woman in a state of great agitation had come to the house of death on the morning after. Following on a well-known precedent, his chief suggests the spiriting away of this young person, in order that his paper may get its scoop or, at worst, have in hand something to bargain with against special information from Scotland Yard.

And then appear upon the scene the airman's mother and father-in-law. Why must her son's name be smirched, she passionately asks the policeman, when his private life has nothing whatever to do with his death? But is that proved? is the very natural professional answer. We are not concerned with the suffering that these things bring, but with the facts and the motives. If you will be candid about the facts, irrelevant details however intriguing and salacious need not appear; if you will not, they will inevitably appear. Why must my tragedy be increased a hundredfold? she says with even greater passion to the editor, in order to sell your newspaper? We are the public's servants, is the bland reply. Like Justice, we are not moved by particular human tragedies; we are asked to hold up the mirror to contemporary life; we cannot be browbeaten; bowels of compassion are not stocked here.

And finally, when "*The Show*" is over and the twittering women and sniggering men have had their fill of the mother's agony and the shame and suffering of the dead man's mistress and wife, the letter, which had in fact been written by the dead man to his best friend and unavoidably delayed in delivery, explains that he has taken his life because he knows that the third attack of mania (he had concealed two previous attacks from everyone) is imminent. No names irrelevant to the issue, says the coroner, must be mentioned. And so the tortured principal puppets of *The Show* have had their agony for nothing. A thoroughly Galsworthian conclusion.

Opinion will differ as to the author's handling of the attitude of Press and Police. Certainly he seems bitter against the Fourth Estate. I see too that his detective's technique has been criticised. This does not seem to me just, as I assume our author's point to be that true officialism is always necessarily a cold and detached thing, and that personal ambition or private interest (promotion, after all, depends upon work zealously, or even over-zealously, done) will always induce the average man to exercise the power of his office or job to the extreme limit. Mr. GALSWORTHY certainly knows that the editors, even of popular newspapers, are not such terrors as his mordant pen suggests, but he means to indicate that when caddish things are allowed by the code it is difficult to avoid being tarred with the cad's brush; and I think he is very clever in his picture of the fundamentally decent reporter doing indecent things in the interests of what he calls his duty and what he knows to be his chances of success in his career.

Still, this latest play does not stand with "Strife" and "Justice," "The Silver Box" and "Loyalties," but rather with "The Mob" and "The Fugitive," as lesser achievements of a master hand.

The whole was admirably played and produced. It is too long a cast for detailed mention. Mr. BEN FIELD'S characteristic study of the little Cockney, *Mr. Odiham*, the father of *Morecombe's* mistress, stands out not merely by reason of its intrinsic merit but because it provides the welcome comic relief. I thought Miss EILEEN SHARP gave a quite admirable little performance as the maid, and Miss HERMIONE BADDELEY was most effective as *Daisy Odiham*, while the much more difficult part of *Anne Morecombe* was played with great sincerity by Miss MOLLY KERR. Mr. CLIFFORD MOLLISON was beyond praise in his handling of the *Reporter*, and it would have been difficult to improve upon Mr. LESLIE BANKS'S *Detective;* Mr. IAN HUNTER as *Anne's* lover played most attractively; Miss HAIDÉE WRIGHT was in her too easy element as



A FUNEREAL "SHOW."

Anne Morecombe . . Miss MOLLY KERR.
Lady Morecombe . . Miss HAIDÉE WRIGHT.
Daisy Odiham . . Miss HERMIONE BADDELEY.

the bitter fearless little aristocratic lady, *Morecombe's* mother, and two studies by Mr. AUBREY MATHER of the editor and a constable in the coroner's court were extremely well observed and presented. And this roll of honour would be much longer if space permitted. A thoroughly interesting evening. T.

"THE NEW MORALITY" (KINGSWAY).

It is not merely being easily wise after the event to wonder why London theatrical managers and distinguished comedy actresses did not positively insist on producing this witty, well-balanced and intelligent play while it was hot from the typewriter. It has movement, it does not date, it has two superb "star" parts, it is consistently amusing. One can only hope that the charming and gallant author was enabled, through some medium known to Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, to take just a peep at this most successful and gay production. Perhaps the most attractive thing about it from the technical point of view is that, unlike most comedies, it steadily improves as the action proceeds and, very unlike most comedies, the thin strand of genuine emotion is woven beautifully into the texture of the amusing whole. It also has ideas, and that might perhaps account for a certain suspicion engendered in the minds of *entrepreneurs* who have naturally convinced themselves that that is the last thing the public wants; forgetting that England, even in its decadence, still contains a few thousand people of normal perceptions and intelligence.

The underlying idea seems to be that, whereas Man has made no progress for six thousand years—a thesis you may prove quite casually by noting that he has never been able since the days of MOSES either to live up to the ten ideals then laid down, or, still less, add another to them (of course he has in fact; instance, "Thou shalt not be poor; thou shalt not be different"—but let that pass)—Woman, on the other hand, the idealist, goes deeper in her version of the Seventh Commandment, which runs for her, "Thou shalt not run errands for thy neighbour's wife."

In detail the thesis works out somewhat as follows: The scene is set on the *Joneses'* house-boat, the "Hyacinth," Marlow way. There is *Betty*, the adorable and impossible, and *Colonel Ivor Jones*, a Boer war soldier, retired, a fine upstanding and unusually patient and perspicacious military gentleman. On "The Merry Mischief," moored alongside, live the *Wisters*—*Wallace Wister*, the perfect ass, writer and philosopher, with a good heart and, under the influence of domestic worry and whisky, a weak head; and *Muriel, Mrs. Wister*—who does not appear, but whose devastating character is clearly reflected in the actions and winged words of *Betty* and the hesitancies and courage (Dutch) of poor *Wallace*.



THE LADY WHO TALKED LIKE A DOG-SHOW.
Colonel Ivor Jones . . . . . MR. SCOTT SUNDERLAND.
Betty Jones . . . . . MISS GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES.

You gather from the first moment when you see the lovely piquant *Betty* waking in her charming bedroom that something untoward has happened. It is late afternoon; she has retired into night quarters after a severe engagement wherein, boarding "The Merry Mischief," she has overwhelmed her enemy with short-range machine-gun fire which evidently admitted of no reply at the time. Incidentally she has called this lady a —— well, what she pleasantly defines as "a dog-show name," which, though unusual, would have mattered less if that and other titles and indictments had not been heard on both tow-paths by the quickly-gathering inhabitants of the neighbourhood. Wherefore a formal apology has been demanded by the outraged *Muriel*, and you have only to look at *Betty* to know that it will not be received.

And the cause of all this pother? *Colonel Ivor* has for some weeks been running into Marlow for hairpins and whatnots for the *Wister* woman. *Betty* apparently, but not really as afterwards appears, would rather he had broken the Mosaic than the *Betty*ish version of the conspicuous commandment. Certainly she will not apologise. She will go to prison rather, if the timid ambassador, *Wister*, is serious in the threats of an action for criminal libel which he has been instructed to convey. The ambassador, thus foiled and not daring to return to his *Muriel*, after vainly sculling up and down the river and apparently fortifying himself at various points of call, returns to the "Hyacinth" in time for dinner. His tongue at length really loosened and his brain cleared by *Betty's* admirable hock-cup (euphemistically so-called), he puts into formal philosophic language what he realises to be *Betty's* supreme idealism and New Ethics, finishing in a blaze of eloquence and staggering from the hospitable deck an ambassador who has gone over to the enemy. A splash indicates that he has not been able to navigate his little skiff with any reasonable degree of accuracy.

Meanwhile *Betty*, generous in her triumph, takes pen and paper just as the curtain falls, having come to a perfect understanding with her patient and loyal husband.

A quite excellent serious trifle, and most admirably played in the Birmingham Repertory tradition at its best. The part of *Betty* is so well written that it plays itself, but Miss GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES did not rest on that easy platform. She gave us a lovely lively study of an intelligent modern woman, and conveyed her author's intention that you should see in her fiery unreason the sweet reason that lay behind it. She looked, need one say, enchanting. The

little passage of tender reconciliation was in particular supremely well done. Mr. WALLACE EVENNETT shared her artistic triumph; nothing could have been better than the change from the hesitating, browbeaten, embarrassed ambassador of the Second Act to the slightly truculent, expansive, lucidly eloquent advocate of the Third. That the longest speech ever wedged into a nineteenth-century comedy should have been delivered with such adroit variety and point without sagging for a moment was a technical achievement of a very high order.

Nor did these two players overshadow the rest of the team; this would not be in the tradition. Mr. SCOTT SUNDERLAND played the more difficult part of the *Colonel* with really intelligent restraint and charm. Mr. CEDRIC HARDWICKE as *Wooton, Colonel Jones'* man and late of his regiment, had about fifteen lines to say and gave a full-length portrait of that admirable fellow without a careless stroke or a touch of colour over-emphasised, a quite brilliant piece of work. And I liked well enough Mr. EDGAR NORFOLK'S calm detachment as *Betty's* K.C. brother, while Miss FRANCIS CLARE successfully avoided being negligible as *Betty's* girl-friend and foil.

There is no doubt that lots of more obviously applauded and popular producers and players have much to learn from these most unprovincial provincial visitors. T.

"BUBBLY" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

IT may be that its intellectual qualities will prove fatal to Mr. JOHN HASTINGS TURNER'S revival, but they certainly lift it well above any of the newer revues. He has felt compelled, it is true, to introduce, out of regard for the tastes of the less intelligent, a number of the usual diversions eked-out with a leggy and futile chorus. I make exception of one in which Mr. CYRIL RITCHARD was very good in a quiet way as "Reckless Reggie." The rest, or most of them, had to be tolerated for the sake of some delightful playlets and an excellent series of burlesques.

In this last the same situation was presented in the manner (1) of "very high comedy"; (2) of the Greenwich Village Theatre, N.Y.—unintelligible Americanese; (3) of the Stage Society —"Muck"; (4) of Lyceum melodrama. It was all extraordinarily funny, in particular the "very high comedy." The only flaw was a tendency in the melodrama to drop out of the picture into gratuitous farce. Miss LAURA COWIE, whose forte is burlesque, was at her most excellent, and Mr. EDMUND GWENN was the life and soul of all the parties.

He also bore the brunt of a sketch, perhaps a little too protracted, in which, as a sergeant-major he conducts on strictly military lines a regimental rehearsal and performance of the scene of the apparition of *Banquo's* ghost.

Then there is a delightful prehistoric sketch with an Eternal Triangle motive, in which Mr. REGINALD BACH, as a cave-man with a Welsh accent, carries off Miss LAURA COWIE and is tracked down by the outraged husband, Mr. GWENN, armed with an enormous club which he puts through a variety of terrifying revolutions. Finally the two men arrive at a compromise by which the lady is to be left to decide which of them is the better man. She, however, takes no interest in the matter at issue, being concerned with a larger question—namely, whether bear-skin or leopard-skin is more becoming to her complexion.

Lastly, I must record an admirable scene of wordless tragedy, "A Tooth for a Tooth," based on *The Cat and the Cherub*, in which Miss LAURA COWIE was just as good as she could possibly be.

The first-night audience, curiously undiscerning, seemed to show a preference for the least good things in the show. One would say that the vintage character of Mr. HASTINGS TURNER'S *Bubbly* was a little wasted on palates accustomed to the cheaper brands. O. S.

ON THE BRIDGE.

To J. G.

I WALKED to Kintbury town one day;
The white road ran 'twixt fields of hay and clover;
The dog-rose, delicate and gay,
Climbed every hedge; upon my way
I crossed a granite bridge and grey
That spanned a river over;
And leaned to look, as so might anyone,
Into cool Kennet pouring shade and sun.

Why should a bridge o'er water be
So very certain sure a thing to stay us?
I think it is, at least with me,
Because one always hopes to see
Of shadowy shapes a two or three—
Trout, briefly, to repay us;
To-day (on Kennet hope's no broken reed)
I saw but one, but he was trout indeed.

I watched him o'er the coping's brim,
Paid him those dues to dignity that ne'er I owe,
Saying, "There's all eight pounds of him,
Eight thumping pounds of wile and whim,
Eight shapely pounds, gold-dusted, dim,
Eight fighting pounds of *fario;*"
His fins—grey fans, his rudder—ghostly wide,
Slow wavered meanwhile in the ambient tide.

I prayed Olympus thus: "Let no
Clodhopping clown of churl and mouching habits,
No rude unlettered rustic Joe
With lob and clothes-line lay him low
And put him in the pot as though
He were a brace of rabbits;
Keepers can't always—can they?—be about,
But worms are worms and trout are ever trout."

And, lingering, thus again I prayed
Unto Olympian Jove the thunder-clad: "Oh,
Grant it, Jove, to be obeyed
Since fish, like men, are mortal made,
That, when he quits this bridge's shade
For still a deeper shadow,
Some master hand be that which speeds him on
To the black swirls of sunless Acheron.

"Some master hand—I think I see
The rise, his last, where Berkshire floods are flowing;
I see a tense-eyed devotee
Scramble from off a padded knee
With slim bent wand—the apogee
Of forty years' fly-throwing;
Thus may his passing be (since he must die)
A decorous one, a decorous and a *dry*.

"But ere," I said, "this comes about,
And his beat bulk that blest-above-all-men nets,
Long may he serve for lord or lout
Who, lazing on this bridge, look out
And idly try to spot a trout,
As sample of sweet Kennet's
Super-sockdolagers." Uphill and down
Then I passed on, and came to Kintbury town.

Our Cricket Veterans.

"NOTTS' GUNNS.—It would seem as though the elder of the Brothers Gunn—John—is finished with County cricket. He will be 94 on July 19, and is two years older than his brother George."—*North Country Paper.*

From a broadcasting programme:—

"For an hour . . . a programme will be broadcast from the upper reaches of the Thames, giving listeners the sounds accompanying the feeling of dolce far niente."—*Daily Paper.*

Snores, for instance, or the sucking of liquid through a straw.

"Fred —— has a vacancy for a thoroughly able and energetic Manager and would be pleased to receive applications from live men. All applicants must have impeachable references."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

That explains why they must be live men; if they were dead their references would contain *nil nisi bonum.*





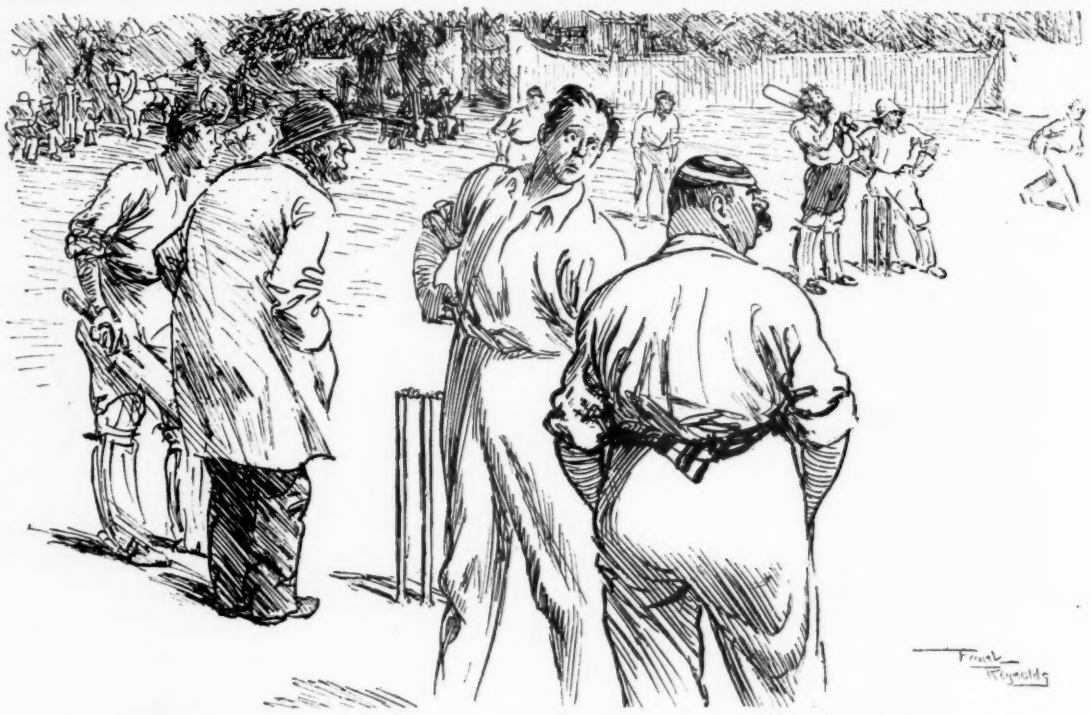
THE ONLY ONE.

FAMILIES think it can't be fun
Just to be born an only one;
Families think it 's dull to play
All by yourself the whole long day.
They haven't been where I can go
All by myself on tip-a-toe;
They haven't heard the things I hear
At dusk when nobody else is near.
Late last night when the shadows stood
  Tossing their arms so high and clearly
I ran out of the little wood
  And saw the Wind, or very nearly;
I saw the Wind with his horses four
All galloping past the garden-door:
He reined them in, so I saw them pass.
And every pool was his looking-glass;
  I saw the Wind, or very nearly.

Families think it must be queer
Alone, when no one else is near;
Families think you need a friend
Even to play at "Let 's Pretend;"
But they haven't seen what I have seen
All by myself when fields are green,
And they haven't found the things
    I 've found
When I have stood on fairy ground.
Yesterday, on a windy hill,
  When all the buds were tired of
    pouting,
I was lying as still as still
  And almost heard the May-flowers
    shouting;
Yes, I could hear them singing high
Silvery songs to the dappled sky,
Then up at the nodding tree I glanced
And I saw them dance (they really
    danced);
  I almost heard the May-flowers
    shouting.

There is a magic just begun
When anyone 's born an only one—
A shout of welcome, "Let him be
Free of the woods and hills and sea!"
This is the magic: "Let him pass
On tip-a-toe through the dancing grass;
Let him follow and understand
That all of the world is Fairyland."
Just once, when I was quite alone,
  I saw the fairy Water-lady;
She tossed her hair from stone to stone,
  When all the pools with reeds were
    shady,
And nobody else was there at all
To say her hair was a waterfall;
Her silver hair, I saw it curling
All twisted through the water's swirl-
    ing;
  I saw the fairy Water-lady.





Crack Bowler (indignantly). "I'M SICK OF BOWLING TO THIS FELLER. TALK ABOUT PEARLS BEFORE SWINE——"
Captain. "WELL, YOU 'D BETTER TAKE A REST, CHARLIE. 'E DIDN'T 'ALF CLUMP THAT LAST PEARL!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SLIGHT as it is, Mr. DENIS MACKAIL'S *Greenery Street* (HEINEMANN) is such a pretty, deft, kind little story that any but a very superior person must succumb to its graces. It relates the joys and sorrows of a honeymoon year in a honeymoon street somewhere in the neighbourhood of Sloane Square; a street of small houses with very large porticos and very inadequate bedroom accommodation, in which young married people naturally entrench themselves and which they as naturally evacuate as soon as the first baby outgrows its cradle. To this earthly paradise come *Ian* and *Felicity* engaged. And before you know where you are, the married *Ian* and *Felicity* have set up house with two piratical menials and a Pekingese, and are living again the story of *Copperfield* and *Dora* with suitable variations. The variations are interesting because Mr. MACKAIL is really concerned for the fortunes of his highly typical young couple, who with wealth behind them and wealth presumably before them have a far from easy time in the impecunious interval. *Felicity* lunching at the old home to keep down bills at the new; *Felicity* selling flamboyant wedding presents to pay the builder's bill; *Ian*, in spite of all these shifts and sacrifices, confronting *Felicity's* overdraft—how well we know them both! Personally I hope the time will come when provision will be made in the sensible Continental fashion for the marriage of sons and daughters; and, failing this, that young people will feel they can start life, without losing caste, minus the menials and the Pekingese. But as long as young England is content to muddle through, and old England content to let it do it, Mr. MACKAIL'S chronicle will have its poignancy as well as its charm, and I recommend it cordially not only to all *Ians* and *Felicitys* but to their elders and betters.

Mr. ERNEST NEWMAN'S new book is the result of what I may irreverently describe as a busman's holiday. He gave up concert-going for six weeks and buried himself in the country in the house of a friend, the possessor of a first-rate musical library, "to think it all out," emerging from his retreat refreshed and relieved from his doubts and perplexities. I can remember the days when Mr. NEWMAN was regarded as somewhat of an *enfant terrible;* when his criticisms greatly fluttered the academic dovecotes. In *A Musical Critic's Holiday* (CASSELL) he has moved from the left to the centre, almost the right centre. Mainly preoccupied with the question, Can a critic judge contemporary composers fairly? he has by the process of immersing himself in the past come to the conclusion that he can; that, *pace* ANATOLE FRANCE and others, there *are* objective criteria; that the denial of this objectivity is suicidal; that there is nothing, or nearly nothing, new under the sun in music; that its evolution, though more rapid than that of letters, is, in Mr. SIDNEY WEBB'S phrase, in the main marked by the "inevitability of gradualness." Furthermore he is convinced that the greatest composers have not been the greatest experimentalists; that there have always been extremists; that "modernists" in all periods have been generally wrong and contemporary critics frequently right; that the hard struggle of genius to obtain recognition is a sentimental legend fortified by the undue importance assigned to attacks made by forgotten pedants; that, in fine, "the true field for true criticism is the past," and that the function of the critic is to disregard "big noises," to look backward more than forward. Mr. NEWMAN talks to the wild men and young lions like a Dutch uncle, does not hesitate to differ from Mr. SHAW, and shows his courage even more by daring to speak respectfully of MENDELSSOHN, HULLAH, GOUNOD, Sir HENRY HADOW and STANFORD.

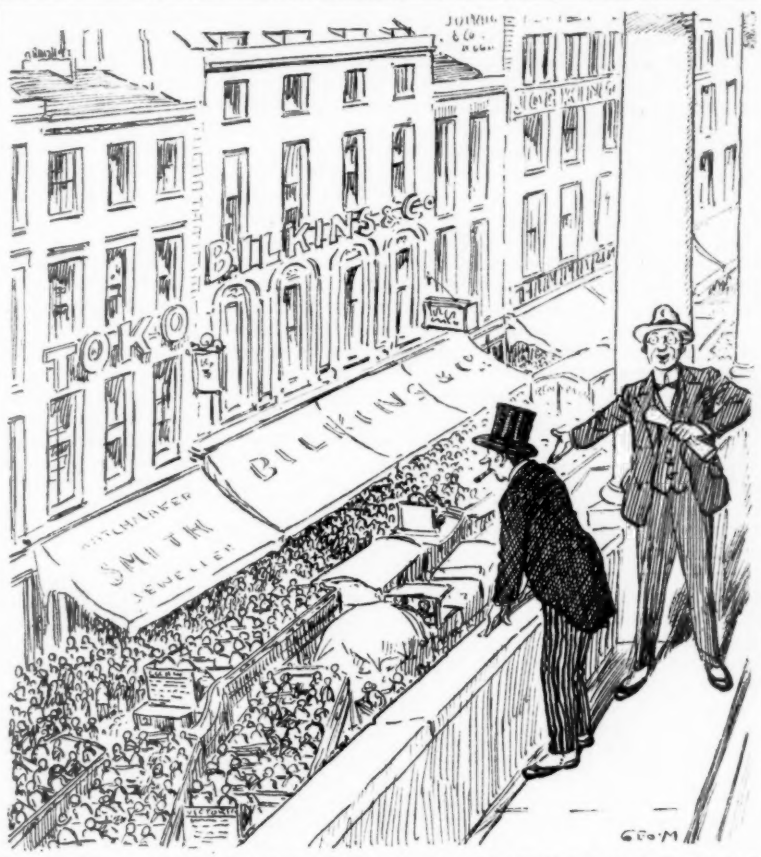
Miss ISABELLA HOLT forgot,
In writing *The Low Road* (MACMILLAN),
To put in any sort of plot
Or stirring incident or villain;
And I am rather glad she did,
For what she gives in thought and diction
Is none the worse for being rid
Of these encumbrances of fiction.

Her narrative is, so to say,
A piece of life seen as it passes
In any town in U.S.A.
Among the upper middle classes;
Its pulse is deftly, shrewdly felt;
It 's shown, though she would scarcely own it,
Much as JANE AUSTEN, had she dwelt
To-day in Boston, might have shown it.

The parallel is not exact,
But it may serve as indicating
Domestic scenes, well-staged, compact
And vividly illuminating,
With peeps into the female mind,
Which prove that, though they 've grown more clever,
The chief pursuit of womankind
Is man—to-day as much as ever.

That versatile artilleryman, Sir DESMOND O'CALLAGHAN, reviewing his long term of Army service in *Guns, Gunners and Others* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), contrives so skilful a concentration of his heavy batteries on the more striking parts of his career as to effect a wise foreshortening of the years of military routine. He is, if anything, even too careful to avoid talking "shop," and, though admittedly a real master of his technical craft, manages to convey an impression that a soldier's life consists, at any rate to quite a considerable extent, in fascinating travels through strange countries, varied by much good hospitality and not a little fly-fishing. As long as forty years ago the author was sent on a half-official journey through the Balkans, where the problems that were to scourge Europe a generation later were already indicated, and he has had many legitimate opportunities since for wanderings off the beaten track. His love for the outlying parts of the Empire is well illustrated by the story he tells of the way in which Sir REDVERS BULLER, then Adjutant-General, refused his application to make inspections in Sierra Leone. "I think," BULLER minuted his application, "that this officer's energies may be confined to his own side of the equator." The minute was characteristic of BULLER, but it was equally characteristic of the author that he immediately managed to fix up a trip to Zululand instead. Of his experiences one might quote many examples—how he chased a deserter on skates, for instance, or how he was nearly carried away by brigands; how he heard the Duke of CAMBRIDGE swear, or how he made war on red-tape in the Ordnance Department. They make entertaining reading.

I am always a little sorry when a writer of the Baroness VON HUTTEN's discernment is driven to accumulate episodes rather than to develop character; but, after all, this is the way of magazine stories, and *Candy, and Other Stories* (MILLS AND BOON) is mainly a pleasant and competent collection of that artistically rather ungrateful species. The first tale relates the struggles and successes of a brave Italian singer, handicapped by a characteristically Latin recognition of the claims of her poor relations. The second tells how the middle-aged Egeria of a fat middle-aged novelist allows a secret, which is not (as she pretends) her secret but another woman's, to leak out after his death. The third, "The Lass with the Delicate Air," is an amusing account of a rapacious flapper; while "A Hundred-Pound Note" is an ingenious reminiscence of "The Yard" and its myrmidons. "Mothers" is the most original, as it is the most convincing thing, in the book. It tells how three middle-aged women, each bereaved of an only son in the War, come up to town in the same railway-carriage during a raid. The strain sets them talking, and each displays to the other two strangers the sources of her agony and consolation. After this, "Nigger-Lip," the story of a disease, a specialist and a specialist's wife, is rather crude fare; while "One Way of Managing a Husband" is simply sentimental. The last story in the book, "Mrs. Ludovick Vassall," recaptures a DU MAURIER house, a DU MAURIER matron and a young reporter with a lily-of-the-valley buttonhole. It is a shorter story than most of the rest and entirely free from the pieced-out effect of some of the longer narratives. The DU MAURIER house is so good that I should like to cut it out and frame it, together with that excellent little dry-point of an Essex suburb lavished on "The Lass with the Delicate Air."



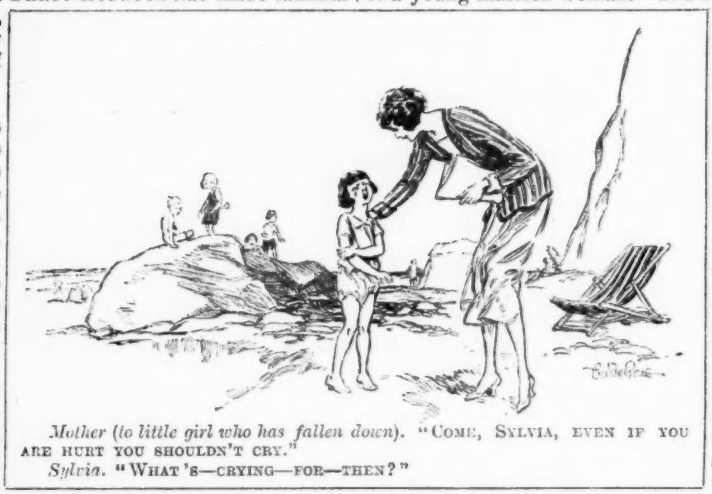
Traffic-Control Expert (joyfully). "AHA! I 'VE SOLVED IT. LET US GET RID OF THE HOUSES."

For me the pleasantest of all Lady TROUBRIDGE's pleasant *Memories and Reflections* (HEINEMANN) are those devoted to KING EDWARD; and I am inclined to think that many of her readers will agree with me. We have had so much cleverness directed against the pillars of last-century Society that a little appreciation of them makes an enjoyable change. The quality she praises most in KING EDWARD is an extraordinary kindliness, concerned with the most trifling wishes of those he counted his friends, and her picture of him, as PRINCE OF WALES, making sure that she should have enough partners at her first ball illustrates her point very nicely. Perhaps her praise loses a little of its value because she gives it so freely to so many very different acquaintances and friends, all of whom can scarcely have deserved it equally well. By her own confession it is difficult for her at all times to oppose or contradict or force her opinions on other people; but what her reminiscences lose by a certain insipidity they gain in naïvety and in the novelty of presenting so many distinguished people in a charming aspect. TENNYSON and WATTS were of the friends of her childhood, and that "Earlham," which Mr. PERCY LUBBOCK has made familiar and dear to many of us, the serene and happy background of much of her family history.

Mr. MICHAEL LEWIS is of the order of those who set out to make our flesh creep, and he proclaims his intention boldly from the start. His book is called (with a happy reminiscence of one of Mr. KIPLING'S earlier stories) *The Brand of the Beast* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), and the gentleman who designed the wrapper afflicts our eyes with two unpleasant clutching hands, apparently dyed deep in blood. In point of fact the *motif* of the book is strangulation pure and simple, and towards the end we begin to get rather tired of this particular form of murder. Unfortunate gentlemen are continually being discovered throttled to death with the marks of long and exceptionally powerful fingers plainly visible on the throat, one of them (the third finger of the left hand) shorter by a joint than the rest. The story works up by degrees into the almost inevitable climax, in which the smooth but now suspected *Dr. Myers* has got *Sidney Paterson*, the famous ex-Cambridge Rugby Blue, comfortably manacled in an armchair screwed firmly to the floor, while *Joyce Overbury*, whom he has loved since the beginning of the second chapter, lies back half-fainting in the villain's arms. In short, if this is the sort of story you like, I can guarantee several moments of real anxiety before everything is satisfactorily straightened out. Besides, it has one character—that of *Sidney*'s soldier servant, once professional "strong man" in a travelling circus—who is refreshingly out of the common. *Ex-Sergeant William Hobbs* is the sort of man to have at one's back in a book like this, and he shares in one or two useful scraps before taking his modest part in the final tableau.

I have no quarrel with Mr. EDGAR WALLACE as a mystery-monger, except that in any tale of his I find enough material for a dozen ordinary detective novels, and that in *A King by Night* (LONG) his lavishness becomes positively burdensome. So constant are the sensations, so complicated the intrigues, so numerous the villains that I felt myself craving for a simpler mystery to solve, with some such title as "Who Killed Cock Robin?" Tastes, however, for fiction of this kind are notoriously different, and, if you are more eager to be thrilled by crimes than to concentrate upon the solution of one problem, this is a book which you must not overlook. Great as your skill in detection may be, I doubt if you will identify the arch-villain of the piece. Opportunities to guess him are given, but they are difficult to take, because the stage is over-congested. I, at any rate, missed him in the crowd. If Mr. WALLACE would consent to use his marvellous power of invention more economically he would soon become "king by night" (and day, too) of sensational fiction.

My progress along *The Secret Road* (LANE) was too slow for my liking, and the reason was that Mr. JOHN FERGUSON dallies by the way to analyse—quite soundly—the character of a young married woman. The scene is laid mainly in a part of India in which discontent was at any moment likely to become disturbance. It had been arranged that a famous stone—the Bumali diamond—should be shown publicly to the natives, and this was to be the sign for them to revolt. *John Neville* was sent from Lahore, not to steal this stone (for others were employed upon that mission), but to receive and run away with it when it had been secured. For his adventures, full of mystery and peril, in connection with the diamond I have nothing but praise; but when he went to stay with the Resident at Bumali and found a hostess rather too inclined to fall in love with him and also a man (unkindly called *Hogben*) who was engaged to the girl that *Neville* loved, and she also arrived at the Residency, affairs of the heart assumed so large an importance that the main adventure was seriously interfered with. Nevertheless *The Secret Road* is an excellent story, and a good third to *Stealthy Terror* and *The Dark Geraldine*.



Mother (to little girl who has fallen down). "COME, SYLVIA, EVEN IF YOU ARE HURT YOU SHOULDN'T CRY."
Sylvia. "WHAT 'S—CRYING—FOR—THEN?"

To those who have followed the work of Miss DOROTHY MARGARET STUART ("D. M. S.") in *Punch* there is no need to speak of her historical sense or of the easy felicity with which she gives expression to it. In *Historical Songs and Ballads* (HARRAP) she has now collected a great variety of verse about all sorts of vanished types and phases of English life. The majority of these poems have appeared in *Punch*, and they include the remarkable series, "Beasts Royal," from that very distinguished little volume, *Beasts Royal and Other Poems*, published by CLEMENT INGLEBY some years ago.

"When a man was fined at West Ham for loitering it was stated that he was 'a runner for a runner who was a runner for a woman bookmaker."—*Daily Paper.*

We have always understood that bookmakers owe most of their livelihood to those who "also ran."

CHARIVARIA.

THE outlook in China is much more hopeful, and indeed provisional agreements have already been come to with eighteen out of the thirty-seven Governments of that country.

* * *

"Alleged Cat Burglar," says a heading. Nothing annoys a cat burglar more than when he is referred to as "alleged."

* * *

"The Daily Mail Scented Rose" is the name given to a new variety. By any other name it would smell as sweet—if not sweeter.

* * *

PIRANDELLO says that man, while alive, lives, but does not see himself. That 's probably why some of them go on living.

* * *

Should the miners come out on strike it is hoped the sun will remain out in sympathy.

* * *

"Billingsgate porters are shocked," says a morning paper writer. Then we would rather not hear the language that shocked them.

* * *

Mr. DEMPSEY has stated that he is most anxious to have a real fight. There was once a time when our own boxers used to go into the ring with the same lofty idealism.

* * *

An essayist writes that "the world never realises what a poet has done until after he is dead," and then of course the fellow is safe.

* * *

Two hundred addresses were delivered at the British Advertising Convention in one day. Everything was speech-time down in Harrogate.

* * *

We read of a man who has spent twenty-nine years in a London restaurant. Sometimes, of course, the waiter notices you in the first week or so.

* * *

A Bill is being prepared for Parliament the object of which is to prevent premature burial. Certain politicians are of the opinion that in the case of some opponents nothing like this could conceivably happen.

* * *

In the report of the General Purposes Committee on the domestic service problem a new name for the cook is suggested. We had exhausted our vocabulary.

* * *

According to the Press fewer people are going to prison than formerly. As the same complaint is made with regard to Wembley we are at a loss to imagine where people go.

* * *

During Sunday band performances in Regent's Park people have been driven from their seats by caterpillars. However heartily we may commend the caterpillars' love of music we deplore their lack of manners.

* * *

In connection with a recent ceremony in London we are reminded that American weddings are usually rehearsed three times. The superb finish that you get in Transatlantic divorce-court performances is also the result of long practice.

* * *

An American says that if we advertised London a little more we should get five times as many visitors. We know that; that 's why we don't.

Mr. F. V. KEYS says, "In the word, art and nature fuse irresistibly." We heard a golfer say a word like that once.

* * *

If Colonel LAWRENCE's book didn't cost thirty guineas we 'd like to buy it just to find out how those Arabs fold their tents so silently, seeing the trouble ours was up the river last week.

* * *

Mr. NORMAN ANGELL says that for voters to believe the earth is flat would do no harm. But they 'd still blame it on to the Government.

* * *

We understand that the International Union of Centenarians has asked for the resignation of Mrs. MARY PAIGE, of Illinois, who is a hundred-and-four and actually thinks that the world is no worse than it used to be.

* * *

Ladies in Paris are wearing jewelled anklets, and this is probably why many worms in the Bois de Boulogne have taken to wearing smoked spectacles.

* * *

"The Red Flag" was played on the bagpipes in London recently. With the exception of the words, the tune and the instrument we have no fault to find with this arrangement.



Customer. "I SAY, I WANT YOU TO MAKE ME A PAIR OF OXFORD BAGS."

Self-respecting Tailor. "IF YOU INSIST UPON THE TROUSERINGS YOU MENTION, SIR, I WILL MAKE THEM FOR YOU; BUT I TRUST THAT YOU WILL NEVER MENTION IT TO ANYONE."

Our Cynical Organists.

At a wedding:—

"During the signing of the register the anthem 'See that ye love another' (Wesley) was rendered by the choir."—*Local Paper.*

"Madame —— was born in Vienna, and this fact, and the fact of her lovely bird-like trills and notes, suggest to me the title of The Venetian Nightingale, which seems a fitting one."—*Weekly Paper.*

You should hear her on the Viennese Lagoons singing "Lido ohne Worte."

"Those who will be present [at the dinner of the Irish Club] include Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald (Minister of Eternal Affairs)."
Sunday Paper.

We hope the reverend gentleman dined well.

"ARE SUBSIDIES PRACTICABLE?

One suggested form is a Slate bounty on coal exports."—*Provincial Paper.*

Too easy.

"No waste or tea leaves . . . must be left in the pantry. Each and all concerned must see all waste in a dust bun."—*Daily Paper.*

We fancy we have met that bun.

LONDON'S LATEST EYESORE.

It seems perhaps too much to ask
(We 've prayed and prayed, but had to give in)
That those in power should do their task
Of making London fit to live in;
I cast no doubt upon its drains;
Its constables are slaves of duty;
Its Tubes are sound and full of trains—
But what we want is more of Beauty.

When men of taste would have the Town
Supplied with this desideratum,
The cost of pulling bad things down
Tends to discourage and prostrate 'em;
But need we go from bad to worse?
Might not our L.C.C. endeavour
At least to save us from the curse
Of more offensive sights than ever?

Hard by the Thames I have my lair,
And I could be extremely graphic
About St. Paul's dome hung in air,
The sliding stream, the sleepy traffic;
Add too the County Council's Hall
To my riparian amenities,
And you will understand why all
My friends remark how nice a scene it is;—

And now a sign of someone's wares
Across the river 's been erected,
Monstrous, and in my eyes it glares
Until they have to be deflected;
It shames the Council's noble pile;
It desecrates the best of tideways,
Stirs Whitehall's residential bile
And hits the sacred Terrace sideways.

If it were just a fetid stench,
I could secure the Law's injunction;
My plaintive nose would move a Bench
Which for my eyes has no compunction;
So, should this horrid Thing persist
In doing decency a treason,
I think of turning Bolshevist;
Men have gone Red with smaller reason. O. S.

THE CLASSICAL DANGER.

Mr. William Worples was a self-made man. He had done well, he admitted, in spite of certain defects in his education; but he was resolved that his son Harold should start life better equipped for the task of directing the William Worples Tinplate Works.

Accordingly, Harold was sent to a public school, where he made fair progress. Unfortunately he began to develop what his father considered expensive habits; at any rate his demands for pocket-money became termly more insistent. The climax came on the 27th of May, 1924, when Harold, aged fourteen, addressed to his father the following letter:—

DEAR FATHER,—You will be glad to know that I am making progress in Latin and am very interested in the ancient Romans. Mr. Leslie says there is much to admire in them and that it would be hard to find a better motto than "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*" He says this means you must keep your body in trim with athletic exercises. I am doing my best to follow this advice, but I really need a new bat this season and my pads are rather worn. Besides, the price of fives-balls is simply appalling. Perhaps the best thing for you to do is not to send the articles but enough cash to buy them with.

Your affectionate son, HAROLD.

Mr. Worples made the desired remittance. He did not want to stint the boy, but he felt that some steps should be taken to mitigate the evil influences which were doubtless tending to make his son an improvident spendthrift. A junior partner of that kind would very soon bring down the Tinplate Works clattering over his ears.

So, after much thought, he despatched a protest.

To the Headmaster, Downingham School.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to inform you that, so far as my observation goes, the study of Latin is not having a wholesome effect upon my son. You will understand that I have mapped out for him a business career, and I doubt whether a knowledge of the doings of the ancient Romans is going to help him to cut overhead expenses and work on low margins in a competitive market. Perhaps you could kindly see your way to steering him into other channels, bearing in mind what his future is to be.

Yours faithfully, WILLIAM WORPLES.

That was the right tone; he didn't want to get old Mink's back up. Mink would naturally resent too much interference with the business he conducted. A hint was enough. A learned man like Mink ought to be able to see through a hole in a ladder.

The reply was not quite so satisfactory as he had expected; still, it was likely that Harold would now drop that "*corpore sano*" stuff.

The Headmaster had written:—

SIR,—I beg to acknowledge your letter of the 10th instant, in which you suggest that the study of Latin is an unsuitable preparation for a commercial life. I can only say that experience tends to confirm in me the opposite view. I am impelled to believe that no finer foundation for any career has been discovered than a thorough grounding in the classics.

If, however, your intention is to maintain that the Latin classics are, as a whole, inferior to the Greek, I can assure you of my heartiest agreement. If such interpretation be correctly placed upon your letter, your apprehensions will be set at rest by my informing you that next term your son will join the Greek class, which it is my privilege and pleasure to conduct.

I remain, Yours very truly,

EUSTACE MINK (*Headmaster*).

Scarcely three weeks of the succeeding term had worn away before the following arrived from Harold:—

DEAR FATHER,—You will be glad to know that I am now making progress with my Greek studies. The Greeks were a noble people and command our admiration. One notable thing about them, the Head says, is that they set an extremely high value on proficiency in athletic pursuits. I am doing my best to imitate the Greeks, as the Head advises, but the expenses are large. I am now playing regularly for the Second and my expenses come to quite a lot. Perhaps you could see your way to doubling my pocket-money allowance. Your affectionate son, HAROLD.

So the Greeks were as bad as the Romans! Mr. Worples felt that the limits of diplomacy were reached. This was no time for hints; he must go straight to the point in decisive business fashion. He telegraphed at once:—

"Headmaster Downingham School Kindly discontinue Greek with son try Hebrew." E. P. W.

"WHY MUST WE RUN OURSELVES DOWN?"
Headline in Daily Paper.

Why, indeed, when there are so many road-hogs able and willing to do it for us?



A WASTE OF GOOD WATER.

MR. PUNCH. "WITH ALL THESE TRAFFIC JAMS, WHY DO YOU DISCOURAGE PRIVATE ENTERPRISE ON THIS NATURAL THOROUGHFARE BY REFUSING TO TAKE A SMALL SHARE OF THE RISK—SOME FEW THOUSANDS?"

L.C.C. OFFICIAL. "WE CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE ANY RISK."

MR. PUNCH. "YOU CAN APPARENTLY AFFORD TO LOSE OVER A QUARTER-OF-A-MILLION A YEAR ON YOUR TRAMS, WHICH HELP TO MAKE THE BLOCKS."



SCENE—*Lord's during interval in Eton and Harrow match.*

Small Boy. "I SAY—COME AND SEE IF WE CAN'T GET SOME ICES."

Small Girl (*who has been honoured by two minutes' conversation with member of eleven*). "NO, THANKS; I'M NOT GOING ABOUT WITH CIVILIANS THIS AFTERNOON."

THE INNOCENTS.

"BUT," I exclaimed, astonished, bewildered, hurt, "it almost looks as if you had intended to cut me."

"I did," she answered simply.

"Well, at least," I protested, "in your rôle of childhood's friend you might have waited till it became generally known."

"What 'it'?" she inquired with interest. "Tell me," she coaxed.

"Why, naturally," I answered, "whatever has come out and you've heard that's made you determined to cut me."

"Oh, that," she said, bitterly disappointed; "that's not you, it's me."

"You're cutting me on account of you?" I repeated. "Is that—er—justice?"

"Only kindness," she conceded, "and I am always kind, except to relatives, who don't expect it, and servants, who wouldn't stand it for one moment, and the cashier at Tom's bank, who won't let me—why, only this morning I offered him ever such a nice new cheque and he wouldn't have it."

"Cut him for the future," I recommended, "but not me."

"It's for your own sake," she explained, "and it hurts me more than it does you."

"A phrase," I said severely, "which I always found most unconvincing—even in the dear old days of nursery and slipper."

"Would that they could come again!" she sighed. "Ah, well! The truth is, I've been corrupted."

"Impossible," I cried.

She fixed me with a cold inquiring eye.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked.

"Well, difficult," I conceded.

"I'm glad," she cried, "that I cut you just now, and I shall again, ever so often."

"But even yet," I reminded her, "you have not told me why."

She looked round to see if there was anyone near enough to hear, and, even though there wasn't, she went on in a loud voice, hoping against hope she might be heard.

"We've just been the round of the theatres to see all the modern Society plays."

"Not all?" I entreated.

"All," she insisted. "Every single one," she confirmed, in case I had not understood.

"And you still live," I murmured, awestruck.

"If you can call it living," she said. "At any rate, hopelessly corrupted, having wallowed in the depths of human degradation and knowing there is no secret of the wickedness of man we have not plumbed. It is thus I have become unfit for you to know."

"It must be awfully fascinating to be like that," I said, perhaps a little jealously.

"It sets one," she confessed, "apart."

"But I have had dark experiences, too," I argued almost wistfully. "Only the other day I heard some people arguing about the EPSTEIN panel, a subject which releases instantly all the worst passions of humanity."

"Why," she laughed, "I've heard worse than that for years every time I've made Tom come with me to dine at Aunt Tabitha's, for her dinners also release man's darkest passions."

"Very well," I said determinedly, "I'll become a politician or an editor: then," I threatened, "we 'll see."

"Young innocent," she smiled, with

all the venom those two words convey, "those are not the crimes but the punishments—severe," she added, "but often merited."

"Very good," I said, goaded to desperation, "I also will go to see these plays, all of them one after the other."

"Then do you also," she inquired carelessly, "know someone able to give you stalls for them all?"

I was silent. "I could pay," I said after a long pause.

"At the box-office," she pointed out, "no credit is given."

Again I was silent, a thing that does not often happen.

"Then there is no hope?" I asked presently.

She allowed me no hope.

"It simply wouldn't be right," she insisted, "for me to let you go on knowing me—me with my past, my lurid past, and you so different. Goodbye, and look out for me to-morrow so that I can cut you again—dead."

"Certainly," I promised, "especially as I see it 's telling on you."

"Isn't it?" she agreed, forgetting her habitual caution.

"For instance," I said, "that wrinkle—it was not there before."

"Where?" she asked anxiously.

"Nor yet," I went on, "that new grey hair your latest bingle has revealed."

"Grey hair?" she panted.

"Both due, no doubt," I said, "to what you 've been through. After plumbing the depths of human vice and folly, you must," I argued, "expect to show a trace or two. The merest courtesy demands it."

"There isn't any wrinkle," she announced, her eyes a little wild.

"Above the left eye, reaching to under the point of the right ear," I told her. "You can see it if you try."

She tried.

"Anyway, I know there 's no grey hair," she insisted desperately.

"Just where the shingle shades into the bingle," I answered, "there at the back of the neck—perfectly plainly visible if you make the effort."

She made the effort.

"I don't believe it one bit," she cried, when she recovered, "and it 's not true, either; it isn't."

"After such experiences," I said simply, "what else can you expect?"

"But," she confessed, driven to it at last, "I always fell asleep for nearly all the time. And sleep," she argued, "is an innocent thing."

"Then," I cried triumphant, "you aren't corrupted after all?"

"But you won't tell anyone, will you?" she pleaded, "because I do so want the reputation."



New Occupant of the Big House (to our local sweep). "AH, MR. BIGGS, HITHERTO I HAVE SEEN YOU ONLY IN YOUR SUNDAY GARMENTS. I LIKE TO SEE MY TENANTS AS THEY REALLY ARE."

BONNY-BOOTS.

WHEN Good King HOWELL ruled in Wales
Few cats adorned his nation;
To fill a feline benefice
With a sleek tabby, sound on mice,
Was hard, and every kitten's price
Was fixed by legislation.

One penny bought a nursling blind
By life's stern calls untroubled;
But, when the neophyte could see,
On proof adduced that he or she
Had caught a mouse, the statute fee
Immediately was doubled.

Grown to a ratter of renown
With exploits widely quoted,
The tenor of a further clause
Confirmed the prowess of his paws,
And puss, by all his country's laws,
To fourpence was promoted.

This welcome lore inspires my cats;
We keep the old tradition,
And every mouser hopes to reach
The final standard and to preach,
Rather by action than by speech,
A similar ambition.

To-day Eliza, old and grim,
The terror of marauders,
Sits idle on her ancient stage,
Complacent as a matron sage
Who sees the darling of her age
Take silk or minor Orders.

One small grey mouse lies limp and still
Where filial valour caught him,
And one small kitten's horrid glare
And tiger-lashing tail declare
That Bonny-boots, Eliza's heir,
Is twice the cat we thought him.

HOW TO SAVE GOLF.

THE controversy which has recently arisen about the overcrowding of championship courses has unfortunately diverted attention from a far more momentous problem. Those who criticise and disparage the game of golf are on strong ground when they declare that it is not a dangerous game. Isolated instances may occur of players who have suffered serious contusions from the impact of a misdirected ball; of players, again, who in the exuberance of their swing have struck other players or even themselves with their clubs. There is the tragic story of an ex-King, who sliced his drive into the tee-box with such violence that it rebounded against his nose, inflicting a wound which confined him to his bed for several days, necessitating the issue of bulletins which appeared in the daily Press. But in the main the casualties of golf are negligible and do not impair its reputation as a pastime conducive to longevity. They do not compare with those involved in the pursuit of polo, Rugby football or even cricket. It is not too much to say that unless the stigma of security can be removed from the Royal and Ancient game it is bound to suffer in prestige and popularity. The charge is beginning to rankle, and only the other day an eminent amateur spoke of it as one of the most serious items in the White Man's burden.



Little Girl (to stranger). "IT'S MY BIRTHDAY TO-DAY."
Stranger. "MINE TOO. I'M A HUNDRED-AND-ONE."
Little Girl. "OOH, YOU ISN'T."
Her Sister. "DON'T CONTRADICT, GLADYS; HE MAY BE."

Happily the situation, though grave, is not one that calls for despair or undue despondency. Great evils bring their own remedies, and a glimmer of hope is discernible in the information, published on July 8th, of an incident which occurred on a golf-course in Central Africa. It appears that while a game was in progress a leopard suddenly emerged from the rough and, after mauling a caddy, was beaten off by one of the players. Thus the accusation that golf is not dangerous is shown to be a calumny—in certain countries. Some years ago a friend of the writer, during a visit to India, was playing on a course in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, when to his surprise, while he was putting on a level green, his ball suddenly stopped and began to roll back towards him. For a moment he was inclined to distrust the evidence of his eyes, but his partner, a resident, called out "Earthquake! Lie down." My friend obeyed the instruction, and after a few minutes the tremors ceased and the game was resumed.

The importation of earthquakes, though perhaps not beyond the resources of applied science, is hardly to be desired, on the ground that the remedy might be worse than the disease. But the provision of wild animals to enliven the game, to encourage agility in the players and relieve them of the charge of self-protectiveness is a method which is at once more feasible and appeals to the sporting instincts of every true Briton. Hitherto the disappearance from our shores of bears, boars and wolves has confined animal risks on golf-links to the casual incursion of a bull or the rare appearance of the escaped inmate of a travelling menagerie. But these experiences, though exhilarating, have been too few and far between to exert a really stimulating influence on the physical culture of the golfing community. The time has now come for an organised effort to provide them as regular features of the game. And the moment is propitious, because it coincides with the movement to provide sanctuaries for wild animals and to check "the folly of those"—I quote from the pages of *The Manchester Guardian*—"who, impelled by sport, commercial interests or sheer ignorance are still bringing wild creatures to the verge of extinction." The bison, as the same paper reminds us, is not extinct, but it had a narrow escape from becoming so both in Europe and America.

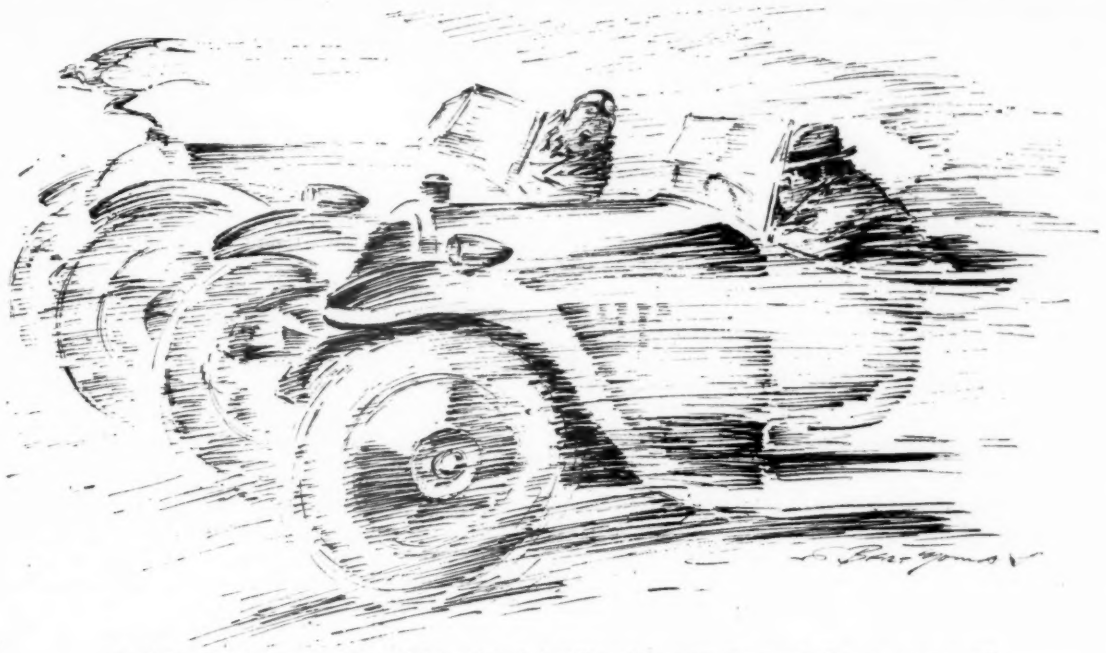
The bison is thus clearly indicated as one of the animals which it is desirable to instal on our links. The claims of the lion, the tiger and the buffalo—regarded by some big-game hunters as the most dangerous of all—are incontestable and need not be discussed. The importation of the larger anthropoid apes raises other questions. It is alleged that baboons have been trained to act as railway porters in South Africa, and there is no reason why they might not be employed as caddies. Elephants again would be invaluable in retrieving lost balls with their trunks. But I think it must be admitted as a governing consideration that those animals should receive preferential treatment which add to the risk of the players and foster intrepidity. The use of any weapons beyond the ordinary clubs or of protective raiment is absolutely to be deprecated.

Lastly, it is obvious that the choice of animals should be dictated by the characteristics of the course. For instance it is not every golf-course where the water-hazards are sufficiently extensive to provide accommodation for crocodiles, alligators or hippopotami. But Sandy Lodge is by its name obviously marked out as a suitable place for the introduction of ostriches, emus and cassowaries.

To sum up, *if golf is to hold its own it must be made more dangerous*, and the Central African incident points out the best way to achieve that end. Incidentally the altered conditions, while possibly leading to higher scores, would completely prevent the recurrence of such deplorable events as disfigured the Open Championship at Prestwick by eliminating from the ranks of the spectators all persons who were not prepared to share the risks of the competitors. The cost of importing and installing wild animals would undoubtedly be considerable. But I am assured on good authority that it would not involve the raising of the annual subscription to the best clubs by more than one hundred guineas for each member.

"These elaborate apparati were perfectly legitimate and could well be used for lawful purposes."—*Evening Paper.*

All the same, we advise Jones minor not to use even the most lawful "apparati" within hearing of his form-master.



Speed Fiend (doing seventy, to friend doing sixty-five). "WHAT'S WRONG, GEORGE? ENGINE TROUBLE?"

ZERO HOUR.

[A correspondent of a daily paper says that it is almost worth a sleepless night to hear the outburst of birdsong at dawn.]

ALL the slow-footed night he sat and soothed
A gum-grieved member of his progen-
And, when at dawn her puckered brow was smoothed,
"Now thou 'rt with Hypnos, that sweet god, Jenny,
I 'll seek him too," he said. But lo, the band
Of Morpheus' father scarce had pressed his eye
When there broke into argument a band
Of sharp-tongued *passeres domestici*.

Then from the yard rose cluck-and-gobble glees,
With interruptions by Lord Chanticleer;
Chaffinch and starling clamoured in the trees,
The landrail rendered his *andante* clear;
A flute band started in the copse below;
Some raucous rooks disputed heatedly,
And (like the one in *Punch* some weeks ago)
A cuckoo struck the hour repeatedly.

The lark, no longer fearful lest his young
Be flattened out by some field-toiler's team,
Divinely sang; the louder swift's shrill tongue
Shrieked like those whistles blown by boiler-steam;
Just as some harsh and husky-throated Gael
Might voice his wrath against a tax on cats,
A lordly pheasant near the garden rail
Contributed his far-flung klaxon notes.

Then, when a pigeon-party overhead
Moaned as it has done immemorially
(Or was it elms?), the father leapt from bed
And ran (though incomplete sartorially)
Downstairs and out. There, where the wormy lawn
Yields rich reward to those who earn it, he
Imbibed cool air and cried, "Ah, songs of Dawn!
Sweet are the uses of paternity.

"Some men, when they are kept from sleep at night,
Would almost turn their thoughts to *felo-de*——
Er—what 's-his-name, but *my* heart is now bright
With glorious matutinal melody;
Aubades are better than dull sleep abed;
How glad the birds' dawn and how hapless ours!
One crowded morn, I think some poet said,
Makes up for any night of napless hours.

"But now my toes grow cold. Farewell, sweet airs,
Dear woods and every feathered denizen
(I think that is the phrase); I 'll slip upstairs
And see what sort of turmoil Jenny 's in.
I love all music, from this golden shower
To jazz-sonatas with a shout in 'em;
I 'd give an age of Morpheus for one hour,
One crowded hour, of him without an M."

Sculling—New Style.

"Hoover is an enormous worker. He has sculled ten miles every day since last Christmas in preparation for Henley, and in the front of his boat there is always a clock. He is thus able to time his strokes and distances."—*Evening Paper.*

Mr. HOOVER, besides being one of the world's leading scullers, must be in the front rank of its contortionists.

From a recent novel:—

"'I guess I don't need anybody put at my disposal,' he observed—or rather bellowed, the r's rolling from his tongue with a hearty burr."

They seem to have rolled right out of the sentence.

From a sale-catalogue:—

"A small coloured print, 'The Holy Family,' by G. ——, taken from the ancient Gobelin Tapestry after Raphael & Co."

This goes to confirm the theory that RAPHAEL was not a man but a syndicate.

DJIGHITS AT OLYMPIA.

I BELIEVE a question was being asked in the House of Commons about the relations between this country and the Union of Soviet Republics on the same afternoon that I saw the Cossacks at Olympia. I don't know whether the House of Commons was very full at the time (probably not, because the University Cricket Match was also being played), but certainly Olympia was not very full.

The Cossacks, according to the papers, were part of the remnants of DENIKIN'S defeated army, and came, according to the programme, with considerable reluctance from those Balkan states where they are in exile by way of Paris to London. One might suppose therefore that they would be receiving a heartier reception from a country which has expressed a certain amount of dislike for the Russian Reds.

They looked wonderfully gallant and resigned and, except when they were riding, not a little sad. I daresay a Cossack of the Don or the Caucasus takes even less kindly to exile than other men.

The choristers and dancers marched on slowly and spread out into a ring. Then they sang songs in a minor key. I knew the Volga Boat-song, but I did not know the others. The dancers danced queer dances, squatted on their hams. One has seen these dances often on the music-hall stage. Were they taken originally from the Cossacks? It may be. Anyhow, they are very muscular dances.

The Cossack musicians had queer triangular guitars, looking like the fish which is called a skate. All the Cossacks wore sheepskin hats, and little wings behind their shoulders, and long soft black boots. They had broad shoulders and beautiful waists. Those who rode rode, I should say, well: otherwise I do not think they would have been able to leap so easily off their horses and on again at the gallop, or ride backwards firing pistols, or ride hanging by the legs with their heads near the ground, as if they were on a trapeze. Still, the cowboys do these things.

But the Cossacks had one or two tricks that I have not seen the cowboys do. They swung over and picked up coloured scarves from the ground—and indeed it must be very convenient if one is a Cossack and has a cold, as I expect one always has in Russia, and drops one's handkerchief, to be able to ride back at full gallop and get it again without stopping.

"Atchew."

"What is the matter, little brother?"

"I have dropped my handkerchief."

"And I also have dropped my handkerchief, little father. Atchew. Atchew."

"And I also."

"Where are our handkerchiefs?"

"They are lying upon the steppes."

"Let us all ride back together and pick up our handkerchiefs, which are lying upon the steppes. We must not go a steppe farther without our handkerchiefs."

"Very well, little stepfather, we will go."—*Fragment from a Russian play. All rights reserved.*

One Cossack had a particularly good device for picking up a hat which somebody had dropped. He made his horse lie down and tied its nose to its tail—no, to one of its legs, I mean. Then he crawled between its back hooves, then its front. Then he picked up the hat, stood over the horse, untied its head and made it get up. Thus he was on the horse's back holding the hat in his hand. *Voilà!* Quite a good dodge, and simple if you know how. Another man made his horse lie down, put a wounded man across its neck, stood over it and told it to get up. So there he was, ready to gallop off with the wounded man. They only want a little thinking out, these things.

Another Cossack stood on the shoulders of two riders at the canter and fired a rifle in the air. After that he fired a revolver. Cossack horses seem to take quite naturally to being used as watch towers, and a Cossack rider apparently would as soon fire a rifle when standing on the shoulders of two men who are riding on horses as at any other time. I should not. I should be worrying about the recoil.

These Cossack riders are called *djighits*, and when they do a particularly exciting performance the programme calls it "*Frantic djighitovka.*" It would be very hard indeed to imagine a more suitable name.

There is one set scene—a rustic marriage. "Carrying off the Bride—Love—Jealousy—Abduction" is the description of it on the programme. There was a good deal of dancing and a good deal, I am sorry to say, to indicate that Russian, like English, wedding-guests find themselves in need of stimulants to carry them through the ceremony. When the fierce Cossacks had carried away the bride there occurred a humorous interlude, which even these grave war-worn men seemed thoroughly to enjoy. One of the wedding-presents was a brace of young pigs with ribbons round their necks, and these were let loose out of their sack and chased by Cossacks all over the tan. It is apparently harder to catch a young pig on foot than to pick up a coloured scarf from the saddle. I wonder whether a Cossack could ride a full-grown pig with grace.

The last entrance was in the form of a great pyramid, five riders with two Cossacks holding pennons on the shoulders of the inside trio, and one Cossack again standing on the top of them. The last man kept in position a Union Jack. It seems to me very doubtful whether any eight Englishmen could be found sufficiently patriotic to support the British flag in a similar manner, or, at any rate, to proceed with it so held at the canter. And, though it is not really the most convenient way of moving a flag from place to place, I was sorry that there were so few people there to see it being done.

The whole of Olympia is divided up with the greatest pomp into red and green and pink and brown and even orange stalls. It teems with attendants and waitresses, and, if the public can possibly bear the sight of any more horses, I hope they will be showing the Cossacks by the time this is printed that they have not come all the way from the Balkans to upho'd the British flag in a most difficult posture before tiers of well-organised emptiness.

Anyhow I am going to see the Cossacks again. Not even the "frantic *djighitovka*" of a journey on a motor-bus is going to deter me. EVOE.

THEATRE RHYMES.

IX.—THE CRITIC.

THE critic of the morning Press
Devotes his day to idleness;
But then he has to sit and write
His notice very late at night,
When he would so much rather be
Tucked up in bed, like you and me.
No wonder he 's a trifle sharp
And shows a tendency to carp.

Captious and cross the critic creeps
Exhausted into bed and sleeps.

Rising next day in buoyant mood
He feels once more that life is good;
Springs out of bed and cuts a caper
And asks to see the morning paper.
His cheeks turn pale; his eyes grow wet;
He 's filled with infinite regret,
As he peruses in the light
The brutal things he wrote last night.

Headlines to an article on traffic-problems:—

"POLICE AND TARIFF REFORM.
DRASTIC CHANGES PROPOSED."
East Anglian Paper.

Not enough. What we road-users want from the "force" is full-bodied protection.

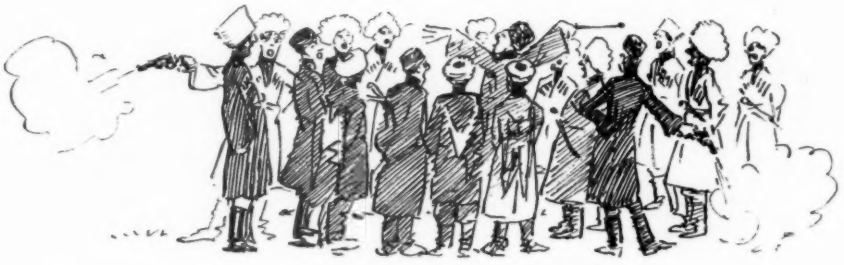
THE WILD HORSEMEN OF ADDISON ROAD.



WHEN THE COSSACK IS NOT DOING THIS—



OR THIS—



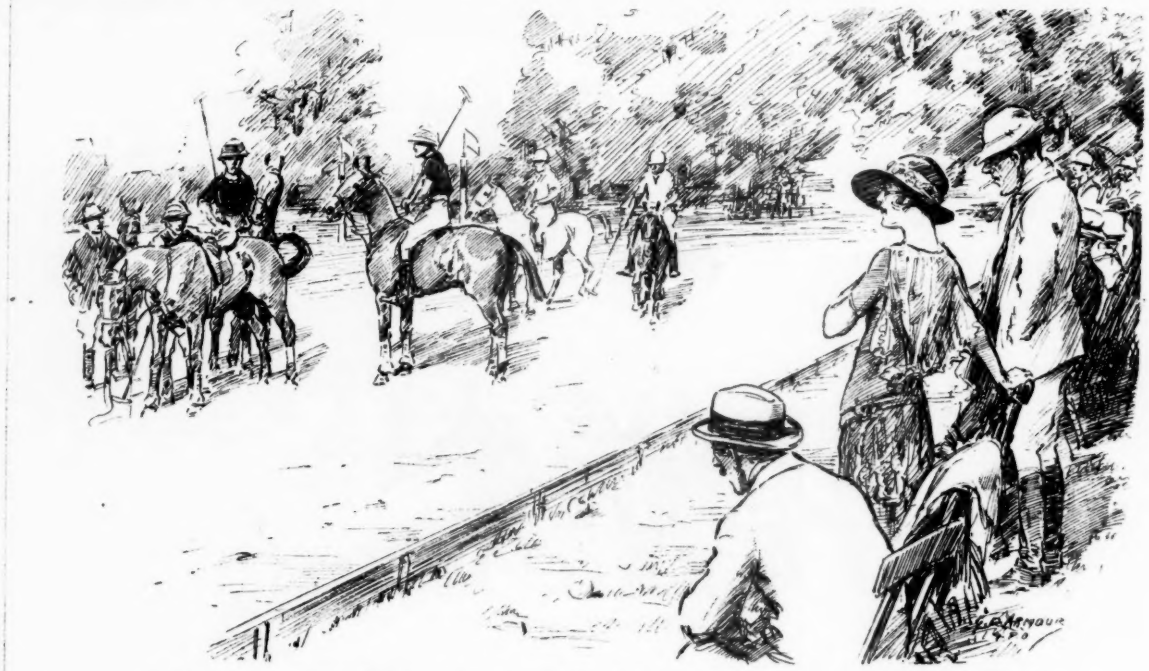
OR SINGING DJIGHIT LOVE-SONGS—



HE IS— DOING HIS BEST—



TO FALL OFF HIS HORSE



Lady (watching a pony which has got up after a fall). "OH, HE'S ALL RIGHT; HE'S WAGGING HIS TAIL."

"THE 1 AND THE 53."

WE made our annual appearance in the cricket-field on a Saturday. We played for the Throw-backs against the Authors. We made——

We are adopting the editorial "we" out of modesty, in view of what follows. Too many modern writers, it has been said, make too much play with the word "I." But none shall say that of us. Very well, then. We made 53.

But don't misunderstand us. When we say that we made 53 we do not mean that *we* made 53. We do not say that the Throw-backs made 53. Their score was 97. No, when we say that we made 53 we mean that *I* made 53.

We hope this is clear.

We have never in our lives before made more than 11, and that was in a third eleven tussle at our preparatory school more years ago than we remember. We have seldom before gone in to bat much higher than ninth wicket down, and as a rule we have been only too content to figure among the DID NOT BATS. We have always loathed batting; or rather we have hated the walk to the wicket and back. We are of that true type of cricketer whose joy it is to stand tiptoe at mid-off for hour after hour, alert and ready at any moment to jump out of the way.

On this occasion, by a piece of favouritism, we were put down to bat eighth wicket down. But, as it turned out, by a remarkable chain of circumstances we actually went in fifth. Three or four of the team, and among them the leading bats, travelled to the ground by motor-car and were of course an hour late, and naturally that was the one day in the year on which our captain chose to win the toss. The first three men were rapidly dismissed by a bowler of singular velocity and devil. And long before we had even begun to think of borrowing a pad (we have never had a pad of our own) the captain came to us and said with a grave face, "Haddock, will you go in next?"

"No," we replied readily, "certainly not."

"You must," said he. "There is no one else."

"Then why not declare the innings closed?" said we.

"An un-English reply," he returned. "Potts, Rogers, Fenn and Booby may arrive at any moment. All I want you to do is to keep your end up. Don't attempt to make runs."

"Very well," we said, with a sigh of renunciation.

We borrowed all possible clothes and defences and presently made the long trek, avoiding the hostile stare of the eleven fielders.

We placed our bat in the first hole we saw, stood it upright and looked intelligently at the umpire.

"Leg-stump, Sir," he said.

"Thank you," we replied, and assumed the batting position. We have learned by long experience that it makes no difference in practice what guard we take. Leg-stump, middle-stump, middle-and-off, it is all one. To avoid waste of time, therefore, we take whatever guard the gods provide and carry on.

"Five balls to come, Sir," he said coldly.

"Ah," we said knowingly. "But one will be ample." We saw ourselves already unbuttoning our gloves on our way back to the paddock.

The fast bowler made several gyrations, ran a great distance towards us, stopped dead, trotted a pace or two, leapt high in the air and flung the ball at us with all his might.

We played forward gracefully.

The bowler pursed up his lips and made a whistling sound to indicate that we had nearly been bowled. The wicket-keeper made a sighing noise.

The next two balls happened likewise. We played forward gracefully. The bowler and the wicket-keeper exchanged glances of astonishment and self-pity; the bowler made increasingly strange faces to show the increasing narrowness of our escapes; while mid-off and mid-on with little nods and gestures gave expression to the general sentiment of wonderment and chagrin.

We looked kindly at the bowler to

let him know that he was not more surprised than we were.

"Why didn't that bowl us?" we asked, turning to the wicket-keeper after the third ball.

"God knows!" he answered most bitterly.

To the fourth ball we played forward gracefully.

The ball hit our bat with a dull report and travelled slowly towards cover-point. We gazed at it in stupefaction. The other batsman galloped noisily towards us. "Go back," we said quietly.

"HOBBS," we reflected after a few moments, "would have made a single off that. However, it is now too late." The other batsman looked daggers at us and far away a man shouted "RUN UP!"

To the fifth ball, a ball much faster than any ball previously delivered on English soil, we played forward gracefully.

The ball again hit the bat and, picking it up (the bat), we ran like a hare or hares to the other end, realising only too late that it was now over. The other batsman again looked daggers.

However, we placed the bat in a hole and looked confidently at the other umpire. After all we had survived five balls from the demon bowler.

"That 's the off-stump, Sir," he said.

"Thank you," we returned, and dug the hole deeper. We then turned round and glared at short-leg to show that we were not to be deceived.

The other bowler bowled left-handed and quite unusually slow. He flung the ball so high, he tied himself in such knots and he wore so rare an expression of stealth and cunning that it was clear to any expert that when (if ever) the ball did come down it would do something quite devilish and harmful. None of our experts had so far scored a run off the man. For our part, made reckless by our escape from the fast bowler, we were not prepared to wait for the slaughter. The ball descended, spinning (we supposed) terribly. "Attack is the best form of defence," we murmured and, running out a pace or two, we wildly waved our willow.

"HOBBS," we thought, as we did so, "would have made six off this. We, however, shall be stumped, bowled or cautioned by the stewards. Never mind."

To our ill-concealed surprise the bat hit the ball. The ball passed over the bowler's head, up, up, up and on, over a large fat man in the out-field, on, on, and—glory!—over the hedge!

We had made six.

"We have never done that before," we said with interest, returning to the wicket-keeper.



Mediocre Performer. "WHAT CLUB DO I USE NOW."
Bored Caddy. "TRY A LUCKY DIP, SIR."

"Well, don't do it again," he said shortly.

But we did.

And after that we made 53.

In another county that same afternoon HOBBS was making a century. The papers made some fuss about this feat. No reference whatever was made to our 53. Yet how much more remarkable was that! HOBBS, after all, had done the thing before; but for us—it was as if a guinea-fowl had turned melodious. Besides, most of HOBBS's hundred runs were made, we imagine, by intention and design; but all of ours were miracles. To the fast bowler we continued to play forward gracefully; at the slow bowler (and all his successors) we continued to wave our willow and hope for the best. The ball flew in all directions except the one expected.

Sometimes we formed a definite plan, but the result was generally a surprise for everyone. We hit off-drives to the on boundary; full pitches to leg we skied over third-man's head; we shaped for late cuts and lashed them past mid-on. The bowlers continually changed their fields, with precise and irritable wagglings of the hands; but no strategy could strive against such batting. It was an outrage, we admit. In a sense we gave a chance with almost every ball, but no man was ever there to take it. It was the general opinion that our innings was not cricket.

Potts, Rogers, Fenn and Booby arrived and came in. With the kindly eye of a veteran we watched them dismissed in quick succession for small scores. And at last we played forward gracefully to a yorker and were bowled.

However, we made 53.

And on that note we determined to close our cricket career. It would be pleasant in the autumn of life to say to one's offspring, "No, child, we have not played cricket for many years; but the last time we played" (casually) "we made 53." And we would not, of course, say much about that 11—our highest score hitherto.

* * * * *

We think we have not mentioned that this occurred last season.

At our annual appearance this year we made 1. And that, by rights, was a leg-bye.

A. P. H.

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT HOME.

X.—SUMMER GOLF IN GEORGIA.

I USED to think that golf was played in the same general way the world over. I admitted, of course, that there would probably be a few local rules in Siberia that wouldn't apply in the Philippines, but I thought that there would always be holes and balls and clubs, and that any group of people would be satisfied with that and play the game pretty much as it was played anywhere else.

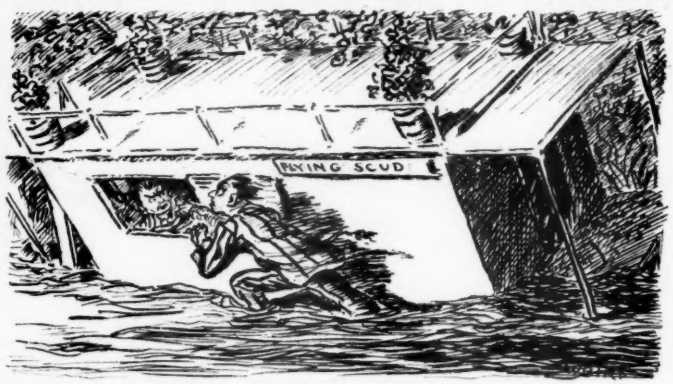
But golf is a different game in Georgia. While it includes the game played by the rest of the world it adds to it several other fundamental pleasures. The cause of the difference is undoubtedly the climate.

Last year Will and I, having met a gentleman from Georgia who was passing through New York on the way to Europe, and having learned from him that Georgia in the summer-time was the pleasantest place in the known world, decided to go there in August and dry out.

"Isn't it terribly hot?" Will asked him.

"It's hot, Sir," said the gentleman from Georgia, "but you don't notice it."

We didn't understand this for a long time; indeed our eagerness to understand it was one of the reasons we went to Georgia.



Guest. "QUICK, OLD MAN—IT'S SINKING!"
Host. "HOW OFTEN AM I TO TELL YOU THAT A SHIP IS 'SHE'?"

When we got there Georgia was dry. They hadn't seen rain down there since the hot weather had set in, and the hot weather had set in so long before that nobody seemed to have any recollection of a time when the hot weather had not been in. It was, of course, the hottest weather they had had in twenty years; the State appeared to be located that year close to the edge of the Gulf Stream and about three miles north of the Equator, and the temperature struggled continually to get into three figures, and not infrequently got there. It was so hot that all my joints seemed to have been too profusely lubricated and my knees tended, without warning, to bend in any direction whatever. It was not the sort of weather that I like to use for golf.

Will said he understood perfectly how I felt, but that we had encountered again the irresistible force of Southern hospitality and there was nothing to do but give way.

We met our three hosts at the Country Club at four o'clock in the afternoon. (The hottest section of the day in these parts is supposed to be near three o'clock, but this is about an hour-and-a-half or two hours fast, though it takes a person of keen sensibilities to note the error.) They were garbed in wide linen trousers which, back in those days before the hot weather had set in, had probably been white, shirts with the collars open and the sleeves torn off above the elbow and cork helmets. When one of the gentlemen sat down I noticed that he had neglected to put the customary garments between himself and his shoes; but the other two gentlemen had neglected it too, and I thought I began to understand.

Will and I wore white knickerbockers and coats. We had planned to take off the coats, but our hosts would not hear of such a minor modification; they took us into the locker-room and shouted for "Robert." Robert was as black as the inside of an old briar pipe. He was told to see if he couldn't run down some suitable clothes for these gentlemen. He returned in a few minutes, having run down a pair of thin trousers, a helmet and the principal parts of a shirt for each of us.

One of our solicitous hosts was known to his friends as Colonel Dan. He had one of those non-committal figures which if seen without feet or head would seem to lead in both directions. He was standing by when Will began to put on the shirt Robert had brought him.

"Sakes, Sir," said the Colonel, "you ain't going to wear an undershirt, are you?"

So we left off our undershirts. In fact when we walked out on the first tee we were clad in five pieces of clothes, counting our shoes as two pieces and our helmets as one.

We drove five balls in the general direction of the fairway and set out. I had seen a large black cloud of caddies overshadowing the first tee, but I rather thought they had come down as a compliment to Will and me and paid no attention to them. Half-way to the hole I looked back; they were all following us. I counted nine of them. They were laden in a peculiar way: five of them carried the bags as usual in a fivesome, but the others carried thermos bottles, umbrellas, glasses, boxes, towels, buckets and such things, and Colonel Dan's caddie carried a large palmetto fan.

"We are apparently going to spend the night," I remarked to Will.

Will said he hoped they hadn't brought a radio-set.

The second hole took us off down a hill into the heart of a pine forest. We played our second shots towards the green, then Colonel Dan said, "We gen'ally rest a bit here, gentlemen." This was to Will and me, for the other players had already thrown their clubs to the caddies and were walking towards the shade of the pine-trees. The four caddies carrying the thermos bottles, umbrellas, glasses, boxes, towels, buckets and so forth went to the side of a small spring and unloaded themselves. The other caddies sauntered toward the green and picked up our balls.

"Now, gentlemen," said Colonel Dan, sitting down on the grass and casting aside his helmet, "what 'll you have? Here, Mule, open the White Rock. Gentlemen, you can have Scotch or Rye. Crack us a little ice, Boll-weevil; you niggers 'd stand up there doing nothing till the Judgment Day."

"How long are you going to be down?" one of the other golfers asked Will.

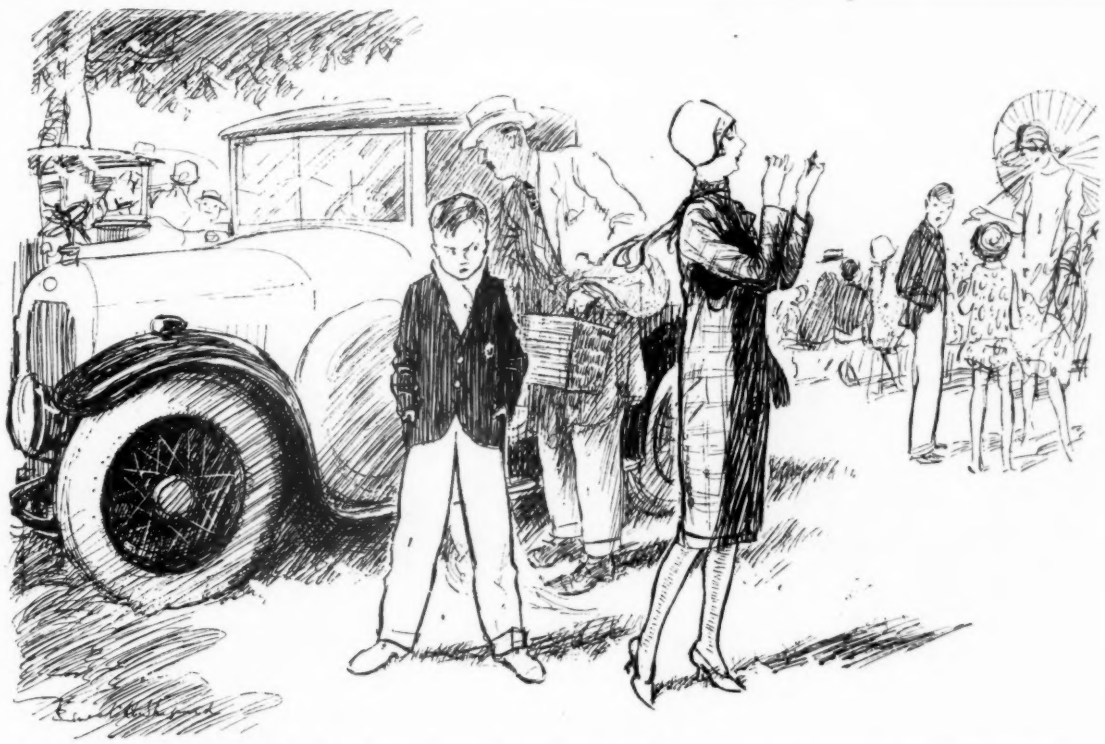
"Probably all summer," said Will.

Half-an-hour later towels were passed round and we left the caddies at the spring and walked slowly through the pines for about a hundred yards. There we came suddenly upon a new explanation of why we wore only five pieces of clothing, counting our shoes as two pieces; it was a small pool of water with a sandy bottom.

"Is this the third hole?" asked Will.

"Yes, Sir," said Colonel Dan, "at the third hole we have a water-hazard. But you can go in without penalty."

"I don't want to lose my ball," said Will, looking back towards the spring where the bottles were.



Boy (his parents having arrived for Prize Day). "I SAY, MATER, I WISH YOU WOULDN'T DO YOUR RUNNING REPAIRS IN PUBLIC."

"There's plenty more where that one came from," said Colonel Dan.

And such pleasantries.

When we got back to the spring the sun had dropped behind the trees.

"Let's have that box of cigars, Boll-weevil," said the Colonel, and he passed it round. "Now, gentlemen, if you had Scotch and Rye before, you'd better have Rye and Scotch after, just to undo whatever ill-effects you may have suffered."

This sounded logical and we followed his advice.

But it didn't seem to help Will any, and he tried to undo the ill-effects with two of Scotch. After this he asked the Colonel how far it was back to the Club-house.

"Over three hundred yards," said the Colonel.

"I believe a good man could jump that far," said Will.

"I doubt it," said the Colonel, "it's farther than it looks; we'll have to ride. My car will be here at six-forty-five."

"Well," said Will, "just to do what I can towards lightening the load of those tired caddies——"

"Exactly, Sir," said the Colonel. "Mule, that bottle of White Rock."

When the car came the caddies were loaded with the empty equipment and sent back on foot; we climbed into the seats and drove slowly back through the woods.

On arriving at the Club Will told the Colonel that he had never enjoyed a game of golf so much in his life.

"It's a good game," said the Colonel. "That element of uncertainty in it is what fascinates us."

"Yes," said Will, "and it gets you out in the open air. We'd like to challenge you to a return match."

"Delighted," said the Colonel.

And so it was arranged. U. S. A.

Our Reckless Journalists.

"The last time I was in —— five people were murdered during the first week of my stay."—*Sunday Paper.*

We hope this was merely a coincidence.

"A Genuine Bargain for Cash.—Very Late 1823-4 12-h.-p. Bean Saloon Coupe."
Manchester Paper.

One of the "has beens," we infer.

"Wanted, Exmoor Horse Pony, not more than 12 h.p., 7-8 years; broken to jingle."
West-Country Paper.

We have no pony quite up to specification, but if an old "Tin Lizzie" would be of any use we could guarantee its jingle all right.

FROM SMITH MINOR'S EXAMINATION PAPERS.

"The Young Pretender was known as Bony Prince Charlie. He was successful for a time, but he became a drunkard and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

"The Duke of Marlborough was in great favour with Anne; also Sarah, his wife. When he became unfavourable to Anne the Tories began to rise, and Marlborough and his wife went on the Continent.

"The Duke of Marlborough was a model of courtesy and bearing, but he had only two vices—drink and a love of glory. Like Nelson he was defeated in the moment of victory."

"Wanted, daily work by middle-aged widow; early mornings not objected to; mythological refs."—*Local Paper.*

Evidently a superior person; not like those other chars whose references too often are merely fairy tales.

From a wedding-announcement:—

Miss —— is the youngest daughter of Sir John ——, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of ——shire."—*Irish Paper.*

The office is new to us, but it sounds convivial.



SCENE—*A Road in Northumberland.*

Inspired Tramp. "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT AM I RIGHT FOR PENZANCE?"

THE SERPENT ON THE HEARTH.

IT is unpleasant to lose old friends even when they have ceased to be of use to us. Into my relations with Archibald the utilitarian element has never entered. I have provided him with free board and lodging for, I imagine, the best part of his natural or unnatural life. The hospitality of my fireside, my store-cupboard and my modest cellar has been lavished upon him with no stinting hand. By way of return I cannot see that Archibald has done much but graciously permit the arrangement to subsist. To our joint *ménage* he supplies nothing but himself and the patter of little feet through the empty house. His intellectual gifts even, if he has any, are seldom brought into play, for it is Archibald's hereditary habit to retire into himself, or into some other inaccessible sphere, and thence, stroking his handsome whiskers, level a contemplative gaze at a pleasant world in which others are barely visible, if at all, in the remote background.

Friendships of this one-sided character are not unusual in a world composed chiefly of people without a conscience. It is generally to be found after investigation that, on the part of the party that appears to gain nothing from the transaction, vanity is flattered, or some hunger for an audience, however mute and inglorious, is appeased. The latter emotion does not occur in my case. Archibald is so volatile a spirit that one cannot even pretend to oneself that he is listening. On the other hand vanity does enter into the matter. I am, and have always been, rather proud of Archibald. He has got me talked about, given me a lead of two points, as it were, over my neighbour who has nothing to reflect glory on his *ménage* except his wife's aunt, who cheats at bridge, and his wife's Pekinese, who bites visitors' ankles. But I have Archibald, and Archibald is by general consent the finest, the sleekest, the fastest and the most masterful cockroach in three counties.

And now we must part. If I can dislodge him from the crevice between the hearthstone and the range—and something in Archibald's eye tells me that he will not go without a struggle—we will part. For Archibald is a serpent on the hearth. Even while he has been browsing on my floor-soap and making merry with my blacking he has been nursing in his bosom a deadly worm, a worm that may emerge at any minute, find its way by some devious method into my own system and give me an incurable disease.

I do not know how the pestologists made this painful discovery. It does not seem that the dreadful worm has ever been actually caught bending to its hideous task. As far as I know it has not even been found curled up inside Archibald. Not for me, however, to quarrel with the men of science. If they say Archibald is a carrier of disease then Archibald's number is up.

No, I will not slay him. Some would cement him up in his lair, mangle him with a thin-bladed knife or lure him into a beetle trap and throw him to the ducks. Archibald and I have been friends too long for that. He shall have a sporting chance. He shall have a chance to save himself by his exertions and cockroachdom by his example. If he really has the speed and sagacity of the super-cockroach I believe him to be, he may live; though I guarantee that he will have no time to harbour baneful nematoids in his anatomy. My course of action lies plain before me. I shall buy a hedgehog.

Then, at the witching hour, when cook has gone to bed and the embers are burning low, I shall take my stand outside the kitchen door and listen, not without emotion, for the traditional sounds of insectivorous gustation that differentiate the prickle pig from all the children of the wild. If I hear them I shall know that Archibald has been gathered to his fathers. If the silence remains unbroken then the prickle pig shall back to his native hedge, and Archibald, worm or no worm, shall resume his ancient solitary reign.

ALGOL.



BUSINESS FIRST, PLEASURE AFTERWARDS.

AMERICA. "I SEE, MADAME, YOU ARE SPENDING MILLIONS OVER A NEW WAR BEFORE YOU 'VE SETTLED YOUR DEBT FOR THE OLD ONE."

FRANCE. "WHAT WILL YOU? THE NEW WAR IS A NECESSITY; PAYING DEBTS IS A LUXURY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 6th.—A debate on foreign affairs conducted by the Elder Statesmen, with all Europe listening, was not quite so epoch-making as it should have been. Lord OXFORD contributed the *dictum* that any pact into which we might enter should be calculated to strengthen the League of Nations and should be unambiguous in its terms. Lord HALDANE excused Germany's omission to carry out her obligations. The dwellers in his old "spiritual home" are, it seems, always "alarming themselves," and consequently arming themselves. Viscount GREY, while friendly (as ever) to France, approved the German proposal for a Pact, since on it depended the restoration of European prestige with Eastern nations. That last consideration did not greatly weigh with Lord BALFOUR, who thought that European political ideas had in the past had too much influence upon Oriental peoples. But he too was wholly in favour of making a start with arbitration, even in the limited area of Western Europe. Probably for the first time in a Lords' debate on foreign policy not a word was said in favour of "splendid isolation." To-day, it would seem, the Peers are all "good Europeans."

Now that the PRIME MINISTER has agreed to devote Friday, the 17th, to the Summer-Time Bill, its prospects look a little brighter. But they are not quite assured, for its enemies, few but determined, will talk it out if they can; and Mr. BALDWIN, when asked to suspend the Four-o'clock Rule, thought that course would be very inconvenient. He had better think again.

To Mr. TREVELYAN'S suggestion that he should avail himself of M. TCHITCHERIN'S kind offer to discuss any questions at issue Mr. CHAMBERLAIN returned a blank refusal. He cherishes as an heirloom, I understand, the long spoon which his father desiderated in dealings with Russian statesmen.

Trade, I am told everywhere, is rotten, and it is only with the utmost difficulty that the City man, after paying his chauffeur's wages, can scrape together the money to buy tickets for Wimbledon, lunches at Lord's and seats for the opera; while the workman finds it hard to maintain his consumption of cigarettes and liquid refreshment without dropping his attendance at the cinema and his daily tribute to the bookmaker.

Nevertheless, according to Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER, the country is not yet reduced to living on its reserves. And there were a few other bright spots in an otherwise gloomy picture. For instance, "cycles are doing well"—and we all know that trade moves in cycles; while "hosiery shows some improvement"—which may mean that we have begun to pull up our socks.



"HIS FATHER'S SPOON HE HAS GIRDED ON."
(As used for supping with Russian diplomatists.)
MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

Ideas poured in upon the Minister. "Drink more Empire-grown cocoa" was Mr. SIDNEY WEBB'S stimulating slogan; "encourage British films" was the advice of Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, who emphasised their value "for advertising purposes;" and the only cynical note came from Mr. RUNCIMAN, who, as a former denizen of Whitehall Gardens, declared that he would "sooner trust in God than the Board of Trade."



THE TAP THAT CAN BE TURNED OFF.
SIR A. STEEL-MAITLAND.

Tuesday, July 7th.—The Lords passed the Honours Bill through Committee, and gave a Second Reading to the Married Women (Torts) Bill. This is intended to do tardy justice to the long-suffering race of husbands, who have hitherto been responsible for the wrong-doings of their wives, though they have long ceased to have control over them. Lord BUCKMASTER still believes, apparently, that an Act of Parliament can do anything, for he urged the Government "to have a complete examination of the whole relations of men and women, and alter the whole thing wholly and for good."

Lord BIRKENHEAD began his long-awaited statement on the Government of India by thanking the House for its patience. The theme, he modestly observed, is so vast and so complex "that no mind, however quickly acquisitive of new facts or however industrious in its application to their mastery, could hope to make any useful contribution without months of unremitting industry." And as they listened the Peers wondered more than ever how this super-man found time for his not inconsiderable contributions to the Press.

Lord BIRKENHEAD did not proclaim the Montagu Act as a great success, but his review of the position it has brought about in India did not warrant mourning. If the Indian politicians will cease obstruction and work the reforms wholeheartedly they may obtain further concessions, and if the Indian cultivator can be persuaded to adopt modern methods India should attain unbounded prosperity. The double prescription recalls the famous advice given by a Yankee Governor to an ex-Confederate State to "raise more hogs and less Hell."

An invitation to the Swarajists to produce a Constitution of their own that would "carry a fair measure of general agreement among the great peoples of India" was coupled with a warning that we had no intention of abandoning our responsibility for the inarticulate two-hundred-and-fifty millions of India. In words recalling Lord BEACONSFIELD'S last speech in the House—"My lords, the key of India

is not Herat or Candahar; the key of India is London!"—he boldly declared that "there will be no 'Lost Dominion' until that moment, if ever it comes, when the whole British Empire, with all that it means for civilisation, is splintered in doom."

He added, "We no longer hold the Gorgeous East in fee." Of course not; we hold it now in "F. E."

The gentle showers of the morning had damped the pugnacity of the faithful Commons. Members are beginning to want a holiday more than anything else. Mr. BALDWIN'S refusal to appoint yet another Commission to inquire into unemployment raised no serious protest, nor did Mr. CHURCHILL'S announcement that, though the Exchequer would lose something like a million through the action of importers in forestalling the McKenna Duties, he was not going to postpone the Recess in order to introduce retrospective legislation.

Being based upon the fallacious notion that the desire to work is inherent in man's nature, whereas, as every woman knows, nothing is further from the truth, it is not surprising that the Unemployment Insurance Act has never worked well. Yet another attempt to amend it was made this afternoon by Sir ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND, in the hope of reducing the Insurance Fund's debt to the Treasury. Owing to his kindly desire not to throw too many men out of benefit, the new proposals are much milder than a really determined economist would have made them. His reward was to have his Bill described by Mr. WALLHEAD as "a piece of heartless jugglery," and to be accused by Mr. HAYDAY of setting himself up as an autocrat on whose will or whim an unemployed man's chance of benefit would depend. Yet it was a Labour Member, Mr. GRIFFITHS, who ultimately moved the closure and enabled the Government to get the Second Reading before midnight.

Wednesday, July 8th.—In the Lords the desirability of improving shipping communication between the West Indian Colonies was discussed. Lord NEWTON mentioned that the quickest way to send a letter from Jamaica to Barbados was *viâ* England. Lord CLARENDON agreed that this "was not altogether satisfactory" and expressed a hope that a Conference now sitting at Ottawa would evolve something better.

Mr. SPENCER, a tall lean Labour man from Nottingham, drew a cheer from the Government side of the House this afternoon when he asked whether the time had not come for John Bull to be John Bull and ask his Continental friends to pay up. Mr. GUINNESS stroked his cheeks as if he already felt side-whiskers sprouting, but contented himself with the reply that, at any rate, our debtors had not paid anybody else.

Mr. WILL THORNE'S suggestion that Members should receive free railway passes to wear on their watch-chains aroused little enthusiasm. Few politicians would care to be labelled "M.P."



A BENEVOLENT DESPOT.
(After a painting of the Mogul School. Sixteenth Century.)
LORD BIRKENHEAD

in plain letters when travelling and so run the risk of being the victims of curiosity in smoking-carriages. They might then learn what Question-time feels like to a Minister.

Otherwise there was not much cheerfulness in the day's proceedings. Mr. LANSBURY grew excited about China, and Lady ASTOR performed a trying task with dignity in introducing a Public Places (Order) Bill. The subject for the day was unemployment in the coalfields, and the speeches were fittingly grave; though there was a gay moment when Mr. RITSON told the House that the Durham coalfield had a special embarrassment, being burdened with two Bishops, one of whom had broken loose and was galloping about at a terrific rate and without knowledge of where he was going.

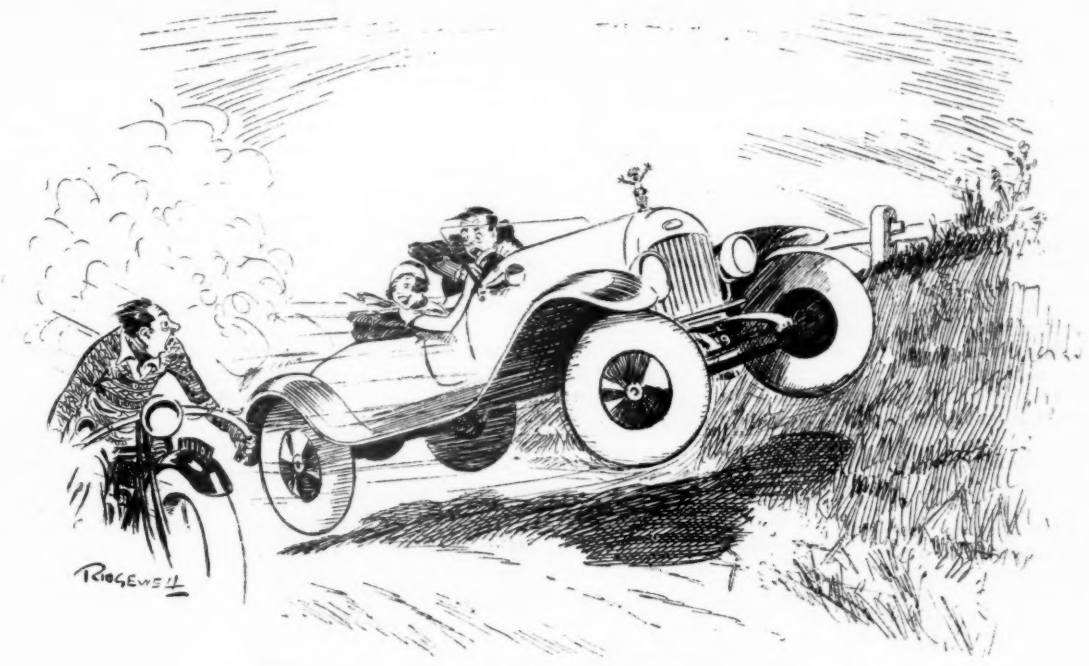
Though the Benches were often half-empty, there were many good speeches; in particular one from Mr. AUSTEN HOPKINSON, who profited by the thin attendance to deliver his in rhythmic form, striding and swaying along the narrow strip of carpet alongside the Front Bench below the Gangway—two steps forward towards the SPEAKER and three shorter ones back—and smiling wryly at his own paradoxes.

Mr. BALDWIN, who has not yet given up the engaging, but in a Prime Minister rather embarrassing, habit of "thinking aloud," was cross-examined this afternoon about his recent suggestion of subsidies to depressed industries, and replied that it was one of the subjects that would be considered by the Committee of Civil Research, which might or might not think it advisable. Carrying his chief's "second thoughts" a step further, Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND bluntly told the House that "no trade, including the coal trade, ought to look for a subsidy in order to help itself out of its troubles." So that's that!

Thursday, July 9th.—In India, Colonel WEDGWOOD said, the Labour Party's aim was "not good government but self-government," adding that "no man has ever been born good enough to govern another"—anarchical statements which must, I think, have shocked Mr. SIDNEY WEBB.

Sir A. MOND spoke sympathetically of "the patient ryot." Mr. PILCHER was more concerned about the malcontents manufactured by the Indian universities, who spell riot with an "i" and swallow greedily the Communist propaganda which Mr. SAKLATVALA proudly confessed to exporting.

The always pleasing spectacle of an Under-Secretary correcting his chief was then furnished by Lord WINTERTON, who said that Lord BIRKENHEAD'S suggestion that Indians should draw up a new Constitution for themselves had been misunderstood. The most statesmanlike speech on the Opposition side came from Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, who urged the Indian Nationalists to look at realities, and not to forget that "it was impossible for any Government to yield to threats or revolutionary methods." Was not he himself once compelled in the course of his travels to shoot a tiger?



Doris. "HULLO, REGGIE! YOU DIDN'T KNOW I COULD DRIVE, DID YOU?"

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

CHANCERY DIVISION.

WITH a bow to learned Counsel I begin my daily song:
"Do you move, Sir Hezekiah, do you move?
Oh! the sun is shining gaily; will the matter take me long
To approve, Sir Hezekiah, to approve?
I was glancing at the List as I assumed my wig and gown,
And I marked with satisfaction that the cases there set down
Should be finished with by lunch-time, so I'm going out of town.
Do you move, Sir Hezekiah, do you move?

"I had thought (hope springs eternal!) that the motions might be nil.
If you must, Sir Hezekiah, if you must,
Make it something bright and simple. No, I won't construe a will
Nor a trust, Sir Hezekiah, nor a trust.
Put aside your bulky evidence; the Court will rise at one;
Let us lie among the daisies; let us contemplate the sun."
"May I mention to your lordship first the case of *In re Bunn*?"
"If you must, Sir Hezekiah, if you must."

"If your lordship will have patience I'll endeavour to be short."
"Fire ahead, Sir Hezekiah, fire ahead."
"I appear with Mr. Puddey for an infant ward of Court."
"Would she wed, Sir Hezekiah, would she wed?"
"Yes; my learned friend Sir Isaac holds a brief, I understand,
For the gentleman aspiring to my lovely client's hand,
So we ask the Court to authorise the union that is planned."
"Fire ahead, Sir Hezekiah, fire ahead.

"Is there any opposition?"
"Both the parties are content."
"That is right, Sir Hezekiah, that is right.
If it serves the infant's interest the order's by consent.
Is he 'quite,' Sir Hezekiah?"
"Oh, yes, quite.
I have filed an affidavit giving details of his rank
And exhibiting his pedigree and balance at the bank,
And the articles of marriage with the signatures left blank."
"That is right, Sir Hezekiah, that is right.

"I shall make an order sanctioning the husband and the date,
Which you move, Sir Hezekiah, which you move."
"And your lordship finds the costs should all be borne by the estate?"
"*Je le trouve*, Sir Hezekiah, *je le trouve*.
Are there funds enough to cover them in court?"
"My lord, there are."
"Then the order can be settled by my learnéd Registrar.
Are there any further motions to be heard within the Bar?
Do you move, Sir Hezekiah, do you move?"

Casualties in our Cricket Teams.

"TO-MORROW'S CRICKET.

Diphtheria.—No. 118, 119 very ill; 113, 117 ill; 111, 109, 108, 116 ill but improving.

Scarlet Fever.—Nos. 89, 90 improving.

Smallpox and all other patients going on well."—*Provincial Paper.*

The Ambiguous Teuton.

Conclusion of a letter from the representative in Ireland of a German firm entrusted with the carrying out of the much-debated Shannon Scheme:—

"Irish brains, Irish labour and Irish technical knowledge will be utilised to a mixmum degree in its execution."—*Irish Paper.*

PERSONALITY.

I WAS simply trying to acquire personality, and if they were so foolish as to show the Vicar straight through into the garden when my back was turned, I cannot help it; and that is all there is to say about the matter.

I was trying to acquire personality because of a little book, a little American book, which I had been reading, where it was pointed out how essential to success personality is in order to develop our talents in that state of life to which we may happen to be called. I should have thought the Vicar would have understood and sympathised with a thing like that.

There seemed to be a great deal to learn. I must say some of it was fairly easy.

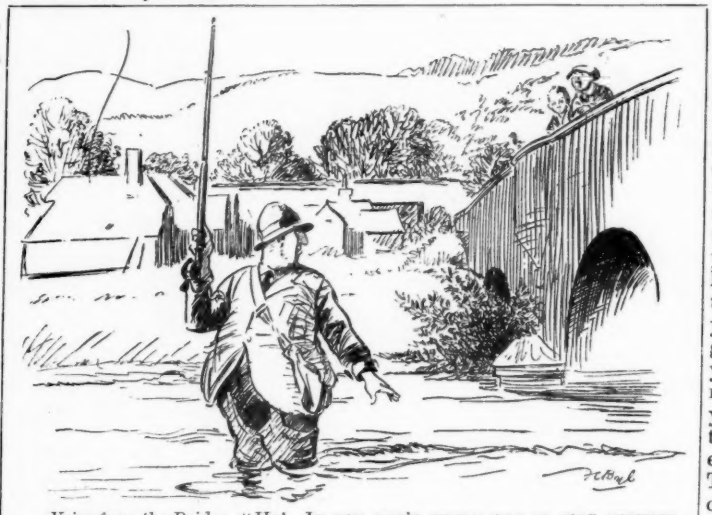
"A man's neckwear," the book said, "reflects his personality to a marked degree. An elderly clubman of ancient family whose hair is white invariably wears a dull red tie. How distinguished he looks! . . . Another elderly clubman wears distinctive ties, although they express a somewhat different idea. He prefers a stock in dark soft colours. His tie marks him as a refined old aristocrat, which he is."

I got a stock in dark soft colours and I got a dull red tie too. I wore them on alternate days. I also wore light, loose and porous clothes, which the book said were necessary if one wanted to obtain personality. It also said, "Sleep out if you can." I couldn't because of the vagrancy laws. But I slept in as often as I could. It also said, "Breathe deeply." I did that. I used to do it during the sermons on Sunday mornings. I also took a good deal of relaxation and recreation. The book was very strong about these.

There were however one or two rather more complicated instructions. Freedom of motion seemed to be important to personality, and "the first rudiment of freedom of motion," said the book, "is a good walk."

It appeared that Miss BERTHE BRAGEOTTI, the professional dancer, had given some excellent advice to those who would walk well. "Caress the ground with your feet when you walk," she had said, and I did a good deal of that. "If your walk is awkward," went on the book, "practise the following exercise suggested by Miss Brageotti: Find a straight line in the pattern of your rug or in the boards of the floor, or lay a piece of string. Stand with your feet on the line, the left one a few inches in front of the right. Let your weight be evenly divided between the balls of your feet with your knees slightly flexed.

"Lift the right foot from the ground, raising the heel first, till only the toe touches. Then drag it lightly to the position of two inches in front of the left foot on the line, placing the toe down first. As the weight shifts from the toe to the ball of this forward foot (the right foot) raise the heel of the rear foot (the left foot) until the weight is on the toe, and then in turn place that foot in front of the forward foot."



Voice from the Bridge. "HI! IF YOU DON'T KETCH ONE IN FIVE MINUTES, WE'RE GOIN'!"

I made a habit of doing this whilst passing right down the car on the Underground Railway, and I came to the conclusion that if I had had a few more feet I should soon have been able to walk rather well.

"Nerve-tension," said the book, "with some people is a chronic state." I felt sure that I had it. To obtain personality it was apparently necessary to eliminate nerve-tension. The book recommended:—

"Sit with your feet and legs apart; drop your hands between the legs so that your finger-tips almost touch the floor; let your head and torso fall forward so that your head is in a line with your knees. Draw your shoulders forward, narrowing the chest and bulging out the back as in a slow but strong shrug. You will feel a pull on your spine and your neck muscles. Let yourself become as limp as possible. Close your eyes and stop thinking. Stay in this position for a few minutes at a time."

I practised this also on the Underground Railway, although I am not one, as a rule, for letting my torso fall forward without restraint in public vehicles. I also, but chiefly in the bathroom, practised the exercise of "hopping around once on one foot, then on the other, with the whole body, head, arms, hands and legs as limp as those of a rag-doll." The only difficulty I found here was to keep the leg on which the operation of hopping was actually taking place sufficiently limp. I think I should have got more personality if I had not hopped inadvertently one morning on the soap.

After that I learned

HOW TO ENTER A ROOM.

"Before entering a room," said the book, "pause for a moment. Forget your hands, your face, your clothes. Concentrate your sense of movement in that vital centre termed the solar plexus. Feel lifted up by it, thus freeing your shoulders, neck and limbs. Then think of the place in the room you are going to, and go straight for it. For you nothing else in the room exists. First of all you will probably wish to speak to your hostess." If I upset Lady Titterton's iced coffee on to her gown at my Aunt Emilia's reception, that was simply because I was fast becoming a personality, as I tried to explain afterwards. And anyhow coffee is quite frequently used for dyeing lace.

It was in studying the last part of the book that the awkward incident with the Vicar occurred. The last part of the book dealt with the importance to personality of attractive speech, of cultivating a pleasing voice and a musical cultured laugh. I knew I had not got these things and I wanted to be strong on them. The voice-training was not arduous, though it occasioned a little surprise amongst people who did not exactly know what I was doing.

"Every now and then," said the book, "give some exclamation, such as 'Fire! Fire!' or 'Help! Help! Help!' and feel your body and breath and throat prepare for the tone immediately before you give it. Practise," it also said, "reading the following passage from Dickens, making your exclama-



THE TRAFFIC PERIL: AN ANTI-CLIMAX.

tions as large and as open as possible:—

"'Yo ho! past hedges and gates and trees, past cottages and barns and people going home from work. Yo ho!... Yo ho! down the pebbly dip and through the merry water splash, and up at canter to the level road again. Yo ho! Yo ho!'

"Shout out 'Yo ho!' as the big hearty coachman would shout it. Keep in mind those conditions which you should sustain."

I tried to. It made the suburb ring a little, but there were no very serious complaints. After all, as I pointed out to the policeman, one of my neighbours keeps a gramophone and several of them have noisy dogs. It was when I was practising laughter, and, as I say, in my own garden in front of a large bed of delphiniums, that I seem unwittingly to have caused offence to the Anglican Church.

"If your laughter," said the book, "seems forced or self-conscious, it is suggested that you memorise the following poem by Michael Field, and as you say it dance with your feet, arms, head and your whole body. Let your laughter come as spontaneously as possible:—

"'THE DANCERS.

"'I dance, ha! ha! ha! I dance and sing,
Above my head my arms I swing.
Ho! ho! ho! see another faun,
A black one, dances on the lawn!
He moves with me, and when I lift
My heels, his feet directly shift;
I can't out-dance him, though I try;
He dances nimbler far than I.
I toss my head and so does he;
What tricks he dares to play on me!
I touch the ivy in my hair,
Ivy he has and fingers there;
The spiteful thing to mock me so!
I will out-dance him, ho! ho! ho!'"

That is all that I was doing, and I had already got to the words "Ho! ho! ho!" before I caught my first glimpse of the Vicar. He went away without saying a single word, and since then seems to have been going all over the parish saying ridiculous things about me, especially to Lady Titterton.

Why a person should not be able to acquire personality simply and naturally in a London suburb without all this backbiting I cannot for the life of me understand.

EVOE.

AT THE PLAY.

"WE MODERNS" (NEW).

I SUPPOSE it to be just possible that very young youngsters in Chelsea and Bloomsbury, obsessed by their own immense superiority over the old gentlemen (and ladies, I suppose) who plunged Europe into blood, might refer to themselves as "We moderns;" but if they did they would be very tiresome and negligible people, which, to do them justice, the young persons in Mr. ISRAEL ZANGWILL's rather flat comedy emphatically were.

You have, on the one hand, a bland affectionate father, a K.C.—K.C.'s get far more than their share of the stage, I protest—who is of the breed that puts its foot firmly down but lightly lifts it the first moment its opponent shows fight. Ranged with him is his ideally Victorian wife, nerve-racked, obsessed with the difficult sport of cook-hunting, honey-sweet and all that, but not in general very helpful. You have also a distinguished surgeon whose proud boast is that he has brought his daughter up without any of this modern nonsense. That is the team put into the field by the ancients.

On the other side, you have the K.C.'s two children, a voluminously flannelled boy who is a painter of the most modern school—an easy cock-shy this in these days of anti-Epsteinism—and his sister, a precocious and fatiguing chit of seventeen summers. These twain are Blue Bohemians. What are the precise tenets of this modern guild was never very clearly explained, but it contains a critic who asserts that the K.C.'s son is the greatest modern painter, and that a certain Society journalist, the wife of three husbands (sentences not running concurrently) and author of "Glad Cucumbers" (an exercise obviously in the Sitwellian mood), is the greatest living poet. Himself, *bien entendu*, he regards as the greatest living critic. His hobby is apparently the seduction of guileless Blue Bohemian virgins under cover of blather about freedom and platonic friendship. His particular "platonic" affinity of the moment is the surgeon's carefully-brought-up daughter, *Dolly*, with whom also the K.C.'s carelessly-brought-up son is desperately in love. Incidentally *Dolly* is sitting to the young painter for "the altogether," the critic's gracious permission for this arrangement, given ostensibly in the name of freedom and accepted with adoring gratitude, being more fundamentally due to his having tired of this charming young lady, who is destined to bear his platonic child. He is vastly relieved to find that the young artist, having discovered this devastating fact, proposes to marry her.

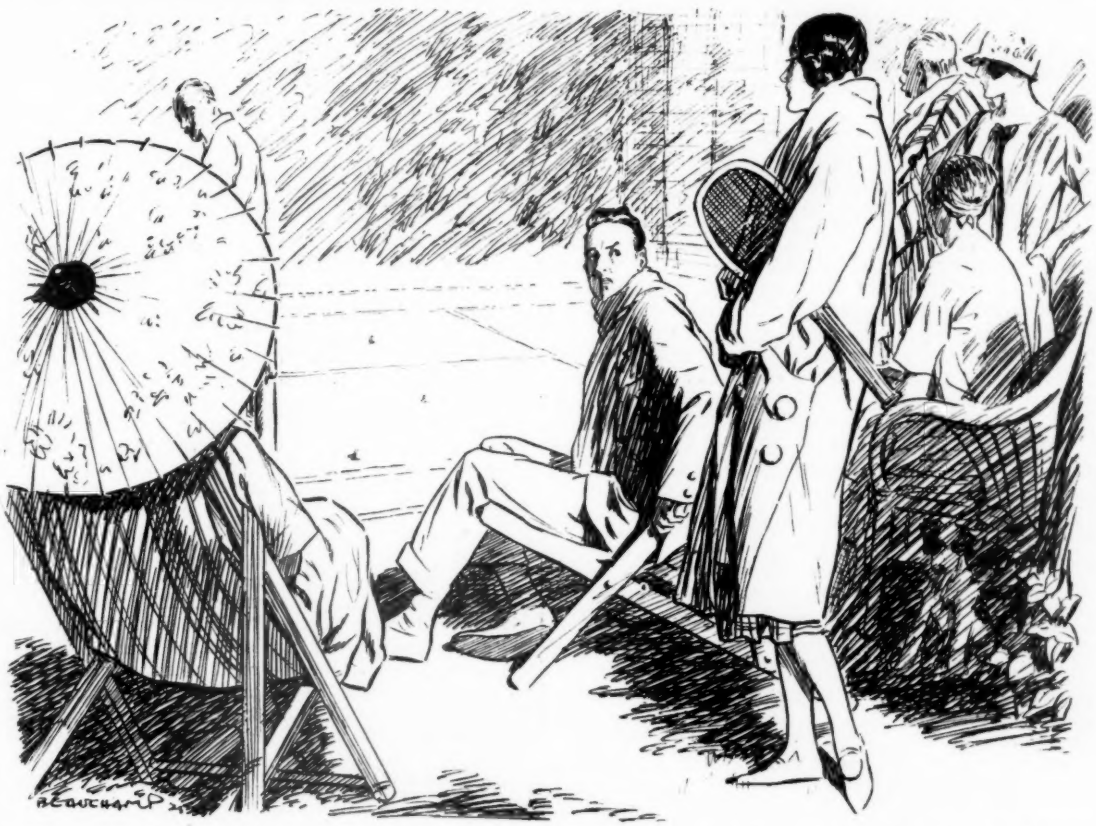


"YOUTH TALKS."

Richard Sundale . . . . . MR. WALTER HUDD.
Robert Sundale, K.C. . . . . . MR. HUBERT HARBEN.
Mary Sundale . . . . . MISS OLGA JOCELYN.

I had forgotten that there was also another Victorian survival in the person of a noble-hearted young engineer who is destined for the K.C.'s ridiculous little daughter. All ends well for them, and they will make a thoroughly dull if sound pair.

Mr. ISRAEL ZANGWILL is not accustomed to write negligible plays or novels, and there are plenty of amusing lines, though others, to be just, contain somewhat wan jests; but my chief quarrel with him is that he has merely made caricatures of his types. My acquaintance, small though it is, with women of the Blue Bohemian order leads me to suppose that they would take a matter like unlegalised maternity as all in the day's work. No doubt they will, when years have brought discretion, settle down into honest imitations of the much despised Victorians. Germs of moral measles undergo evolutionary changes, if Tennessee will permit me to use this unorthodox terminology, and I suppose there are few fathers of to-day, even K.C.'s, who think that a remedy for this type of disease is to lock their erring children in their bedrooms.



Hostess (arranging set). "MR. JONES, I 'M AFRAID I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU PLAY. I COULDN'T MAKE OUT FROM JACK'S LETTER WHETHER YOU WERE A *CRACK* OR A *CROCK*."

Mr. HUBERT HARBEN and Miss MARY JERROLD were quite adequate (little more) as the K.C. and his wife; and Mr. STOCKWELL HAWKINS gave a very fair interpretation of a stage butler, *quasi*-comic variety. Miss OLGA JOCELYN will need a good many more lessons in elocution before she is able to make us hear the half of what she is given to say. Miss JANE WELSH, at any rate, looked very attractive as *Dolly Wimple*. Perhaps Mr. VERNON SYLVAINE was only faithfully interpreting his author's good young engineer by making him so stockish. Mr. ROBERT HOLMES was effective as the quite unlikely *Oscar Pleat*, the critic; but Miss MAY AGATE could not altogether make possible the still more unlikely *Madame Moskowski*, the cook with a passion for "Glad Cucumbers." Mr. FREDERICK CULLEY had little to do as the no-nonsense-standing surgeon, and did it sufficiently well. I liked best of all Mr. WALTER HUDD's intelligent sketch of the young painter.

But on the whole I 'm afraid I found it rather a tiresome evening. I wish I hadn't. T.

LINES FROM A MIDDLE-AGED WALTZER.

["After middle age it is most important that you should dance—not waltzes and that sort of thing, but real step dances."—*Sir JAS. CANTLIE.*]

WHEN, like the polka and schottische,
The waltz made speed its chief attraction,
We sprang as whippets from the leash
To rush our partners into action;
Of my far-off resilient youth
And dim Victorian days I 'm talking;
Oh, ours were dances then in truth,
Not merely camouflage for walking!

Of these the waltz alone survives,
But robbed of half its giddy whirlings,
And still my portly form contrives
To do the needful twists and twirlings,
My sole remaining joy, though some
Have hinted that my age and figure
To slower motions must succumb
And music borrowed from the nigger.

Though on my features time and care
Have chiselled many a wrongly-placed line,
Have reft a *soupçon* from my hair
And put a *soupçon* on my waist-line,
For feebler days I still have kept
The one-step and the trot of foxes,
As most befitting those who 've crept
Past their autumnal equinoxes.

But now (can doctors' views be false?)
It seems that I, as age advances,
Not only must eschew the waltz
But shun these other modern dances,
And take instead to Scottish reels
And jigs from Leitrim or Balbriggan,
Or fit my senile toes and heels
With clogs indigenous to Wigan.

* * * * *

No dance-musician I can find
Knows tunes to fit Sir JAMES's orders,
Save one; and he 's of those who grind
Organs on London's outer borders;
Him will I follow till my death
(You 'll read about it in the papers),
Stout, rubicund and scant of breath,
But cutting hygienic capers.

From a music-hall advertisement:—
"NOTE for Remainder of Season—
ALL CHILDREN UNDER 99 HALF-PRICE IN SHILLING SEATS."—*Local Paper.*
Rather rough on our centenarians.

SHIPMATES.

(*Clipper Ship "Mary Ambree."*)

THESE are the men that sailed with me
In the Colonies clipper, *Mary Ambree.*

These are the men that kept her going
Through the fog and the ice and the big gales blowing;
Skipper and bo'sun, mates and Sails,
Tough as leather and hard as nails,
Wise in the ways of seas and ships,
Soaked in brine to the finger-tips.

These are the chaps that toiled together
In trade and doldrum and black Horn weather;
Stuck it out on a beggarly whack
Of junk and lime-juice and mouldy tack;
Scoured and holystoned, reefed and furled,
Watch and watch round the whole wet world;
Hauled and sweated at sheets and braces
With the sun in their eyes or the sleet in their faces;
Fought and fisted the frozen courses
On foot-ropes jumping like bucking horses.

These are the men that sailed and manned,
Worked and drove her from land to land,
Most of 'em gone as the ships are gone,
For times must change, as the old words run,
And men change with 'em, we know full well—
For worse or for better? Time will tell.
This only is certain, ships and men,
We never shall build their likes again.

I.—SKIPPER.

A rough old nut,
A tough old nut
Of a skipper,
But the right stuff,
Sure enough,
For a racing clipper . . .

Stiff and sturdy and five-foot-seven,
Cares for nobody under heaven;
All ataunto from truck to keel,
Will like iron and nerves like steel;
Loves his old packet better 'n life,
Loves her like sweetheart or child or wife;
Runs down the Easting under all she 'll carry,
Hates taking sail off her worse 'n Old Harry!

When winds are baffling or trades are slack,
Or she 's thrashing to windward, tack and tack,
And the most that she 's logging is nine or ten,
He 's the devil and all to live with then.
He curses the watch and he rows the mates,
Gives steward the jumps till he smashes the plates;
Nibbles his nails and damns the weather
And wishes the lot at the deuce together.

But oh! it 's a different sort of tale
When the seventeenth knot is over the rail,
With the Forties roaring their blooming best,
And the big seas galloping out o' the west,
And the packet rolling her lee-rail under
And shipping it green with a noise like thunder;
When the galley 's swamped and the half-deck 's drowned
And the pans and the kettles are swimming around,
And she 's snoring along under all she 'll stand—
Oh, everything in the garden 's grand!

He 'll walk the poop and whistle and sing,
As happy and proud as a blooming king,
And lick his chops, the hoary old sinner,
Like the cabin cat when there 's fish for dinner;
And he 'll say as he holds by the weather shrouds
And squints aloft at the scurrying clouds:
"Mister, I reckon it 's time about
We shook them reefs in her topsails out."

And he 's a rough old nut,
A tough old nut
Of a skipper,
But the right stuff,
Sure enough,
For a racing clipper.

C. F. S.

SPAIN AS I HEARD IT.

My first glimpse of romantic Spain was that of a youth perched high on the panniers of his gaily-caparisoned mule and eating his dinner as he jangled along. To him a dark-eyed maiden tossed a rose, plucked from behind her ear. He caught it deftly, pressed it to heart and lips before sticking it in his sombrero and rode on into a swirl of sunlit dust while she watched him, hand on hip, as he went.

"This," I thought, "is Spain—romance—wordless; love tossed with a rose."

But was it? Love may occasionally be wordless in Spain, but nothing else is.

* * * * * * *

The train had stopped for the twelfth time since leaving Algeciras, and for the twelfth time I was able to observe the procedure followed on leaving a Spanish station. As usual, all the inhabitants—man, woman and dog—of the little glittering town had come to see the train go through and to gossip in the radiant sunshine; and as usual the engine-driver and guard plunged immediately into animated conversation with their respective friends.

On these occasions the driver always finishes first and, with a fine indifference to anyone else, starts the engine. Then the guard, suddenly aware that his train is departing, breaks off a long and vociferous discussion, blows his whistle and sets off in agitated pursuit. Close upon his heels come hordes of yelling passengers who precipitate themselves from the *salidas* and *restorantos* burdened with oranges and little bottles of wine. All of them spring on to the running-board and, clinging to convenient rails which go the whole length of the train, clamber precariously about peering in at windows until their frantic exclamations take on a tone of relief as they at last find their proper compartments.

Between their anxious heads you catch glimpses of the señorita who presides in the *restoranto* looking, with a fatalistic shrug, after her absconding customers, and of a lean yellow dog, his natural exuberance curbed in order to keep pace with us, lolloping along the side of the track.

The tedium of a railway journey is whiled away in Spain by animated and intimate conversation even between total strangers. My fellow-passengers, Señor A. and Señor B., certainly did not, at the beginning of the day, know one another any more than they knew the other occupants of the carriage, Señor C. and the Señora his wife.

Presently Señor B., scorning preliminary small-talk, drew up his trousers a trifle and remarked to Señor A. that the socks at which he was gazing had cost four pesetas. This gentleman expressed polite incredulity at the low cost of such wonderful hosiery and invited general guesses as to what he had paid for his waistcoat. Señor C. was evidently the nearest in his estimate and therefore had the next turn. Speculation over his shirt and tie became loud and anxious, but his wife, eager to display her blouse, gave away the cost of the shirt before the subject was fully exhausted so as to draw attention to herself. All three men then compared



Mrs. MacAlpine. "I'M THINKING I MUST BE BRINGING DUNCAN TO CHURCH SOON."
The Rev. Dr. Gilbraith. "PERHAPS HE WOULD BE OVER-YOUNG TO ATTEND DIVINE SERVICE, MRS. MACALPINE."
Mrs. MacAlpine. "OH, NO. I TOOK HIM TO THE CIRCUS YESTERDAY AND HE WAS AS GOOD AS GOLD."

overcoats and were with difficulty quieted sufficiently to consider the lady's shoes.

Suddenly, just as Señor B. was preparing to raise his trousers even higher, the Señora had an inspiration. Seizing her husband's arm she poured forth a flood of excited suggestion. Amid cries of delighted anticipation they sprang together upon the seat, dragged down a large suit-case and laid its entire contents before the dazzled eyes of the others. Every garment was admired and priced in a perfect babel of explanation and comment.

The process of repacking the case exhausted what little energy their previous efforts had left them, and peace reigned for nearly half-an-hour before they were again able to indulge in conversation concerning the merits of their respective farms.

The Spaniard is ever ready to succour the stranger within his gates. This I discovered one day when a tram-conductor charged me ten centimos (about a penny) too much for a ticket to the Almeida. My neighbour grasped him by the shoulder and shook him whilst explaining volubly to me that I had been cheated. The conductor retorted that the English lady had not spoken distinctly and appealed for support. Cries of curiosity arose from different parts of the tram, and an elderly woman detailed the outstanding features of the case in an impassioned speech. Everyone took sides; shouts of denunciation and defiance rent the air; "*Carramba's*" flew like hail.

I took the first opportunity of disembarking, and as the tram jolted away I stood quite unnoticed on the pavement, listening to the controversy fading into the distance.



COALS OF FIRE.

THE LADY WHO "SAW NOTHING THAT SHE LIKED" IN THE CARPET DEPARTMENT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ABOUT the twelfth century it used to be said in Germany when a man's business prospered, "*Es geht ihm so gut wie dem lieben Gott in Frankreich*"—"His affairs go as well as the good God's do in France." This probably alludes (I have M. FUNCK-BRENTANO'S word for it) to the extraordinary enthusiasm for church-building displayed in twelfth-century France, an enthusiasm adverted to less respectfully by the French chroniclers as "*morbus ædificandi*"—the building fever. We usually think of it as producing Gothic; and so of course in the end it did. But the type preceding the Gothic church and succeeding the Roman basilica is really the dominant type of the twelfth century; and this we are accustomed to call Romanesque on the Continent and Norman in England. The French name for it is "roman," not "romain" ("romance," not "Roman"), and Norman is only one among six Gallic variants: Norman, Poitevin, Auvergnat, Pyrenean, Provençal and Burgundian. So at any rate says Mr. OLIVER E. BODINGTON in *The Romance Churches of France* (GRANT RICHARDS); and, having read that delightful book from cover to cover, I am not inclined to quarrel with its terminology. Avowedly compiled for the student and traveller, I see no reason why it should not fascinate the *dilettante* and stay-at-home too; for its text is always lucid and vivacious and its illustrative photographs things of unique beauty. Le Puy, on a needle peak with a vast plain beyond it; the dainty façade of Poitevin Melle with its equestrian statue; and Auvergnat Conques with its apsidal chapels like a little group of sacred beehives—these are only three out of over a hundred pictures. And Mr. BODINGTON completes his generosity by an invaluable chapter on the exact methods that obtained them.

Fishmonger's Fiddle is excellent stuff
(A. E. COPPARD, from JONATHAN CAPE);
'Tis seventeen stories, all plums and no duff,
Just the simplest romances in scholarly shape;
It 's a work that will please or I 'm pretty mistook,
And one you will probably keep on your shelves;
I'll tell you the tale that gives name to the book,
The others pray read for yourselves.

Arnold Blackburne, the fiddler who plays on the pier,
Fate to the fishmonger's sends;
Maxie Morrisarde sees him (a prim little dear
Who 's widowed yet wed) and they soon become friends;
Maxie's husband has left her—he 's scoundrel and cur—
And she lives with her deadly old aunt, *Mrs. Vole*;
But she won't take the love *Arnold* offers to her,
As she fears to imperil her soul.

That 's the end of the story; the other sixteen
An equal simplicity own,
But their style is so gentle, so oddly serene,
That the book has the charm of a garden that 's grown
Of herbs and blue lavenders restfully gay;
"Individual" work it is stated to be
On the wrapper, and, briefly, for once in a way
With a publisher's puff I agree.

Sir EDWARD TROUP is to be congratulated on the story of his old Department which he has told so well in *The Home Office* (PUTNAM), a book designed to be the first

of a series of monographs dealing with the great public offices. In the minds of the many the Home Office connotes the reprieve of murderers and, on one day of the year, an imposing background for the Cenotaph. Actually there is a good deal more to it than that, and when you have with difficulty thought of aliens, factories, prisons and the police, Sir EDWARD can still floor you with vivisection, bishops and wild birds. The purpose of this book is to tell you what the Home Office does and how it does it, with just as much of the past as is needed to make the present intelligible. Such a book might well have been dull; in Sir EDWARD'S hands it has proved to be extremely interesting. His touch is always light, even in the historical summaries. A considerable achievement this, for he has had much ground to cover. It is a far cry from the "beloved clerk who stays continually by our side" to Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, as it is also from the first Factory Act which (I think Sir EDWARD has made a slip here) ordered apprentices to be lime-washed and ventilated, to that rather mysterious codifying Bill which we shall see some day if we are good. Sir EDWARD has avoided all personalities. He tells us nothing of the political chiefs whom he so faithfully served, and the famous battle of Sidney Street is not even mentioned. He has nevertheless written a book which all may read with as much interest as profit. In particular the book is recommended (not by me, but by the author himself) to the Home Office staff, in order that each man may know something of what his colleagues are doing. It is a good idea.

Creative work is the accepted outlet for a woman whose passion (legitimate or illegitimate) has met with disaster; but what makes Miss ELLEN GLASGOW'S rehandling of this theme interesting is the masculinity of the work to which her heroine turns. *Dorinda Oakley* is the only daughter of a Virginian homestead—*Barren Ground* (MURRAY)—on which thistles and broomsedge have won victory after victory over generation after generation of her ancestors. *Dorinda's* mother, early crossed both in love and religion, is an artist in toil for toil's sake; and *Dorinda*, revolted by a fanaticism which makes thrift "a tyrant, not a slave," determines that come what may she herself will escape from the land. Half inspired by this ambition and half by a mere girlish love for love in any guise, she engages herself by innocent ruses to a young city doctor on a visit to his dying father. But *Jason Greylock* is a paltry libertine who, having seduced his *fiancée*, allows himself to be bullied into marrying a former flame. *Dorinda* escapes to New York, her child is born and dies, and she herself is put in the way of a career and a happy marriage. But the call of the land is too strong, and she returns to Virginia, with modern methods in her head and adequate capital at her command, in time to take her father's place and succeed where he failed. The *minutiæ* of her task are particularly well described; in fact the design of the whole book reflects its agricultural *motif* by combining long horizons with an uncommon conscience for detail. I can imagine both factors proving wearisome to the pampered or jaded reader; but even the most pampered or jaded should be grateful for the vivacious characters, black and white, who occupy, so to speak, the middle distance.

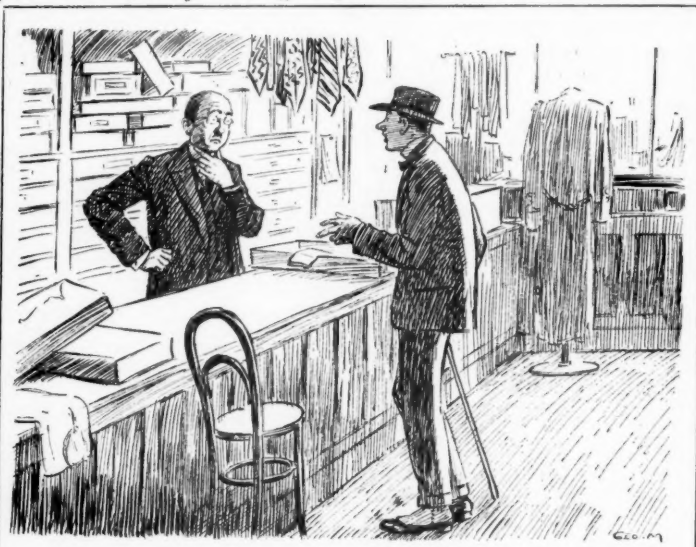


"WHERE'S YER FATHER? 'AS 'E GONE TO WORK?"
"I SEE 'IM GOIN' DAHN THE STREET, BUT 'E WASN'T GOIN' TO WORK."
"'OW D' YOU KNOW?"
"WELL, 'E WERE RUNNIN'."

Major-General Sir FREDERICK MAURICE, in drawing attention to the military lessons of the American Civil War, is in agreement with the French General Staff who, while his book was actually in the press, instituted at the École de Guerre the study of the campaigns of Virginia and the West. In *Robert E. Lee, the Soldier* (CONSTABLE), interest

is focussed on the one man who more and more is being recognised as the most brilliant exponent of the art of war, as well as the most notable personality, in a struggle that produced many remarkable soldiers. The great Southerner's campaigns are not here fully narrated, but only outlined and analysed; the development of strategy by which superior forces were repeatedly overthrown and the use of tactics which had to be re-discovered in the Great War being the writer's study, rather than the glory or horror of battle. If one had a criticism to make about a book so well written, it would be that the author assumes, something too generously, that his readers, like himself, are fully familiar with the fluctuating course of the Civil War. After all, the volume cannot be quite intended as a military text-book, or so much space would hardly be devoted to the illumination of its hero's most generous and lovable character. But ordinary readers, to whom it must be meant to appeal and who may be a little annoyed at their occasional ignorance of battle history, may get their own back by detecting a slip in the eminent writer's staff work—a wrong scale of miles attached to one of his maps.

In *Piano Quintet* (HEINEMANN) Mr. SACKVILLE WEST deals with the temperamental reactions of five musicians in a protracted tour upon the Continent. The plan of the book is exceedingly interesting, the treatment extraordinarily detailed and subtle, and it is above all an immense comfort to have music treated by a musician without any of the false raptures of the romantic amateur. Mr. SACKVILLE WEST seems to have a thesis—the need of asceticism in the great artist. He has no care for the happy ending. *Imogen Fairtree*, the second violin, is drawn into a deep sane passion for her leader, *Aurelian*. He cannot accept what she offers, and our author justifies his great refusal without making him inhuman. If any criticism can be made of a very interesting and distinguished piece of work, remarkable certainly in a first novel, it is Mr. SACKVILLE WEST'S occasional preoccupation with what seems like irrelevant detail over-carefully studied. "After a time she fell asleep. Aurelian, seeing this, asked the other passengers if he might lower the shade of the lamp. The man nodded, but the woman seemed comatose. So he lowered it without repeating his request. Before shutting his eyes he took a look round the carriage. In the faint indigo light the three looked like dead people not yet discovered to be so; with this impression the rumbling of the train sounded louder in his ears." Such passages may be interesting to write, but a succession of them is a little tedious to read. This is a trifling fault, if it be one. Although our author rightly concerns himself with the actions and reactions of his characters and does not overload his book with technical jargon, he succeeds in conveying the spiritual excitement of the study and mastery of a great piece of music. A book primarily for anyone interested in art and artists.



Customer (buying a shirt). "NO, NO! THE COLOUR IS OF NO IMPORTANCE. I ONLY WANT IT TO PUT IT ON A HORSE."

Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC is one of the chosen few among writers whose discursiveness, far from being one of the worst of literary bad habits, has attained the dignity of a fine art. For him, as for STEVENSON'S immortal child, the world is gloriously full of a number of things—things to be heartily liked or even more heartily disliked, with that unspoiled enthusiasm which is the prerogative of middle-age in an era of cynical and disillusioned youth. He likes, for instance, Sussex and the sea and the late Mr. HUDSON'S *Crystal Age* and cruising. And he dislikes Parliaments and the new popular Press and literary gents and people who spell Clovis "Hchlodhovech" and auxiliary engines and racing yachts. As to the auxiliary engines I am entirely with him. But he is perhaps a little less than fair to the racing yacht, which has probably done as much to maintain the standard of British boatbuilding as the thoroughbred has done to keep up that of horseflesh. But then Mr. BELLOC is nothing if not partial. It is one of his attractions. All these various likes and dislikes will be found debated in *The Cruise of the "Nona"* (CONSTABLE), wherein Mr. BELLOC touches at "little England beyond Wales," with its oddly named islets of Skomer and Skokham and the rest, which bring up the whole matter of place-names and especially of Scandinavian place-names; and steers by St. Patrick's Causeway with its clanging bell, which raises the question of Ireland and Home Rule; and skirts Portland Race, which (so says Mr. BELLOC) could eat Charybdis and the Maelstrom and not know it had had breakfast, and which suggests a quite novel kind of matriculation test for Cabinet Ministers; and puts into Bideford, which naturally leads to CHARLES KINGSLEY. But is Mr. BELLOC right when he pokes fun at the usual interpretation of the title of *Westward Ho!* as a "call resonant of the Elizabethan sailings"? The fact that KINGSLEY used the phrase with an exclamation mark seems to prove conclusively that it was precisely in that sense that he meant it to be understood.

Mr. HOLLOWAY HORN, in *The Universal Game* (HOLDEN), would have us know that lawn-tennis is only a game, and people who, from year's end to year's end, spend their lives at tennis tournaments must not expect mercy from him. This may sound as if Mr. HORN has been very fierce and vitriolic; on the contrary, his outstanding qualities as a novelist are his kindliness, his lightness of touch and his quiet humour. However dismal the world may be you can rely on him to look at the bright side of it; and, although in this story *Sibyl Dennis's* devotion to tournament lawn-tennis nearly wrecked her early married life, Mr. HORN good-naturedly saves her from disaster, and this in the most natural way conceivable. His stories lack the distinction which would commend them to the lofty-browed, but I feel that they are exactly what he intends them to be. If his intentions were a little more ambitious it would be all to the good.

CHARIVARIA.

FOUR Japanese officials have arrived in England to study our traffic problem. We extend a hand of welcome to these humourists.

* * *

Wembley is to have a live lion as its emblem. We understand that several coloured balloons are to be used to assist him in keeping his tail up.

* * *

"What Thomas told Cook" was a recent placard. It seems a pity that these servants'-hall confidences should get into the papers.

* * *

One objection to the short skirt is supposed to be that it makes women look shorter. But against that, of course, there is the consideration that it usually makes men look ever so much longer.

* * *

It is reported that one of our young playwrights is writing a drama specially for the young, in which the heroine will be an abandoned baby.

* * *

Mr. LOVAT FRASER has disclosed the fact that he finds harpooning octopuses with a boat-hook great fun. We should have guessed this from his literary style.

* * *

Speaking of Miss JOAN FRY, a tennis writer says that she has made great strides. We saw a photograph of one of them on the back page.

* * *

Mr. W. J. BRYAN, prosecuting counsel in the Tennessee case, may think that man did not descend from monkeys; but has he ever seen a London Tube traveller hanging on a strap?

* * *

It is not certain yet whether the importation of monkeys into the U.S.A. will be regarded as bootlegging in future.

* * *

DZERJINSKY, the chief of the Russian Cheka, has been ordered a complete rest. He is to be put on a low diet of three bombs a day.

* * *

The Ministry of Transport has established an experimental station where road surfaces will be tested. The idea is to find some road-making material which will not show the teeth-marks of pedestrians who have been knocked down.

* * *

An offer of peace has been made to ABDUL KRIM; but the Riff leader, having taken a peep at the peace going on in Europe, is said to be scared at the idea of trying it.

* * *

Flying is now as safe as walking across Piccadilly Circus, says Sir PHILIP SASSOON. Statements like this are apt to make aeroplane passengers frightfully nervous.

* * *

The Cossacks from Olympia went to the House of Commons last Wednesday. They said, what the public had said of their own performance, that they had never seen anything quite like it.

* * *

At an exhibition of undertakers' woodwork and fittings recently held in London it was stated that not enough attention was given to such work. We agree. Nothing is more annoying than to be buried in a clumsily-made coffin.

* * *

A man has been fined at Brighton for throwing money to children from his motor-car. When this sort of thing happens in Scotland they never prosecute. They just have the offender detained for a few days so that the state of his mind can be examined.

* * *

During one of the recent all-night sittings a Member of Parliament drew attention to the Liberal Party in the House. He was asleep.

* * *

In the opinion of the Press there were never so many young Americans in London as there are this season. The explanation is that in the United States children are being born younger.

* * *

Speaking in a Munich court a police officer stated of a prisoner that he had committed so many different crimes that he must be wondering what to do next. Perhaps he would like to come to this country and try to buy a cigarette after eight o'clock.

* * *

A man who had been absent from his home for eight months has just arrived at Kensington. Others hope to get home as soon as the traffic blocks are mitigated.

* * *

A road-mender in Chelsea recently found a string of pearls in the gutter. We've heard from several artists how fastidious the swine are there.

* * *

Barbers are so busy with their female *clientèle* nowadays that the only way to get a hair-cut is to borrow half a skirt and go in to be shingled.

* * *

An article in a contemporary is headed "What is London?" One suggestion is that it's the place which supplies Hampstead Garden Suburb with the vulgar necessities of life.

* * *

It's ridiculous to say that nothing is being done to cure insomnia when fifty thousand pounds is to be spent on the new stand at Lord's.

* * *

Two American students have walked fifty-three thousand miles, starting with ten pounds and finishing with thirty-two shillings; but you don't have to walk nearly so far as this in the Amusement Park at Wembley to achieve the same effect.

* * *

A local Council has acquired one of the largest steam-rollers in the world. It is thought that the machine will soon begin to pay for itself if a small charge is made for Oxford trouser-pressing.



Fond Wife (*to ruffled husband*). "HOW MANY PUNCTURES DID YOU FIND, DEAR?"
Ruffled Husband. "THREE."
Fond Wife. "OH, DARLING, YOU *ARE* CLEVER!"

THE CLAIMS OF HOME.

[Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN announced that the Government could not accede to the French and Spanish Governments' suggestion to send a co-operating contingent of British troops to Tangier.]

THE clever men who have the art
Of keeping touch with England's heart,
Who on her pulse can lay their thumbs
And tell us all how fast it hums,
Giving their estimate as true
Within a paltry tick or two—
These trace no sign of hunger for
The pleasures of a foreign war.
We have the men, we have the ships,
But we are very short of chips,
And can't, with prices up so high,
Afford to join our late ally,
Because, although our love is hot,
The last alliance cost a lot,
And she might want another debt,
Not having paid the old one yet.

And so our AUSTEN (most polite)
Answered, "I think not." Which was right.

By this you mustn't, please, infer
That we are not the Race we were.
Our nerve and prowess, always good,
Still stand precisely where they stood.
And, if we cared to go for KRIM
And rend his Rifis limb from limb,
Sir EVANS, that most WORTHY man,
Would on the instant have a plan
And raise at least a hundred fighters
To take the field and fell the blighters.

I say, the glorious Race persists—
No shirkers we, nor pacifists.
Put England to the stern endeavour,
She 'd prove as bellicose as ever.
But for the moment she is tied
By something going on inside;
Certain engagements nearer home
Forbid her braves to cross the foam.
We have to nurse our strength of soul
For a domestic war of coal;
Must concentrate upon a strife
That ought to blast the nation's life;
And to this end use all our beans
To smash her Trade to smithereens. O. S.

ABOUT WHITE SPATS.

I HAVE been trying to find out why men wear white spats. Nobody seems to know, or at any rate to admit, the reason.

My own theory has always been that white spats were originally devised to protect the trousers against the shoe-blacking; but an examination of my trousers, both where they fall on to the shoe and where the shoe falls on to them in one of my favourite attitudes of repose, reveals the fact that modern blacking (anyhow the brand my boot-boy uses) does not make a mess of my trousers.

There are only two good reasons that I can think of for wearing white spats. One, because your socks are of an unsightly design or sag at the ankle or, in rather extreme cases, are odd; and two, because you are wearing turned-down trousers which catch in the back of your shoes.

In well-regulated families, of course, the first necessity does not arise; but the second one is a good and sufficient cause why white spats should be included in every man's wardrobe. Occasions are bound to arise when one likes to affect turned-down trousers—weddings, garden-parties, business luncheons and so forth; and there is nothing which fills a man with such self-contempt as the knowledge that he is going about with his trousers caught up in the back of his shoes.

Some men, it is true, wear white spats because of their power to arrest attention; and it must be confessed that they have a certain usefulness in this respect. White spats draw the eye of an observer down to the feet, and, though feet are seldom much of an attraction in themselves, there is undoubtedly a type of man whose feet are less trying to the eye than his upper parts.

It will be seen then that the true function of the white spat is purely defensive. It creates nothing, builds nothing; it merely corrects and covers up. The argument that white spats are cooling in hot weather holds no water. It is a hygiological fact (I expect) that the more things you put round a thing the hotter it gets; so spats, unless you wear them in lieu of socks, can have no possible effect other than to make the feet hotter. And that other argument too, that white spats give an impression of affluence and so carry a man higher up the social ladder, has gone by the board in an age when the top of the ladder is held by poor people. Ostentation of wealth is nowadays a distinct barrier to social advancement; therefore wear your white spats only when need be.

Taken all round, it is a pity about the white spat. It is a tricky garment. One of the chief disadvantages about it is that you cannot leave the bottom button undone, as you do with a waistcoat. You must do up this button at all costs; and there is no button in the world so hard to do up as the bottom button of a spat. If you have chosen your spat to fit you neatly round the thin end of the calf this button won't do up; if you have chosen your spat because the bottom button will do up, your leg will fit into it something like the toothpick into the top of a bottle of angostura. You must be careful of these points when you are buying your white spats; spat-sellers mostly don't mind about them.

Then too white spats cramp your style. It is a *sine qua non* about them that they should be white, just as it is with dress-shirts; but they are much harder to keep white because they are worn so much closer to the ground. And there are your feet. The natural place for one's feet when one is in a comfortable sitting posture is on top of one another, or at any rate rubbing up against one another. With white spats this won't do. You must think of each foot separately. Your right foot must know all the time what your left foot is doing; it must treat it as if it were a complete stranger, as if it were somebody else's foot. White spats make you foot-conscious; they are unnatural things. They spoil your day. They spoilt my Ascot.

Thank goodness one could do Wimbledon in turned-up trousers. L. B. G.

Strange Case of Strabismus.

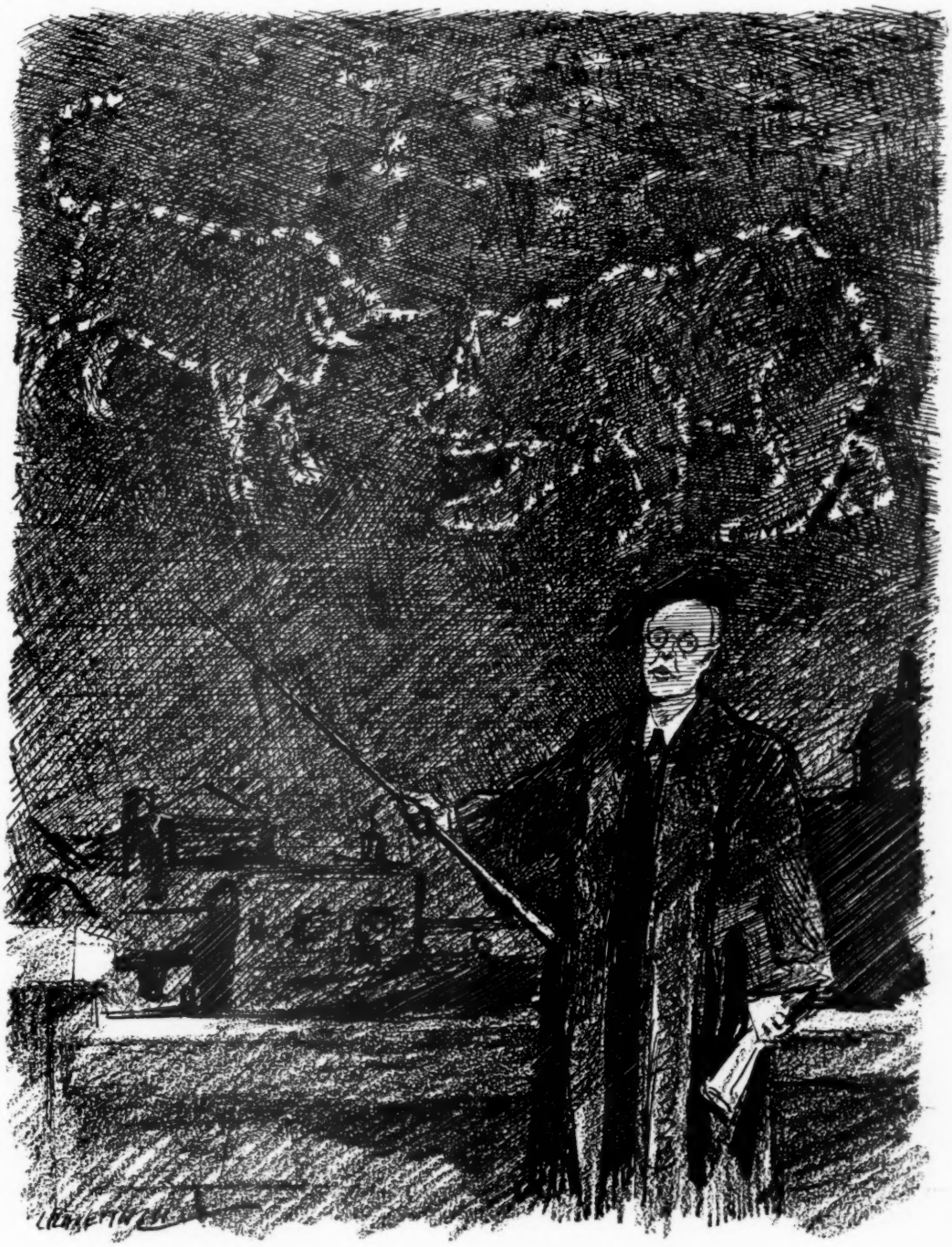
"'That 's all right,' said Mr. Holland and proceeded to inspect the book on farriery with one eye, whilst the other furtively glanced round the room in which they were sitting."
Story in Provincial Paper.

The Sage of Carlton Gardens.

"I would like the noble lady to remember the words of Lord Balfour, who once said 'Clear your minds of cant.'"
Mr. LANSBURY in the House of Commons.

"We are none of us infallible, not even, as Lord Balfour has said, the youngest of us."—*Letter in Manchester Paper.*

Personally, we think the best thing Lord BALFOUR ever said was, "Always verify your references."



BRITISH BULL *v.* SOVIET BEAR.

LORD BALFOUR, F.R.S. (*welcoming the International Conference of Astronomers*). "THE SPIRIT OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD WHICH ANIMATES YOU IS, UNHAPPILY, NOT REFLECTED IN THE POLITICAL SKY, WHERE WE FIND TAURUS AND URSA IN CHRONIC OPPOSITION."



First Actress. "MY DEAR, YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD THE THINGS SHE SAID ABOUT ME—NOT A WORD OF TRUTH."
Second ditto. "OH, SHE 'S JUST A CAT. SUCH CHEEK TOO; SHE ISN'T EVEN A FRIEND OF YOURS AND KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT YOU."

THE NEW BLOOMSBURY.

SOME people say our heads are swelled; if so, it is with brains;
We 're all as spry as ROGER FRY, as 'cute as MAYNARD KEYNES;
We 've threaded all the labyrinth of philosophic doubt,
And we know the work of TCHEKHOV upside down and in and out.

If you aspire
To lead the choir
Of Reason's purest votaries
Quit Chelsea, come to Bloomsbury and join the best of coteries.

In thought we 're four-dimensional; we 've resolutely axed
The banalities of BERGSON and the crudities of BAKST;
The high kick must be psychic our approval to obtain,
And the glyptic art be cryptic to escape from our disdain.

So if you seek
Relief from sleek
And smooth marmoreal finery
Leave Albert Gate for Bloomsbury and join our Phil-Epsteinery.

In sorrow more than anger we compassionately view
The average man and woman and the paths which they pursue;
Fastidiously unorthodox, reluctantly we own
The virtues of the idols that we labour to dethrone.

So if you tire
Of J. C. SQUIRE
And Georgian mentality
Quit Chiswick, come to Bloomsbury and join the New Sodality.

Statistical, hubristical and mystical by turns,
We 're not amused by DICKENS or impressed by ROBERT BURNS;
DONNE is "the gloomy Dean" for us, and, when we make a choice
Of *Odysseys*, find HOMER less exuberant than JOYCE.

So, if you 'd meet
The true élite
Or choose a site for Eros
Quit Mayfair, come to Bloomsbury and join the "Lunar Pierrots."

Remote from all the squalors of our modern party strife,
We lead a strenuous, self-contained, sophisticated life,
Conscious of our pre-eminence, yet wholly disinclined
To soil our precious wisdom in the service of mankind.

So, if a bard
Sick of the hard
High road of verse you hammer on,
Leave Hampstead, come to Bloomsbury and write its new "Decameron."

Our Pampered Pets Again.

"Lady offers stylish well-cut apparel; reducing corset, waist 29, for Alsatian dog."—*Ladies' Paper.*

From a school certificate and matriculation examination paper recently set by the Universities of Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield and Birmingham:—

"*Q.* A railway train begins to move in a due northerly direction along a circular line. After it has travelled 3½ miles its direction of motion is N.W.; find, in miles, the radius of the circle in which it moves."

We don't care for these polygonal circles.

SLOGANS.

IT was a glorious morning. The sea sparkled; the red bricks of the parade shone in the sun; only the stranger in the chair on my left, his arms folded, his legs thrust forward, his head sunk on his breast, seemed unresponsive to the brighter elements.

Even the music discoursed by the town band did nothing to cheer him. He became more and more depressed. And, when the whole parade was swaying with "I Want to be Happy," he groaned aloud.

"I hope you are not in pain?" I said when the band had ceased playing.

"Not physical pain, thank you," he answered, "but mental anguish—disappointment—remorse. 'The Star that Fell' should be my slogan. Slogan, did I say? Accursed word!"

"It is a much-used word at present," said I.

"Yes," he cried, drawing in his legs and sitting up. "It brought me fortune—and then ruin." He snapped the last word out with such vehemence that he made me jump.

I produced a sound indicative of sympathy.

"I was a maker of slogans," he proceeded solemnly. "Indeed I was in my day the greatest of all slogan-makers. To call myself the Slogan King would absurdly understate the case. I was the King of Slogan Kings. Not a soap, not a cigarette, not a whisky but had a slogan made by me. 'The Wine the World wails for'; 'The Mattress with a Punch'; 'Wear Binks' Braces and be Safe.' I made them all."

"You seem to have had a high success," I said. "Why then do you hate the word 'slogan'?"

"Alas! it was ambition. Soap, whisky and cigarettes, pills, biscuits and hairwash were not enough for me. I was coming to the end of them. I looked round for new fields to conquer and lit upon the social slogan."

"The social slogan? And what——?"

"I see that you do not move in the great world. But you must be aware that to-day advertisement is not confined to commerce. Individuals advertise also. Society ladies and gentlemen. . . . You take me? Well, I thought, why should they not have their slogans too? 'The Girl with the Laughing Eyes'; 'The Man with the Iron Will.' I saw the possibilities at once. A little judicious handling and nobody would be anybody who had not one of my slogans. They would have it on their notepaper — on their visiting - cards. 'What is his (or her) slogan?' would be the first question. And so it was. I was besieged. The old nicknames—Tubby, Biffkin and so on—went by the board.

"I had imitators, of course. And the economical tried home-made slogans. But they never had a chance. Unless it was a 'Grigson'—I am Grigson—it was nothing.

"Then, with the ball at my feet, I lost my head and kicked it through my own goal, so to speak.

"I had given Lady Mulligatawny 'Like an April Morning.' It made something of a *furore*. She was delighted, and asked me to lunch with her.

"We had a most enjoyable meal, and, feeling highly satisfied with myself, I returned to the 'studio' to find Mrs. Ormalue awaiting me. She is on the stout side, not very young, and I foresaw some difficulty with her slogan. I racked my brain, and murmured something about 'Diamonds in her Eyes and Gold in her Heart.' But she received it coldly and, remembering suddenly that her husband's fortune was made on the Rand, I changed the *motif*.

"'Roses,' I said. 'It is only of roses I have been thinking ever since you came in.'

"'Except of diamonds and gold,' she said icily.

"'Roses in June,' I went on firmly, taking no notice of this, for clients were often difficult.

"She sprang to her feet.

"'"Roses in June," when Millicent



Heart-broken Competitor (who has missed a quick putt). "NOW WOULDN'T YOU CALL THAT PROVOKING?"

Caddie. "WELL, MISS, THAT'S A WORD I DON'T USE MESELF."

Mulligatawny is "Like an April Morning,"' she cried. 'Why, she is five years older than I am. It is an insult.'

"This was too much for me. The delightful memory of Lady Mulligatawny, looking at least ten years younger than Mrs. Ormalue, and of her lunch rose before me. I would avenge her.

"'I think "Roses in June" very suitable and very charming.' I said airily. 'And to find anything earlier than an April morning is not too easy. There is the choice only of "Like the First of April"'—for Lady Mulligatawny's morning was not the first—'or "Mad as a March Hare." Which would you prefer?'

"She gave me a withering glance and stalked out of the studio.

"She never forgave me. I should not have expected it. But she had more power than I thought. Her money is influential. She spread the story about that she had been laughed at. Nothing kills like ridicule, they say, and people were afraid of me after that—especially ladies not too young, the bulk of my *clientèle*. I have not sold a slogan for two months."

"That is a remarkable story," I said, rising. The melancholy individual rose also.

Then he glanced up and down the parade. It was almost empty. The band had ceased playing; people had gone in to lunch.

"Yes, a very remarkable story," he said. "It is worth, do you not think, a trifling gift?"

I admitted that it was, and I gave him a small memento, but my confidence in his story, of which I was already doubtful, was seriously shaken by this *dénouement*.

"I have said a gift rather than a loan, for I fear you are little likely to be repaid," he went on. "But stay, of course I can repay you now. I can give you a slogan."

He considered a moment.

"The Man who Knows when to Believe."

With that he was gone, leaving me feeling, somehow, a little guilty.

Another Sex Problem.

"Little Harry —— wore the medals won by his late father in the Girl Guides and Boy Scouts."—*Liverpool Paper.*

"Rainfall for 24 years ending 9 A.M., 0.05 in."—*Evening Paper.*

Some drought!

WEMBLEY REGAINED.

VI.—Rather a Mixed Evening.

Is Wembley better this year? Is Wembley wetter this year? Why do fewer people come to Wembley in 1925? I can't answer these questions. . . Perhaps the novelty wears off. . . See Wembley and die. I daresay you never considered that point of view. Have you studied the mortality returns? . .

As a matter of fact I think Wembley *is* rather cooler than last year, in spite of the weather. . . The roads are less bumpy and they have painted some of the glass roofs with green paint. . . And then there 's not quite such a crowd of mechanical exhibits, which gives a cooling effect. . . More scented soaps and fewer hydraulic pumps. . . Oh, here 's Mr. Treasure Island! . . How do you do, Mr. Treasure Island? . . Treasure Island is the most popular part of the show. . . Yes, it 's exactly as I said. The children want to come and sit about on the sands at Treasure Island and pretend they are at Margate. . . After all, the British Empire is essentially a sea-going affair. . . I think it ought to be all sea-water in between the buildings, with gondolas shaped like Elizabethan ships. . . Oh, I 'm going to Hull, am I? . . Hull. . . I didn't know I was going to Hull. . . Hull is the only city that displays itself in the Civic Hall at Wembley this year. . . All the other cities were so inferior to Hull that they didn't dare to compete. I don't wonder. . . "So much has nature given to Hull, with its unique topographical position in relation to the North Sea. . . So much has commerce also. . . Engineering, shipbuilding, chemicals, colours, paints, varnishes, drysaltery, radiators, tallow, soap, tin canisters, starch, oil-cake. . . Stop a minute. . . Didn't Andrew Marvell live at Hull?

"We 'll tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life."

I 'm sure they do that at Hull. Or was he thinking of Wembley?

Oh, and so this is a model of one of Hull's electric trams? . . . No town in England has such beautiful electric trams as Hull. They have a little mechanical gate at each end to prevent you from getting into them. . . All electric trams ought to have a gate like that. . . The curator of the museum at Hull tells me that Hull is the best grain, timber, fruit and fish distributing centre in Great Britain. . . Especially fish. . . But you ought not to get your fish from Hull, he says, because it makes you late with your breakfast. If you get your fish from anywhere else you just have to scrape the chloride of hydrogen or carbon dioxide or boracic acid, or whatever it is, off them, and there you are, ready to begin. But if you get your fish from Hull you have to wait till the cook catches them on the kitchen floor before she can begin to cook. . . .

I quite understand. . . Hull was the first city in England that started a violet ray clinic for children. . . Hull is England's third port. . . Hull has imported linseed from Russia since the fifteenth century and made it into cakes. . . Now it gets linseed from the Argentine. . . What a world we live in to be sure! . . The only thing that's the matter with Hull is that it isn't called Hull, but Kingston-on-Hull. . . Hull is a river that flows into the Humber. . . The place used to be called Vik until Edward I. took it over from the monks of Meaux and called it Kingstown. . . I've been to Hull before, but naturally I never knew anything about it till I went to Wembley. . . As you say, it is very hot, isn't it? . . . I notice that nearly all the offices at Wembley have large and elaborate bureaux, apparently containing archives or important documents. But when they are opened with a little key . . . Plenty of soda in mine, if you please.

The Garden Club really looks very cool. . . There is a willow-tree with brown electric bulbs, made to look exactly like pears. . . The Secretary of the Garden Club had told me that it is a very rare specimen, because it is a



THE PRIDE OF HULL,
As displayed at Wembley.

flowering willow. . . I have told him it is a much rarer specimen even than that, because it is a fruiting willow. . . That ought to establish me as a deep thinker on horticultural problems.

Three or four hundred people dance at the Garden Club every night, partly indoors and partly out of doors—or is it three or four hundred couples? . . I don't know. . . Nobody will ever be able to discover what happened in England before everybody danced all night long. . . This duck is very good. . . That sounds like a French exercise. . . We can have coffee and look at the circus at the same time. . . Can we? . . That 'll be very nice indeed. . . Ought the Illustrator to be allowed to smoke a cigar in the Royal Box, do you think? . . People might suppose he had been made the Sultan of Wembley. . . Do I look like a Grand Vizier?

Distantly docile elephants turning about on tubs. . . Ah, yes, but the arena is too large, you know. . . To be properly impressed by an elephant you ought to be so near to him that you can feel how terrible it would be if he sat on you. . . I like this motor-polo, but I wish they would play it with Rolls-Royces and a ball with the British Empire painted on it in pink.

The chariot race was over before I had time to put any money on the winner. . . If you had studied the history of the Roman Empire as well as the British you would know that putting money on the winner was the most important part of chariot-racing. . . Oh, what on earth is this? A stag-hunt? . . A little satire on a stag-hunt, I suppose. . . A pony with antlers tied on to his head lolloping round and round with about six couples of quiet gentlemanly playfellow hounds. Every now and then they run through the old-world village at one end of the Stadium. . . I do think all these fellows in red coats might have had a hunting-horn amongst them. . . One perceives instantly that the dog is a wiser animal than the horse. . . The pony goes round and round the full oval of the Stadium every time, but the hounds cut across the middle every now and then and join in on the other side. . . This seems to indicate that they are not following entirely by scent.

I think the tight-rope was the best part of the show. . .



MY LORD THE ELEPHANT.

How does one begin to learn how to ride a bicycle backwards on a tight-rope up in the air like that? . . I should be so nervous of meeting somebody on the way. . .

Wembley has now put on its evening dress. India is pale green, and Canada a kind of rose. . . A rainbow streams from the Stadium. . . The lake has illuminated its celluloid swans and the rabbit and the squirrel that climbs up a tree. . . We are going to the Bank now to see the result of yesterday's guessing competition. . . Every day people send in cards guessing the number of people who are going to the Exhibition to-morrow. . . I like bursting into the Bank at 11.30 P.M. . . It gives me a glorious feeling of guilt. . . Only one man has got the total exactly right, and he has written the number all out in words and not in figures. . . So he must have been absolutely sure. . . I should like to have a quiet talk with this man about Goodwood. . . The great question, they tell me, is what is to happen to Wembley after the show is over this year. . . Is it to become a garden city or an Imperial training-ground for would-be emigrants? . . Only of course they might get so fond of Wembley that they wouldn't want to emigrate. . . .

EVOE.



STAG-HUNTING AT THE STADIUM.
TWICE ROUND THE COURSE.

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"101 years ago to-day Lord Kelvin was born. His centenary was celebrated a year since."—*Scots Paper.*

"Dean Ingle, according to the newspapers (you can never believe a word they say) hates music."
North-Country Paper.

Certainly their spelling is not always reliable.

From a weather-forecast:—

"Light or moderate winds; mainly air."—*Daily Paper.*

We suspected it.

"Second-hand Jones Family make Sewing Machine." *Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

The first-class Smiths make nothing so vulgar.

"Mr. W. E. Johnson ('Pussyfoot') is America on July 10."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

Possibly; but he isn't all the earth; not by a jugful.

Lines written after reading the following notice posted by a club official: "Members are requested not to remove the stationary from the writing-room":—

The stationery moves, and so
Our clever secretary
Misspells the word that all
may know
It should be stationary.

"WHAT'S SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE . . ."

"If Linda starts reading aloud that confounded Women's Page of *The Daily Dole* when we're playing chess to-night I shall do something desperate."

I agreed with Jim that something wicked would have to be done; and as he lost the game that evening "solely owing to that abominable rubbish bombarding my ears," I looked forward to the morrow with relish.

The minute we reached the drawing-room Jim seized *The Daily Dole* and under cover of its sheets held up a manuscript and read as follows in a loud voice:—

MAINLY FOR MEN.

BY "UNCLE MARMADUKE"

(*Sir Marmaduke Ethelred Catteridge, Bart.*)

MY DEARS,—Now that July is with us once more and those who are old-fashioned enough to wear winter underclothes can throw them off, I will give some details of the newest undies for the July bridegroom which are being shown by Messrs. Bluebottle and Braid of Old Bond Street.

A SUMMER TROUSSEAU.

In our sketch you will notice that three young gentlemen are hanging around in their underclothes. The one on the right is displaying the vest. This dainty garment is carried out completely in fine merino of a natural tint. The buttons are placed rather higher than usual on the right breast, and the buttonholes are artistically cut at an angle of forty-five degrees to the vertical. Fine linen braid is employed round the collar and at the bottom of the garment, the whole producing an effect at once chic and refined.

In the centre, reposing on the settee, the second gentleman displays the panti-veston. This garment, which replaces the old vest and pants for those who desire to avoid all appearance of superfluous clothing, is well cut to the figure, but at the same time allows full freedom of movement. Executed in the same material as the vest, it is adorned with the newest triangular pearl buttons, and a false waistband is emphasised by five rows of needlework in a contrasting shade. The legs are bell-bottomed to harmonise with the new Oxford trousers.

Hanging negligently over the arm of the settee are the pants to match the first gentleman's vest. They present the latest features associated with the undergarments of this famous House—the bell-bottoms, the rubber-reducing waistbelt (easily detachable for washing purposes), spring fasteners instead of buttons, and a dainty edging of silk cord in a contrasting colour.

The young man lighting a cigarette on the right-hand side of the picture is wearing the sleeping-suit. This is a three-piece garment consisting of trousers (again showing the Oxford influence), waistcoat and jacket. The introduction of the waistcoat is a pleasing innovation which is bound to affect all future designs. Its use was rendered almost necessary by the cut of the jacket, which is something between "dinner" and full evening wear, and, being secured by only one loop of braid, would have proved by itself perhaps rather too airy a garment for our English summer. The whole is executed in Chinese silk in a chaste design of red, white and green serpents and electric-blue and gorgonzola-yellow peacocks on an effective background of deep cinnamon. The buttons on the waistcoat are an inch-and-a-half in diameter and are made from granite-red bone. The trousers have a dozen fine knife-pleats on each side, and a two-inch braiding of emerald-green descends on the outside seam as far as the knee only.

Perhaps the most sensational innovation is the boudoir cap, which is, I believe, now first seen in men's wear. Resembling in shape a chef's cap, but having in addition ear-flaps borrowed from the design of an airman's helmet, it can be carried out in the same material as the sleeping-suit or can be made in one's club colours.

Altogether a delightful set.

SPATS AND OXFORD TROUSERS.

I notice that it has been suggested in some quarters that spats should not be worn with Oxford trousers. I admit that at a first glance they may appear to be superfluous, but we must not forget that when the wind blows the ankles are likely to be revealed. What could be more intriguing than a passing glimpse of a dainty spat in a contrasting colour? I suggest that pale green will be found the most becoming shade for wear with cinnamon-coloured trousers, while magenta and pineapple-yellow tone pleasingly with sand colour and grey.

By the way, the newest spats are buttoned on the inside, thus preserving the fine line of the foot and ankle on the outside.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Baldwinian (*Brondesbury*).—The best pipe-polisher I have yet discovered is the side of the nose. Gently rub the bowl of the pipe (taking care it is not too hot) in the region of the nostril for a few seconds. You will be surprised and delighted with the result.

Cuthbert (*West Norwood*).—The difficulty of preserving a fashionable silhouette when the waist measurement is just double that of the chest is——

At this point Linda and Berta withdrew in despair and we enjoyed the first comfortable game of chess for many weeks. I do not think that we shall be worried again with "Aunt Tabitha's" advice and musings.

OUR PANEL PATIENTS' COLUMN.

ANSERINE APPROVAL.

LAST week as I was bathing in the Serpentine I suddenly became conscious of a flock of large birds approaching from the north-east. From the peculiar honking noise which they emitted I recognised them as solan geese. As they drew near to the Serpentine they descended to the level of about a hundred feet from the ground and remained poised in mid-air in a V-shaped formation exactly over the Epstein memorial, still honking, but in mellower tones, unmistakably indicating approval and even admiration. This would seem to prove that the rural amenities of our beloved City have not been impaired but substantially enhanced by the erection of that noble work.—KNOWSLEY PARKER, 49, Brook Green Mansions, W.

THE MOSQUITO'S PROTEST.

On Friday afternoon, as I was standing with a crowd of people gathered round the Epstein panel in Hyde Park, an elderly gentleman voiced his discontent in no measured terms. Suddenly he broke off his tirade with a sharp cry of pain. It appeared that, just as he had launched the most opprobrious epithet at the great work, he was stung on the nose by a mygdaloid mosquito. A park-keeper promptly rendered first aid, and the sufferer was removed on a stretcher to St. George's Hospital, where he is, I understand, making satisfactory progress. The mosquito has not yet been captured, but when last seen was moving rapidly in a north-west direction emitting loud hums of satisfaction. I think it is not too much to say that this incident furnishes incontestable evidence of the fact that the romance and excitement of Metropolitan life, so far from suffering from, have been sensibly heightened by, the installation of this magnificent lapidary masterpiece.—(Mrs.) ALETHEA PHIBSON, The Phalanstery, Nine Elms.

A LESSON FOR MONKEYVILLE.

At about 10 A.M. last Thursday I witnessed a most impressive spectacle. The gorilla which is escorted by its mistress every day to the Zoo had been taken across the Park and halted for several minutes before the Epstein memorial, assuming an attitude of rever-



Magistrate. "WHY DID YOU ASSAULT THE PLAINTIFF?"
Defendant. "SHE CALLED ME A EPSTEIN FEMALE, YER WORSHIP." (*Discharged.*)

ence most touching in its dignity. I am glad to be able to add that a photograph which I took on the spot has been forwarded to the counsel for Mr. SCOPES, at Dayton, Tennessee, and will, I hope, be of material assistance in allaying the animosity of the Fundamentalists. But in any case the episode seems to me to afford convincing proof that the essential humanity of London life has not been disturbed by the latest and noblest addition to the monumental ornaments of the Park.—MISS PORPHYRIA DIAZ, 66, Aztec Villas, Putney, S.W.

THE GREAT BUSTARD COMES BACK.

On Sunday afternoon, within less than two hundred yards of the monument, I stumbled on a great purple bustard hen sitting placidly on a nest in a clump of grass. The great bustard, as your readers are no doubt aware, is regarded as extinct in these isles, and since 1864 no specimen has been observed. The return of this magnificent creature, coinciding as it does with the completion of the heroic sculptured figure of Rima, is full of happy augury. At any rate it affords irrefragable testimony of the grateful and comforting influence of the Epstein Panel on the bird life of London. — PLANTAGENET CADBURY, Boma Hall, Knibbsville.

* * * * *

It seems absurd to regard the Epstein Panel as mere matter for ridicule when we consider the service it is likely to render to those who study morbid conditions, such as meningitis, pulmonary tuberculosis, goitre, cretinism, acromegaly, dislocated shoulder, shell-shock and insanity. Unmistakable evidence of all these disorders has been traced in the figure of Rima.—ASCLEPIUS JONES, M.D., Harley Street.

À propos of the Undertakers' Exhibition:—

"A man generally comes into close contact with a coffin only once in his life."
Morning Paper.

And then generally too late to do anything about it.

MISLEADING CASES.

VII.—ROMANCE.

Rex v. *Figg, Figg and Crole.*

THIS case was brought a stage nearer to its conclusion to-day when the Attorney-General began his closing speech for the Crown.

Sir Richard said: This trial has been so prolonged and the issues are so complex that it will be well if I begin by briefly recapitulating the story of the case as it has been related in evidence.

The prisoners, Jasper and Eliza Figg, are, or were, a married couple in reduced circumstances. Mr. Figg is by profession a writer of detective stories and his wife kept an old curiosity shop. Neither was successful, and twelve months ago, by their own admission, they were on the brink of ruin. They are now rich. And they stand in that dock before you to face the charge that they have acquired that wealth by conspiracy and fraud.

The story is a remarkable one. Twelve months ago Mrs. Figg suddenly disappeared from Battersea, where the Figgs resided, and Mr. Figg informed the police. Mr. Figg's manner and bearing were such that the police caused inquiries to be made concerning his mode of life; and these inquiries disclosed a strong suspicion in the neighbourhood that Mrs. Figg had fallen a victim to the violence of her husband. They were last seen together in the dusk of evening in Battersea Park, and a nurse-maid testified to their having "words."

This in itself, I admit, was not necessarily incriminating, but further inquiries revealed the existence of a strong attachment between the prisoner Figg and the other female prisoner, Lydia Crole, who is an adventuress and was already known to the police. This woman had for some weeks been a regular visitor at the Figgs' flat, and such was the nature of her appearance and the shape and colour of her hats that, in the minds of the Figgs' friends and neighbours, there was little doubt that the relations between Figg and Crole were irregular.

Some weeks later the body of a woman was found dead in the Thames at Wapping. The body was considerably decomposed and battered, but Mr. Figg, though he found himself unable to swear to its identity, inclined to the opinion that the body was that of his wife.

At the inquest, which was very well attended, though clashing by an unhappy chance with the University match, Mr. Figg confessed to his guilty relations with the prisoner Crole, but denied that he had murdered his wife. Crole also, though not till she had suffered the ordeal of a severe but thoroughly entertaining cross-examination, admitted that for many months she had been Figg's paramour. But she swore that she had seen Mrs. Figg alive some hours after the alleged quarrel in Battersea Park.

The coroner's jury found a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against Figg, and he was arrested. At the Old Bailey, however, the grand jury, to the general disappointment, threw out the bill on the ground that there was not sufficient evidence to show that Mrs. Figg had been murdered or that, if she had, Mr. Figg had murdered her.

There was left, however, in the public mind a very strong impression that Mr. Figg had foully taken the life of his wife for the sake of another woman, and after his release he became a national hero. During the period of his incarceration his brothers and sisters, his aged nanny and various domestics who from time to time had been in his service, earned small but steady sums from the newspapers for little anecdotes of his early life, his taste in hats and his personal habits, while the sales of his detective stories (which are admitted by both sides to be quite unusually bad) had risen by leaps and bounds; indeed you have heard in evidence that the printers, working overtime, were wholly unable to keep pace with the demand.

And now that he was released, technically blameless but happily still suspected, Fortune opened her generous arms still wider to the widower. With what was then thought to be a singular stroke of heartlessness he placed the adventuress Crole in charge of his wife's little curiosity shop, and, though vast crowds gathered daily outside the shop to make a Christian protest, and strong bodies of police, and eventually the military, were required to keep order in the street, the woman was rewarded for these inconveniences by the endless stream of purchasers which flowed all day through the establishment. Van after van of old curiosities rolled up to the door, yet many times in the succeeding months her stock was in danger of exhaustion. To lighten the labours of the police she trebled and quadrupled her prices, but this, if anything, increased the throng; and you have heard that citizens were prepared to pay four and five guineas for a counterfeit stamp or an old-fashioned pin-cushion if only it was sold by the hand of Lydia Crole.



Violet (whose new stepmother's "early to bed and early to rise" rule is not popular). "I THINK A WOMAN WHO MAKES YOU GO TO BED WHEN YOU AREN'T SLEEPY, AND GET UP WHEN YOU ARE, *CAN'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT CHILDREN.*"

Meanwhile Mr. Figg was rapidly acquiring a fortune. The world-film-rights of all his seventeen books were sold in a day for many thousands of pounds. The Sunday newspapers besieged his door inviting him to name his own figure for a series of reminiscences or articles on any subject or no subject at all. An enterprising publisher offered him two thousand pounds to write a book entitled "Three Days in the Dock," and this he contracted to do, with the stipulation that the same publisher should publish his entire output for the next five years at highly exorbitant rates. Editors telegraphed from all over the country soliciting his views on marriage, on cricket, on the EPSTEIN panel. He was invited to act for the films, to appear at music-halls. But he had now no time for any profession but his own. His account of the "romance" between himself and the prisoner Crole was syndicated in twenty-seven newspapers. A bishop preached a sermon on his sin. In a word he became rich.

How long this condition of things would have continued, or what were the ultimate intentions of the man, it is not possible to say. But in April of this year, by an unfortunate accident, Mrs. Figg was discovered alive and well, but using a false name and wig, in furnished lodgings at Hastings. It was then revealed that not only had Mr. Figg not



The Field. "'OW'S THAT?"
The Umpire (who has himself thrown in the ball). "HOUT!"

murdered his wife, but Mrs. Figg had never been murdered at all; there had never been a quarrel in Battersea Park; there had been no romance, intrigue or *liaison* with the woman Crole; their relations were purely of a business character, and even these they sustained with difficulty; for, as both have confessed in cross-examination, they loathed each other from the first. The Figgs, on the other hand, were devoted to each other. In fact, for the best part of a year the male prisoner has been leading a double life, and while the whole Press of England was ringing with his shame was actually, each week-end, secretly visiting his wife at Hastings, where no doubt they chuckled affectionately together on the Sabbath morning over his racy accounts of their unhappy union. In short, gentlemen, you will have no difficulty in deciding that, morally, at any rate, a most heartless fraud has been committed, a fraud upon the innocent public and upon those enterprising purveyors who supply the people's healthy appetite for romance and passion.

Civil actions, we understand, are being instituted against Figg by the various newspapers, film companies and publishers, who find themselves bound for many years to come by contracts which, now that the bottom has been knocked out of Mr. Figg's pretensions, hold out for them no promise of gain. With these we are not concerned. We have to determine whether this moral act of deceit is criminal and punishable. You have heard the case for the defence—in my opinion the most outrageous defence that was ever supported by a responsible advocate in a British court of justice. The prisoner Figg says in effect that he has committed no fraud; that everything he did was done in the normal exercise of his profession, which is the invention of stories; he contends that the one thing distinguishing the present work of fiction from his previous attempts was the favour it won from the public; and he complains bitterly that this, his first successful literary venture, has been interrupted and indeed concluded by the activities of the police. This ingenious but impudent defence I will now proceed to examine.

The Attorney-General was still examining this ingenious but impudent defence when the Court adjourned for luncheon.

A. P. H.

"Chap Wanted (indoors) to drive horses."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Clothes-horses?

THEATRE RHYMES.

X.—THE CENSOR.

THE Censor has to spend his days
Reading extremely shocking plays;
And this is rather hard on him
Because, of course, he 's very prim
And at all coarseness takes offence, or
They never would have made him Censor.
When working you should see him blush
And pencil in the margin "Hush!"
At times the nature of his toil
Causes his honest blood to boil;
At other times his blood runs cold,
Which makes him prematurely old.
So soon the Censor will retire
And then the country must acquire
Another man to take his place.
I can't imagine in that case
A man as sensitive as you
With such appalling work to do;
No, when the Censor 's on the shelf,
I 'll try to get the job myself.

M. BOROTRA's explanation:—

"I think I overtaxed myself in crossing over to Holland last week-end. The sea voyage seemed to take it out of me."—*Evening Paper.*

We also on a sea voyage have had a good deal taken out of us.



THE DECLINE OF LOCAL PROPHECY.

"SKY BE VERY RED TO-NIGHT, JARGE. WHAT DO THAT MEAN?"
"CAN'T TELL 'E, 'ERBERT. US'LL 'EAR IT ON WIRELESS LATER."

THE CHUB.

THE salmon and the silver dace,
The subtly scented grayling,
Are fish that poets, as a race,
Belaud with love unfailing;
With pretty names the trout they dub,
But, a sad fact yet honest
In Poetry, where trout's the hub
Of many an all-round wreath, our chub
Is practically *non est*.*

Yet chub he is of worthy sort,
Benevolent and bulky,
And doth afford a stately sport
When trout are dour and sulky,
And when the salmon "leap" is dry
As summer droughts can make it;
For even if it *is* July
Man still must out and chuck a fly,
And chub 's the chap to take it.

From April unto June's young prime
Trout has his undenied way;
In March or chill October time
Sir Salmon quits the tide-way;
At Yule, 'neath skies morose and black,
While hands grow numb and number,
We sit attempting perch or jack—
And catch 'em too if we 've the knack—
But chub 's the chap for summer.

When silent is the blackbird's trill
That made the May-month tuneful,
And when the lasher's shrunk until
'Tis but a sparkling spoonful,
When cattle stand on shallows bright
Among the water-lilies,
And noonday dazzles diamond-white
And other fish lose appetite,
Then chub my refuge still is.

And since, oh! pretty as you wish,
There runs full many a rhyming
By bigger bards on better fish
I too have gone a-climbing
Blue Helicon serene and high,
The gentle Muses wooing
In praise of chub who takes a fly
With gusto when the rest won't try,
And somehow helps me through July
When nothing else is doing.

* With the memorable exception of Mr. ST. LEGER'S poem in *Punch* on "The Chavender or Chub."

"At a cost of £203 Bermondsey Council is buying a motor-car for street display of cinema pictures regarding health."—*Scots Paper.*
Is this a new name for the "tin-Lizzie"?

OUR TENNIS CLUB.

HERO WORSHIP.

A WIMBLEDONIAN whose picture appears inset in the Sports gossip of the daily Press has visited us unofficially. He has played upon our courts—yes, the very courts upon which we ordinary folk play.

There should be a brass plate put up on the spot where a specially fast service of his struck the captain. I mean, of course, on the spot where the captain was standing, not on the captain himself, though no doubt it would have been very welcome on the actual place at the time.

But we do not need any brass plate to remind us of the visit of the Great One. It has left an enduring mark upon us, as well as on the captain. Time and embrocation may perhaps efface the latter impression; the former will always be with us.

The coming of the Great One was a surprise. But an astonishing number of people were there that evening, just by chance, just carelessly hanging round, you know; no ulterior motive, not ex-

pecting to be asked to make up a four with the Great One or anything like that; no, no, just got off for the evening.

And then suddenly there he was, looking just like his pictures in the newspapers, except that there were no dots or smudges on his face. The effect was immediate. To begin with he was wearing a double-breasted coat buttoned right to left. In a few minutes several people were furtively re-buttoning their own coats—such is the power of a personality.

But still greater was the effect of his presence upon the players occupying the courts. The club was on its mettle. Young men rushed up after their service and volleyed out instead of into the net as usual; others began to think about footwork, and got into such difficult positions that nothing but spade-work could get them out. There was a "certain liveliness," as we used to say in other days, and none of us would have felt ashamed if it hadn't been for Tom Postlethwaite. Tom is known as the man who prefers singles to doubles because there is only one man to hit the ball back at him instead of two. He has had lots of lessons, always gets his feet right, body well balanced, racquet well swung, and when he acquires the habit of hitting the ball as well he 'll be quite good. Anyway he ought to have known better than to try his American service (it 's really more Siamese than American) just as the Great One passed splendidly down the path behind him. As it was, he leaned so far over to get the necessary "cut" on his service that he found the ball quite out of reach. With the eye of the Great One upon him he had to choose between missing it altogether or changing the service to an underhand. He chose the latter, but delayed too long, poor fellow. It was a grisly moment.

As a matter of fact the Great One passed on his way, looking neither to the right nor the left.

The effect of his appearance in Court No. 7 was disastrous. Other games took hours. Everybody watched the rallies on Court 7 and forgot his own game. People served faults with impunity, very often a series of double-faults, and nobody noticed.

By-and-by a marked difference became apparent in the play of these onlookers. In his service the Great One throws the ball very high. Everybody began to throw the ball very high; some indeed threw it over the netting. Many, of course, missed it when it came down and hit themselves instead.

Demoralising as the effect was upon everybody, it was terrible in the court actually adjoining the Great One. It was occupied by four poor ladies, who were overwhelmed by his presence. Ordinarily they charge quite good-humouredly at the ball, neither expecting too much nor ever getting it. But the proximity of the Great One completely unnerved them. After six double faults had been served in succession (the resultant score being given as fifteen all) the Great One came unexpectedly behind one of the ladies and politely asked if she could spare a ball that belonged to his court. The poor soul was so flustered that she shook hands with him instead. It was all very dreadful.

Things are now more or less normal, but we shall never be quite the same. The vision of the Great One has inspired confidence in us. Certain of the more optimistic are still seen to be driving hard and expecting the ball to keep in; people still rush up to the net after service and have to jump out of the way of a fast return; and the number of back-hand volleys taken on the wood is still noticeable. But on others the effect has been more serious. One or two of us have given up work, capitalised our income and are taking a primary course of a thousand lessons. And the number of double-breasted coats now worn buttoned right to left in the club is extraordinary. Gunton, who introduced the Great One, was the first to be remarked as adopting this style, and there were several caustic remarks made. This was very unfair, for as a matter of fact I happen to know that he had always worn his coat that way, but nobody had noticed it till the Great One set the fashion.

L.



Holiday-maker (in answer to anxious inquiry). "WHERE DID I PUT THE TICKETS? WHERE I ALWAYS PUT THEM—IN MY WAISTCOAT POCKET."

More Journalistic Candour.

"GERMANY AND COAL.
A MISLEADING REPORT.
From our own Correspondent."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

"Princess Mary and Viscountess Lascelles were the guests at dinner of Sir —— and Lady ——."—*Daily Paper.*

Both of her at once?



Mother (*in course of Biblical instruction*). "AND NOW, WHAT BEAST TOLD EVE THAT THE APPLE WOULD BE NICE TO EAT?"
Small Girl (*promptly*). "HER HUSBAND."

WAY DOWN IN TENNESSEE.

OH, would I were in Tennessee,
The soil where all is fair and free,
Where man can never, never be
  Descended from the apes;
But here in this benighted land
The veriest child can point the hand
And shout to me, "Ah, ha! Ah! ha!
A monkey was your grandpapa!
How like you look this afternoon
To your great-uncle, the baboon!"
  And other senseless japes.

To Dayton town the farmers come
With hoes and forks and chewing-gum,
And play the loud harmonium
  With verve and pep and vim;
They do not mind the awful heat;
They know the plains are full of wheat;
They pack inside their vests with phlegm
The dollars that I send to them:
They ride in Mr. FORD his car,
Rejoicing that they nearly are
  The same as seraphim.

But I must work and work all day
For income-tax I cannot pay,
And have too little time to play,
  And all the while reflect
How much worse off I am than what
My grandsires were, the monkey lot,
Who never learnt amidst the trees
The *Origin of Species*,
By which I solemnly avow
The happiness of England now
  Is absolutely wrecked.

Oh, see the trouble it begets,
The miseries, the toils and frets,
To know that men are marmosets
  Or else orang-outangs.
Contrariwise the peace and love
Which comes of stating the above—
Whatever Mr. DARWIN thunk—
Is nothing but a lot of punk;
For how did Mr. DARWIN know?
And how much in the way of "dough"
  On evolution hangs?

To Dayton town the farmers fare
With pounds of hayseed in their hair;
They will not have the monkeys there,
  For monkeys are not true;
Their pants are hitched, their eyes are
    bright,
They read their Genesis all night,
They move in a sonorous choir,
Their Fords are chariots of fire,
The streets of Dayton are to them
The streets of New Jerusalem—
  And very jolly too.

The farmers glide about the place
And sing their canticles of grace,
They keep their dollars in a case,
  Their harps are made of gold;
And golden is the western corn,
And gold is not a thing to scorn;
But we, who are of monkeys made,
Have absolutely lost our trade,
And that is hell without the lid,
And that 's what Mr. DARWIN did
  (With whom I do not hold).

Oh, would I were in Tennessee,
Where no one is a chimpanzee,
But all the folk are forced to be
  Superb angelic shapes;
But England let the monkeys in,
And that 's how she lost all her tin,
And learnt to have these doles and
    strikes
And lots of things that no one likes;
They came as punishment because
We *would* declare that grandpa was
  Descended from the apes. EVOE.

A New Use for Them.

From an account of an air-race:—

"Mr. ——, who was fourth, flew the course in Oxford trousers."—*Provincial Paper.*

"It is a wonderful performance to score so many runs at one sitting."—*Sunday Paper.*

Where do you sit when you bat? We always sit on the splice.

"WEDDING ORIGINALITY.
Before the service the 'Coronation March' by Boris Godunov charmed the congregation."
Daily Paper.

So much less hackneyed than the "Bridal March" by Lohengrin.



"STOUT FELLOWS! BUT PRONE, ON A QUESTION OF FARE,
TO BRANDISH THE POLES OF THAT OLD SEDAN-CHAIR."—*Austin Dobson.*

Old King Coal (*who "was a merry old soul"*). "HERE, MIND MY CROWN, YOU TWO. IF YOU DON'T TAKE CARE YOU'LL HAVE IT OFF BETWEEN YOU!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 13th.—But for one trifling circumstance Lord STANLEY OF ALDERLEY would have made a helpful speech on the Committee of Civil Research. Unfortunately he was entirely ignorant of the fact that the same ground had been thoroughly gone over by the Lords a fortnight ago, and that all his questions and suggestions had been dealt with in advance. Lord BALFOUR kindly assured him however that his apology for wasting the time of the House was unnecessary. The LORD PRESIDENT was, I fancy, rather glad to have an opportunity of nipping in the bud Lord RAGLAN'S revolutionary proposal that the new Committee should "co-ordinate"—blessed word—the strange medley of administrative and legal systems to be found in the Empire.

Lord HALDANE improved the occasion with another speech in support of the new Committee, which would, he hoped, help to educate Cabinet Ministers, "a most worthy body of people," but woefully ignorant. "Thinking costs nothing," he sententiously remarked.

Lord BANBURY, true to his character as the everlasting "No," opposed the Public Health Bill, one of his objections being that it gave local authorities power for the compulsory cleansing of verminous persons. This is probably the first time that the noble lord has come out as a champion of "the great unwashed."

The proceedings of the Commons were graced by the attendance of two Indian gentlemen, whose turbans, one of pistacchio green and the other of crushed strawberry with a tassel atop like a crystallized cherry, made one think longingly of Sundaes.

They bravely followed the flicker of question and answer, but were nonplussed when Mr. WILL THORNE, resenting a graceless Tory's gibe at his beloved West Ham, threatened to give his opponent "a mouse on the eye."

The monstrous electric eyesore on the Surrey bank, which was the subject of a protest in last week's *Punch*, would seem to have the Government's approval. Whitehall itself is in the business and takes the swag. Lord WINTERTON quite shamelessly admitted that the Government of India has leased for five hundred guineas the advertisement rights in front of its stores. But neither he nor his chief has heard the last of this blatant affront to the decencies of life.

Can any good thing come out of Communistic propaganda? Sir WILLIAM DAVISON is the last man I should suspect of so heretical a notion, yet he urged the HOME SECRETARY to "stamp out these things in the bud and not let them grow into a tree or *flower*." "JICKS" remained calm and declined to give "these things" a free advertisement by prosecuting their authors.



A COMMUNISTIC ENCOUNTER,
As viewed by the College of Heralds.
The demi-tiger rampant *r.* the lion statant guardant.
MR. SAKLATVALA AND SIR W. JOYNSON-HICKS.



FRONT-BENCH BANTAMS.
SIR KINGSLEY WOOD AND COLONEL AMERY.

This decision may or may not have comforted Mr. SAKLATVALA, who in a "personal explanation" a few minutes later, while reasserting his responsibility for many of the Communist manifestos that reach India, informed the SPEAKER that he would not "endorse here in this House a propaganda which advocates individual crime." Now that is really very nice of him.

After the PRIME MINISTER had announced the constitution of the Court of Inquiry which is to hear the owners' and miners' versions of the difficulty in the coal-fields, the rest of the sitting was spent in further discussion of the Widows' Pensions Bill. Many attempts to enlarge the scope of the measure were made and rejected for lack of money, but Mr. N. CHAMBERLAIN granted one or two small concessions and was rewarded by a bouquet from Mr. WHEATLEY, of all people.

Tuesday, July 14th.—It is pleasant to know that the popular seaside pastime, "talking to the coast-guard," is not to disappear, as was at one time threatened. In fact, under the Bill for which Lord PEEL obtained a Second Reading, the facilities of the tripper for indulging his (or her) curiosity will actually be extended, since there are to be three forces of coast-watchers, one under the Board of Trade, one under the Customs Department and one under the Admiralty. The most remarkable (almost incredible) feature of the measure is that, although three Government Departments are involved instead of one, it will effect a saving of fifty per cent. on the present cost, or three hundred thousand pounds a year.

The House of Commons was pervaded by a smell of dank duckweed, the result of drawing its supply of fresh air from the river level on a torrid day. It was an appropriate odour, confirming the feeling of Members that they were in a backwater, while the things of most concern to the nation were being discussed by the miners in the bracing air of Scarborough.

On the subject of WEIR houses the Clydesiders harried the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND mercilessly, though ineffectually (thanks to the steel in his own composition). Every inquiry was followed by a supplementary, and Mr. MAXTON devised the new preamble, "Arising out of the Minister's failure to answer the supplementary question." Sir LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS eyed the claymores shining on the opposite slope and refused to join issue over the national flag of Scotland. Mr. COUPER said it was the St. Andrew's Cross; General CHARTERIS intervened to say it was the Lion of the Royal Standard; the WAR SECRETARY refused to give a ruling.

"We must draw the line somewhere,"

said Lord WOLMER, when defending the refusal of the Post Office to give an appointment as sorter to a man who was half-an-inch under the regulation height (5 ft. 4 in.) for that occupation. He remained obdurate when Sir GRATTAN DOYLE drew attention to the success of the bantam regiments during the War. Then Mr. PENNY struck nearer home. "If the same test were applied to Members on the Treasury Bench, should we not lose a great many valuable members?" The thought of the Colonial Office without Mr. AMERY and of the Ministry of Health without Sir KINGSLEY WOOD left Lord WOLMER dumb.

It was appropriate that Mr. ORMSBY-GORE, the most resilient of Under-Secretaries, should have had to explain the sudden expansion in rubber. Mr. KIRKWOOD attributed the rise to the artificial restriction of production and talked of "ca' cánny," but was promptly reminded that the scheme in question was in operation under the Labour Government. Mr. KIRKWOOD went down fighting. "Two blacks do not make a white," he shouted.

The business of the night was once again to consider in Committee the Contributory Pensions Bill, and it resolved itself into a long conflict between the hearts and heads of Members, not always on Party lines. Mr. HERBERT WILLIAMS proposed from the Unionist benches that widows, if without young children, should receive pensions at fifty; but so clearly stated the objections to his own proposal that Mr. BROAD said the performance was worthy of a skittle-alley, where dolls were put up to be knocked down again.

In a long controversy over the conditions under which widows' pensions may be forfeited the House showed both good nature and common sense, and Miss WILKINSON delivered a speech which certainly did not justify the prophecy of Major HORE BELISHA that some fine day, when a woman becomes Minister of Health, Mrs. Grundy will be enthroned in Whitehall.

Wednesday, July 15th.—The League of Nations, after undertaking the protection of other primitive and backward races by a system of mandates, has now turned its attention to the pedestrians who, all the world over, are being flattened out by the motor-car. A special committee of the League has recommended that all States should pass statutes compelling motorists to insure for the compensation of their victims. Lord RUSSELL, ready to oblige, introduced a Bill with this object this afternoon; but Lord PEEL, for the Government, saw difficulties as well as advantages in the proposal; and Lord ULLSWATER suggested that in this matter it was legitimate to learn from the Greeks—the modern ones—who, after an accident, impounded the motor till compensation was paid.

The quiet of a July Question-hour was broken in the Commons this afternoon by a sudden din from the Opposition benches heralding the Labour victory in the Forest of Dean. There were cries of "PURCELL 's in!" and Mr. LANSBURY, with a voice like that of a pilot in a Channel fog, called out, "Three thousand majority — there 's your 'Communist peril'!"

Members have been excited all this week over the official announcement that Swiss goatskins have been used to upholster the benches of the House.



THE RUBBER BOOMERANG.

MR. W. ORMSBY-GORE AND MR. D. KIRKWOOD.

Sir CLEMENT KINLOCH-COOKE and other Imperialists have been urging the Government that only Empire-grown skins should be used, and this afternoon Major CRAWFORD asked why Welsh goats could not provide leather for the use of the Office of Works. Thereupon Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, with an eye on Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S empty seat, remarked that these animals were very thin-skinned.

This was the last lap of the Committee stage of the Contributory Pensions Bill—and a long lap, which did not end till early morning, when the Bill was reported amid general cheers. Those Members who like to get in huge totals of divisions as proof of their assiduity were tramping to and from the smoking-room or library most of the night, till Mr. HOPE eventually called on the "Ayes" and "Noes" to rise in their places.

Thursday, July 16th.—The debate on the Judicial Proceedings (Regulation of Reports) Bill would have been more amusing if the noble owners of Sunday newspapers had responded to Lord DARLING'S invitation and told the Peers why they publish the things they do. As it was, the debate was largely left to the lawyers, most of whom supported the principle of the measure but were doubtful as to its practical efficiency. The most useful suggestion came from a lay Peer, Lord SANDHURST, who urged that the publication of photographs of persons engaged in judicial proceedings should be absolutely prohibited. I should like to have heard the views of the Press Peers on that subject.

At Question-time in the Commons Mr. DALTON complained that at a recent Civil Service examination candidates had been invited to compose a letter designed to persuade a friend to join the Labour Party. Personally I should have thought that the dawn of humour in the Civil Service Commissioners was a matter for national rejoicing. But Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, jealous perhaps because the Liberal Party had not received this free advertisement, saw no fun in it at all, and appealed to the SPEAKER because Mr. GUINNESS smiled at one of his questions. Mr. WHITLEY disclaimed any power "to control the risible faculties of Ministers."

The Liberals insisted on holding a Naval debate, though they knew in advance that the Government would not announce their shipbuilding programme. In the circumstances Sir JOHN SIMON'S speech was necessarily rather platitudinous, and almost justified Mr. BRIDGEMAN'S remark that he felt like *Laertes* listening to *Polonius*. All the same, I did not hear *Polonius* saying to the FIRST LORD:—

> "Aboard, aboard, for shame!
> The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,"

or urging him to grapple his friends to his soul with hoops—still less ships—of steel. On the contrary his argument was all in favour of economy and delay. The same line was taken by Mr. MACDONALD and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. The latter (reverting to the manner of his New Year's Day Message of 1914) said that the national need to-day was "not fast cruisers but slow spenders," and drew from the fate of our battle-cruisers at Jutland the lesson that we should wait and see what our rivals were building and then build better. Mr. BRIDGEMAN neatly riposted with the lesson of Coronel, which was that to avoid disaster we should build the best and build quickly.

Friday, July 17th.—After all, procrastination has not been "the thief of Summer-Time."



MORE LITTLE RHYMES FOR THIBETAN CHILDREN.

THE SNOW MEN.

BEYOND the Pass of Seeboo La
The wicked Snow Men hide;
At night they call four golden beasts
And hurry out to ride.

They 've hairy hands and rolling eyes
And most enormous feet,
And what they really like the most
Are little boys to eat.

So when they hear a baby cry
They lick their lips and say,
"We 'll gallop down the windy hills
And carry him away."

THE ELDER SISTER.

SINCE Nuddoo bought her earrings
She 's grown so proud and wise
She won't play stick-ball any more
Nor make nice black mud pies.

Since Nuddoo went to market
And sold a yellow cheese
She never cares for hide-and-seek
Nor wants to climb the trees.

Since Nuddoo carried baskets
She 's earned a whole rupee,
But when the wooden swings went round
She wouldn't ride, not she.

When I am twelve like Nuddoo
I shan't put on such airs,
And if I 'm rich I 'll take my friends
To ride at *all* the Fairs.

THE FAERIES OF LAP CHI KANG.

WHEN I am a man I shall take
A staff in my hand and go
To the Toipa cave, and Chumbar,
"The Place of Too Much Snow."

I shall find five frozen waters,
Five pools in a still white plain,
Each one more blue than the other
And twice as deep again.

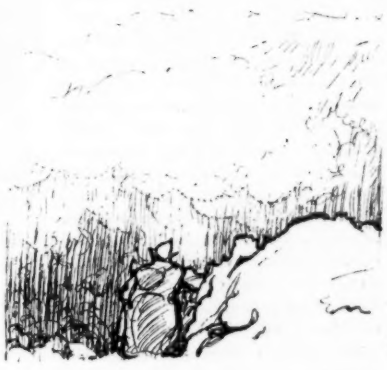
At the foot of the Lap Chi Kang,
Where the chuka flowers grow,
I shall drink the five blue waters
And hear the Great Wind blow.

I shall see the faery sisters
Who live in a cave of ice;
They will grant me all my wishes
And fill my hands with pice.

When I am a man and a Seeker
All this will come true, I know,
For at dusk, when the yaks were herded,
My mother told me so.







"BONHAM'S" DAY.

A CRICKET RECORD.

IT is chronologically interesting that in the year 1825, by which time the famous Hambledon Cricket Club had long been extinct, a fire at Lord's destroyed the records of its early matches, and that a few days ago, exactly a century later, we should see a revival of a Hambledon side which might very easily develop into a new cricket institution. For now that the famous Broad Halfpenny Down in Hampshire has been added to the landed property of Winchester College nothing surely can prevent an annual match there. I hope not.

Except for the presence of motor-cars (in one of which an American visitor peacefully slept) and the absence of the famous stingo that could make a cat speak, the match on July 11th between the new Hambledon and Winchester must have been very much like one between the old Hambledon and any of its adversaries, say Eleven of Kent (with MINSHULL). The bats were rather differently shaped, as a glance at the bas-relief on the granite monument to the game which stands on the edge of the ground would show; the stumps and the bails were each one more in number; but everything else was in essence the same: the keenness of the players, the good-humour of the observers, the sound cordial cricket feeling. Some of the neighbouring farmers and farm-hands who were enjoying this unwonted Saturday's excitement might have been actual survivals from the days when RICHARD NYREN, father of JOHN NYREN, the historian of the game, used to serve beer at "The Bat and Ball." The hand of progress can be stayed among these Hampshire hills, thank Heaven! Why, among the lookers-on was a keeper on a pony, with a bag of rabbits and a gun, who had stepped straight out of a MORLAND print. Even if there were none of the famous cricketing tall hats of the eighteenth century that had been promised us, there were some very fine specimens of headgear of somewhat less remote origin, the Head Master's by no means least worthy of attention. It was, no doubt, to see these historic toppers, and incidentally Mr. C. B. FRY, who also was promised us by a treacherous Press, that many of the visitors had come. Never mind; they had a great deal of fun, and had it free too, for there is no entrance fee to Broad Halfpenny Down. And, as it chanced, Mr. FRY, although he did not take part in the match, arrived in time to lend authority and grace to the afternoon before everything was over.



HAMBLEDON SPECTATORS—OLD STYLE.

The Wykehamists began very badly. Against the wily slows of one of their own masters, Mr. E. R. WILSON (who has tied up many a first-class batsman both in England and Australia), and against the mixed and often exceedingly unpleasant deliveries of Mr. C. T. ASHTON, another visitant from the first-class field, they had lost seven wickets for 26. It was more than sad, it was tragic; for here were all the right conditions: an excellent pitch, a generous sun, a sky responding gently to a light summer breeze, the green English uplands all about, and everyone present, excepting perhaps the members of the opposing team, wanting "the boys" to win. Besides, had it not become the great School's own ground for evermore, and therefore how important that the first victory should be to Winchester? Our hands longed to applaud; our voices were all ready to cry, "Tich and turn!" but we had no opportunity. Even the American, had he been awake, might have been glad to frame and utter a Winchester yell.

Such was the state of affairs when the scoring-board read 26 runs, 7 wickets, last man—well, never mind what that figure was. But then came "BONHAM." The Winchester Eleven this year tends to length. The captain, C. E. AUDREY, is a tall Adonis; the bowler, A. M. TEW (descendant of pirates), is burly; the stone-waller, P. J. W. MILLIGAN, is no dwarf; and P. T. INMAN, the first change bowler, is almost a billiard-cue. But there now advanced gaily to the wicket a portent, a vision of white and red, a slender giant six feet five inches in height, with an additional aura of flame (for he disdains a cap) above his care-free whimsical face, and swinging an infinitesimal bat. To be exact, "BONHAM." Whether by accident or design, but I rather guess by the sheer light of nature, "BONHAM" played exactly as the Hambledon men of the great days played more than a century before him; that is to say, he swiped at every ball, and when he got hold of it he hit it very high into the beautiful sky and an incredibly long way. In the course of a few overs he had knocked off both bowlers and laid bare the pathetic truth that the Hambledon captain hadn't brought any more. It was then that, like a true adventurer, he rose fully to the occasion; while even the patient MILLIGAN, whose service to the score cannot be overrated, but who had never dared to let his mind rise above a single, suddenly broke loose and helped



HAMBLEDON SPECTATORS—1925.

himself to a four. To "BONHAM," however, fours are as singles to other men. "BONHAM" deals in sixes, and by the end of his innings he had one for each foot of his height. When that end came a deep groan shook the ring, but the score-board now registered eight wickets for 128, last player 85! Such was the intensity of the groan that even the American roused himself for an instant, but, again realising that the game was not baseball, turned over and slept on.

How the historian would rejoice were he able to say that "BONHAM'S" valiancy won the match; but, alas! it was not so. Winchester may produce powerful boys, but it also numbers astute and capable masters, and another of these, Major H. S. ALTHAM, turned the scale. "BONHAM'S" cousin, Major A. L. BONHAM-CARTER, had no little share in the conquest, with a hard-hit 56: but it was Major ALTHAM (who plays for Hampshire in vacation-time) that did the real work, for he went in first and made 76 before a ball from INMAN sent him back. His attack all round is good; and he has a forearm stroke to the on boundary, playing back, that recalls STODDART. Incidentally he reminded me also of an earlier member, if not ornament, of his own profession. *Mr. Squeers*, you will remember, having heard a boy spell window, sent him off to clean one. Major ALTHAM would be the model pupil, for he has been spelling cricket (in his history of the game in *The Cricketer* week by week for I can't say how many years), and behold he can do it too, better than most!



THE ORIGINAL LORD'S PAVILION.

And what did "BONHAM" while his side were fielding? Nothing less than keep wicket. Giants may not be ideally constructed for this exacting task, yet my memory tells me that BLACKHAM was tall, and neither ALFRED LYTTELTON nor GREGOR MACGREGOR was insignificant in stature. "BONHAM" certainly made the stumps look like trivialities; but he "kept" well, catching one and stumping another. If anyone had reached out and had tapped a ball upwards towards late cover, no doubt he would have intercepted it. The Hambledon innings closing for 214, or 71 ahead, we had "BONHAM" once more, this time with nothing at stake (although no obvious sense of responsibility can be charged against him earlier in the day) and he quickly made 28, including one more sixer, which landed conclusively in the wind-screen of a car. The gods now and then can be unjust, for it was not the American's cradle. The crash caused every motorist present (made nervous enough during the first innings) to be now more than ever determined to get a cricket-ground clause appended to his insurance policy.



"BONHAM" KEEPING WICKET.

And so, while the sun of daylight-saving was still high, the merry concourse melted away, Broad Halfpenny Down became as quiet as if no six had ever been hit upon it, and the larks, which a local paper assures its readers were silenced by the plaudits of the Bonhamites, once more soared and trilled, and the American woke up. It was a great day, and I hope that both WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM and JOHN NYREN know about it.

P.S.—It is a detail perhaps worth mentioning, that I write these words at a table which was once the property of JOHN NYREN himself, and was given me by his granddaughters.

E. V. L.

TRADE SECRETS.

AN article in a trade journal suggests that bananas should be wiped with a rag moistened with sewing-machine oil to improve their appearance, and remarks that penny oranges will swell to the twopenny size if they are boiled for ten minutes in hard water.

Fish also require a good deal of attention if they are to appeal to the consumer after they have lost their first freshness. Sole and plaice rely to a great extent on *beauté du diable*. Parsley, however, is a help, and careful filleting will do much to repair the ravages of time. Eyes that have lost their sparkle may be brightened by a drop of belladonna. In cod, hake and halibut a tendency to flabbiness about the gills may be counteracted by a course of facial massage. With red mullet and salmon that have been some while on the road the least touch of *rouge* may remove traces of fatigue; but this should be applied sparingly. For faded shrimps use a lip-stick.

Our Optimistic Journalists.

"There may be an adequate explanation of these inexplicable mysteries."
Daily Paper.

"St. Paul (12 miles from Nice, 3 miles Venice).—Small, furnished House to Let, 4 or 7 years. Dining, kitchen, 2 bedrooms: balcony; place for car."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

But where do we garage the gondola?

From a police-court report:—

"Albert ——, you are charged with being drunk; do you plead guilty."—*Daily Paper.*

A variant, no doubt, on "three sheets in the wind."



Londoner (pointing out the sights of Whitehall). "THAT'S THE WINDOW CHARLES THE FIRST STEPPED OUT OF."
American (fresh from the West). "MY! HE MUST HAVE GIVEN THE SIDEWALK SOME DENT."

ARGUINGS.

THE RUIN OF ENGLAND.

"EVERY coal-miner," said Pettigrew, "ought to keep cabbages and a pig."

"You might just as well say," said Blaber, "that every cotton-spinner ought to keep rabbits and a cucumber-frame."

"So he ought," said Pettigrew.

"And why," asked Blaber, "should the miner keep cabbages and a pig?"

"Because then the less he mined the ground the more he would mind the pigs; and, as the mining industry began to go phut, which it is doing, we should gradually replace it by an all-supporting population engaged in rustic pursuits—like 'three acres and a cow,' only more so."

"Jolly," said Blaber. "Who's going to give the miner his cabbage-plot and his pig?"

"The State."

"And who's going to make him use them?"

"His union."

"Why should the coal-miner do these things any more than you?"

"Because I mine for words—golden words," said Pettigrew; "and words will go on, whereas coal is a wash-out or very nearly so."

"You cannot support the present population of England," said Blaber, shutting his eyes and speaking as though he were reciting a lesson, "on an agricultural basis. There are too many of them."

"But it would be a gradual change," answered Pettigrew; "and everybody knows that an agricultural population does not increase so fast as an urban. Therefore, if the miners and other operatives attended more and more to their cabbages and pigs, the population would grow gradually less."

"Rot," said Blaber.

"Anyhow," went on Pettigrew, squirting some soda into his glass and changing his ground with delightful rapidity, "the Government ought to be making provision to divert industry into new channels; otherwise the future of the world will be entirely with the countries that have steep mountains or tremendous plains."

"Why steep mountains?"

"Because they have unlimited cheap water power and can make as much electricity as they jolly well please. Coal is too expensive to get in these days."

"But there are by-products," suggested Blaber.

"Well, if Mr. BALDWIN hasn't thought of an immediate use for the by-products of coal that will revolutionise industry—and mind you, though he is a very good man, I don't suppose he has; as a matter of fact, I haven't myself—he ought to be harnessing the Severn."

"I had a sort of notion," said Blaber, "that something was going to be done about that."

"And the tides," went on Pettigrew, now freed from all restraint—"the salt tides. Why not the tides? Have you ever noticed the power of the tides in certain places? They only want to be properly canalised."

"Too expensive," said Blaber. "What about oil?"

"Oil is no earthly use," said Pettigrew. "Supposing we had it all, how should we know we were going to keep it? And how is it going to provide labour for our surplus population when we don't produce the stuff? No, the tides are much superior to oil."

"I suppose the people who are harnessing the tides," said Blaber satirically, "would spend their spare time collecting edible seaweed and hunting for prawns? What you don't seem to see is that the people in this country don't want to work in their spare time. They

want to play. And they want as much spare time as possible to do it in. Even the newspapers only give about one column to the ruin of English industry to every ten about amusements and racing and plays."

"Racing," said Pettigrew brightly, deserting his outposts again. "That 's another idea. Why don't we have the *pari mutuel*, and give all the profits to wages and pensions?"

"Such a lot of betting," objected Blaber, "is done off the course."

"There should be a tax," said Pettigrew piously, "on every bet, and it ought to be earmarked for my great agricultural scheme. And there ought to be flag-days as well. Why shouldn't we have flag-days to subsidise British industry and save it from ruin as much as for anything else?"

"There 's nothing very productive about that, is there?" said Blaber. "It 's like pouring milk out of one can into another. What I don't see is how you are going to persuade people to allow our great national industries to decay and have them replaced by others. Everybody who runs a big industry or works for it wants to keep it bolstered up artificially, even though there isn't any future for it. Supposing you were a colliery-owner or a shipbuilder, should you want to see your industry gradually declining into a kind of co-operative pig-farm?"

"Needs must when the devil drives," said Pettigrew. "We were a prosperous country on wool before anyone ever thought of coal, and we can be a prosperous country again. Why, with the present craze for sport all over the world, we might regain our supremacy on tennis-rackets and footballs alone. We taught the world how to use coal and iron, and then we taught them how to play games. Why shouldn't we become as prosperous by making sports outfits as by manufacturing machines?"

"A little while ago," said Blaber, "you said that people ought to devote their spare time to agriculture."

"Exactly," cried Pettigrew in triumph, holding up his glass to the light; "*English* people ought. That is just where we 're going to delude the foreigner and oust him from the world's market. While we manufacture sporting implements and spend our spare time keeping pigs, he will be wasting his in playing games. More and more we shall foster the belief that games are the only things that matter to health and happiness, whilst in secret we shall become a self-supporting country entirely covered with cabbages."

"I hate cabbages," said Blaber.

"Well, potatoes, then. I don't say necessarily cabbages, nor making tennis rackets nor harnessing tides. I 'm only giving you a kind of rough idea. What we 've got to get used to is the notion that great national industries can and do decay, and substitutes have to be found for them. That and work. We 've got to get used to doing more work. We need a MUSSOLINI really——"



TWO HIGHLY-DECOROUS PRACTITIONERS UNCONSCIOUSLY COLLABORATE IN A BREACH OF GOOD MANNERS.

I thought it was time to cut in. It is really very difficult to say anything when Blaber and Pettigrew are talking. I had contented myself hitherto by looking up at the vast decorated chocolate-coloured ceiling. We were in one of those curious taverns with tables and chairs in corners and big barrels here and there, and enough floor space for a decent-sized ball-room. But every now and then I had been glancing at the face of Pettigrew, who wore the aspect of a rather menacing owl in a black bowler, or at Blaber, who was like a cheery and plump little sparrow in a squash hat. Considering their appearance, I thought each ought to have been making the other's remarks. But they just weren't. That was all.

"What about the dole, Pettigrew?" I said. "Does that continue, or does your MUSSOLINI knock it off?"

"The dole," he said. "Why, I was just coming to that. The payment of unemployment benefit will be contingent on keeping pigs, and the more people go out of work the more food we shall have."

"The hour," I said to Blaber, "has brought forth the man," and, rising simultaneously, we gave Pettigrew the Italian salute.

"That 's just like you fellows," said Pettigrew rather testily. "You never can take a vital economic argument seriously." EVOE.

AT THE PLAY.

"MIXED DOUBLES" (CRITERION).

MR. FRANK STAYTON'S farcical comedy is the lightest of light affairs, an essay in the French manner, with British trimmings and excisions, admirably suited for the tropical weather. There can seldom have been invented a more resolutely complicated plot, and I rather think that the author overdoes it a little. Everything woven has to be unwoven, and this process towards the end became a little tedious; nor do I think that even in farce coincidence can be heaped upon coincidence with such abandoned recklessness. However we must not complain, as we were given much to laugh at, and anyone who can give that deserves well of the Republic.

Sir John Dorle, of Compton Dorle (there have been Dorles of Compton Dorle since, roughly, the Flood), having reached that dangerous phase of middle-age in which resolute bachelors abruptly commit matrimony, casting all prudence to the winds, had picked up a most attractive lady at the tables in the Casino at Deauville—a penniless lady, as it happened, though she was living in style on the proceeds of the two first prizes in the Golden Ballot; and certainly "not in the stud-book." And not a truthful lady either. She had represented herself as a widow, the widow, moreover, of a certain *Ian McConachie*, a name which she had picked out of a casualty list for safety. He had, of course, been in *Sir John's* regiment. The Rector of Dorle happened to know that she was a *divorcée*, and *Sir John* being a pillar of his church the good man had come in to wag his head over the business. And there was worse than this behind. For a certain writer, *Reggie Irvine*, trading in best-sellers under a pseudonym, happened to be the tenant of one of *Sir John's* most dilapidated cottages and happened also to be married to the daughter of an old flame of the Baronet. Naturally, our author turns out to be no other than the former husband of the present *Lady Dorle*. To complicate the business still further, or perhaps eventually to resolve the complications, there wanders in the perfect idiot, the ex-Vice-Consul at San Remo, who had performed the marriage ceremony for *Sir John* and his Lady. It appears that he had been axed by Sir ERIC GEDDES, the letter announcing his dismissal having been delayed pending a decision as to whether the Foreign Office or the Board of Trade should be debited with the postage, so that, in fact, as our conscientious Vice-Consul points out, he was at the time of the ceremony no longer a *de facto* Vice-Consul, and the marriage was therefore invalid. Whether this is sound law or not I can form no opinion, but should not be at all surprised if it were.



A MIXED SINGLE.

Lady Audrey Irvine . MISS FAITH CELLI.
Rev. Arthur Escott . . MR. ERNEST MAINWARING.

Sir John's great passion, as befits a British squire, is for truth; whereas *Lady Dorle*, being a person of foreign birth and, moreover, a member of the ingenious sex, addresses herself to the task of concealing this awkward series of facts from him. By a further coincidence the lawful wife of *Ian McConachie*, who had, of course, not lost his life, but only his memory, is masquerading in *Sir John's* house as a parlour-maid, having left her husband temporarily, a move which, when that frantic Scotsman actually appeared before us, we were quite in a position to understand. The experienced playgoer no doubt has here all the material for the solution of this complicated discord.

The playing was excellent and the pace so necessary to this kind of thing well maintained. Mr. GUY NEWALL made a very palpable hit as the sensitive and diffident ex-Vice-Consul; Mr. GEORGE TULLY, with his extraordinarily easy technique and his sound eye for character, gave us a most attractive sketch of the hot-tempered Irish author; Mr. C. AUBREY SMITH was happy in a typically AUBREY SMITH part (how tired he must be of them!) as the upright baronet; Miss FAITH CELLI had little to do in one of her customary pyjama parts as *Lady Audrey Irvine*, and did it prettily; Mr. ERNEST MAINWARING gave us a tactful and intelligent impersonation of the scandalised Rector; while Mr. DESMOND ROBERTS was amusing as the wild subaltern, and Miss HONOR AUBREY SMITH did no discredit to the dramatic tradition of her family.

T.



A VERY MIXED TREBLE.

Sir John Dorle, Bart. . . MR. C. AUBREY SMITH.
Lady Dorle . . . . . MISS JEANNE DE CASALIS.
Reggie Irvine . . . . . MR. GEORGE TULLY.

Our Slim Cricketers.

"With the score at 41 Sharp's middle stump was knocked down by Shepherd. R. Tyldesley filled the vacancy."—*Evening Paper.*

"Fishing in the River Derwent, Mr. Robert —— turned the scale at 5lb. 4oz."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

ROBERT seems to have had a rather thin time.

"The course was not fixed till one o'clock, and long before that hour hundreds were walking to Craigmore by foot, 'bus and private motors."—*Glasgow Paper.*

We ourselves always prefer the last two methods of walking.



Shepherd (to tourist in search of lodgings). "KEEP RICHT ALANG THE ROAD TILL IT'S NO THERE, THEN YE'LL SEE A HOOSE ACROSS THE MOOR. IF YE CAN GET TAE IT, MEBBE THE OWNER WILL FIT YE UP, IF HE DOESNA TAK A DISLIKE TAE YE."

SHIPMATES.

(Clipper Ship "Mary Ambree.")

II.—MATE.

A GREAT big brute of a bawling Blue-nose—
Came through the hawse-pipe and don't care who knows;

Lives on holystone, wallows in paint,
That fond o' prayer-books* you'd take him for a saint;

Voice like a foghorn, fist like a block,
First time he hits you, you think you've struck a rock;

Face like a sea-boot, never seen to smile,
When he hails the tops'l yard you hear him half-a-mile;

The sea's been his school and the wide world his college;
What he don't know of sailorin' darn well ain't knowledge!

III.—SAILS.

HAILS from Wales,
Does Sails.

For any old thing you like to choose,
From a new main course to a pair of shoes
Or a bit o' canvas to roll your bones
In when you voyage to Davy Jones,
Or thundering cuffers as ever you heard,
Sails is your man, you take my word!

He sits on the hatch when it's sunny and calm,
With his specs on his nose and his needle and palm,
Patches and stitches and yarns away
Of the ships he knew in a bygone day;
The single tops'ls that once he made
For *The Fiery Cross* in the China trade;
Ringtails, water-sails, Lord knows what
Old kites whose fashions is near forgot.
And many a wonderful yarn he tells
Of pirate junks off the Paracels;
And the great sea-serpent he once saw rolled
Asleep on the water, fold on fold;
And a craft they spoke of, an unknown rig,
Beamy and bluff as a Geordie brig,
Tearing along in the teeth of the gale
South of the Cape, under all plain sail,
With a bloke that stood at the wheel and steered
In old-style togs, with a long white beard;
And the eyes of him, look you, burning bright
Like coals of fire or a ship's port-light.
And, "Look you, sonnies," says Sails, "I reckon
That hooker's skipper wass *Vanderdecken!*"

C. F. S.

* Small holystones (the large ones are "bibles"), so called from the devotional attitude assumed when using them.

At Eton *v.* Harrow:—

"THE OLD ENGLAND SKIPPER.

Colonel Jackson, who knocked up many a run on that verdant oasis in his day, sat with his chin on his stick handle stricken at the plight of Eton in 'getting out for so little.'"—*Evening Paper.*

Very sporting of the famous Harrovian.



DEPUTATION OF SHAREHOLDERS OF THE SOWS' EAR MAGIC PURSE MANUFACTURING COMPANY WAIT ON THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER IN ORDER TO FIND OUT IF THE NEW SILK DUTIES WILL AFFECT THEIR DIVIDENDS.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THREE attractive and gallant young people—two lads and a girl—and the glamour of a remote continent at an almost aboriginal stage in its history—these are the promising materials out of which Miss M. L. SKINNER has constructed *Black Swans* (CAPE). Passions spin the plot, chiefly the passion of pity which induces nine-year-old *Letty*, daughter of a high Australian official, to devise the escape of *Tim Rafferty*, most innocent and chivalrous of convicts. Foiled in a first effort by *Tim's* own magnanimity, *Letty* (reluctantly aided by the Governor's son, *Peter*), makes a second some years later; and the three law-breakers find themselves carried away from Fremantle on a Malay proa to the illicit fishing-grounds and secret camps of South Sea Islanders. The first half of the novel ends with the restoration of *Letty* and *Peter* to their parents and the tactful self-relegation of *Tim* to a pearl-fishery. The second sees *Letty* and *Peter* in the England of mutton-chop whiskers and blue-and-yellow coaches, arranges a *mariage blanc* between them and returns them to Australia to look for their old companion. I will not so much as hint at the direction of *Letty's* final choice between her reverential Irish adorer and her masterful English one, but I congratulate Miss SKINNER wholeheartedly on its justice. In this, the clever author's first book (save for a collaborator's part in Mr. D. H. LAWRENCE'S *The Boy in the Bush*), the action is of exceptional interest and the Australian scenery a delight to the inward eye. But I admit that I am not equally happy about its manner. Realism and romance strive for the mastery, and the result is a constant and rather tantalising readjustment of key. Personally I prefer the romance. To be plausibly realistic in a "period" novel the author should keep out of sight; and Miss SKINNER'S weakness for modern colloquialisms and the latest psychological jargon is an unnecessary set-back (or, should I say, set-forward?) to the atmosphere of eighteen-fifty.

The disarming quality of Mr. W. G. ELLIOT'S amusing volume of reminiscences is not confined to its title, *In My Anecdotage* (PHILIP ALLAN). Perhaps the happiest example is to be found in the statement that he was fortunate enough to win the school hundred yards at Eton by a long nose. At Eton in "Mike's" house, he was captain of both cricket and football teams and achieved the eminence of "Pop." But he speaks modestly of his prowess both at school and at Cambridge, where he gained a Blue for the long jump and made such a hit as *Joseph Surface* in the A.D.C.'s performance of *The School for Scandal* that he was recommended to the BANCROFTS by ARTHUR CECIL and went on the stage. Then followed a succession of "small but good parts" at the Haymarket up to the retirement of the BANCROFTS; tours in America with CECIL CLAY and ROSINA VOKES, which serve as the occasion for an interesting account of the genesis of *The Pantomime Rehearsal;* an uncomfortable engagement with DALY'S Company; some more acting at home before he left the stage in 1900 and for several years gave up to politics what was meant for the entertainment of mankind. Though Mr. ELLIOT'S method is anecdotic and deals largely with the humours of theatrical life, he proves himself a shrewd critic as well as a genial *raconteur*. AUGUSTINE DALY'S amazing methods of dealing with the text of standard works and WILSON BARRETT'S incurable staginess when off the stage are as effectively illustrated as the wit of CHARLES BROOKFIELD and GILBERT and the peculiar genius of WEEDON GROSSMITH. The episode of Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER'S reception at Eton is a truly gorgeous tale. And I greatly like the saying about a kindly

actor who was a good musician and a lover of the great that his favourite piece was MENDELSSOHN'S "I Waited for the Lord."

Close upon Wimbledon come two books bearing upon their covers the famous name of Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN and dealing, each in its several way, with the mysteries of that game of which she is so eminent an exponent. The first is a novel bearing the happy, if slightly obvious, title, *The Love Game* (HARRAP). I cannot pretend to guess how the CORELLI of the courts wrote this work, but it bears singularly few marks of foreign origin, except that the heroine, *Miss Marcelle Penrose*, occasionally lets fall a careless expression in French, as becomes one who was brought up to speak that charming language from her birth. The author indeed uses modern English slang with all the freedom of a native, and writes at least as well as the customary home-made novelist. "There is now an elegance of style universally diffused," said Dr. JOHNSON in his day, and there will soon be no room for the professional writer; the amateur—even the foreign amateur—can do it so much better. As to Mlle. LENGLEN'S actual story it is perhaps hardly on a par with its treatment. It is unsophisticated to a degree unusual even in a period when we resuscitate the stories of the nursery and hand them over to the eager publisher. But I like the villain, *Señor Miguel Escalada*, of the Argentine. A delightful fellow, with a name significant of one knows not what sinister and climbing activity. And of course, when we come to the lawn tennis interest, there are several hints of real value to the student. Between ourselves I think the novel is of greater value in this respect than the second work by the same talented author that lies before me—*Lawn Tennis* (HARRAP)—which professes to be simply a treatise on the art of playing the game. Curiously enough there is no trace here of that ease of expression that characterises *The Love Game*. I take a passage almost at hazard: "When lobbing do not do so casually. Be informed only by one indiscriminate intention, that of getting the ball over the player's head. It is indeed the primary idea to put the ball above or beyond reach, but it is likewise the ultimate notion that it should fall where it is most difficult of negotiation." This is not exactly lucid, and I am sure Mlle. LENGLEN did not mean to say it, anyhow.

Sir MICHAEL O'DWYER, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, is best known at home as the man who brilliantly cleared himself in a recent libel action from the charge of being concerned in "atrocities" that were stated to have been committed in the provinces under his control. In the latter chapters of *India as I Knew It* (CONSTABLE) he employs the evidence which at the time of the trial rallied an overwhelming majority of opinion to his support to illustrate his considered judgment on the hastily concerted schemes of reform with which India is at present, as he sees it, overweighted. His opinions should exert great influence with political leaders in this country, yet it is not as the pronouncement of an expert on questions urgently calling for settlement, nor even as the narrative of the personal experiences of a man who was at the very storm-centre of the Punjab rebellion of 1919, that his book is principally to be recommended. The earlier chapters, in which is detailed much of the ordinary routine of Indian Civil Service administration, are still more admirable. Here one seems to find the actual raw material that KIPLING has moulded into immortal literature, presented not with a deliberate skilled intent to capture the imagination, but simply set forth, or more often only suggested, in a note of daily duties performed. The author has given the best years of his life to further the well-being of those hundreds



Lady (cheerfully, after blank day). "THIS REMINDS ME OF THE OLD *PUNCH* STORY OF THE LUNATIC WHO LOOKED OVER THE ASYLUM WALL AND SAID TO A MAN WHO HAD BEEN FISHING FOR HOURS AND CAUGHT NOTHING, 'COME INSIDE.'"

Gillie (after profound reflection). "I'M THENKING, MEM, YON LUNATIC WAS NO A FESHERMAN."

of millions of Indian fellow-subjects who, whatever their diversities of creed and language and custom, desire nothing of parliaments, ask nothing of politics, but that justice should be impartial, irrigation water plentiful, taxation moderate and the arm of Government strong in time of need. Sir MICHAEL in this book is powerfully pleading that his country shall never betray, at the instance of clever politicians, this reasonable expectation of the humble *ryot*.

I cannot lay my hand on my heart and truthfully say that *Humming-Bird* (COLLINS) is as good a novel as *London Mixture*; for, although I have enjoyed the new book quite as much as its forerunner, I realise that the main source of my enjoyment is rather sentimental than critical. A surfeit of fiction in Italian settings, in which writers and readers have commonly played the part of spectators at a raree-show, has left me wondering why no one ever seizes the essential enchantment of Italy—its "intimate, amusing daily life." And now Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK has done it; and, though I don't say that the intimacy is very intimate, still the amusement is always amusing, and the twofold result a very entertaining story. Here you have an English girl wholly brought up in Italy by an English foster-mother (who dies young) and an Italian foster-father. *Flora Holbrooke* is a gallant irresponsible little minx, intent on enjoying English independence while steadily refusing to be deported to England. And *Uncle Am* (short for *Amleto*) is far too genial and kindly to insist on a proper measure of Continental chaperonage. When, however, with the best intentions towards *Flora*, he marries again, the position of the English cuckoo in a Bolognese nest is not a happy one. But she finds a steady elder-brotherly ally in her uncle's friend *Mario*; and, while it is *Amleto* who helps her to dismiss the Bradford profiteer's son who proposes to her in Venice, it is *Mario* who frustrates the far more insidious attentions of a subsequent Italian gallant. Finally *Flora's* English relations get in touch with her, the young profiteer repeats his declaration in Bradford, and the girl has to make up her mind on which side of the Alps she means to settle. It is the admirable and sufficient evidence on which she gives her verdict that has won my fancy. The Italian (and Horatian) philosophy of living, *contracto cupidine*, bounding your feats by your fortune, has seldom been more happily presented.



"DEAR ME! I THINK THAT IS ONE OF THE SMALLEST RAILWAY STATIONS I HAVE EVER SEEN."

Married Alive (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is dedicated by its author, Mr. RALPH STRAUS, to "A. P. HERBERT, who suggested the title and must accept the consequences." I congratulate them both. The title allured me and the book did not disappoint. Mr. STRAUS has hit upon a farcical idea and has treated it on comedy lines, a method which in the hands of a competent craftsman affords about the best recipe for humour that I know. The incidents follow plausibly while the book remains in the mind as a delightful absurdity. It is the story of a scientist, *Aloysius Orme*, Reader in Social Psychology to the University of Cambridge, who is ordered a rest-cure by his doctor and, while engaged upon it, becomes involved in what the dust-cover calls "the matrimonial complications of an adventurous scamp." If I leave it at that it is because I must not be accused of divulging the plot of a story which relies so much upon the unexpected. But I must mention *Lady Rocket*, who is in the best vein of garrulous aunts. There are also one or two minor characters of whom I would gladly have seen and heard more. ("Heard" particularly, because Mr. STRAUS has been rather niggardly with his dialogue, which is a pity. There are places in the narrative where the interest flags a little, but the dialogue is good throughout.) It is a gay and diverting story, well-written and with its humour never striven for but flowing naturally from the situations in which the characters find themselves. I recommend this book to those who know Mr. STRAUS'S work and to those who don't. The former will not be disappointed; the latter will, I am sure, thank me for the introduction.

In "A Mystery of the Sand-Hills," the seventh of the nine stories to be found in *The Puzzle Lock* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), I was almost scandalised to read that "the uncanny tendency of my talented friend John Thorndyke to become involved in strange, mysterious and abnormal circumstances has almost become a joke against him." As far as I am concerned I can assure Mr. R. AUSTIN FREEMAN that this is not the case; I may be irreverent by nature, but I could never dream of laughing at *Thorndyke*. He is far too clever to be a source of ribaldry; and though one or two of the problems set before him are scarcely worthy of his skill, he touches the top of his form in "A Sower of Pestilence."

In *The Story of a City Hospital (1848-1925)*, Lady BUTTERWORTH tells clearly and briefly the history of the "second largest chest hospital in London." From a charming commemorative scroll attached to this volume we learn that the Victoria Park Hospital was established "on the principle of charity to all mankind. . . ." On these lines it has since been managed by men and women of a fine humanity and a broad outlook. But, being situated in Bethnal Green, it does not catch the eye of dwellers in the West of London; and though, as Lady BUTTERWORTH says, it has many good friends, it is in need of new ones. "Will you," she asks, "become one?" Even if you do nothing more you can answer her question in the affirmative by paying half-a-crown for this book, the proceeds of whose sales will be given wholly to the Victoria Park Hospital.

CHARIVARIA.

THE journalist who suggested that both sides in the coal dispute should wipe the slate clean no doubt meant well, but was perhaps a little tactless.

* * *

Now that the East Ham Council have bought themselves a carpet for one hundred and thirty-one pounds they 'll be able to put their foot down on municipal extravagance whenever they feel like it.

* * *

The falling-off in the number of marriages in America is due perhaps to the fears of young men as to whether they can afford to divorce their wives in the manner to which they are accustomed.

* * *

If HOBBS, as is reported, really prefers cider to champagne, all he needs to do is to go to a certain night club and order the latter.

* * *

A woman told a magistrate last week that she had left her husband in Regent's Park. She should have known better. How many more times are people to be requested not to leave litter in public parks?

* * *

Mr. CYRIL TOLLEY has decided to give up golf and take to lawn tennis. Our partner in a foursome the other day seemed to have done this already.

* * *

The evolution trial at Dayton, Tennessee, is over. Our own Silly Season does not start until August.

* * *

At a meeting of the Warren Point (County Down) Urban Council, a member mentioned a boy aged nine who was thinking seriously of marriage. Lots of married men do this.

* * *

A correspondent writing to a morning paper states that the average London girl has a figure like a sack, feet like a policeman's, a voice like a charwoman, the grace of an elephant and the modesty of an American film agent. But then the artful fellow knows there are no average girls in London.

* * *

A man stopped by a policeman in Edgware Road was found in possession of a motor-lorry containing seven saxophones, two side-drums, a violin and eight electric motor-horns. The Man with a Load of Mischief.

* * *

In the South of England farmers recently prayed for rain. The method adopted in other parts is to write a letter to Carmelite House.

* * *

The Reverend ANDREA BARD, of Milwaukee, who is demanding the removal of the Statue of Liberty, doesn't seem to realise that most countries don't erect statues except to their departed.

* * *

A man has told the magistrate that he only beats his wife once a month. He thinks that men who do it more often than that should be ashamed of themselves.

* * *

To-day's Agony: Aberdonian would like to hear from the gentleman who in 1913 asked him what he would have.

* * *

It has been stated that farm-workers live longer than most workers. In cities, of course, the people who live longer than others are the centenarians.

* * *

A stable in St. John's Wood has been converted into a theatre, so perhaps now they 'll get along with converting some of those places in the West End where they serve up stable refuse instead of plays.

* * *

The controversy at Bristol between the LORD MAYOR and the LORD-LIEUTENANT of the County reminds us that there was no quarrel as to who should have precedence in meeting the KING when EDWARD II. besieged the town in 1297.

* * *

We understand that when Parliament is broadcasted it is likely that there will be some dispute between Messrs. LLOYD GEORGE and KIRKWOOD as to who will be the Uncle Davie to tell the fairy stories.

* * *

Somebody says that we are in the midst of a Literary Renaissance. We wish these poets would make arrangements to be born again a little more quietly.

* * *

The reason so many artists are becoming Socialists is that, if they don't succeed in hanging the members of the aristocracy on the walls at Burlington House, they hope to do it later on the lamp-posts.

* * *

A plague of mice has appeared near Hamelin, in Brunswick, but we doubt the rumour that a pied bag-piper turned up at the City Hall and asked for a job.

* * *

The L.C.C. has adjourned until October 13th. We understand that, if road-repairers run short of roads in the interval, they have received instructions to fill in the time by digging deeper.

* * *

Walking-sticks are now being made with receptacles for the ingredients of cocktails, and also for radio sets; but we should hate to make a mistake and mix some of the Children's Corner with the vermouth.

* * *

A biologist is experimenting to find the effect of tonics on fish. We hear that, after its first cocktail, a goldfish put its tongue out at the cat.

* * *

M.P.'s are warned that on the Terrace of the House of Commons there is a danger of lumps of masonry falling on their heads. It is believed that this has already happened to some of them without their noticing it.

* * *

"Youth is an age," says a writer, "when the main ferment goes on under the surface." Has he tried bi-carbonate of soda?



SCENE—*Public Courts at exclusive Holiday Resort.*

Affable Stranger (who has been asked to make up a doubles). "I 'OPE YOU WON'T MIND MY SERVING UNDER'AND. I FIND THE OVER'EAD SERVICE IS SO FRIGHTFULLY ROUGH ON MY BRACES."

CHATTERJEE-ON-THAMES.

To the Editor of "Punch."

VERY DEAR SIR,—A fortnight ago you most kindly published some verses of mine on the subject of a monstrous electric advertisement which has recently appeared on the river bank opposite Whitehall. This eye-sore, which is a glaring offence by day and a flaming horror by night, is affixed to a Government building—the India Stores Depôt. In reply to a question in the House of Commons, Lord WINTERTON, Under-Secretary for India, announced that the advertisement rights on the river-front of this building had been leased for five years, at an annual rent of five hundred guineas, by the High Commissioner for India, acting as the agent of the Government of India.

I understand that the name of this gentleman is Sir ATUL CHANDRA CHATTERJEE. I know nothing, till this moment, against him. But the idea that an Indian official should be permitted to come over here and make profit for the Government of India by disfiguring English scenery and damaging the property of English neighbours by a gross advertisement is unbelievable in any but a "free" country. What would be the feelings of Sir ATUL CHANDRA CHATTERJEE if an Englishman resident in India were to put up a similar monstrosity in front of his (Sir ATUL'S) private residence in Calcutta, or wherever he lives when he is at home? I imagine that he would denounce in very free language (probably drawn from the vernacular) the intolerable tyranny of the Dominant Race.

I have spoken of the damage to property, for this monstrosity has been inflicted not upon a commercial quarter like Piccadilly Circus, but upon a mainly residential neighbourhood. Undoubtedly the value of Whitehall property will be affected if this outrage to its amenities is allowed to go on; and ultimately the pockets of the public will be touched through the decline of rateable values. If the Government of India is so hard up, why did they not instruct their agent to ask alms or demand blackmail with threats? Residents of Whitehall would (after due protest) have paid five hundred guineas, or even a larger sum, to be spared this offence.

Sir ATUL CHANDRA CHATTERJEE cannot altogether excuse himself by the plea that he was only an irresponsible agent and that it was not his fault if the Government of India insisted on bringing itself into contempt by leasing the frontage of its property for the purposes of advertisement. He might still have had the common decency to take precautions against aggressive blatancy.

I see that the Viceroy of INDIA left for the East last week. If he chanced during his stay in England to cast an eye on this handiwork of his Government, I don't blame him for going. Unfortunately we cannot all escape so easily.

To me the most pitiful aspect of the matter is the indifference of the Cabinet in regard to this cynical affront to the neighbourhood of the Houses of Parliament. Perhaps they are waiting for the Advertisements Regulation Bill to become law. I pray for it a speedy passage, and that the power which it is to give to the L.C.C. and to other local bodies to restrain the devastating activities of public advertisers may be well and courageously used, and that no special grace may be shown to official offenders.

Meanwhile, on this topic of the ugly methods adopted by the Government of India to raise revenue in England at the expense of Englishmen's rights—methods apparently approved by our own India Office, or they would surely have been vetoed—I should very much like to see a Press article from the gifted pen of the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA.

O. S.

SHIPMATES.

Clipper Ship "Mary Ambree.")

IV.—CHIPS.

Chips
Learned his trade in the Blackwall ships;
Learned it right from A to Z,
From rudder trunk to foc's'le head.

Square and hard as a baulk of teak
Or the quid he stows in his starboard cheek,
He rules his life by "Blackwall Fashion,"
Work 's his pleasure and his passion.

If you took and shoved old Chips ashore
With just his adze and nothing more,
He 'd make no raft of skins, not he,
Nor a botched-up job of a scooped-out tree;
He 'd start right in and he 'd fix a slip,
And lay his keel and build his ship,
And rig up sheers for masts and all
The blooming same as old Blackwall.
And last he 'd finish her off with lots
Of fancy twiddles and ropes and knots,
And flowers and flourishes worked in wood
As large as life and twice as good.
For a makeshift job, be it large or small,
A man can never abide at all
That learned his trade in the Blackwall ships—
Like Chips.

V.—BOSUN.

Sxt een stone
Of beef and bone;
Sort of a beggar to hold his own
With a foc's'le full of fighting drunks,
And haul and hustle 'em out of their bunks.

Made of spunyarn and Stockholm tar,
The same as all good bosuns are;
Can't read, can't write,
But he can holler and he can fight,
And as for cussing, there 's no one near him;
I tell you it 's a treat to hear him.

He can cuss in Spanish and Portugee,
French and Kanaka and Heathen Chinee,
A dash of Yankee, a smatter of Greek
And as many besides as there 's days in the week;
And keep it up from the Nore to Dover
And never use one word twice over.

C. F. S.

A Court of Equitation.

"We are informed on the authority of the Clerk of the Court that racing at the Kempton Park August Meeting will commence at the usual time, the first race being two o'clock and the last 4.30."
Evening Paper.

A legal decision having apparently been sought upon this vexed question, we may presently expect the services of a Lord Justice to be requisitioned for winning-post duties.

"Elizabeth rose abruptly from the model's throne. 'I shan't sit any more this morning,' she announced. Bob took his pipe out of his mouth, put down his palate, and looked, as he felt, completely nonplussed, and not a little irritated."—*Magazine Story.*

No doubt he was "down in the mouth," but his method of showing it seems lacking in taste.

"General Sauvequipeut and many others collapsed as a result of the asphyxiating fumes."—*South African Paper.*

Generals Mêlée and Stampede fortunately escaped.

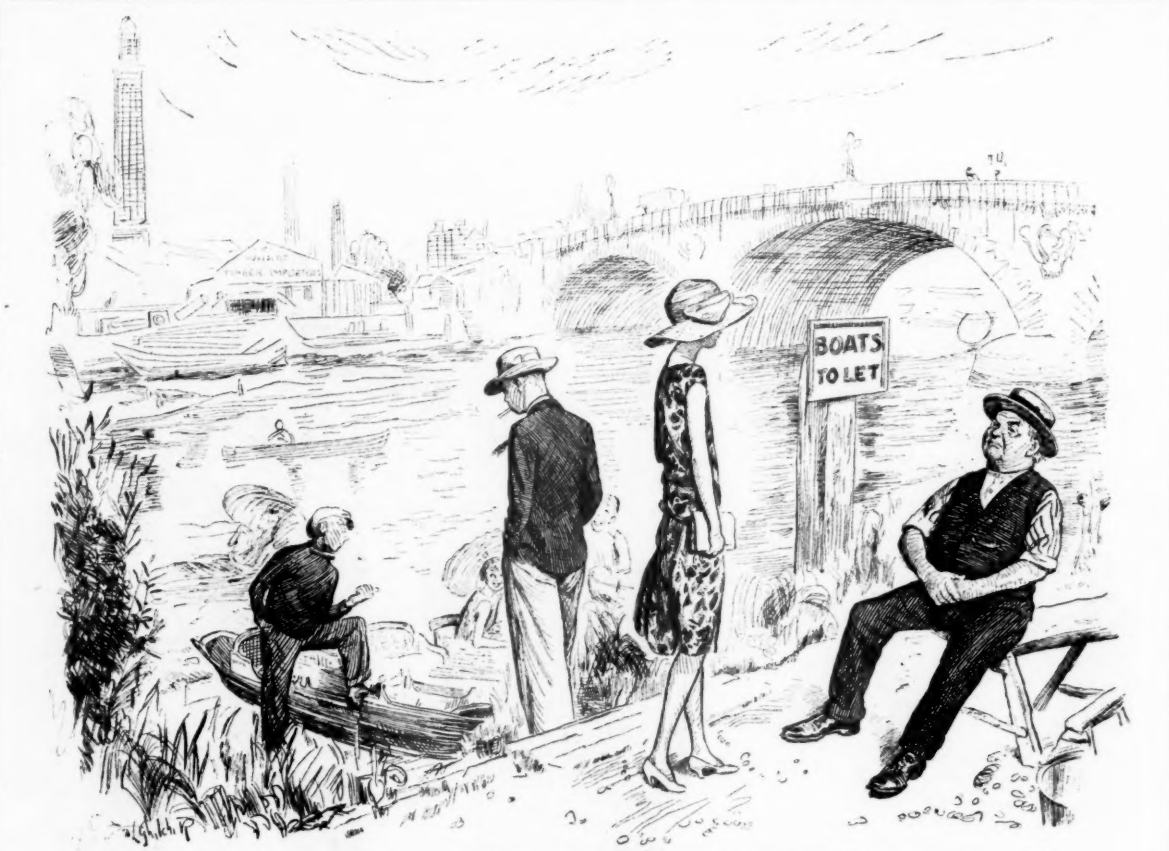


THE TWO WINSTONS.

THE WINSTON OF 1925 (*to Mr. BRIDGEMAN*). "WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?"

MR. BRIDGEMAN. "OH, THIS IS THE WINSTON OF 1912. HE AGREES WITH ME IN PUTTING THE NATION'S SAFETY BEFORE ECONOMY."

[Extract from *Punch's* "Essence" for March 27th, 1912, when Mr. CHURCHILL was First Lord of the Admiralty in a Liberal Cabinet: "FIRST LORD submits Naval Estimates for the year. Received with plaudits by Opposition; listened to in ominous silence below Gangway on Ministerial side."]



Tripper. "AREN'T YOU ANXIOUS ABOUT MISHAPS WITH INEXPERIENCED FOLK TAKING YOUR BOATS UP-RIVER?"
Boatman. "LOR' NO, MISS. AN OVERTURNED BOAT GENERALLY COMES BACK TO US WITH THE TIDE."

DANCE AND DECAY.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

IT appears from the utterances of various divines and dramatists that the Young of the present day (especially the female Young) are worse than the Young have ever been. Indeed there is a school of thought which inclines to the opinion that in future it would be safest to have no Young at all: while others, more moderate, would be content if the Young were merely made unlawful or had to be licensed by the L.C.C. All these persons might, I think, extract some comfort from a book I recently discovered on a Cornish farm, the collected essays of a satirical writer named IRVING, which were published in 1824, though written for the most part earlier. Take this, for example, from a description of the fashionable morning-dress (of 1807):—

"If the weather be very cold, a thin muslin gown or frock is most advisable—because it agrees with the season, being perfectly cool. The neck, arms and particularly the elbows bare, in order that they may be agreeably painted and mottled by Mr. John Frost, nose-painter-general, of the colour of Castile soap. Shoes of kid, the thinnest that can possibly be procured—as they tend to promote colds and make a lady look interesting. Picnic silk stockings with lace clocks—flesh-coloured are the most fashionable, as they have the appearance of bare legs—*nudity* being all the rage."

To think that even in 1807 abandoned girls and decadent slaves of fashion were already ransacking the shops for silk stockings of a "pale nude" colour, unaware that in 1925 our moral censors would condemn these articles for immodesty and our Treasury tax them as extravagances.

However, there are not many as yet who attribute the depression of our trade to the stockings of our girls. But if there is one thing that more than another betrays our general decadence and certainty of doom we all agree it is the craze for dancing. Hear then what went on in 1807:—

"Among these (epidemical diseases) the most formidable is this dancing mania, which prevails chiefly throughout the winter. It at first seized on a few people of fashion, and being indulged in moderation was a cheerful exercise; but in a little time, by quick advances, it infected all classes of the community, and became a raging epidemic . . . . What makes this disease the more formidable is that the patients seem infatuated with their malady, abandon themselves to its unbounded ravages and expose their persons to wintry storms and midnight airs, more fatal in this capricious climate than the withering simoon blast of the desert.

"I know not whether it is a sight most whimsical or melancholy to witness a fit of this dancing malady. . . . A loud explosion of music succeeded from a number of black, yellow and white musicians, perched in a kind of cage over the grand entrance. . . . The music struck into something like harmony (!), and in a moment, to my utter astonishment and dismay, the company were seized with what I concluded to be a paroxysm of religious phrenzy, tossing

about their heads in a ludicrous style from side to side and indulging in extravagant contortions of figure; now throwing their heels into the air and anon whirling round with the velocity of the Eastern idolaters, who think they pay a grateful homage to the sun by imitating his motions. I expected every moment to see them fall down in convulsions, foam at the mouth and shriek with fancied inspirations. As usual, the females seemed most fervent in their religious exercises and performed them with a melancholy expression of feature that was peculiarly touching; but I was highly gratified by the exemplary conduct of several male devotees, who, though their gesticulations would intimate a wild merriment of the feelings, maintained throughout as inflexible a gravity of countenance as so many monkeys of the island of Borneo at their antics. . . .

"These fits continue at short intervals from four to five hours, till at last the lady is led off, faint, languid, exhausted and panting, to her carriage, rattles home, passes a night of feverish restlessness, cold perspirations and troubled sleep; rises late next morning, if she rises at all; is nervous, petulant or a prey to languid indifference all day—a mere household spectre, neither giving nor receiving enjoyment; in the evening hurries to another dance; receives an unnatural exhilaration from the lights, the music, the crowd, the unmeaning bustle; flutters, sparkles and blooms for a while until, the transient delirium being past, the infatuated maid droops and languishes into apathy again, is again led off to her carriage and the next morning rises to go through exactly the same joyless routine.

"And yet . . . these are rational beings; nay, more, their countrymen would fain persuade me they have souls! Is it not a thousand times to be lamented that beings endowed with such charms . . . with social and endearing powers . . . should surrender themselves to a habit of heartless dissipation which preys imperceptibly on the roses of the cheek; which robs the eye of its lustre, the mouth of its dimpled smile, the spirits of their cheerful hilarity and the limbs of their elastic vigour; which hurries them off in the springtime of existence; or, if they survive, yields to the arms of a youthful bridegroom a frame wrecked in the storms of dissipation and struggling with premature infirmity?"

* * * * *

Well, well . . . Yet a few years later Waterloo was won; and in 1809 CHARLES DARWIN was born and Mr. WILLIAM GLADSTONE; and later still the railway was invented and slavery was abolished; and what with one thing and another the sons of these poor broken butterflies somehow struggled through the century. With any luck we may do the same.

A. P. H.



THE SANCTITY OF THE HOME.

First Window-Cleaner. "WOT'S ON, ALF?"
Second Window-Cleaner. "BREAKFAST. BACON AGINE."

Commercial Candour.

From an Indian firm's note-heading:—

"All orders must accompany half money in advance. Improper Packing guaranteed but not railway accidents."

You can never, of course, make an absolute certainty of the latter.

"Wanted; several painters. Must be alive."
Provincial Paper.

No "Old Masters" need apply.

THEATRE RHYMES.

XI.—HATS.

I 'VE sat on my topper a
Lot at the opera:
Now it 's as flat
As an opera hat.

"Son cachet portait cette devise anglaise: 'Toot late' (Trop tard)."—*L'Illustration.*

To "toot late" is very often to be "trop tard" for the less nimble pedestrian.

"At Ramsgate yesterday, a girl aged 15, and her brother aged 4134, were remanded on a charge of breaking into the house of a town councillor."—*Sunday Paper.*

Not twins, we gather.

BACK TO IBSEN.

ONE of the reasons why modern plays are so often held to be immoral is to be found in the decay of symbolism.

It is, of course, absolutely impossible to write an immoral serious play. It would be very nearly as easy to make a horse moo. With farce and low comedy the matter is obviously different; but I take it that the present complaints are being lodged very largely against plays which pretend to be serious. You will see in a moment that such plays are obliged to be moral.

Supposing that you put the Devil on the stage and attempted to make out that he was rather a fine fellow—as indeed he appears to be in *Paradise Lost*—and then began to think of something very diabolical to make him do, such as bullying a helpless woman or maltreating a child. Your play would immediately be in the soup. Not only would the audience reject the Devil as a hero, giving vent to loud cat-calls, but what is most serious, since there is no need and very often no hot demand that the play should be produced, you would reject him yourself.

The difficulty with many modern plays is that the authors, in their cleverness and subtlety, like to leave the morals implicit. They like to give us what is called "a slice of life," and leave us to work out for ourselves whether it is fate or heredity, or the evil conditions of contemporary society, or what not, that is doing the mischief. They will not have a chorus, nor introduce the figure of Fate, nor allow the characters themselves to moralise. Or, if they are allowed to moralise, they are not allowed to draw the obvious conclusions. All this, as I am reminded by seeing a good old play of IBSEN's again, can be avoided by the discreet use of symbolism.

Let us take an ordinary domestic instance. The dog has run out of the front door and escaped on to the common, while the cook or the kitchenmaid is cleaning the front-door steps. The play opens at this point. A husband and wife are conversing.

She. I thought I heard something howling.

He. It is the dog. It ran away and I beat it when it came back again.

She (*walking across the stage and speaking very intensely*). Ah, it ran away!

We now know already that there is something more in the dog's running away than meets the eye.

She. Where did the dog go to?

He. Out on to the common.

She (*intensely again*). Ah! The common. . . .

We now perceive that the common represents symbolically the free and open life for which all captive creatures are pining in vain.

She (*continuing*). Where is the dog now?

He. I have tied him up by his chain to his basket.



Wife (*anxious that her man shall come out of the ordeal as well as possible*). "'ARF A MO, BERT. GIVE US YER 'AT."

She (*walking to one end of the stage*). His chain! (*walking to the other side of the stage*) To his basket!

The whole audience is now convinced that the dog's chain represents the chain of conventional but false propriety which prevents the wife from running away from her husband, and that the basket of the dog represents life or fate or circumstance, or else that the dog's basket represents conventional morality, and the dog's chain represents fate. It really does not matter which. If the play is a play in the manner of IBSEN, it will very soon transpire that the husband had been carrying on with the kitchenmaid.

It is not at all difficult to introduce any symbols you please into a drama. And how convenient they are! If IBSEN can make us believe, as he does in *The Wild Duck*, that a family may have a large garret full of old furniture and populated by rabbits and poultry, representing to the bemused mind of a drunken old man the free life of the forest where he used to go shooting when he was young, there is no need to be shy in the matter of symbolism. Supposing, for instance, that you have written a play called *Carpet Sweeping*, which is full of latent moral purpose; what could be more useful than to have a vacuum-cleaner constantly present on the stage? Never mind how it got there and why it's not taken away. That can be the subject of the quarrel between the husband and the wife. The great point is to have it there.

He. What is that extraordinary thing in the corner?

She. It is a vacuum-cleaner.

He. What is it for?

She. To suck the dust out of the carpet.

He (*very intensely*). Ha . . . The dust . . Out of the carpet!

He can say more if you like. But whether he chooses to elaborate the notion or not we shall be forced to remember that the lives of men and women are too often like carpets. They become dusty; they have to be cleaned. Every now and then somebody in the cast can stumble over the vacuum-cleaner or allude to it for some reason or other. And it will be rather a great moment at the end when the master or mistress rings the bell and says to the parlourmaid, "Mary, I want you to take away the vacuum-cleaner."

Or you may have written a play called *The Maelstrom*, in which a number of dissipated and degenerate-looking people drink cocktails. The cocktail gives a great opening for symbolism. It may be made of gin and two kinds of vermouth, which represents the mixed notions of right and wrong which prevail in a frivolous society. It may have a cherry inside it, perforated by a little stick. Much may be done with that cherry.

He (*holding the cherry up on its little stick*). Do you see what this is?

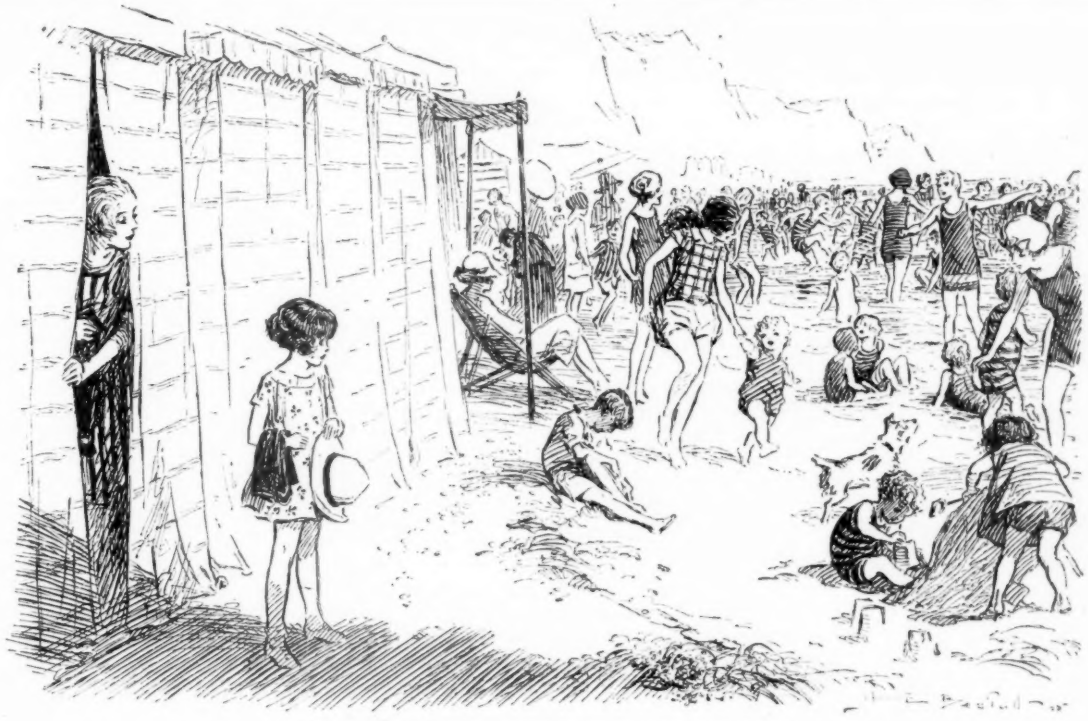
She. Yes, it is a cherry.

He. A bottled cherry.

She. Yes, bottled in maraschino. What a beautiful colour it is!

He. Out in the wood there are wild cherries. They ripen in the sun.

She. Yes, but the birds peck them—and they are not so sweet as this one.



Mother. "AREN'T YOU COMING IN TO CHANGE, DARLING?"
Shy Child. "N-NOT YET, MUMMY; THE SEA'S ENGAGED."

He (*intensely*). Some of them, perhaps, escape the birds and have their hearts taken out of them with knives and are imprisoned in glass. They become soaked in artificial sweetness and are transfixed by a piece of wood. Then they are placed in cocktails, and we take them out and eat them—so.

She. How strangely you speak!

Indeed he does. The fact is that he would not be tolerated in any ordinary drawing-room or hotel lounge after making an idiotic little speech like that, when he ought to have said something wickedly epigrammatic and wise. But it all helps the drama tremendously, for both of them, to be sure, are leading bottled and artificial lives.

Or, once again, your drama may be entitled *Stumbling Seraphim.* You present in it the spectacle, not edifying in itself, of two women gradually getting drunk on champagne. The very title shows that you disapprove of this unpleasant orgy, but it is well that the audience should bear your disapproval in mind. This effect will be obtained by a picture of two angels which falls at the psychological moment owing to the rotting of the cord, or a statuette which is brushed accidentally off the mantelpiece, or, better still, by use of a book which has the word "angel" in the title. Thus:—

First Lady. Have you been reading this book?

Second Lady. Yes, I often read books. What is it called?

First Lady. Ministering Angels.

Second Lady. Oh! (*Lets it fall from her hand.*) There—I have dropped it.

First Lady. How clumsy you are, dearie!

The point is that when there is plenty of this kind of thing in a play the audience is perpetually reminded of the moral, and comes away full of uplift, whereas, if they are left to draw their own conclusions, as they not infrequently are in a modern play, their stupidity may cause them to remember the unpleasant incident and forget the underlying moral. As I said before, almost any object cleverly introduced and perpetually dragged in will make a satisfying symbol—a canary in a cage, a door that will not shut, a piece of mud on the shirt-front, a waste-paper basket, a mouldy banana or pear. . . .

EVOE.

An Erudite Contemporary.

"There are spots, inland bays, etc., which realise the notions of Joan Ferander."
Sunday Paper.

We don't know Joan.

THE HORSE-SHOE.

OUR day is done
And one by one,
From street and road retiring,
We flee before
The motor's roar,
The bicycle's back-firing.

We cannot stay
The evil day
When, last of all our number,
The final horse,
Warned off the course,
Is stalled as useless lumber.

All we can do
Is cast a shoe
Whose pointed nails up-sticking
Through dust or mire
May pierce a tyre
And stop some engine ti.king.

W. H. O.

Non-Stop.

"German Lady to talk German: now or shortly, till August 12th."—*Daily Paper.*

MR. SEYMOUR HICKS, discussing the question of the censorship:—

"We are living in the days of women who smoke between the acts and youths who cover their brains with Oxford trousers."

We now know why Oxford is sometimes referred to as a "seat of learning."

HER HAT.

HER bow was annihilating, her glance of fire. Hostility radiated from her as on the railway-posters health and joy radiate from seaside towns. She said:—

"It 's simply not the least good your saying one single word."

"Yet it might be," I suggested, "that two or three—or even more?"

She shook her head.

"Useless," she said. "All is over for ever."

"Yet," I pleaded, "we have been friends so long."

She seemed a little softened by the thought.

"Years and years and years," I went on, encouraged. She seemed to harden again. "Why," I reminded her, "in nineteen hundred——"

"In nineteen hundred," she interrupted coldly, "I was in the nursery."

"I was going to say," I explained, "in nineteen hundred—no, it must have been later, much later—I remember so well rocking your cradle."

"I expect I hated it," she retorted unforgivingly. "I always was a wretched sailor."

"I was the very first," I said with reminiscent wistfulness, "to say your shingle suited you when to shingle was to adventure."

If she was touched she did not show it.

"And it was I," I went on, "who encouraged you to bingle when to bingle was to be brave."

She took no notice.

"Was it right?" she demanded with sudden passion, "was it kind? Was it wise?"

"Probably not wise," I admitted.

"Nor right," she cried, "not right on the lawn at Hurlingham. Nor kind, when you must have seen her hat was the very same as mine down to the shade of every ribbon and the shape of every pin; and yet you bring her up there to me to introduce us right before everyone."

"I simply never noticed it," I protested feebly.

"And only five minutes before," she reminded me with tears in her voice, "you had told me I never had a hat that suited me better."

"Ah, yes," I agreed, "but then it looked so different on her."

"I expect you told her that too," she said bitterly.

"On my honour, no," I answered still more bitterly. "I never told her a thing—she was too busy telling them me."

"What did she say?" she asked eagerly.

"Things," I said severely, "not fit for you to hear."

"Why not?"

"Not at your age," I said. "No."

For a moment she appeared slightly mollified, but then she grew stern and hard again.

"I simply love that hat," she said, "and now I shall have to send it back to the shop again."

"She," I remarked, "is giving hers to her maid."

"Then she 'll have to pay for it," she declared with satisfaction.

"Then she 'll get the bill for it," I corrected gently.

"But nothing, nothing," she went on more despairingly than ever, "will take away the memory of that awful moment."

"I 'm doing my best," I assured her, "I 'm telling everyone——"

"What?" she asked suspiciously.

"That you are twins."

"Twins?" she shrieked, "twins with a woman I was only introduced to that moment?"

"Why not?" I asked. "Parted for family reasons, you meet again for the first time in your lives."

"Twins meeting for the first time?" she mused.

"Oh, since birth, naturally, since birth."

"Why not," she almost hissed, "make us all three triplets?"

"Oh, just as you like," I said resignedly; "I shirk nothing."

"I shirk twins," she declared. "Babies are bad enough, but twins—no."

"It seems a pity," I said sadly; "it would explain all so well."

"Rubbish."

"I was doing my best," I protested. "Or I could say it was a bet."

"Hats aren't Derbys," she snapped.

"But when I was young they were sometimes," I pointed out.

"That 's practically a pun," she declared, determined to see only my worst side.

"Done on purpose," I asserted, brazening it out. Then I had an idea, "Let the hats also be on purpose."

"Did you suppose," she asked scornfully, "that hats happen by accident?"

"And the next time," I went on, "let you be three."

She began to betray certain slight symptoms of alarm.

"At Goodwood or anywhere," I continued: "and the next time after that you might be four—all wearing the same hat—four hats identical in every particular. Meanwhile I spread the rumour everywhere that it 's an advertisement—an up-to-date advertisement for an up-to-date hat-shop for which you are receiving an enormous fee."

"Of course," she conceded, "to advertisement all is forgiven."

"Exactly," I beamed. "I let it be known you have been selected as being the smartest women in London and your success will be enormous."

"Only," she reflected, "if I am supposed to be receiving an enormous fee, I shall be expected to—er—settle all my accounts."

"Are you now?" I asked.

"Expected, yes," she agreed.

"Then nothing will be changed," I said. "Or a real hat-shop might really pay a real fee."

I saw all at once she also had an idea.

"No," she cried, "I couldn't waste such an idea on anyone else's shop. I 'll start one of my own."

"It needs capital," I told her.

"You can provide that," she said graciously. "You can borrow it for me—why not?"

"My hat!" I gasped.

THE ONCE-A-YEARS.

FAREWELL, you men of London Town,
You masters whom we leave,
For we unto the sea go down
To cross the windy Sleeve;
You shall not foil our flight from toil
For twenty days and one;
But we will follow roads that wind
By rocks the icy torrents grind
To peaks like Titans bound and blind
With gazing on the sun.

Come, brother, ere the sun is high
And let your load be small;
Rough-shod, loose-clad, now stoop and tie
The sack that holds your all;
Now, brother, quick! your alpen-stick,
Your gourd for well or wine,
And we anon will drink and lave
Before our Lady of the Cave
And sing a lovely Latin stave
Beneath her rocky shrine.

Take with you but a mickle pride,
A purse of mickle gold,
And in your heart that joyous tide
The heroes knew of old;
Tie on your back your corded sack
And follow down the miles
To hear the horn that Roland left
Still loud by fall and ferny cleft,
And find his sword of mighty heft
Amid the forest aisles.

Kind friends shall greet you if you will
Believe they shall be kind,
Herders and hedgers, men that spill
The seed before the wind;
And you may pad from Peyrehorade
God-sped to Bridge of Spain.
O Sun above, O Wind that veers,
Be kind! O Cloud, withhold your tears
In pity for the Once-a-years
That may not come again!

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF FASHION.



"GOOD HEAVENS, THERE'S A FELLOW IN OXFORD BAGS!"



"GREAT SCOTT, THERE'S A FELLOW NOT IN OXFORD BAGS!"



"POWERS ABOVE, THERE'S A FELLOW STILL IN OXFORD BAGS!"



Taxi-Driver. "LUMME! WOT D' YER TAKE ME FOR? PADDINGTON CLOAK-ROOM?"

POETIC REFUSALS.

(*Mr. W. B. YEATS refuses to attend another race meeting.*)

I stood among a crowd at Punchestown,
My fancy hung upon a chestnut horse.
I might have won such gold as gilds this gorse
By staking one small glittering half-crown.
But, while I passed before a plashy place,
A bookie in a loud and raucous tone
Cried "Seven-to-two against the field, bar one."
And I forgot my chestnut and his race,
Musing upon a distant Druid land
Where Danaan owners gossip and carouse
And hurdles all are made of quicken boughs.
The chestnut won before I reached the stand.

I wandered on the Curragh of Kildare
Among a gay, exulting, happy crowd.
I should have won that day, had Fate allowed,
Wealth greater than Cuchulain's back could bear,
But that a Senator known all too well
Spoke of his favourites in honeyed tones;
His all-unneeded voice thrilled in my bones
Like some old runic half-forgotten spell,
And I began to dream of blessed skies
Above a faëry course and of a race
Where every horse I backed should win a place.
And at that dreaming I was no more wise.

From "Answers to Correspondents":—

"The *Serapis* with the late King Edward on board went to India via the Surrey Canal in 1875, not 1876."—*Provincial Paper.*

Sir SIDNEY LEE, in his biography of the KING, seems to have missed this detail of the voyage.

TENNESSEE AND DARWIN.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—Now that the case of Mr. John T. Scopes, of Dayton, Tennessee, is no longer *sub judice*, we wish to proclaim our horror and detestation of the theory of DARWIN, which we regard as an insult to our race. I am not the first member of it to make this protest, but the occasion compels me to repeat it. It is to us almost inconceivable that anyone can be led by some superficial resemblance of facial and other characteristics to place any credence in the outrageous supposition that man is descended from the apes. Still the fact remains that this belief has gained ground since it was first promulgated, and we owe it to ourselves to combat it by every means in our power.

Sir, we rely on you to give publicity to our appeal to all fair-minded persons, and we hope that when they have considered human civilization in its latest phases, including such manifestations of the genius of man as the condition of London traffic, the processes of the law in the State of Tennessee, the EPSTEIN Memorial, and the Oxford trouser, they will finally acquit us of all ancestral responsibility.

Yours, etc., JACKO
(*Hon. Sec. of the Union of Organ-Grinders' Monkeys*).

"The struggle between the two men and the two men continued, and all three jumped into the street, Mr. Hulme clinging on to one of the men, who tried to slip out of his coat."—*Daily Paper.*

Falstaff. "I have peppered two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse . . . Four rogues in buckram let drive at me . . ."

King Henry IV., Pt. I.



Amazon. "DO COME IN AND HAVE A DUCKING MATCH, MR. SMILEY. POOR OLD BERTIE IS NO USE, AS WE RATHER DISHED HIS LEG LAST TIME."

HENRY'S BIRTHDAY.

"DADDY, dear," said the Kid, bursting upon us with her usual verve, "I got the highest marks in class to-day. I tried ever so hard as I wanted that money so badly."

There has been a long-standing pact between Henry and the Kid that when she reaches top marks for any subject she shall receive five shillings. This sum has never been claimed owing to the Kid's sheer inability to distinguish herself in any direction. It is hard for Henry and me, who have centred our hopes in our offspring. I cannot help feeling too that she ought to show some brilliance considering that—— But, of course, a child's character is not inherited entirely from the maternal side.

"For what subject did you get the highest marks?" asked Henry eagerly as he plunged his hand into his pocket. "English literature, Latin——"

"No, it was for gym, Daddy. I jumped the highest of everyone in the gymnasium to-day."

Henry's face fell. "Oh, I see—purely a muscular effort. Well, that doesn't count. You must use your brains to win the five shillings."

"But—but, Daddy, you *promised*. I tried so hard and—oh! I must have that five shillings. I simply must."

Over the Kid's face came such a look of deep concern that in a flash I understood. I signed to him to give her the money.

"You see, Henry, your birthday is due soon, and I expect she wants to buy you a present," I said to him later.

In a moment he was all contrition. "And that is why she jumped so high in the gymnasium—all for me. Little pet! The Kid has a good heart, my dear."

"And very long legs, Henry," I reminded him.

* * * * *

On Henry's birthday there was a clumsily tied package from the Kid beside his plate at breakfast. As he opened it his face paled.

"It 's—it 's cigars," he murmured apprehensively—"fifty of them." Then as the Kid came into the room he broke into profuse thanks. "I 'm afraid you 've spent the—the whole of your five shillings," he said.

"Oh, yes, Daddy."

I grew thoughtful because there was something intensely familiar about those cigars. "Aren't they the kind you usually smoke, Henry?" I asked.

He examined them. "Of course they are; they 're a pretty good brand too. The child must have been saving up since before Christmas to buy these."

Tenderly he patted her shoulder. "Poor little girlie! It must have been great self-denial."

Henry indeed seemed quite overcome, and endeavoured to conceal his emotion, like the good old men in melodrama, by blowing his nose and polishing his glasses.

I waited until he had gone out and then sternly I addressed the Kid. "Tell me where you got those cigars," I commanded.

She avoided my eye. "I wanted to give Daddy a present, and I know he likes cigars, and so—so I've been taking one out of the largest box every day for weeks until I 'd enough to fill up a small empty box that he once gave me. You see, Mummie, I couldn't disappoint him on his birthday and I 'd no money——"

"No money," I interrupted. "What became of the five shillings he gave you for getting top marks the other day?"

"Oh, I *had* to have that for a rubber squisher—you know, it's a thing you fill with water and it squirts up to the ceiling, ever so high. But in class to-day——"

I listened to no more. Of course I shan't tell Henry the truth. We women must stand together. But I often wonder which of Henry's relatives the Kid takes after.

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT HOME.

XI.—AN OPENING NIGHT.

Now theatre-tickets for an opening night are very hard to get, because an opening night is the one time when all the principal men-and-women-of-letters in town may be seen together, and this is a sight that everybody else wants to see. The great disadvantage of going to a play on the night it opens, namely, that you have to wait until the next morning's papers appear before you can find out whether the performance was a good one or not, discourages hardly anybody.

Almost the only way of getting a ticket for an opening night is through a newspaper man. I don't know a newspaper man, but Will knows one, a young chap named Kelly who stays up all night for *The Brooklyn Chronicle*; and one evening not long ago Will appeared with two tickets for an opening night.

"First row in the balcony," said Will.

"I'd rather be downstairs," I told him.

Will pulled at the brim of his hat in a way he has when he thinks he is confronted with astounding stupidity.

"And how many do you think you could see if you were downstairs?" said he. "Half-a-dozen at the most. From above you'll be able to see nearly *all* of them. Besides, these two seats" (and he took them out and looked at them) "belong regularly to the dramatic critic of *The Queen's Courier*."

"Lord! has that paper got a dramatic critic?" I remarked, for he named a very small paper published over on Long Island somewhere.

"You don't think a paper could get along without a dramatic critic, do you?" said Will.

I told him I thought if they kept on they would have so many dramatic critics that there wouldn't be enough opinions to go round. Some of them duplicate as it is.

"The idea is," said Will, "that every reader should be furnished with an opinion; if that opinion happens to be the same as the opinion furnished to a reader of some other paper I don't see that any great harm has been done."

Not wishing to get into an argument on this point I changed the subject by asking him if he were going to report the play for *The Queen's Courier*.

"No," he said, "the regular critic is a friend of the manager and the leading woman. He's already written the article, so he gave me the seats, or rather he gave them to somebody who gave them to me."

The management had done everything it could to make the critic of *The Queen's Courier* think well of the show, because they were really excellent seats. By leaning over the railing in front of us we could examine the first ten or fifteen rows of the orchestra, which would include practically all of the critics worth seeing; those sitting farther back than the fifteenth row would be unknown young fellows whom nobody would care about watching anyway.



OWING TO THE CONGESTED CONDITION OF BRACINGTON-ON-SANDS, SIR DRURY HAY, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTOR-MANAGER, WAS VERY GLAD TO ACCEPT THE HOSPITALITY OF A PROFESSIONAL BROTHER.

This opening night was scheduled to open at eight-thirty. We sat down about eight-twenty-five in order to have time to look over the *dramatis personæ* in the first ten rows of the orchestra. But the first ten rows were almost completely empty.

"Where *are* all the boys?" I asked Will.

"Dinner engagements," said Will.

They had some trouble in getting the show started in consequence of the deadlock which occurred because the manager did not want to start the show until the critics were seated, and the critics did not want to be seated until the show started. At five minutes to nine they were still unable to reach an agreement. Then the manager gave in, the lights were put out and the curtain rose.

The entrance of the leading woman conflicted to a second with that of the leading man and was completely ruined; she bounded lightly down some stairs and out on the stage at just the moment when, according to Will, Mr. Karl K. Kurious of *The Brooklyn Gazette* started down the aisle. There wasn't much competition, of course, because nobody saw the leading woman but me, and the only reason I saw her was that until Will punched me I didn't know who Mr. Kurious was.

"Pst!" said Will. "Here they come."

Having carried their point about the raising of the curtain they came in quite promptly. They followed each other down the aisle at about the interval of bridesmaids at a well-conducted wedding. There was a good deal of whispering going on as word was passed back to the unfortunate people in the rear of the balcony, who couldn't see, telling them who had the aisle at a particular moment.

"There's Martin," said Will; "you remember Martin—met him at the Round Table?"

"Sure I remember Martin," I said, and we hung over the rail of the balcony.

In a little while the first ten rows were filled and the rest of the audience settled back and put away their opera-glasses.

"Wait till the intermission," said Will, "when the lights are on again."

It was a pretty long wait, but the intermission finally arrived.

As soon as the lights were turned on the first ten rows stood up and hurried out in order to win a second victory over the manager when the curtain controversy came up again at the beginning of the Second Act.

Will stood up too.

"Let's not go out," I begged him. "I'd like to see the programme; I don't even know what the name of the show is."

"Don't be absurd," said Will; "they've all gone out. Besides, if we stayed here people would take us for hicks and think we'd never been to the theatre before. *Toujours blasé*. Come on."

We went up the aisle of the balcony, and I noticed what I thought was a peculiar fact. The people in the rear, who hadn't been able to see the actors in the first ten rows, were staring at us as if we had forgotten our neckties. This rather embarrassed me; I'm no newspaper man.

Outside I called Will's attention to it.

"From their stares," I said, "we might be critics."



MANNERS AND MODES.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT IN FAVOUR OF SHINGLING.

Will thought hard for a minute. "Do you suppose——" he began incredulously. "Good Lord! I believe they take us for the critic who gave us the seats."

"Impossible," said I.

"Not at all. Everybody knows where the critics are supposed to sit. Dear me, I wish I had brought my old hat."

I didn't care anything about being taken for a critic, and suggested that we should show them we weren't critics by going back to our seats before the next Act started.

"We can't do that," said Will. "They've paid $3.30 to see us come in late; it would be mean to disappoint them."

We stayed in the lobby until the Second Act had got well under way. Then Will said, "Remember not to look at them; look straight ahead;" and we walked down the aisle. I looked straight ahead, but out of the corner of my eye I felt sure I saw some woman focus us into her opera-glasses.

After we got to our seats and things had quieted down a bit I began to get the drift of the play. As far as I could see, the leading woman was planning to run away with her husband's best client. I thought the husband deserved it because she was so much cleverer than he that his life with her must have been very hard on him. He was a good-hearted fellow and I liked him and I thought it would be the best thing that could happen to him. But what worried me was the thought that the leading woman might not get away. She had just come in with her suit-case and begun the customary looking-all-round-her-to-see-if-she-were-followed, when Will punched me and nodded towards the street.

"What's the matter?"

"We'd better be going," said Will.

"Why, there's another Act," I told him. "There are three Acts."

"My dear fellow," said Will, reaching for his hat, "you don't seem to have the slightest conception of what it means to be a critic. Come on."

We walked hurriedly up the aisle, tiptoeing so as not to disturb those childlike people who wished to see the final Act. As we came near the last row I heard somebody whisper to a companion, "There goes Wail of *The Brooklyn Globe*."

On the steps I told Will I really should like to see the rest of the show.

"Let's stand up downstairs and see if she got away."

We stood up at the back of the orchestra and saw the rest. But she didn't get clear away—though only about one-fourth of the theatre was there when she was caught. U. S. A.

"LONDON'S HEAT.
(Sun Cable.)"
New Zealand Paper.

Direct from producer to consumer.

From a recent novel:—

"He stretched his arms, then bent forward and stirred the legs in the huge grate."

This hero evidently suffered from cold feet.

Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's:—

"R. H. Bettington joined Allen at 283 and had the pleasure of cutting the Yorkshireman to square leg for 6."—*Provincial Paper.*

If Mr. BETTINGTON will be so good as to teach us this stroke, we will do our best to show him our on-drive through the slips.

"I heard a laconic spectator say as he left the ground: 'I dunno about their bowling, but I ain't sure the e two coves can't bat a bit.'"—*Daily Paper.*

"Laconic" is good.



Small Girl. "MUMMY, MAY I WEAR KNICKERS TO-MORROW? SKIRTS DON'T SEEM TO BE AT ALL THE THING DOWN HERE."

CAN NOTHING BE DONE?

CAN nothing be done for J. B. HOBBS
To make him sometimes get out for blobs?
Or is he doomed for some dreadful crime
To make centuries till the end of time?
An eminent Harley Street specialist
Says that a nervous action of wrist,
Combined with a lesion of eyes and feet
Which is rapidly growing more complete
Through long indulgence without restraint,
Has at last become an organic complaint,
And only a rest in a nursing-home
And elbow-baths with electric foam,
Or using a bat of exiguous size
And wearing a bandage over the eyes
And batting left-handed after tea,
Can uproot this obstinate malady.

HOBBS went to be "psychoed" the other day,
And the psycho-analyst said to him, "Pray,
Can you remember in early youth
Some terrible shock? Now tell me the truth."
And HOBBS remembered at last and told
How, when a boy of four years old
And a naughty boy, he was rather fond
Of chasing the ducks in the farmer's pond;
And once he chased a particular duck
So far away from its native muck
That it failed at last in wind and leg,
Sat down on the grass and laid an egg;
And HOBBS, triumphant, without alarm
Brought back the egg to show at the farm,
Expecting, of course, to be praised and thanked;
But he wasn't: he got severely spanked.

And the psycho-analyst, looking wise,
Said to HOBBS, who had tears in his eyes,
"It is easy to see how the complex grew
Till a duck became a terror to you.
What you ought to do is to go and slay
A covey of wild-ducks every day,
Or go and see HENRIK IBSEN'S play,
Or keep a duck for a household pet,
And dine upon duck's-egg omelette."

The M.C.C. have at last been moved
To try, if his health is not improved,
To lift from the mind of HOBBS its load
By adding these words to their legal code
Where the ways are mentioned of getting out,
Which do very well for us, no doubt:—
"Excepting HOBBS, who must always be given
Out by the umpire at eighty-seven."
(A rhyme like that, which is painful to me,
Seems sound, of course, to the M.C.C.).

But, suppose the amendment does not pass,
HOBBS will be no better off, alas!
HOBBS will go on with both arms aching
For ever and ever century-making.
Unless he follows the doctor's advice,
Or uses a bat without any splice,
Or slippery boots without any nails,
Or ties an invisible thread to the bails,
He will go on for ever enduring the rigours
Of reaching the three ineffable figures.

Can nothing been done for J. B. HOBBS
To make him sometimes get out for blobs? EVOE.



OUT OF THE SWIM.

JOHN BULL.
MADAME LA FRANCE. } "COME AND JOIN US!"

GERMANY. "I SHOULD LOVE TO, BUT I FEEL RATHER HAMPERED BY THIS STUFFY OLD COSTUME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 20th.—I tremble to think of the language that Lord EMMOTT would have used about the finance of the Teachers (Superannuation) Bill if Lord PEEL had not placated him with compliments for his work as Chairman of the Committee on whose report nine-tenths of the measure was founded, and begged him to deal kindly with the Government for their one lapse from "the inspired text." As it was he declared that their proposal to pay the teachers' contributions into the Exchequer instead of funding them was "a profligate and improper course," the outcome of "improvident and reckless finance," and invited the Peers to register their disapproval. He had the satisfaction (if any) of learning that Lord BANBURY agreed with everything he said. On the contrary Lord HALDANE considered that the Government had yielded through poverty to "a legitimate temptation," and carried with him the majority of the Peers present.

The Labour Party's welcome to Mr. PURCELL on his appearance as Member for the Forest of Dean was well arranged; but the issue of dark red carnations to every Labour man for wear as buttonholes was rather spoilt by the fact that Sir CLEMENT KINLOCH-COOKE was wearing one too. On the ground that Mr. PURCELL during a fraternal visit to Russia was made an honorary member of the Central Soviet Council, Captain ARTHUR EVANS inquired whether the House could admit anyone who was already a member of a foreign assembly. Mr. PURCELL, who had one foot over the Bar, drew it back, but advanced again briskly after the SPEAKER had ruled that the decision lay with the electors of the Forest of Dean. Sir GERALD STRICKLAND, who has a seat in the Malta Parliament as well as for Lancaster, sank back relieved.

Sir HENRY CRAIK asked the Government to preserve the amenities of Abingdon Street and to prevent the old houses opposite the Houses of Parliament from being replaced by some commercial sky-scraper. He rested his plea on the interest, "historical and otherwise," attaching to the street; and Mr. LANSBURY, coming from the general to the particular, asked if this was the place where the Liberal Party's Million Fund was stored.

Mr. HORE-BELISHA, following this lead, asked that at least the Liberal Party's headquarters should be safeguarded. As unfortunately, according to Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON, the Government have no money to purchase the site, the only way of preserving Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's treasure-house would seem to be to schedule it as an ancient monument.



HALF-AND-HALF.
Moscow and Forest of Dean.
MR. A. A. PURCELL.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL has not so much need to talk economy as other Ministers, for he is making his department pay. In the brisk and fairly brief exposition of the Post Office estimates which he gave the House to-day he was able to announce that last year postal revenue increased by two millions. We are not to get penny postage back yet, but many post-offices will keep open later, and London's first automatic telephones will be installed in 1927.



"TRUST!"
The Penny Postage Trick.
THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

Captain FRASER, the Member for St. Dunstan's, in the best speech of the debate, asked why the transmission of the human voice by telephone should be so much worse than its transmission by wireless; and Lord WOLMER, the Under-Secretary for the Post Office, tried to explain what happens when, after twopence has been put into a call-box, the telephone girl gets the wrong number. Breaking all precedents, he admitted the fallibility of the operator: she was sometimes under the impression that the subscriber had got through when the subscriber had not.

Tuesday, July 21st.—Free Trade Peers look forward to a revival of the fine old industry of smuggling if the Party now in power imposes a Tariff, and Lord ABERCONWAY protested that the fun would be spoilt if the Board of Trade, which is taking over the Coastguard, were to man it with landlubbers—mere superannuated gardeners and chauffeurs. Lord PEEL gave an assurance that there was no intention of enlisting as watchers persons who were bad sailors, and on this pledge the Peers accepted the Coastguards Bill.

In the Commons the return of the heat-wave was signalised by the reappearance of Colonel APPLIN's white suit and by a general apathy among the Members.

The few Questions on the Paper were run through twice over in half-an-hour. A momentary spasm of interest was aroused by Mr. BASIL PETO's demand for the removal of the EPSTEIN panel—"this specimen of Bolshevist art," as he called it—from Hyde Park. Judging by the cheers and counter-cheers, opinions evidently differed, and Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON, answering for the FIRST COMMISSIONER, said that, while the Office of Works had received many communications condemning the memorial, others had been "almost lyrical in their praise."

There was much laughter when the PRIME MINISTER, on being asked by Mr. CLYNES what was to be the business for Friday, responded with a list of no fewer than ten measures. As this *menu* for a *jour maigre* surprised Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, Mr. BALDWIN amiably added that he had "tried to consult everybody's taste."

There had been rumours of a breeze over an incident in General Committee, where Mr. BUCHANAN had been reported for saying disrespectful things about its Chairman. But Mr. WHITLEY, remembering how hot those Committee rooms upstairs are, replied with paternal blandness that in forty years such a case had not arisen, and that he hoped Members would continue to show the Chairmen of Committees the respect they showed himself. Mr. BUCHANAN's face registered the half-sheepish relief of a small boy when the Head has brushed aside the offence for which he has been summoned to the sanctum.

Progress was rapid when the Pensions Bill was resumed. Many Members had pleasant duties elsewhere, having been commanded to the first Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, and the principal sign of their absence was that in two divisions the Government majority came down to 43. Later, when Members in frock-coats and morning-coats of widely different dates and cuts began to return to the House, it rose to the normal. A proposal that pensioners who emigrated to the Dominions should still be entitled to their pensions met with a good deal of support from the Ministerialist side, but was ultimately defeated. A little later, however, Mr. N. CHAMBERLAIN, finding himself faced with another Unionist revolt against the suggestion that the provision of the new pensions would lessen the rights of ex-service men and their dependents to the pensions which they now enjoy, moved to report progress.



LAVISH FARE.
MR. BALDWIN AND MR. CLYNES.

Wednesday, July 22nd.—The shortage of man-power was discussed by the House of Lords from two angles. The Bishops of SOUTHWARK and MANCHESTER deplored the lack of working-class dwellings, and attributed it chiefly to the want of labour. What were the Government going to do about it? Nothing at all, to judge by the official reply, which, though entrusted to Lord GAGE, could in no sense be described as "throwing down the Gage to Labour." He quoted statistics showing that half-a-million houses had been completed since the War, but was careful to say nothing about the "dole" or "ca' canny" or trade-union restrictions, but for which the number might have been doubled.

A similar unreality seemed to pervade the Peers' complaints over the slowness of recruiting for the Territorial Army. Lord RAGLAN probably came nearest to the truth when he attributed it to "women, trade unions and motor-bicycles."

Possibly as the result of heat engendered by the conflict in the Cabinet over the new cruisers, the temperature in the House of Commons reached 88° in the shade, and the House was scarcely able to carry on. From the Labour back benches Mr. SPENCER rose to ask the SPEAKER whether more windows could not be opened. Mr. WHITLEY touched his wig as he remarked that he was the worst sufferer, and he added that, though he would do his best to get more air, some of the windows would not open. Mr. SPENCER suggested sending for a man to break them, but the Victorian emblems on the stained glass are hallowed by familiarity and the House did not authorise their destruction. So it toiled on in a monsoon atmosphere where the only comfortable people were Mr. HARDIE, who wore an open shirt, without collar and tie, and Miss WILKINSON, who elaborated from an Order Paper a fan fit for a ball-room.

As for the alleged creators of the heat, Mr. BRIDGEMAN answered questions with the modest restraint and downcast eyes of the man who holds a flush, while Mr. CHURCHILL knitted his brows and looked like NAPOLEON on the *Bellerophon* after the British Navy had got him. Physiognomists across the Floor drew the correct conclusion: "WILLIE" BRIDGEMAN had got his cruisers—six of them in two years, or even seven. But Mr. BALDWIN preferred not to announce the fact till the temperature fell.

Whether the country can afford to build cruisers or not it still has a shot or two in the locker, for when debate was resumed on the Contributory Pensions Bill Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN announced that he had Mr. CHURCHILL's sanction to incur a new charge of three millions by allowing the parents of men killed in the War to draw both the War pension and the new pension. The feeling of the House made any other decision impossible, but after the applause died away Members wondered where the money would come from. Sir ROBERT HORNE, strolling in after dinner, pointed to a henroost where the Approved Societies are accumulating surpluses, but, though the House listened attentively, it was chary about invading a poultry-farm where all the fowls had votes.

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN closed the debate on a grave note. The country indeed was faced with danger, he said, and if collapse came we should have to forgo more than a pensions' scheme. But he still felt we should pull through, and with responsive confidence the House read the Contributory Pensions Bill a third time without a division.

Before doing so it extorted a second concession from the Government—the removal of the proposal to admit the evidence of husband against wife, and *vice versa*, in pensions cases. Legal and lay opinion was against this on both sides of the House, and Mr. LANSBURY stoutly declared that, if called to give evidence against his wife, he would perjure himself wholeheartedly—"and so," he said, "would any one of you."

Thursday, July 23rd.—From the cool even tones of the PRIME MINISTER in announcing the new Naval programme—two cruisers to be laid down in October, two more in February, and thereafter three a year—you would never have guessed that there had been any dissensions over it in the Cabinet. Its moderation was ascribed to "the absence of any naval antagonism between the Great Powers," and there was no suggestion of any conflict between those other Great Powers who dwell over the Admiralty Arch and in Downing Street.

Commercial Candour.

"The antique oak furniture which Messrs. —— are selling by auction on Wednesday includes many pieces which are antique."
Provincial Paper.



Captain of Scratch side (to fast bowler who has started with two wides—one on the off and one on the leg). "YOU 'LL PLACE YOUR WICKET-KEEPER WHERE YOU WANT HIM, WON'T YOU?"

"THE LOUD-SQUEAKER."

IT was the charlady attached to the flat below who christened him that. I have never heard his real name, and there is every prospect of his continuing to remain anonymous. It was the appalling squeak of his boots on the stairs which earned him his title.

I owe the Loud-squeaker much. Not so much, perhaps, as I owe the local milkman, in whose employ he is, but enough for me to realise how grateful I ought to be. For the Loud-squeaker, aged approximately sixteen, red-haired, leathern-lunged and without visible reverence for any living thing, has restored my long-lost faith in the survival of Cockney repartee, in the traditional back-chat of the once-called lower classes.

The Loud-squeaker visits our block of flats every afternoon. He doesn't call upon me personally at that hour, but I am never permitted to forget his arrival. He sings, he clatters with his cans and, above all, he makes an extraordinary variety of noises with his boots.

"Oi picksher yew erporn moy knee—
Jest tea fer two, 'n' two fer tea."

So with popular melodies he enriches the clamour of boots and cans. The building is old-fashioned and has no lift: the landlord has a meagre soul and has not equipped the stairs with carpet. And my rooms have two suites above and two below, and they all, except myself, have milk delivered during the afternoon, so there is no hope of curtailing the Loud-squeaker's visits.

I endured for several weeks. Then, because the thing was getting on my nerves and I found myself in a state of strained attention for half-an-hour before there was any real likelihood of his coming, and completely unable to concentrate upon my work for half-an-hour afterwards, I screwed myself up to the point of remonstrating. The boy should be censured. He should be made to understand that—well, that he mustn't. So upon a day following one upon which he had assured me that

"Oi wornt ter *be* hah-py.
But Oi cawn't *be* hah-py,
Till Oi 've mide yew hah-py tew,"

with milk-can and boot accompaniment, I lay in wait for him.

To be less melodramatic, I opened the door casually as he was passing.

"Pint or 'alf-pint?" he inquired briskly.

"Neither," I said. "Can't you contrive to go up and down these stairs more quietly?"

"Right-o, guv'nor," he concurred instantly. "*Nex' time I'll wear gloves!*"

COUNTRY CLOTHES.

Hyde Park Corner,
What a place to be!
Here we are in country clothes
For London Town to see.
The train wouldn't stop
When we wanted to alight,
But came on to Paddington
Just out of spite.
We daren't pull the cord
(Not a penny had we),
And here we are in London Town—
What a place to be!

Very much frightened
Hand-in-hand we came
All along Park Lane
Because we liked the name.
But there weren't any hedges
Or nice country carts
Or little wild roses
With summer in their hearts.
And yet we met a jolly man
Who said to us, said he,
"How 's the grass growing
In the West Country?"

WHY SHARES GO DOWN.

UNTIL you get to know the reasons why shares go down you would never dream how extraordinarily uncontrollable they are; and when you do get to know them you would never dream that there could be enough people left who presumably do not know them to keep the Stock Exchange on its feet.

Stocks and shares are not, as one began by thinking, cold inanimate things, registering mathematically the amount of tin or platinum dug or not dug out of a mine, or the number of people carried by a railway or served by a store; they are delicate sensitive creatures, with feelings and failings that are almost human, though their failings are far more pronounced than in any human being. They catch colds and influenza; they collapse in heat-waves; they take days off in the middle of a week to go to the races; they fly into a panic at a rumour of a war however frivolous or remote; they take fright at every threat of labour unrest, and at first hint of a bus or railway strike they sink into a state of coma.

Their whole outlook on life is gloomy and pessimistic; their only principle to make the worst of the bad. They are, I think, the things that are ruining British Trade; they are thoroughly unsporting, degenerate, skrimshanking things. All this I know from personal contact with them.

Some months ago I had fifty pounds to play with. So I rang up my stockbroker and asked him to lunch. I told him about my fifty pounds, and we hit on a plan that I should make it over to him as a deposit against my purchase, or rather carrying-over, of four hundred Plonks at 12*s.* 1½*d.* apiece; settlement to be made each fortnight, he to send me a cheque if the shares went up; if they went down, the amount of the drop to be deducted automatically from my fifty pounds.

This was in the days when it was always raining. It had been a trying winter and everyone was getting gastric influenza. My shares succumbed at once to the epidemic, and for two consecutive fortnights four hundred threepences were automatically deducted from my fifty pounds. As my stockbroker pointed out, we couldn't blame the things; it was just the weather and the general depression consequent upon it. I was to mark his words—they would undoubtedly get better, especially after the Budget. They were, in fact, only waiting for the Budget to take a sudden bound upwards. If WINSTON took a shilling off the income-tax they would go to—I forget what it was; but as he took off only sixpence they went down to 11*s.* 3*d.*, which meant an automatic reduction of four hundred fourpence-halfpennies from the balance of my fifty pounds. No one could possibly help this, except of course WINSTON, who, being Chancellor of the Exchequer, was precluded from warning my shares of his Budget intentions. But I could not suppress a feeling of revulsion against my shares for their craven spirit in face of disappointment.

The Budget was followed by the Whitsun holidays, when, as my stockbroker said was the habit of the things, my shares went down for a good ten days' rest prior to making a really determined effort to get on better. But as it turned out the rest did them no good. The sun had come out and was staying out, and all of us were filled with the spirit of summer and a lust for the open air. Golf, racing, hard-court tennis—everything claimed us, except the toil of the city and the strain of making money. To my disgust my shares caught the spirit too; just when the confounded things should have been hard at work paying for my pleasure they were themselves out in pursuit of pleasure, squandering penny-halfpennies by the hundred in the most reckless and dissipated manner, so that by the time the Ascot week came in sight they had become hopelessly demoralised, and I resolved to disown them.

I rang up my stockbroker.

"Just wait till after Ascot," he said. "Things 'll go better then. They 're always slack just now."

So I waited, secretly despising my shares for their intolerable slackness, and wondering why in a world so dependent upon strenuous endeavour my shares should be so readily excused for their lack of stamina.

After Ascot week there came a heat wave and my shares went down with a flop. And just when one hoped they were getting acclimatised to the temperature there came the "Chinese Situation" and they flew into a stupid fright. By now I had lost all patience with them; also I had lost all my fifty pounds. So I rang up my stockbroker and told him to let them go.

"I still think——" he began; but I knew better. Wimbledon was coming—Henley, the Golf Championship, the Varsity Match, Eton and Harrow; there was a faint hint of railway trouble, a tiny rumble in Morocco; St. Swithin's Day was approaching—August Bank Holiday—Grouse Shooting. . . . My shares would never stand up against all this. I let them go. They lost me fifty pounds. Who won it, I cannot say. Some wise old Bear, I expect, who knows why shares go down.

L. B. G.

MR. TOLLEY'S EXAMPLE.

IT is quite impossible to overestimate the importance of Mr. CYRIL TOLLEY'S decision to abandon golf and devote himself for two years to intensive training in lawn tennis, with the view of competing at Wimbledon. Whether we regard his resolve as a protest against excessive over-specialisation or as the result of satiety, it is fraught with momentous possibilities.

But those who are sincerely concerned with racial progress cannot be expected to rest content with one isolated example of the change of a career, in which, moreover, the new occupation is practically in the same domain as the old. They look forward to a wider extension of the principle, and evidence is not wanting that such developments are already emerging into the region of fact. STEVE DONOGHUE, temporarily laid aside by his recent accident, has taken to journalism, and I note with great satisfaction that in one of his articles he quotes a piece of poetry. It is not his own, but that may come. Mr. MUNNINGS, we know, is not only a lover of and delineator of the noble animal, but he also woos the Muse. The omen is auspicious. Who knows but that STEVE may not give us a cycle of sonnets on famous racehorses or an epic of the Turf? Literary interests can be combined and alternate with a life of strenuous practical activity. Sir OSWALD STOLL is known to most people as a manager and director of music-halls and picture palaces; but he is also a philosopher, the author of *The Grand Survival: a Theory of Immortality by Natural Law*, and works on high finance. Mr. MELBOURNE INMAN is a great player of billiards, but he is a deep thinker. I should not be in the least surprised if it were to turn out that he was engaged on an exhaustive commentary on BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy*, or a treatise on the Greek Cynics.

Then, again, there is a strong rumour going about that, when JACK HOBBS has eclipsed W. G.'s record, he is going to take up polo. It may be so; but the change may be in a totally unexpected direction; he may be meditating an investigation of the views of FREUD and the Behaviourists, or of the function of the cerebral cortex. PARKIN'S literary tastes are pronounced, but he has not yet given them free scope. I should like to see him devoting his talents to an examination of BERGSON'S theory of laughter, or the quantum explanation of the Zeeman triplet, or to an expression of his sympathy with the unfettered expansion of evolutionary teaching in Tennessee.



Mistress. "CAN YOU LET US HAVE DINNER RATHER EARLIER?"
New Cook. "LOR, YES. I'LL JUST TURN THE GAS A BIT HIGHER."

We cannot all be Admirable Crichtons. It would be unfair to expect Mr. BERNARD SHAW, after surpassing SHAKESPEARE and eclipsing VOLTAIRE, to rival Captain WEBB, though as a swimmer he is said to be quite as good as SWINBURNE. The career of an Admirable Crichton, again, is not conducive to longevity. It is possible to be the victim of versatility as well as the slave of a concentrated specialization. The true ideal is to provide oneself with a second string; to lead the double life blamelessly. The proverbial condemnation of "the Jack of all trades and master of none" is not without justification, but it needs to be interpreted carefully or it may lead the injudicious to rush to the opposite extreme. The perennial youth of Lord BALFOUR, who has combined statesmanship with music, philosophy with golf, and lawn-tennis with psychical research, is a great testimonial to the salubrious and nutritive effect of change. But while we may take him as an exemplar we must not expect to "duplicate" his achievements. As a modern scientific writer beautifully observes, "It is only occasionally that an omnivore can take in everything and digest and so metabolise it as to organise it into healthy mental tissue."

In any case we should be grateful for the existence of these versatile *virtuosi*. They add savour to life; they embellish the arid annals of the obvious with vivid and refreshing oases of surprise, which is the most precious element of recreation. They provide the industrious personal paragraph-monger with unfailing materials for his budget of brevities. Above all they are a perfect and priceless godsend to all writers of light leaders, "middles," otiose essays and irrelevant *causeries*—to all, in fact, who illustrate LESLIE STEPHEN'S genial definition of journalism as "writing for pay upon matters of which we are ignorant."

SUGAR CANDY.

STUDENTS of history know that King Reginald of Raravia has come down to posterity as King Candy, out of compliment, it is supposed, to the amiability of that simple but well-liked monarch. The following story, which I heard recently, seems to give another origin to the nickname.

After Cinderella married her Prince they lived happily ever after—oh, for years and years!—and Cinderella—she was Queen now, of course, for the Prince had succeeded his father long ago—had a grown-up grandson.

You can't imagine your Cinderella as a grandmother, I expect, but you must try to, for as such she is necessary to the story; and it is quite possible, inevitable sometimes even, for the youngest and prettiest people to become grandmothers; and it doesn't prevent them from keeping young or pretty either, especially if they have, like Cinderella, a sense of humour.



"THE GRAND DUKE REGINALD . . . WAS IMPRESSIONABLE."

I 'm going to call her Cinderella for old sake's sake, but you must, please, picture her as a very stately little old lady indeed, with a way with her, and strings of decorations and Orders and high-sounding names, and a crown on her head sometimes and a twinkle in her eyes always.

Her grandson was the Grand Duke Reginald; he was son of the Crown Prince, and he was twenty years old, a bit of an ass and in the Guards.

The Crown Prince, his father, hardly ever came to Town; he was frightfully taken up with shorthorns and roses, and so he lived in the country. He was spoken of as a recluse, but he was only lazy.

The Grand Duke Reginald however was fond of society of all sorts. He was impressionable. Take for example the affair of Miss Jennifer Joy ("Jenny for Joy," as she would humorously autograph her photos).

Miss Joy was very impressively pretty indeed, and at the Wriggle-Wraggle Theatre she danced divinely.

Reginald was as impressed as only a youthful Guardsman can be, and, as he was heir to the Crown, his devotion was *pâté de foie gras* to Miss Joy (but at heart she preferred sausage and mashed any day), while his attentions caused her, so some said, to be "more odious than ever."

Personally I don't consider that Jenny Joy was odious at all; she was only young and very regrettably conceited; but then she was very regrettably spoilt.

However, to such lengths did her silly self-esteem carry her that what *do* you think she contemplated? You 'll be shocked, I know, but it was nothing less than the persuasion of the love-sick Reginald to borrow his grandmother's little, old, magic glass slippers, which were put away with the Crown jewels, and to let her, Jenny, wear them at a forthcoming Arts' Ball. Did you *ever* hear the like? And she had the presumption to think that they would fit her too.

I ought to say here, in case you don't know, that the fairy-godmother had (and what more likely?) given Cinderella, as wedding present, the fellow of the little glass slipper that she'd lost at the ball and which the Prince had picked up; so she had the pair of them for keeps.

Reginald was greatly concerned when Jenny made her request; one of the state coaches, now, or some jewels—but the glass slippers!

"Absolutely imposs., my dear child," said he: "Grandmamma would *never* allow it; and," he added hopefully, "perhaps they would be too sm——"

"How can you talk like that?" said Jenny. "Of course they wouldn't be a bit too small; and *need* Her Nibs know?" (Wasn't Jenny rude?) "And I'm sure you could easily manage it if you tried; and you don't love me."

Now, if your name is Reginald and you have a weak chin, and if you are in love at the same time, and if your beloved talks like that, why, it's ten to one that you'll promise simply *anything*.



"CINDERELLA SENT FOR THE COURT CONFECTIONER."

So Reginald said he 'd see, and Jenny said he was rather a dear boy. And she told her best friend, called Maud, about the slippers.

But that 's where Jenny went wrong, for Maud was a niece of Cinderella's maid, Higgins, who had been with her for years and years. And Maud told her aunt what Jenny had said, and Higgins thought it her duty to tell Cinderella how "His Grace, poor dear young gentleman," was being put upon.

Now Cinderella, who was an inveterate match-maker, had been meaning to marry Reginald to the wealthy and virtuous princess of a neighbouring land. The princess's name was Selina: that will help you to imagine her. And Miss Joy, of whom Cinderella had heard, was interfering with her plan.

Cinderella had a nimble brain and she saw at once, in what Higgins had said, a chance of letting Reginald make Jenny look so foolish that she would certainly send him about his business, which was, of course, to marry Selina. So she said, "Thank you, Higgins; you did well to mention it." And her eyes twinkled more than ever.

And Cinderella sent for the Court Confectioner. And the Court Confectioner came in his white linen coat, and Cinderella told him to make for her out of the best colourless sugar-candy a pair of slippers on the model of the famous little glass ones, of which she gave him the measurements. But she said they must be, oh! about two sizes larger at *least*.

And the Court Confectioner did as directed, and the sugar-candy slippers looked just like the glass ones, only bigger. But you 'd not have noticed that unless you saw the two pairs together. Then Cinderella hid the glass slippers on the top of the wardrobe and put the candy ones in the case with the Crown jewels.

Reginald had promised Jenny that he 'd bring the slippers with him to the ball; she could put them on there, and he could take them back afterwards: and he *did* hope nobody would know.

But Jenny hadn't been able to resist talking, and it was all over the place that she was actually to wear the truly fairy godmother slippers. They were betting on the Stock Exchange as to whether Jenny could get them on or not.

Cinderella wasn't surprised when, on the night of the ball, Reginald borrowed the key of the Crown jewel-case in order to get out some ancestral studs that he wanted to wear at the Archbishop's.

She gave him the key with a smile and her best wishes for a pleasant evening. Reginald said that he would personally put the studs away when he came in, and that he would return the key to her in the morning.



"JENNY GAVE A SQUEAL OF DELIGHT WHEN SHE SAW THE SLIPPERS."

Jenny gave a squeal of delight when she saw the slippers: she first went into ecstasies and then into the cloak-room to put them on. They fitted her splendidly, and in spite of herself she 'd been just a wee bit nervous about that.

When she entered the ball-room a minute later she was fonder of herself than ever, and her feet were the cynosure of all eyes, as a reporter put it, using the expression for the first time.



"SHE SEEMED ROOTED TO THE FLOOR."

Of course you can guess what happened. After Jenny had been round the room about twice she, who usually danced like a cork on a mill-race, seemed to Reginald to be moving as stickily as a cow in a lane or, if you prefer a more graceful simile, as a gazelle in a quicksand; and presently the poor child got mighty red and had to stop. She seemed rooted to the floor. Then, while everybody tip-toed and tittered, the sugar-candy began to melt properly, and almost before you could say *marron-glacé* she was standing with her pretty feet, for they were very pretty, in two little pudgy messes of molasses.

Jenny had literally to be lifted out of the wreck of her slippers and carried from the room: and she got some of the messy stuff on her fingers, and she licked it off primitively (she was but eighteen), and she said, "Sugar-candy, by gum!"

But the candy had spoilt two things — Jenny's silk stockings permanently, and the floor for an hour or more; in fact a bit of it had to be roped off for the rest of the night.

It had also made Jenny quite pardonably cross.

But she was a young woman of spirit, and she wasn't going to let it spoil her evening too, so she went home and changed her stockings, and came back and danced like a feather till six in the morning: but not with Reginald, to whom she said, outspokenly, just what she thought. The whole matter was extremely disagreeable, so Reginald went home before supper; and he was greatly relieved when he got there to find the glass slippers in the Crown jewel-case.

When, next morning, he returned the key his grandmamma made no comment. Nor did Reginald.

Finding that Jenny refused to be pacified—but perhaps he didn't try *very* hard, he was beginning to get tired of being laughed at; and on her part Jenny was, between ourselves, getting to find her Duke a bit of a bore—Reginald shortly afterwards married Selina.

Jenny bestowed upon him, as a sort of wedding Honour, the nickname of Candy, which has proved to be as sticky as it sounds, since it has stuck to him till to-day, as you know.

Jenny herself eventually married the man who played the trombone at the Wriggle-Wraggle and lived happily ever after.

So did Reginald.

"CHAIRS, DECK . . . 2."

ONCE upon a time our Mess Secretary obtained from the Quartermaster two deck-chairs for use in the Mess garden. A short while ago our heaviest Captain, who as a subaltern was nearly court-martialled for being in unlawful possession of a field-officer's stomach and has not mended his ways since, sat down abruptly on one, breaking the framework; while the next day a waiter "dusted" the seat out of the other. The result was that the Mess Sec. sent the remnants of our two deck-chairs in to the Quartermaster for repair. After the lapse of a fortnight the following correspondence ensued:—

From Mess Sec. to Q.M.

"Some while ago I sent two deck-chairs to you for repair, please. Will you say when they will be ready?"

From Q.M. to Mess. Sec.

"I cannot trace two deck-chairs. I have here *one* deck-chair at present still in pieces, please."

From Mess Sec. to Q.M.

"The pieces you have are not *one* deck-chair, please. They are *two* deck-chairs, as under:—

Chairs, deck, less deck . . . 1
Chairs, deck, less chair . . . 1

Will you please repair and return both deck-chairs to me, please?"

From Q.M. to Mess Sec.

"I cannot agree with your statement. I have only

Decks, deck-chair 1
Chairs, deck, less deck . . . 1

If you wish I will amalgamate these to form—

Chairs, deck, complete with deck and chair . . . . . 1."

From Mess Sec. to Q.M.

"I am afraid this will not get me out of my difficulty. I shall still be a deck-chair deficient at the Barrack Officer's forthcoming inspection."

From Q.M. to Mess Sec.

"Theoretically you will not be a deck-chair deficient. You will have on your books—

Chairs, deck, complete . . . 1
Chairs, deck, less deck and chair 1

Thus no deficiency arises, please."

From Mess Sec. to Q.M.

"I don't think Captain Bayonet will agree with this. The sensations produced by sitting down on a Chair, deck, less deck and chair, seem much the same to me as those caused by sitting down on a deficiency."

From Q.M. to Mess Sec.

"I cannot concur. You have forgotten that a Chair, deck, less deck and chair, would still comprise

Nails, wire, 2in. . . . . ¼ lb.
Glue, fish, best . . . . . 1 oz.

I would point out that a deficiency contains none of these. Captain Bayonet would be in the best position to observe the difference."



IN A GOOD CAUSE.

Mr. Punch has to appeal once more, in very urgent circumstances, on behalf of the East London Hospital for Children at Shadwell. The Hospital has existed for sixty years to serve the needs of one of the poorest and most densely-populated districts of London. Its management is conducted with the utmost economy, but it now has an overdraft of £9,000. Unless this sum can be raised at once it will have to close its doors. On the occasion of the Hospital's last appeal to the public, nine years ago, the generous friends of Mr. Punch contributed £4,000. He now begs them very earnestly to renew their kindness. Gifts will be gratefully received and acknowledged by The Secretary of "Punch," 10, Bouverie Street, Whitefriars, E.C. 4.

From Mess Sec. to Q.M.

"All right, then; will you please let me have back my nails and glue, and I will call them a second deck-chair for the inspection? I cannot be held responsible for what Captain Bayonet will call them."

From Q.M. to Mess Sec.

"Herewith your nails and glue. I must state however that, whereas *theoretically* these represent a deck-chair on the books, as I stated above, the Barrack Officer is eminently a *practical* person and will expect definitely to see a real chair. It would be best therefore to obtain a Deck, deck-chair and a Chair, deck-chair, and complete these with the enclosed nails and glue; and the only way to do this is to indent for a Chair, deck, complete, and then abstract the deck and chair. I would point out, however, that this would involve bringing a third deck-chair on your books, which would be recorded as a Chair, deck, complete, but would in reality have been reduced by you to a Chair, deck, less deck and chair. To remedy this further deficiency you might indent for another Chair, deck, complete and abstract the . . ."

There were four more pages, and the Mess Sec. lost his temper. His next letter read quite simply:—

"You know I sent you two deck-chairs. You are a silly old buster. Please."

The Q.M. at once replied very stiffly—

"To Mess Sec.

"SIR,—I regret I cannot continue this correspondence further. I shall tell the Barrack Officer that at the annual inspection he must expect to see either two deck-chairs, complete, or a receipt signed by me in explanation of the deficiency. Without this receipt you will be unable to state that I have received Chairs, deck, complete, two, from the Mess. C. E. LEDGER,
Capt. and Q.M."

Honours at this point apparently rested with the Q.M., but our Mess Sec. was a man of resource. Having ordered the repair and return of his solitary deck-chair, he tore off the final lines of the Q.M.'s last letter, beginning at "I have received," and thus had his receipt at the inspection for two Chairs deck, complete.

Brightest Cricket.

Middlesex *v.* Lancashire:—

"Only 25 minutes were occupied in scoring 50 runs . . . Three minutes later the crowd cheered the century—the quickest scored at Old Trafford this season."
Evening Paper.

Or anywhere else.

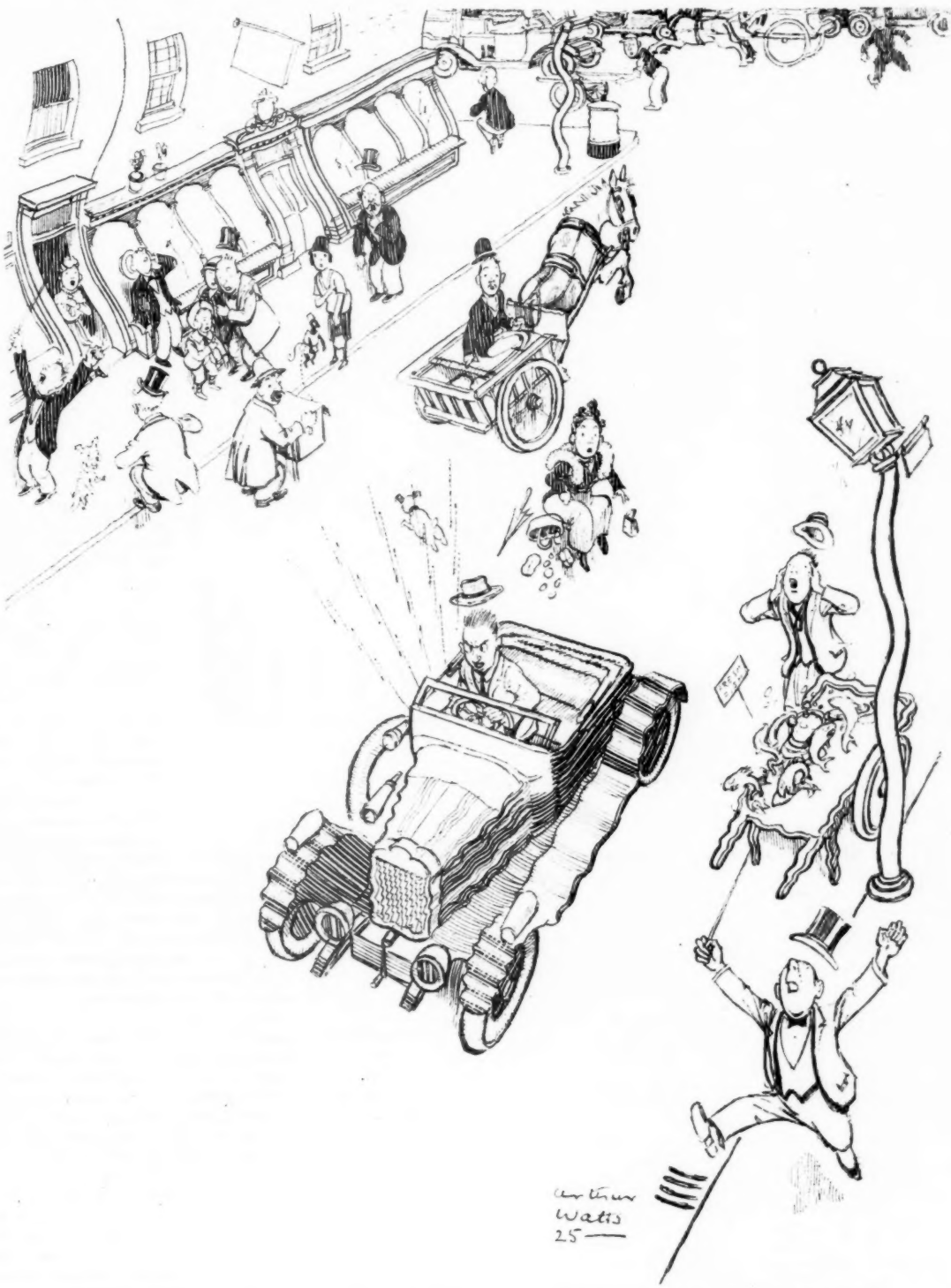
Hobbs the Miraculous.

"Hobbs scored 60 out of 14 before lunch."
Sunday Paper.

Perhaps the scorer had lunched early.

"The Home Secretary has not yet managed to persuade the miners to come into the conference, but, if there is anything in a name, he will yet do it. What is the function of a Bridgeman if not to join side to side?"
Sunday Paper.

But perhaps JOYNS-ON (the well-known name of the First Lord of the Admiralty) does it even better.

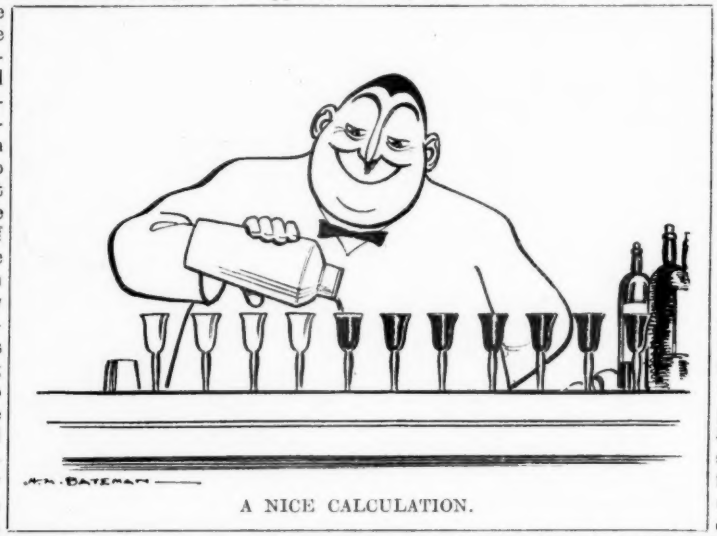


WHAT IT FEELS LIKE WHEN YOU MAKE A REALLY BAD GEAR-CHANGE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Orvieto Dust (CONSTABLE) might have been written to illustrate PATER's saying that "the composite experience of all the ages is part of each one of us." Certainly it is part of Mr. WILFRANC HUBBARD, who in two of the three stories which make up his new volume has been able (far more convincingly than was the case in *Shadows on the Palatine*) to recapture the essential air of two past eras. Uncanny eras both of them, the first century and the sixth; the latter producing "Humillimus," the legend of a Christian ascetic, the former "Lygdus," the story of a pagan sybarite. *Humillimus* starts life as *Dulcissimus*, the pampered darling of a patrician widow, in an age of fierce rapacities and fiercer renunciations. His story is said to be reconstructed from a contemporary Life written by a friend, the lady's steward, in ungainly uncials. Underneath this, thanks to an ammoniated wash, is discovered, in noble rustic capitals, an account of the love-affairs and intrigues of *Lygdus*, a merry bachelor of the reign of CLAUDIUS. The first tale of all, "Romoletto," accounts for and gives point to the subsequent couple. *Romoletto*, a typical urchin of modern Italy, up to all manner of tricks but looking like "a little Saint John in search of a Holy Family," is the *protégé* of a youngish doctor and an elderly monk. The doctor professes to look after his body, the monk his soul; and between these two hostile provinces there is a large debatable land over which both authorities good-humouredly wrangle. The main question at issue—is *Romoletto* to be brought up for a heaven here or a heaven hereafter?—is commented on by the two stories of the palimpsest, which is discovered by the monk and communicated by him to the doctor. It is this apt application of the two old examples to a contemporary problem that lifts *Orvieto Dust* clean out of the category of mere erudition. Mr. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM's preface—not one of his inimitable best—is hardly worthy of this distinguished and original book.



A NICE CALCULATION.

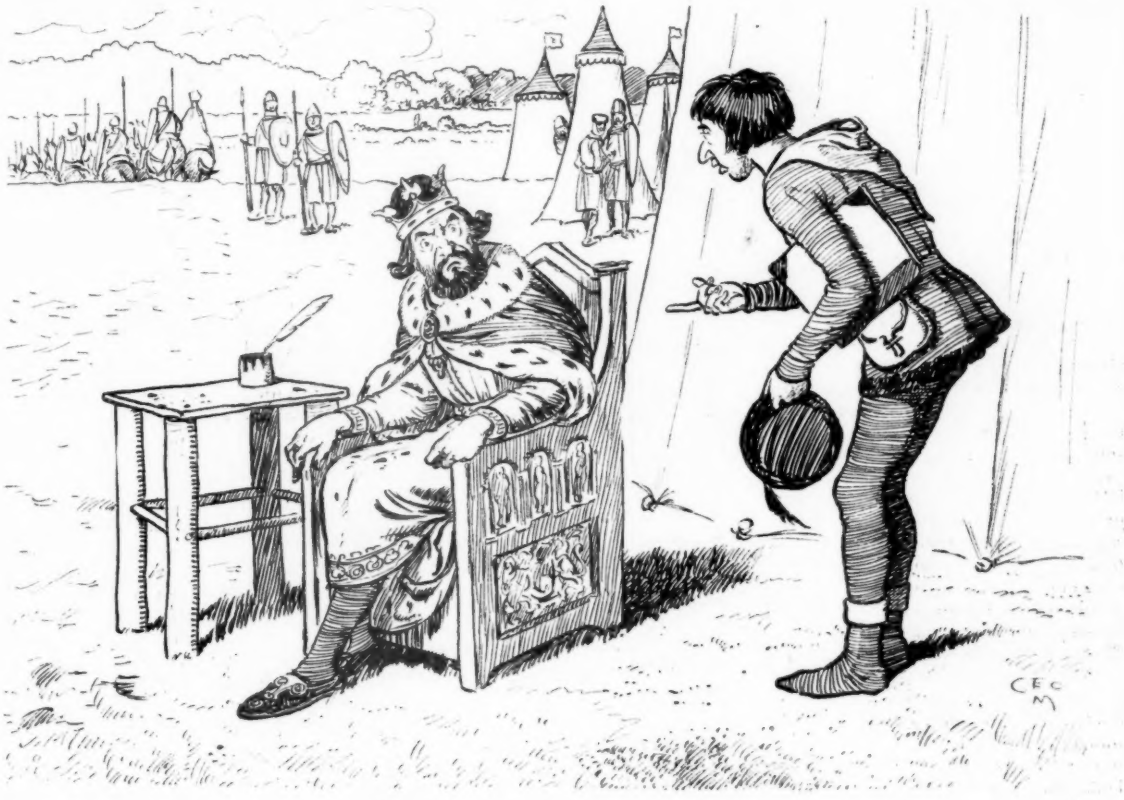
'Twixt Aviemore and Braes of Mar
There lies a land—and what land?
High land it is, high hills there are—
The Cairngorm Hills of Scotland;
And that 's the name of this new book
By Mr. SETON GORDON,
And bonnier theme a man ne'er took
This side, I 'll swear, of Jordan.

Each chapter is a thing apart,
But each doth us inveigle
Unto the corries of the hart,
The high tops of the eagle;
Their lovely names the pages fill;
Here 's sunshine and hail-storm stones;
Here 's flowers and fauna of "the hill,"
And how to find Cairngorm stones.

And folk-lore 's here for your delight,
And Mr. GORDON rich is
In "spectres fell of fiendish height,"
And fairy-tales and witches;
Last, lots of photos, view on view,
Of plateau, peak and pass 'll
Enchant you, as the book will too,
Which comes from Messrs. CASSELL.

Notwithstanding the success of *The Green Hat*, I am inclined to think that the short story is the medium best suited to Mr. MICHAEL ARLEN's wit and to the peculiarly hard brilliance of his style. Read almost any one of the tales he has now collected under the title of *May Fair* (COLLINS) and you will note how completely he is master of his instrument. To the everyday equipment of the story-teller he adds the last and best gift, the surprise which satisfies even while it surprises. But having said that much in Mr. ARLEN's favour I must part company with him, or if not with himself at least with the general body of his admirers. For these stories, as you scarcely need to be told, all concern that particular little set of "charming people" with which Mr. ARLEN has so closely and so successfully identified himself. And I for one grow tired of them. The charm of these dear creatures grows faint, their essential futility more apparent. Let this be the end of them. They have served Mr. ARLEN well; they cannot support the whole library bookshelf which he is still young enough to fill. In saying this I may be pushing at an open door, inasmuch as the last of the sketches is entitled "Farewell, These Charming People." But it is not only cowards who die many times before their deaths, and the farewell in this book seems to be a particularly faint-hearted one, leaving room for many "last bows" and "unrecorded episodes." Let him be firm with these friends of his, not shrinking even from that "touch of inhumanity" without which, as he rightly says, the parting guest is seldom successfully sped.

Whether Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD is a heaven-born statesman or something quite different is a point on which opinions may differ; but the sternest and most unbending of die-hards could hardly deny him a pretty talent for journalism. He has a lively pen at the service of a quick brain and an observant eye, and his Celtic exuberance, with which, like an earlier tenant of Downing Street, he is sometimes just a little intoxicated, is nicely tempered with the spirit of criticism. His *Wanderings and Excursions* (CAPE) have taken him far afield, and it has been his habit for a score of years and more to record his impressions of cities and men in the papers which Socialists read and Tories might do worse than read. Now, in violation of the promptings of modesty, he has allowed a sheaf of these impressions to be garnered into a volume, which is not even bound in red and might be placed on the shelves of the Carlton Club



HISTORIC EXAMPLES OF NERVE.

JOURNALIST ARTIST ASKING KING JOHN TO GIVE HIM A POSE IN THE ATTITUDE OF SIGNING A STATE DOCUMENT.

library without serious danger of conflagration. It is true that there are politics in the book, for many of Mr. MACDONALD'S journeys have been on the errands of his creed, but in writing of them he has been more concerned with atmosphere and personalities than with argument. Some of his little sketches of foreign colleagues are not untouched with a pleasant malice, and, if he dislikes a Tory, he despises a Communist. I find him most attractive, however, on his native heath, when he is revisiting old haunts on Moray Firth or tramping with knapsack on back and a song on his lips into the heart of the Grampians. For once across the Border the internationalist becomes an ardent patriot, and the economic sins of Society are forgotten in the contemplation of Caledonian virtues. If even here the cloven hoof now and then peeps out of the nailed boot to administer a passing kick to the Capitalist in his Rolls-Royce (let us refrain from the cheap and obvious *tu quoque*), that is only a particular effect of the humanity which characterises the EX-PREMIER'S very readable pages.

One is apt to forget that, not so long ago, slavery was as much a fixture in the world as war is now; recognised though deplored by religion, promoted by secular authority, largely carried on by (and still more largely lucrative to) persons of the utmost respectability and virtue. Yet all this comes back, with something of encouragement to the would-be reformer, in reading Miss MARY JOHNSTON'S fine novel, *The Slave Ship* (BUTTERWORTH). This opens, I am sorry to say, inadequately, with a rather affected account, in the "St. Ives" vein, of the escape of *David Scott*, Jacobite prisoner, from the Tolbooth. But once *Scott* is recaptured and sold for a slave in Virginia the hunt is up in good earnest. After two spells of bondage he escapes, makes his way to a port, and is lucky enough to find a particularly clannish relative in the captain of an out-going vessel. No sooner, however, is the *Janet* under way than the escaped slave realizes that he has taken service on a slaver. On this follow his voyage to Africa, his sojourn by the barracoon at Daga, his expedition up-country to meet a detachment of the *Janet's* cargo, and his experience of the Middle Passage—all of which provide a generous sufficiency of adventure. But the chief interest of the book lies in its grasp of the personalities involved in the central problem: *Scott* himself, *"Holy" Bartram* the captain, *Colley* the surgeon, and innumerable owners, factors and purveyors of slaves, most of them on the nobler side of "decent," and all of them compounding with their consciences over their tragic means of livelihood. *Scott*, of course, knows what slavery is; the rest only imagine it. Still he, too, learns to put self-interest first, and before his final emancipation (a crisis very movingly devised) he has helped to quell two risings and succeeded to his kinsman's command. The manner of his story (he is the narrator throughout) is, after that first incongruous chapter, sternly reticent; but so striking is



Master (*meeting prize-winner*). "WHAT 'S YOUR BOOK, SMITH?"
Smith Minor. "SHAKESPEARE, SIR."
Master. "HA, EXCELLENT. FOND OF SHAKESPEARE, SMITH?"
Smith Minor (*judicially*). "DON'T MIND HIM, SIR."

the material employed that I cannot remember a single page that this austerity fails to enhance.

Mr. G. P. JACOMB-HOOD, portrait painter and illustrator, has a most amazing memory for friendly faces. In *With Brush and Pencil* (MURRAY) he sets out to tell the story of his own life and doings, but he can never complete even so much as half a page of personal adventure or accomplishment without being brought up by the mental image of some old familiar acquaintances, whose personality he feels he must recall before going further with his own history. He thus advances by a series of side-steps, as it were in a dance like a kind of grand chain—hand-shakes right and left and an extra twirl with each for old remembrance' sake. These numerous distracting friends include almost every man and every woman of repute in art circles for the last half-century; so the method of progression, though perhaps a little dizzying, is by no means dull. His own adventures range from much good riding and sailing with a friend or two, when he generally rather forgot the artist in the sportsman, to tiger-shooting with kings and princes in India, where, however, his most exciting experience was the rescue of a royal teacup about to plunge into a royal lap. He is indeed rather an expert in stately tours and durbars, and his book shows entertainingly under what difficult conditions the illustrator of such majestic progresses sometimes has to exercise his craft. In matters of art he is always, as admirers of his work will not need to be reminded, refreshingly sane and old-fashioned, loving beautiful things for their beauty, and showing little patience with what he would condemn as the Puck-inspired nonsense of the ultra-moderns.

I had not read many chapters of *The Immortal Girl* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) before I began to suspect that its aim was not directed at mere men. And this suspicion became a certainty when, on page 100, I encountered the following: "Marigold found herself where most of you (I expect) find yourselves only too monotonously often—alone with a young man in a taxi." "BERTA RUCK" must then be writing for young women, and for a certain class of young women at that; and most sincerely do I hope that she has not wasted her time and her talent. My private opinion, speaking as a male, is that her men-readers will not be greatly entertained by this story of a woman who, at an age when she was in considerable danger of becoming a frump, swallowed an elixir, with the result that her years promptly fell from her and she looked like a young and charming girl. If her subsequent adventure, when introduced to a family who were extremely modern both in conversation and mode of life, may be described as "bright," I am not prepared to make any advance on that epithet.

History Re-written.

Beneath a picture:—

"Versailles, the vast palace whence Marie Antoinette was led to the Bastille."—*Motoring Paper*.

The latter having been rebuilt for her accommodation?

CHARIVARIA.

THE fact that England beat Australia at croquet received very little notice in the Press. Fleet Street was apparently too stunned.

* * *

Owing to the electrification of more sections of its lines the Southern Railway has some locomotives to dispose of. Here is an opportunity for sentimental season-ticket holders to secure souvenirs.

* * *

"Go to Wembley," says a newspaper peer. We can't think what we have done to displease his lordship that he should address us like this.

* * *

A small boy caught bathing in the Trafalgar Square fountain had his picture published by several newspapers. He was shown in conversation with a policeman. This is the sort of thing that makes actors discharge their publicity agents for lack of ideas.

* * *

An American lady-singer has described Dean INGE as "a shy old darling." We should like to have heard the DEAN saying, "Forward puss!" when he read this.

* * *

Dr. STILES, of Bournemouth, is urging mothers to sunburn their children. One little fellow, upon overhearing his father say he would like to see Willie nicely tanned, decided to leave home and become a pirate.

* * *

A fish landed at Grimsby the other day weighed a quarter-of-a-ton. A chronic angler writes to say that small ones like that should always be returned.

* * *

The strike of bank-clerks at Marseilles has spread to Paris, but we are given to understand that clients in the Gay City need have no fears for the safety of their overdrafts.

* * *

Under the new Merchandise Marks Bill, all imported meat will have to be marked. It has long been felt that boarding-house steaks should have their country of origin engraved on them.

* * *

A music-hall comedian says that his idea is to make people laugh. We hope he had a success with this one.

* * *

A brewer has a son who is a poet. Possibly his idea is to stimulate the demand for his father's output.

* * *

A surveyor is wondering what becomes of the portion of road which is worn away by motor cars. Apparently he 's never seen the average pedestrian brushing his clothes.

* * *

"According to the theory of gravitation," says a writer, "when we move we move the earth," but in these days of housing shortage you 've got to move both heaven and earth before you can move.

* * *

If Sir BARRY JACKSON does produce *Hamlet* in modern costume we hope he won't put the *Ghost* in Oxford trousers.

* * *

A combined flower-show, baby-show and dog-show was recently held at Birmingham, but we can hardly believe that one Pekingese won the first prize in all three sections.

* * *

Our present consumption of matches is said to be two hundred million per day, but then of course they haven't quite done discussing the manœuvres at Jutland in the Clubs.

* * *

Some of the very latest buses have a larger platform at the back, and the idea seems to be to carry some of these small two-seaters as passengers' luggage until the open country is reached.

* * *

The Metropolitan Water Board have appointed an official water-taster. It must be an impressive sight to watch him deciding whether the Kensington 1924 has more body than the Bayswater 1925.

* * *

The Yorkshire Post says of the coal crisis that there was nothing to prevent a meeting but the interpretation of the word "withdrawal." It 's something very like this that prevents some men meeting their bank managers.

* * *

It is suggested that the City pigeons need thinning. Nothing is said about the City aldermen.

* * *

Speaking at Peterborough during the Hound Show the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND protested against the wearing of fox-skins by women. It cannot be too widely known that the only creatures entitled to wear fox-skins are foxes.

* * *

At a meeting of the National Association of Outfitters the disclosure was made that men's feet are growing bigger. Possibly an effort of nature to counteract the effect of Oxford trousers.

* * *

The summer has proved so popular that there is some talk of having another one next year.

* * *

A flight of eighteen aeroplanes flying in formation recently passed over Yarmouth. Local landladies are thinking of charging it as an extra.

* * *

"Squirrel chokers" was the heading of a recent fashion paragraph. This choking of squirrels must be put down.

* * *

Lightning has struck and destroyed sixteen saxophones in a London music store. We don't get enough storms.



IF YOU MUST STAY IN LONDON DURING AUGUST, DO TAKE AN EARLY DIP IN THE SERPENTINE AND DRY YOURSELF WITH A CANTER UP THE ROW IN THE MORNING SUN.

A Late Start.

"Mr. George ——, a well-known orator in the north, started life as a grocer's boy, aged seventy-seven."—*Daily Paper.*

"Wanted, Young Man to deliver milk, etc."
Provincial Paper.

Some dairymen in their deliveries are inclined to overstress the "etc."

"Lady wishes to dispose of practical baby's trousseau, not used."—*Daily Paper.*

A practical baby would naturally object to marrying at such an early age.

"Barbel, dace, roach, chub, perch, bream, and eels have been caught in the Thames, which continues in very fair summer fishing condition in spite of the draught."
Daily Paper.

The above fish often catch cold from a draught after getting wet.

HOLIDAYS AND THE PRESS.

So to the sea you swarm like flies,
The sea, the woods, the hills (eternal),
That August rapture in your eyes
(Although the crush may be infernal),
Whether you 've earned this happy lot
(Like me) by patient merit, or have not.

And Press-reporters, left behind
Exploring London's railway-stations,
Tell us they cannot call to mind
In any previous vacations
A case of such congested bliss,
An "exodus" (their word) to equal this.

And mainly to the sea you go,
For which you have a natural liking,
Since you are sailors born and know
The naval instincts of the Viking;
There to assert your valiant breed
By paddling knee-deep in the salt sea-weed.

And some, more daring yet, will steep
Their total frame in Ocean's surges,
While others, reckless of the deep,
A spirit of adventure urges
To foreign shores right out of sight,
Or else, at any rate, the Isle of Wight.

And day by day, week in and out,
While you are at your care-free capers
You will expect to draw, no doubt,
Your punctual supply of papers,
And learn, in that salubrious air,
How stuffy London lives with you not there.

Ah! sometimes, as your souls rejoice
Drinking those annual draughts of beauty,
Sometimes (on Wednesday morns, for choice)
Think of the Press, the slaves of Duty;
Think of us butchered (so to say)
To make more bright a British holiday. O. S.

THE ELEMENTS OF HEALTH.

(*With acknowledgments to the public utterances of a well-known authority on hygiene.*)

THOSE who study my articles with any degree of care will have observed that week after week and sometimes day after day—according to the frequency of issue of the paper for which I am writing—I have set my face towards Health and that I still take my stand upon it—Health, of course, not my face. I hold that if a man will consistently wear a brown-paper lining to his waistcoat, will sleep hygienically and will take frequent moonlight baths he may expect to live at least a fortnight longer than he otherwise would.

The efficiency of brown-paper was thoroughly tested in the Great War, when I was at the head of an organisation for collecting and despatching brown-paper to the Front. My practice was to collect six dozen sheets, pack them flat and solid and tie them with string. The recipients were often deceived by the appearance of the parcel into expecting cigarettes and other racial poisons. Judge of their surprise and delight when it was found to contain Health!

Further, I often took the opportunity to enclose a leaflet of Directions for Correct Sleep. Therein the soldier was enjoined to procure a dry well-ventilated mattress, adjusted to the horizontal by means of a spirit-level; to lie in a straight position, neither constricting the thorax nor dilating the epigastrium; to raise his nose not less than 7·08 millimetres above the surface of the pillow and to think sweet thoughts. I have often wished I could have been near to receive the heartfelt thanks of some of the men as they emerged from their hygienic sleep.

In peace as well as in war I can recall renowned victories. A certain Mr. B. had long suffered from neuralgia equivoca. His general practitioner, who earned an obscure living in the village of Great Pottlebury, and a certain consultant who lurked furtively in Harley Street instead of entering public and newspaper life, both treated the case for years without result. I saw the man and at once ordered him moonlight baths. Accordingly he exposed his body on the loggia in his residence at Upper Tooting to the healing rays of the therapeutic moon. There was some trifling trouble with the police and, owing to the frequent obnubilation of our satellite in this country, he did not obtain the complete effect; but I am glad to say that the verdict at the inquest entirely justified me in announcing a cure, for the coroner's jury held that the poor fellow died of pneumonia, neuralgia equivoca *not even being mentioned.*

I have often said, and I would say it still oftener if editors were not so wilfully blind to the importance of the things that matter, that the chief hope of the world rests on brown-paper. Health and brown-paper are already marching hand-in-hand. I was talking the other day to the Hon. Robert Bibbs, one of the most eupeptic and best-dressed men about town. While holding him in conversation at the corner of St. James's Square I had occasion to nudge him in the ribs. The ensuing crackle revealed him to be one of those who dare to be Daniels for the sake of Hygeia. His tailor will probably be amazed at this unexpected addition to his own scheme, but in due course we may expect to hear the whole of Pall Mall resound with crackling health.

The spread of the cult of moonlight is equally assured. A friend of mine, a man of morose disposition, lately consulted me. He was suffering from acute depression, disinclination to sleep and unnatural thirst. I at once pointed out the efficacy of the moonlight treatment and, though I have not seen him since, I have learnt from another source that the treatment was of immediate benefit. For in yesterday's *Daily Shout* I found it recounted how he had been heard marching round and round Hartington Square at 4 A.M. announcing loudly in a kind of sing-song that his thirst had disappeared, and evidently in the best of spirits. At 4.35 A.M. he was found peacefully sleeping on the third step of the entrance to No. 10 (not his own house). Such a recital is naturally of prime interest to the cause of public health and should have found place in the leading columns of the Press, but owing to some carelessness in the make-up it was relegated to the police reports.

Moreover, the inner meaning of the phenomenon was not apparent from the text. Only the watchful would recall that the night before last the moon was full and singularly clear. I am therefore heartened by one more striking success.

In my next twenty articles I hope to be able to touch on the edge of the fringe of the important subjects to which I have during the past fifteen years been tentatively adverting.

E. P. W.

Another Impending Apology.

"Mrs. —— was undoubtedly in one of the best and most original costumes of the evening. With a dainty frilled cap, black silk dress, and white silk apron, she was the exact counterpart of 'Niffi,' the —— Tea-shop Girl."—*Malayan Paper.*

"Mr. and Mrs. —— wish to sincerely thank all kind friends, and special thanks to Mr. ——, who so kindly assisted at the recent destruction of their home by fire."—*New Zealand Paper.*

He seems to have kept the home fire burning.



A RARE EXHIBIT AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.

[Mr. Amery, the first Colonial Secretary to visit the Irish Free State, is the guest of Mr. Timothy Healy at the Viceregal Lodge.]



Grumpy Holiday-maker (to nigger collecting). "WHY COME TO ME? I CAN'T HEAR ALL THIS WAY OFF."
Nigger. "WHY DON'T YOU COME CLOSER, SIR?"
Grumpy Holiday-maker. "BECAUSE THEN I *SHOULD* HEAR."

PARTY ART AND CRAFT.

ACCORDING to the Press, the Independent Labour Party is to make "art and propaganda go hand-in-hand" by organising musical and dramatic societies at I.L.P. centres, where Socialist choirs will be heard and plays of a Labour tendency will be performed.

The composer should soon be able to build up a steady connection with the Labour Party if he will but let musical technique be subservient to his clients' idiosyncracies. For example, a glee to be suitable for trade union vocalists would need to have, in addition to an appropriate theme, exactly the same number of bars' rest for each voice-part.

As for the dramatist, his first transports will be somewhat abated by the additional news that the I.L.P. proposes to produce plays "without fee." But at the worst such an arrangement could not persist without reciprocity, probably on the lines indicated in the following letter from a playwright to an I.L.P. secretary:—

"I am glad you like my play, *The Bourgeois Streak*, which you may perform, as you suggest, without fee. I am finding it difficult to preserve my true dramatic form because my mind keeps brooding upon the erratic behaviour of my bath-room cistern. Possibly you could influence a couple of plumbers to waive their current strike in my case and to call upon me informally, but with *all their tools*. I am polishing up the play you asked for, *The Scab's Awakening*, and will request the plumbers to take the MS. along to you when they have adjusted the cistern."

But as soon as the Conservatives and the Liberals (emulating the I.L.P. plan of presenting party ideals to the electorate in dramatic form) compete fiercely for the dramatist's talent he will be able to demand cash. He will be in a position to force the Labour Party, if employing him, to recognise the spirit of the fair wages clause.

It is safe to predict a substantial amelioration of the playwright's lot. Briefly it will mean that, instead of the dramatist having to run after the *impresarios*, political personages will run after the dramatist, who will not, I feel certain, make the pace distressing.

I have a vision of the dramatist sitting in a well-appointed study. He is glancing through the Parliamentary reports in *The Times* on the look-out for dramatic themes or selecting from the abundant columns suitable padding for his plays. Suddenly he is disturbed by a trunk-call from one of the wilder constituencies up North:—

Voice. About your play, *Broken on the Wheel*. The big scene is too feeble.

Dramatist. Several variations of the play were sent in to head-quarters to match the chief shades of red outlook, ranging from that of Sir PATRICK HASTINGS to that of Mr. LANSBURY. Perhaps head-quarters have in error supplied you with the pink version?

Voice. No. It 's marked "carmine." But the scene in the House where your hero, *Herbert*, is suspended simply won't do. As it stands, unsympathetic people in the audience might think that *Herb asked* the Tories for trouble.

Dramatist. May I remind you that the scene is a very neat dramatisation of *Hansard*? The original of *Herb*, when checked for irrelevant comments, called a Cabinet Minister a liar and refused to withdraw. Indeed I found it no easy matter to preserve an air of verisimilitude and at the same time to represent *Herb* as the victim of relentless Tory persecution.

Voice. But why not leave out the names he called them until *after* the suspension?

Dramatist (sternly). Because, however much a playwright may take sides in a conflict of wills, he must never outrage the truth.

Voice. What on earth has the truth got to do with it? We want your tragedy for the by-election.

Dramatist. If you had said so at first . . . Very well. We will show the Government getting incensed with *Herb* because, in his *rôle* of mouth-piece of the inarticulate masses, he keeps interrupting the business in hand with passionate and ill-timed orations. *Herb* is at length suspended, and the scene will end thus:—

Herb *retires slowly up centre, in spot-light. At the exit he pauses and turns to face the Government Benches like a lion at bay. The jeers of the Tories dry in their throats. Amidst intense silence* Herb *rasps out*: "Liars!" *The Cabinet Ministers hang their heads.* Herb (*in vibrant tones*). "You dirty dogs!"

Voice. That's the stuff. The seat is practically ours!

Or there may enter in upon the dramatist one of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's secretaries:—

Secretary. Mr. CHURCHILL assisted at a performance of your five-act play on Foreign relations which you wrote for Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. The play has made an enduring impression on Mr. CHURCHILL.

Dramatist (modestly). Do not mention it.

Secretary. We are looking for a play with a strong Treasury interest. If you would care to accept the commission, Mr. CHURCHILL rather favours the notion of a light opera, in satirical vein, on Sir ALFRED MOND.

Dramatist. The idea is not without attraction. The McKenna Duties might very well be typified by a war-baby occurring in the Liberal family. I picture Sir ALFRED MOND as a half-hearted sponsor whose ideals are so rigid that he would rather stifle the infant with a cotton-fabric glove than that the brat should live to flaunt the shame of its Protectionist taint.

And so on. The interview should lead to a very satisfactory contract.

Failing a private practice on these lines, the dramatist will have the choice of numerous salaried positions of the following type:—

Energetic writer of stage-plays wanted on the staff of Liberal agent. Electioneering experience not essential, but applicants must be capable of creating an appetite for Asquithian-Liberal drama in a Die-hard Unionist constituency. Permanency to a playwright who can get results.



Very young Plutocrat (left in the car while his parents pay a call). "THE PENNY BAZAAR, JOHN."

Australia Gets the News.

"A cable message from London states that the Duke of York has been introduced to the Privy Council as a member, will sing at Leeds (England) during the winter season, in various operas, including 'La Tosca,' 'La Boheme' and 'Carmen.'"—*Australian Paper.*

"WANTED.

Reputable Horizontal Grand Gramophone."
Liverpool Paper.

We trust an instrument with an unblemished record may be supplied.

Another Sinecure.

"Wanted, Lady Collector . . . must be willing to stop away."
Advt. in Evening Paper.

We wish our tax-collector would follow this example.

"A feature of the special service at —— Cathedral on Tuesday was the decanting by the choir."—*Provincial Paper.*

Not a temperance service, we gather.

Before an ecclesiastical election:—

"A committee of inquiry, an informal group of clergy and laxity, was selected at an equally informal meeting of members of Synod."
New Zealand Paper.

We noticed the informality at once.

ARGUINGS.

II.—THE NAVAL PROBLEM.

"'WHAT of the ships, O Carthage, what of the ships?'" said Pettigrew, coming in boisterously and sitting down beside me. "What was that?" he said, getting up again suddenly. "Something heard I like the stranding of a shattered wreck."

"Only my hat," I said, looking sadly at the ruins; "and a more inconceivably inappropriate quotation than your first, considering that the Admiralty programme——"

"A jolly good programme too," said Pettigrew. "Why shouldn't we have a big Navy? Why shouldn't we have the biggest possible Navy? I'll tell you four reasons why we ought to have the biggest possible Navy. We have to protect our Empire, protect our trade, protect our food and protect our prestige. Where's Blaber?"

"Just coming in," I said. "If you'll stand up again I'll put his hat down on your chair.

"Blaber, we've got to have the biggest possible Navy. Pettigrew says so. Have you any objection? Because, if you have, Pettigrew shall explain it away, beginning with the ships of Tarshish, right through the history of the Greeks and Romans down to the present day. Only don't get your hat torpedoed."

"I thought the only question was," said Blaber, "whether we could afford this new cruiser-building programme."

"Why in the world shouldn't we afford it?" inquired Pettigrew. "We afford everything else. Lashings of money on pensions and unemployment. Besides, it's insurance. What's the use of insuring people against old age and sickness if you don't insure them against starvation—which is exactly what the British Navy does?"

"Still," said Blaber, "we're in a bad way financially."

"And whose fault is that?" cried Pettigrew in a great voice.

"Not mine," I said, hastily moving the shattered hulk of my bowler still further along the table.

"Anyway," he continued more mildly, "I don't see that our financial condition has very much to do with it. France seems to be able to afford the money for all the aeroplanes and submarines that she likes. Where does she get it from, I should like to know."

"France doesn't spend money on one or two other things in the way we do," answered Blaber. "Pettigrew of course likes paying taxes," he went on, turning to me. "The more the merrier. The point is whether we can keep on building types of ships which will very likely become scrap-iron as soon as they are finished. The fashion in ships is always changing."

"Perhaps the fashion in hats has changed," I said hopefully. "I'm going to take a look at the men's-wear column while you fellows jaw."



The Lady of the Veil. "SAY, JOHN, AIN'T IT WONDERFUL THE WAY THEY CATERS FOR PEOPLE'S CONVENIENCE WI' THESE STRAWS?"

"One of the troubles about taxation," I heard Pettigrew saying, "is that it is so utterly inhuman. Now if they would only earmark some part of the revenue, say the Whisky Duty, for the Admiralty programme, everybody would be as keen as possible at once."

This seemed to be a hint which Blaber accepted by saying a few words to the waitress who, under the queer arrangements of the Sunset Inn, ministered to its scattered and semi-concealed tables.

"As I was saying," went on Pettigrew, refreshing himself, "if something of that sort were done, so that every time one took a sip at a glass of whisky-and-soda or beer one could feel that one was helping to lay down a ship, there would be immense enthusiasm about the Admiralty programme, whatever it was, and nobody would mind it at all. Or it might be tobacco or silk stockings or tea. In this way also trade would be encouraged."

"Oh, heavens!" said Blaber.

"But why not?" inquired Pettigrew. "In the good old days the sea-coast towns provided the ships for the Royal Navy, and naturally enough they were keen. Of course that can't be managed nowadays, but you could easily get up a similar bond of patriotism between all the consumers of woollen underwear or motor-bicycles or cricket-bats or ladies' silk stockings——"

"Or gents' head-wear," I murmured to myself.

"——if people only knew that every time they bought these things they were definitely helping to keep up the prestige of the British Navy."

"They would not," argued Blaber, "be nearly so enthusiastic if they realised that the particular ship they were helping to build might be absolutely useless in a year or two. Besides, it is only natural that the lull in British trade should coincide with a certain abatement of expense in our Naval programmes."

"I entirely dispute that," said Pettigrew. He was lost in thought for a few moments. "It would not be beyond the wit of man," he then went on rather suddenly, "to devise a type of cruiser, or rather perhaps I ought to say a type of fighting vessel, which could be used alternatively for trading purposes."

"Well, it isn't," said Blaber. "There are."

"Oh, I don't mean *that*," said Pettigrew. "I'm not talking about armed merchantmen. I mean an entire revolution of the whole theory of naval and mercantile construction. Supposing, for instance, you had enormous submarines capable of carrying huge cargoes of wheat; or ordinary merchantmen that, instead of carrying guns, kept a death ray or a peculiar gas on board that would put anything else out of action about twenty miles away, at the same time enveloping themselves in a dense sea-fog, like that at the battle of Jutland, manufactured aboard?"

"I'm sure the Admiralty——" began Blaber.

"As a matter of fact, I think Pettigrew is right," I cut in, "because the real question that nobody seems to



Scratch Man (to beginner). "YES, I DID FIND A BALL, BUT IT COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE YOURS. I PICKED IT UP IN THE FAIRWAY."

have answered is how our sea-borne food can possibly be protected from enemy submarines in the event of any future war. It was difficult enough in the case of Germany, and yet we had Germany in a sort of bottle-neck, so to speak. If you try to imagine any other circumstances that needn't be named, there doesn't seem to be any real suggestion as to how we could possibly carry on for a week."

"I think you forget," answered Blaber, "that under Pettigrew's agricultural policy we should all be provided with cabbages and pigs."

Pettigrew avoided the broadside with his usual grace.

"One must carry on in the meantime, however," he said, "before we become self-supporting. I've often had a fancy for giant cargo-carrying seaplanes, which would fly at any height, carrying a large number of guns and resting on the water where they pleased."

"I suppose they could dive as well?" said Blaber.

"Yes," conceded Pettigrew handsomely. "What is more," he went on after communing with his glass again, "there undoubtedly ought be a League of Naval Nations to settle the world's affairs. What is the use of a gang of countries, most of them of no importance in the event of any future war, yet presuming to arbitrate in international disputes?"

"Where would they meet?" inquired Blaber. "In the air, on the water, or at the bottom of the sea? Or at Washington once again?"

"At various big naval centres," replied Pettigrew. "They would form a permanent congress of imperial or potentially imperial Powers."

"Pretty funny crowd they would be," mused Blaber, "carrying cargoes with merchant admirals on board."

"DRAKE was a merchant admiral," replied Pettigrew undismayed.

"Anyhow, I don't see what they would settle," went on Blaber, "except their chances of smashing each other up. It seems to me they would be a League of Intimidations."

"Well, even that," said Pettigrew, "would make for peace on the whole. I may have gone a little far in my projects for Naval construction, but I stick to my policy of the Biggest Possible Navy. Especially as a Naval war nowadays means piracy of the most devastating kind. If I were the world's dictator——"

"If you were the world's dictator, Pettigrew," I said, "I should cease to wear hats." EVOE.

Pianissimo Music.

"We played 'Two Eyes of Grey' and Liddle's 'Abide with Me,' to an audience of twenty-eight thousand people at Southsea the other night, and you could have heard a pin drop."—*Sunday Paper.*

THEATRE RHYMES.

XII.—THE CLOAK-ROOM.

YOU, who can afford to pay
Sixpence extra at the play,
Hand whatever things you can
Over to the cloak-room man.
We, who can't afford to do
Likewise, need not envy you;
For, when humble folk like us
Are already in the bus,
You, luxurious aristocrat,
Still are fighting for your hat.

"VICTORIA FALLS AND TRANSVAAL POWER COMPANY, LIMITED.
STRONG LIQUID POSITION."
Headlines in City Paper.

Naturally.

"We are frightened by the scramble of the mob; we are unnerved by the jostle of competitors who toe the line at the tape."
Weekly Paper.

But with what an ecstatic bump we breast the chalk-line at the finish!

From an American theatre-review:—

"As gripping as the mandibles of cruel oyster tongs, pitilessly tearing helpless bivalves from the false security of their homes in the vasty deep. As desperately passionate as the blood-red moon; as burning with desire as the white-hot South African veldt. These are some of our impressions as we cudgel our mind for fitting language in which to record our reaction to ——."—*Californian Paper.*

Now why don't our British critics put some pep like that into their work?

BRIGHTENING SCHOOL REPORTS.

Charles enumerated to me the disadvantages of being a schoolmaster.

"Yes, I know," I said, "and they only give us four months' holiday in the year."

Charles and I are having a feud at the moment; we discovered by reading school stories that one can't really be a proper schoolmaster at all unless one has a feud with somebody; so we decided to have one together. The worst aspect of it, so far as I am concerned, is that Charles comes to see me every night after dinner and reads passages aloud to me out of my own daily paper.

"But what we need most of all," I went on as I sat down before a large pile of blue papers, "is a scheme for brightening the boys' reports."

There are, as I explained to Charles, roughly four styles now in vogue: (1) The Horticultural style—"Coming on nicely" or "Maturing well;" (2) The Puppy-training style—"Intelligent: he responds well to correction;" (3) The Blunt style—"He is a horrid little boy and I hate him," after which one writes "BUT" and makes an arrow pointing to the place where it says "*The holidays begin on July 27th*;" and (4) The Up-to-date Psycho-analytical style, which is not much encouraged but which runs something like this: "His listlessness is a natural protective armour against brain-fag; obviously suffering from serious neuroses; unless he goes to Madeira for a month's complete change and rest he will certainly become insane."

"Well, if you don't like any of those there is the Sancho Panza style—'Better as he was.'"

Señor Sancho Panza holds a class of one in Spanish on Wednesdays and Fridays, and he did once write "Better as he was." It was a mystery, I remember, until one day he came up to me on the cricket-field and said, "You know, I prefer to regard cricket as football."

"But how up-to-date of you," I replied. "That is quite the view of some of our modern professionals."

Sancho thought again; he got it better the second time. "I prefer," he said slowly, "to look at cricket than to football."

"And you forget," said Charles, looking over my shoulder, "your own, the Illegible style. May I tell you a little story?"

"Not if it's a new one," I begged, "because I'm only half listening."

"There was once," he persisted, "a headmaster who, after reading a boy's report, wrote at the bottom of it, 'Let him take heed to his pincushions.'"

"Naturally," I agreed, "he would. I say, do you think I could possibly write '*Ungifted but amenable withal*'?"

"That, at any rate," Charles went on, ignoring my question, "is what the boy's father made of it; so he wrote to the headmaster, who replied, 'I am indeed sorry. I wrote not "pincushions" but "pincushions."'"

"Scholastic wit," I suggested. "Yes, I'm listening gradually; really I am. He didn't mean anything, I suppose?"

"The word," Charles explained, "was 'penmanship'; the masters had all complained of the boy's handwriting, and the Head wrote, 'Let him take heed to his penmanship.'"

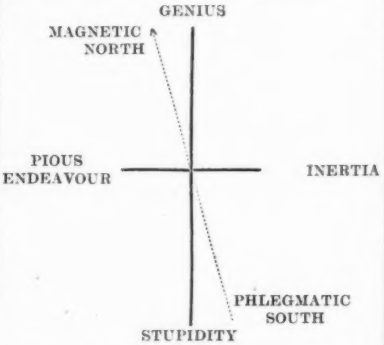
"On the pompous side, Charles," I said, but I wrote down instantly: "Hawtrey Tertius. *Number of boys in the form* 15 and 7 months. *Average age* 27. Let him take heed to his penmanship."

Charles lit a cigarette and looked scornfully down on me. "Not only have you written those things in the wrong spaces," he scoffed, "but you have written 'moths.' *Number of boys in the form*, 15 and 7 moths."

I sighed and laid down my pen in despair. Then suddenly an idea came to me.

"I'll tell you what I am going to do," I cried. "I am going to brighten these reports once and for all. It is my intention to go down to history as the man who revolutionised report-writing in schools."

This is the scheme which I elaborated for Charles's benefit: when the end of the term comes I am going to have the points of the mental compass printed at the top of each report; the North will represent Genius; the West, Pious Endeavour; between the two there will be a Magnetic North, which of course will represent myself: there will be correspondingly a Phlegmatic South. And so on. It will look like this:—



Then all I shall have to write will be something of this sort:—

Hawtrey III. Keeps a steady south-westerly course.

Jones. Last seen heading for the Phlegmatic South. Reported becalmed.

Robinson. Still endeavouring to find a N.E. Passage.

Bloggins. Believed, after a rough passage, to have discovered the South Pole.

I handed the diagram to Charles.

"Now what do you think of that?" I asked proudly.

Charles lit another cigarette, this time with one of the more critical pages of my mark-book; then he picked up my newspaper.

"The Colchester Oyster Feast," he began reading, "was postponed last year owing to the indisposition of the Lord Privy Seal——"

I suppose one must keep the feud going somehow.

A NEW USE FOR THE MATTERHORN.

THOUGH for a while the cooling rains
Assuage the fever of our brains,
The solace that we gain is slight
When thunder-peals our ears affright;
When hailstones of abnormal size
Bombard us from the summer skies,
And the diluvial downpour grieves
Sad farmers gathering in their sheaves;
When scribes enhance our agitation
With ominous alliteration
Announcing the alarming tidings
Of formidable glacial slidings,
Which quite unanswerably prove
The Matterhorn is on the move.

What boots it if in sylvan glade
The chequer of the light and shade
That filters through the foliage dense
Enraptures my æsthetic sense,
When Nature in her sterner mood
Assumes a threatening attitude?
The charm of boscage and of bole
Cannot relieve my troubled soul;
I can't admire the strains profuse
Of birds, when mountain peaks break loose;
I can't admire the oak, beech, larch,
When Matterhorns are on the march.

Though on the confines of Hyde Park
(As some have been alert to mark)
The Communists have left their pitches
And ceased denouncing ill-got riches;
Though fiery talkers now frequent
The EPSTEIN-HUDSON monument,
The respite gives us scant repose,
For, though, as observation shows,
Peace reigns around the Marble Arch,
The Matterhorn is on the march.

And yet, if some benignant force
Could guide its devastating course
From Switzerland across the Channel
To make a bee-line for the Panel,
Or factories of Oxford flannel
(Of salmon-pink and creamy tones),
Or factories of saxophones—
The marching of the Matterhorn
Might cease to give us cause to mourn.

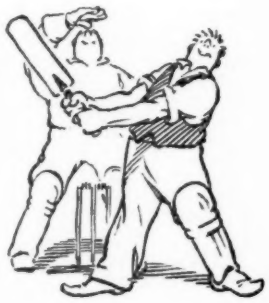
VILLAGE CRICKET.

SUCCESSFUL LEADERSHIP IN VILLAGE CRICKET, WHILE IT DEPENDS, OF COURSE, TO A CERTAIN EXTENT ON ONE'S KNOWLEDGE OF ONE'S OWN SIDE, HANGS STILL MORE ON ONE'S KNOWLEDGE OF ONE'S OPPONENTS—THE KNOWLEDGE, FOR INSTANCE, THAT, HOWEVER WEAK ONE MAY BE IN BOWLING—

Fougasse



SIDNEY THE SHOEMAKER CAN ALWAYS BE TALKED OUT—



THAT YOUNG TOM OF THE MILL CAN ALWAYS BE TEMPTED OUT—



AND THAT MR. GIMBLE OF THE GROCERY CAN UNDOUBTEDLY BE SCARED OUT—



THAT THE MAJOR CAN BE BLUFFED OUT—



THAT HIS YOUNG SON CAN BE STUFFED OUT—



WHILE BERT OF THE "BLACK BULL" CAN BE PUFFED OUT—



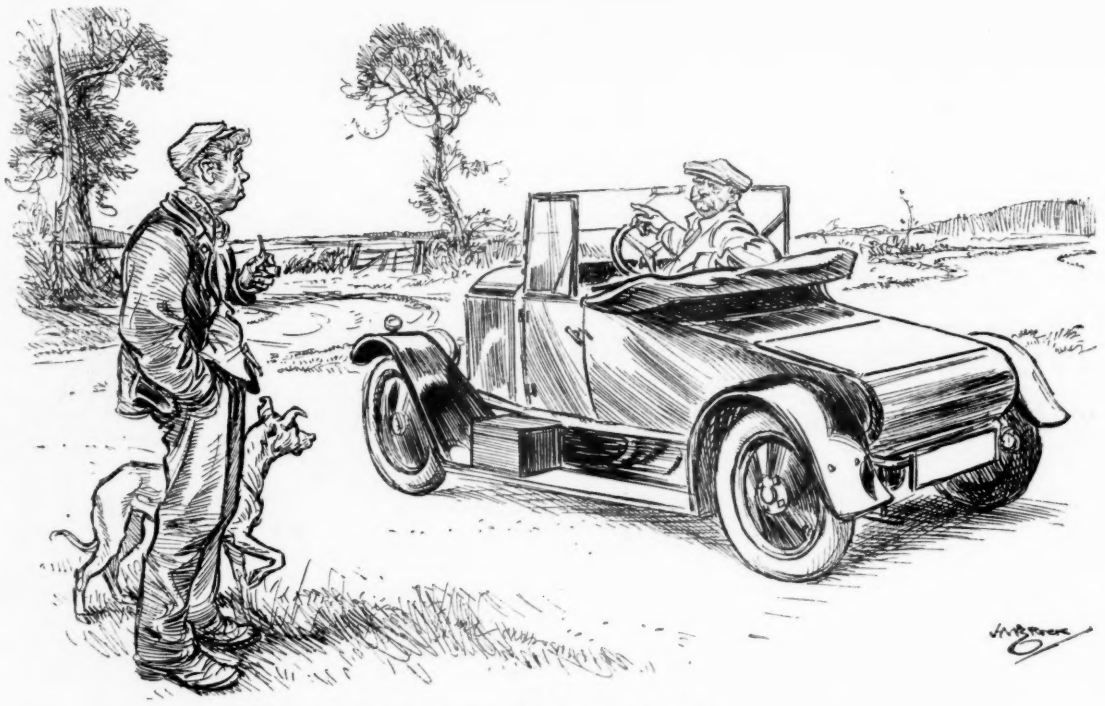
THAT JIBLETT THE BUTCHER CAN, IF THE WORST COMES TO THE WORST, BE INVALIDED OUT—



AND THAT HARRY THE POSTMAN CAN BE SHOUTED OUT—



AFTER WHICH THE TAIL CAN, OF COURSE, BE MERELY LAUGHED OUT.



Motorist (*who is lost*). "IS THIS THE ROAD TO ST. IVES?"
Yokel. "DUNNO."
Motorist. "IS THAT THE ROAD TO WILLINGHAM?"
Yokel. "DUNNO."
Motorist. "WELL, CAN YOU TELL ME WHICH IS THE ROAD TO COTTENHAM?"
Yokel. "DUNNO."
Motorist (*exasperated*). "WELL, YOU DON'T SEEM TO KNOW MUCH."
Yokel. "MAYBE NOT; BUT I AIN'T LOST."

HILLS.

"PUT me where there are hills," said Joe,
"And I won't care where the next men go;
Give me mountain and peak and crag
And I'll say I've the best of the bag;
Hills with their hundred-thousand faces,
And the winds awake and the shadow-races—
Give me hills! If I can't be high,
Give me the sight of them standing by.

"Put me where there are hills," said he,
"And I don't care what you do with me;
Give me corrie and scaur and ben
And I'll not pine for my fellow-men;
I won't worry for clubs and messes
When I see the hills in their fairy dresses;
They 'll be company, stock and store—
And how could an Emperor's Court be more?

"Give me hills and I won't complain
At the blast of the wind or the beat of the rain;
Give me beacon and fell and tor
And I'll have all to be thankful for;
I won't grumble at wind or weather
When I see my hills stand up together—
The kingly hills where, bleak or bright,
Stormy or sunshine, it 's always right.

"Give me hills if I cross the seas
And call them by any old name you please;
Christen them kopje or droog or bett
Or berg or pico—I 'll love them yet.
The plains for profit? Opinions vary,
So keep your deltas, pampas, prairie;
If I go foreign, if I go far,
You 'll find I 'll finish where mountains are.

"And if they can't be bonny and kind
Let them be otherwise—I won't mind;
Let them be jagged and spiked and bare
Like the teeth of a tiger—I won't care;
Let them be sable and seared and stricken,
I know one heart they 'll cheer and quicken;
Let them be frightening, fiendish, bad,
But—let them be there or you 'll drive me mad.

"For hills," said Joe, "are my own delight
By wind-blown day or star-strewn night;
And plains," said he, "are my own despair,
And they 'll kill me dead if you keep me there.
The plains for profit? The plains for prison!
Give me a land where the rocks have risen
And lift men up with them, hearts and wills
And hopes and hardihood.... Give me hills!" H. B.

A COMMUNIST TRAGEDY.

ONLY two short years before the happening of the tragic incident herein recorded, Reginald Atkinson, of Lower Lane, Surbiton, had reached the summit of his career. At a mass meeting of the Communists of the district he was elected President of the local Soviet, defeating his hated rival, James Crook, by the odd vote in five.

No one can deny that our Reginald deserved his success. He was so full of ideas that Moscow could hardly keep up with him. As a propagandist, indeed, he had no equal. It was he who, some years ago, conceived the plan of corrupting the social clubs of the West End by having *The Communist Journal* printed on vivid pink paper with short pithy paragraphs on the front page. (In acknowledgment of this feat he had an autograph letter from ZINOVIEV asking him to call him Apfelbaum). And his courage marched with his intellect. It was only after eighteen months' persistent effort that he gave up the attempt to form a "cell" among the staff of the Heralds' College.

But Reginald, like most of us, nursed a secret sorrow; in his case a dreadful sorrow that tore at his vitals unceasingly. *He loved his wife!*

He could not, of course, be blamed for having married in his old capitalist days. That might have happened to anybody. But to remain happily married after his conversion was inexcusable. And his was not the kind of passionate, all-consuming love which the comrades might have overlooked. It was just steady-going, placid, bourgeois—detestably bourgeois—affection. He liked his wife to be near him. He liked her to bring his slippers when he came home in the evening. He liked to tell her his troubles. Horrible!

For years he fought hard to free himself of this devastating affection, but without avail. It grew worse. Something must be done quickly. At first he had played with the idea of arranging a collusive divorce with his wife in order that he might contract an irregular union with her. But that would have meant invoking the aid of the capitalist courts of justice, and he would never stoop so low as that.

But something must be done. Already there were mutterings among the comrades, and only yesterday a scurrilous lampoon had been sent him anonymously, depicting him as sitting in his back-garden with a silk hat on, holding his wife's wool for her.

And the struggle was affecting his health. He was getting irritable and confused. Twice last week he had absent-mindedly taken off his hat when a band played the National Anthem. And to-day, at the Communist Sunday School, he was so maddened by the failure of the children to pronounce the word "bourgeoisie" according to the phonetic spelling on the hymn-sheet that he had knocked their two heads together and stamped out of the room.

As he walked home on that memorable afternoon the great decision was taken. He must desert his wife, much though he loved her, and so regain the respect and devotion of his comrades.

He was too late. When he reached home his wife was not there. She had left a note for him saying that he was a good fellow, if a little slow and humdrum, but that at last she had found someone who loved her as she wanted to be loved. She had therefore gone off with James Crook and was never coming back.

It was too much for him. To be happily married was bad enough; to be a wronged and innocent husband was a thousand times worse. No proud Communist would stand it for a moment.

His end was frightful. He put one of the King's shillings into a bourgeois-invented slot-meter and was suffocated by a hundred-and-fifty cubic feet of a capitalist company's gas.

At the ensuing mass-meeting of the local comrades James Crook was triumphantly elected President by four votes to *nil*.



Village Ancient (hopefully, to scion of famous cricketing family). "I 'VE SEEN YOUR OLD GRANDAD PLAY IN THIS WERRY FIELD."

S.F.C.F. (coldly). "OH?"

Village Ancient. "YES—SEEN 'IM MISS SIX CATCHES IN ONE ARTERNOON!"

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

I.—HANDKERCHIEFS ACROSS THE SEA.

WITH less trouble than it takes to start a taxi the good ship *Boadicea* detached her twenty thousand tons from the shore and sidled off to sea. Two men walked casually along the quay and cast off a couple of warps; a few men casually approached the last gangway; an heroic telegraph-boy rushed up it with a sheaf of sad farewells; a crane casually removed both gangway and telegraph-boy; the siren gave a howl that tore the souls out of every passenger and all their fond relations, and the enormous vessel, with much more ease and much less confusion than attends the starting of a twelve-foot dinghy from the Roads at Hammersmith, turned on her heel and slipped away. No fuss, no shouting; no one, it seemed, had so much as given an order.

Sixty feet below us, on the quay, stood Ann and Phyllis. Sixty feet above them, at the rail, stood George and I. And so we had stood for half-an-hour. And this, I suppose, is the worst possible kind of farewell yet invented. The admirable and tender faces look up, and, were they a little closer, one would naturally remark, "I never will forget you," or "Promise that you'll miss me," or "I cannot bear to leave you." But it is almost impossible to say these things at a range of sixty feet, from the middle of one crowd to a person in another crowd. And so one stands and sadly grins and miserably smiles and looks in all directions, like a conscience-stricken blackmailer in the dock. From time to time Phyllis cried aloft, "What time do you get to Cherbourg?" by which, of course, she meant, "Oh, George, how *can* you leave me?" and George would shout below, "About five, I think," meaning to say, "Oh, Phyllis, I adore you!" And I would cry, "You'll get some lunch on the train, I hope, Ann," and meant by that all sorts of things.

When I had asked about Ann's lunch some six or seven times and George had estimated our arrival at Cherbourg at about four, five, six, seven and eight o'clock in turn, the ship moved off and, grinning nobly, we all waved handkerchiefs. The crowd below, smiling ecstatically, waved handkerchiefs too. Phyllis and Ann, brave creatures, looked radiantly happy, as though we were just about to meet after a long separation. George I could see (George, I sometimes think, has not my rugged strength of character) was deeply moved, though he waved his handkerchief and grinned like a man.

"George," I said, to help the boy, "say what you will, and not forgetting the passport business, it is a good deal easier to get out of Old England than it is to get about it. Did you notice, George, the efficiency and smoothness with which we have been despatched from London to the shore, placed upon this ship and hustled out to sea? And the further one goes the more trouble people take. You and I, George, are going round the world, and at the present rate of progress we are likely to be back again in less time than it takes an omnibus to travel down the Strand."

"I wish we could," said George tragically. "Wave, old boy. Ann's waving."

There was now a great gulf between us, but we could still see the shining eyes of those ashore. I hate the sentimental, I need not say, but I pulled out the special blue handkerchief I had brought to distinguish myself from others. George, poor boy, for all his emotion, had only a common white handkerchief.

"It is the same with our friends," I continued easily. "Did you observe how much more pleasant they became as soon as they heard that we proposed to go away for six months? Anyone would suppose that they wanted to be rid of us."

"I can't see them any more," said George, waving like a madman. "Can you see them, old boy?"

"No," I said; for already the senseless ship was worlds away and Ann and Phyllis were lost in a sea of handkerchiefs. "But I can see Ann's orange handkerchief, and she can see my blue one."

George however continued to wave his undistinguished ineffective white. The ship slid on remorselessly, and all that crowd of faithful fond ones became a mere knot of midgets, speckled with white, but with one bright orange flame at the heart of it, as I was pleased to see.

"It's no good waving, George," I said. "You can't see her handkerchief and she can't see yours."

"I don't care," said the odd creature stoutly, "I shall go on waving till——"

The ship turned to port and the orange handkerchief was seen no more.

"Well, well," I said.

"Well, well," said George, and solemnly we stared at the tug *Barbarossa*.

"Six months, old boy," said George, sighing.

"Six months," I replied.

"Afraid you're a bit sentimental, George," I went on.

"Damn it," said the young man warmly.

"What was that you threw down to Ann—just before we left?"

"It was a small red rose, George," I answered easily. "Ann's very fond of roses. There's nothing in that."

"No," said George sadly; "but I wish I'd thought of it."

"Never mind," I said. "I daresay Ann will share her rose with Phyllis. Let's go and have some lunch."

"*Lunch!*" said George in horror. "I'm going to see the last of England."

"So am I," I said; "from the dining-room."

When I came on deck again George was still standing in the same place, taking his last look at the Isle of Wight, which he had never seen before. I brought him three telegrams.

"I wonder, Phyllis——" he murmured excitedly and tore them open.



Pupil (*after recovering somewhat*). "I SAY, IS IT NECESSARY TO KNOCK ME DOWN LIKE THIS?"

Old Pugilist. "BLESS YER 'EART, NO, SIR. STAND UP AND I'LL SHOW YER A DOZEN OTHER WAYS."



Enraptured Small Girl (returning to country cottage for the holidays). "OH, MUMMY! THE PICTURES ON THE SEED-PACKETS HAVE COME TRUE."

One by one he handed these final messages from Old England to me.

The first read:—

"JUST FOUND YOUR PASSPORT CABLE INSTRUCTIONS LOVE"

"Mother," said George gloomily.

The second read:—

"SOLAR TOPEE AND DUCK SUITING DULY DESPATCHED REGRET MISSED TRAIN ASSURING YOU OF ESTEEMED REGARD SNIPPETT AND FOBB."

"My tailor," said George gloomily.

The third read:—

"GOOD LUCK OLD BOY DON'T WISH TO RUB IT IN BUT CHEQUE FOR FIFTEEN POUND ODD WOULD OBLIGE CHEERIO BERTIE"

"Poker," said George gloomily. "I wish that telegraph-boy had been a minute later."

"I don't," I said.

"Did you have a telegram, old boy? Ann, I suppose?" he added dismally.

I put my hand in my pocket—and took it out again.

"No, George," I lied. "No, George."

George, cheered a little, regarded the Shingles.

"Take heart, George," I said, "we're going round the world. We'll have a splendid time. And doubtless there's the best of company on board. There's just as good fish at sea, I dare say."

At that moment I heard a familiar voice behind me, a voice like a buzz-saw begotten by a gramophone out of a vacuum-cleaner.

"Well," said the voice warmly, "if it isn't Mr. Haddock! Now isn't that extraordinary? I was only saying to Pansy a minute ago, 'Pansy,' I said, 'the last time we took this trip we met Mr. Haddock.' Do you remember? And here you are! Now isn't this a treat?"

"A treat it is," I said, shaking hands. "George, I want to introduce you to my friend, Mr. Honeybubble. Mr. George Rowland—Mr. Honeybubble."

"I've heard so much about you, Mr. Honeybubble," said George limply, still in his tragic mood.

"Delighted!" cried Honeybubble. "And didn't I hear you say you were going round the world? Now isn't that extraordinary?"

"Well, I don't know," said George. "Why?"

"Why, so am I!" said Honeybubble.

A. P. H.

Commercial Candour.

"Curiously enough, both *The Times* and *Morning Post* have leading articles on Living on Capital. Well, I don't live that way because my capital is conspicuous by its absence . . . my capital is my brain."
Advertiser in Weekly Paper.

"Fined for riding dangerously, a Tottenham cyclist was said to have been carrying a man of 62 on his handlebars."—*Provincial Paper.*

This mascot idea is being overdone.

"On the worn pitch Peach and Sadler got plenty of life into the bowling, but the same cannot be said of the Sussex batsmen."
Evening Paper.

Well, it was hardly their job.

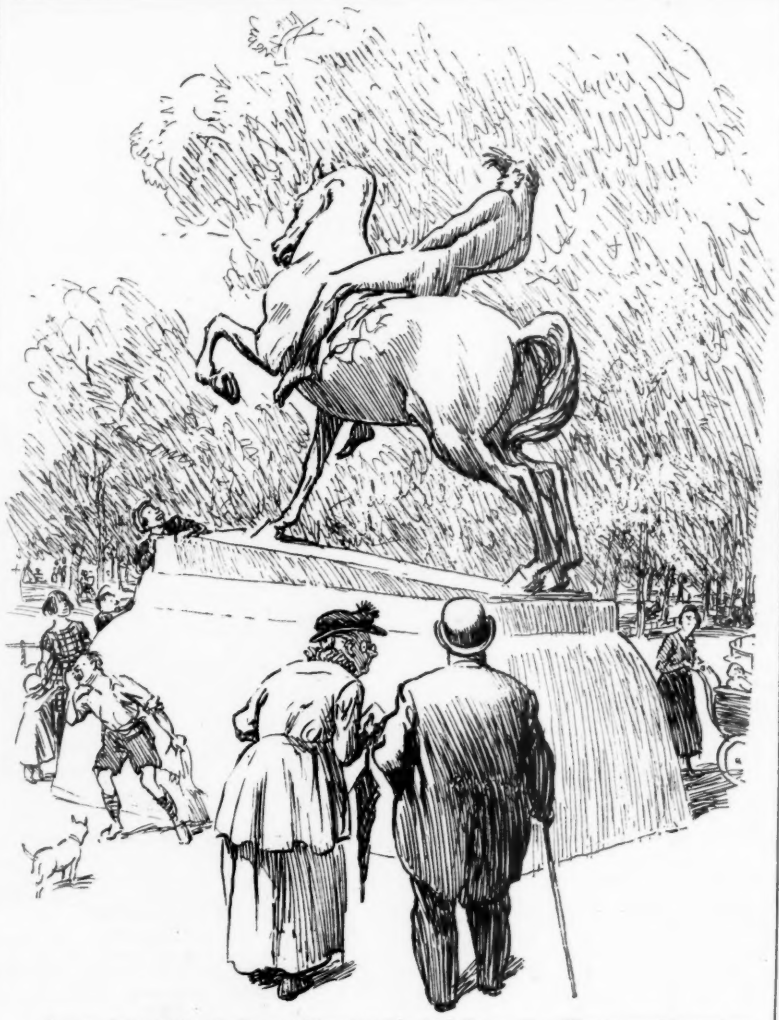
"GARAGES.—Vacant House attached; secluded garden, bath-room, parlour."
North-Country Paper.

This illustrates the modern tendency to put the car before the house.

From a seedsman's advertisement:—

"Miracle resurrection plant, a mysterious novelty, never dies, mentioned in Isaiah, also *Daily Mail*."—*Week'y Paper.*

It must have been a shock to Carmelite Street to find that on this occasion it was not "first with the news."



Joan to Darby (after looking at Watts's "Physical Energy"). "WELL, THAT 'S NOT MY IDEA OF PETER PAN."

COAL.

THOUSANDS of forests were dragged by the Devil
Down to the deeps of the earth,
Down to the old red sandstone level,
And so came coal to birth.
Coal—to continue the needful data—
Is formed out of trees and shrubs
In the carboniferous limestone strata
(Which are also Beelzebub's).

This was the song the Devil chanted
As he turned the coal-beds black,
"Too much ease to ADAM is granted,
The fellow has grown too slack.
Look at him there with his pipe and tabor,
With his wool and his corn and wine,
Let him come down to the pits and labour
Hewing this coal of mine.

"See the shine of it, see the lustre,
Look how it brightly burns."
Garrulous imps at the pithead cluster,
Showing it off by turns;
Garrulous imps without any garb on
Swear that the claim is true:
"Wood has fifty per cent. of carbon,
In coal there is eighty-two."

Thus came coal in its sable mystery,
Hewn from its fossil bed;
Coal, in fact, has a curious history,
Which I have carefully read;
Probably source of half the troubles
That harry the human race,
The speed of the fall of man it doubles,
And it dirties his hands and face.

Was it employed by the early Romans,
A fine and muscular lot?
Study some work of Professor OMAN'S,
The answer is "Certainly not;"

ALFRED the Truth-teller put no trust in
This strange and stratified weed;
It wasn't approved of by Saint AUGUSTINE
Nor known to the chronicler BEDE.

HENRY THE THIRD, with a far from nice sense
Of playing the regal *rôle*,
Granted the Newbattle monks a licence
To dig in the ground for coal.
This was the cause of the nation's sinning,
About twelve-hundred-and-ten,
And I'm sorry to find the dispute beginning
With a number of clergymen.

Parliament looked at coal in terror,
Crying to EDWARD THE FIRST,
"Coal is a diabolical error!
Coal is a thing accurst!"
KING EDWARD issued a proclamation
In thirteen-hundred-and-six,
Trying to save the English nation
From coal and the Devil's tricks.

Very much happier, very much jollier
England had surely been
Without the coal and without the collier
In the years that rolled between.
What were the forces foul and sinister
That made the Government yield?
Mr. BALDWIN was not Prime Minister,
But *why* was that writ repealed?

Oh, had it not been for pits and miners
And statesmen and monks and kings
And engine-wheels and machine-designers
And various similar things;
Had coal remained in the ground, dear readers,
Clutched tight in the Devil's fists,
There wouldn't have been any Labour leaders
Nor many Capitalists. EVOE.

"Intelligent young man aspires to career on stage; has much natural talent: sweet, strong voice; splendid reeler; very refined."
Irish Paper.

Just the man for the drunken scene in *David Garrick.*

From an article on "The Scramble for Honours":—

"While really worthy men remain in the background, these parvenus—generally as poor in brains as they are rich in pelf—succeed in getting near the throne and barking in the sunny presence of the great."—*Ceylon Paper.*

The curs!

"400 METRES.

R. N. Ripley (Polytechnic, England), 1; Teneveau (Olympique, France), 2; F. Caltier (S.F., France), 3. Won by five years: two yards separated second and third. Time, 49 4-5 sec."—*Daily Paper.*

We must not forget to give the Frenchmen a cheer when they roll up in July, 1930.



THE DISPASSIONATE SHEIK.

PEACE (*demurely*). "AREN'T YOU GOING TO SEIZE AND CARRY ME OFF?"
ABD-EL-KRIM. "THE IDEA SHALL HAVE MY CONSIDERATION."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 27th.—Matters of much importance were discussed in both Houses, but the best news of the day came from the Lords, where Lord SALISBURY told the Peers that he "hoped" the adjournment would take place on August 8th. That, however, is contingent upon the Lords passing a score of Bills still awaiting their decision; so, spurred on by the hope of a holiday, their Lordships agreed to sit in future at three o'clock.

The renewed discussion of Lord HARRIS'S motion regarding the decline of arable farming included a long historical survey by Lord BLEDISLOE, who quoted the great names of JETHRO TULL, "Turnip" TOWNSEND, and COKE of Norfolk to emphasize his conclusion that British farmers, though the best of them were the best in the world, could always learn something from abroad. Lord LINCOLNSHIRE reasserted the Liberal Party's answer to the suggestion of food-taxes, "Ten thousand times 'No';" Lord DE LA WARR, for the Labour Party, was equally hostile to subsidies; and Lord ERNLE, a Unionist, declared that farmers only wanted to be allowed to conduct their business on business lines—"leave them alone and they 'll come home and bring their sheaves behind them." Lord HARRIS, thankful for having obtained official confirmation of his belief that "the British farmer is not the fool he is often said to be," then withdrew his motion.

Members of Parliament are thinking of little else just now than the prospect of getting away to the seaside, and there, arrayed in loose and scanty garments or practically none at all, absorbing those ultra-violet rays prescribed by the British Medical Association. Consequently there is little kick in Question-time. Earlier in the Session such promising hares as the non-existence of an income-tax in our East African Colonies, or the refusal of the Foreign Office to furnish M. RAKOWSKY with details of his Government's *laches*, would have been hunted to exhaustion with supplementaries; now they aroused hardly any curiosity. For a minute or two the "international" Socialists were hot on the trail of "imported labour" in East Anglian beet factories. A complaint so little consistent with their own designation earned Mr. WOOD'S paradoxical reply, "Two Irish labourers are employed; they do not come from Ireland."



BRIGHTER WESTMINSTER—A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

[The recent discussion at the B.M.A. meeting on violet-rays and health is described by a Sunday Paper as "a determined effort to enliven masculine attire."]

(1) LORD HUGH CECIL. (2) LIEUT.-COMMANDER KENWORTHY. (3) MR. W. BRIDGEMAN. (4) MR. MAXTON. (5) MR. HOPKINSON. (6) MR. CHURCHILL. (7) MR. HARTSHORN. (8) MR. SIDNEY WEBB. (9) LORD HALDANE.

Two single right hon. gentlemen rolled into one pocket Hercules—the Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs and the Secretary of State for the Colonies—addressed the House for ninety minutes without any evidence of dual personality, save for the occasional use of "we." But though the unity of Mr. AMERY'S frame and mentality seemed complete there seems to have been some synthetic surgery in the making of this model Minister. At least Mr. J. H. THOMAS described the COLONIAL SECRETARY as "the embodiment of all the brains I collected for him."

Wherever the brains came from, Mr. AMERY made good use of them as he clutched the Table with both hands, raised himself to his full height and spoke on Imperial co-operation, on migration to the Dominions, on the Imperial work of that model M.P., the PRINCE OF WALES, and on the Irish Free State, "one of the partner nations in the British Commonwealth," whose success everyone, whatever his previous opinions, now desired. Mr. AMERY finished with a defence of the Government's rubber policy.

Mr. "JIM" THOMAS began on the same line, but went further and alleged that, by restricting the sales of Malayan rubber, he himself had foiled an American plot to bankrupt the growers and gain control of the supplies. Aptly enough, a debate dealing largely with the tropics drew on the jargon of "Monkeyville." Mr. ORMSBY-GORE called Colonel JOSH WEDGWOOD a Fundamentalist, explaining that it was a polite synonym for Diehard.

At the end of the day the House discussed briefly the strange fact that, though the Admiralty had tried its hardest, it had failed to spend £3,935,650 of the money which Parliament voted it last year. During a pause in the debate members heard the sound of the Geddes' axe (1925 pattern) being ground in the dungeons beneath.

Tuesday, July 28th.—More power to Lord CECIL OF CHELWOOD and his Dangerous Drugs Bill, designed to carry out the recommendations of the League of Nations for instituting international control over the traffic in these soul-and-body-destroying compounds. But the wealthy syndicates behind the trade, who now push their horrible wares even among school-children, will take some stopping.

The Widows' Pension Bill also received a Second Reading. Lord SALISBURY commended it as an example of "active Conservatism," but declared

that, if the scheme had not been contributory, his party would have had nothing to do with it.

Lord ARNOLD, for the Labour Party, declared, on the contrary, that the contributory principle was the great blot on a measure which "bristled with injustices and anomalies." Lord BEAUCHAMP was mild enough with the Government, whom he congratulated on having learned a great deal from latter-day Liberalism, but was almost ferocious with Lord ARNOLD for interrupting him, and gave him a lecture on Parliamentary manners as understood in the Upper House. Of course Lord BANBURY opposed the Bill, but then, as Lord SALISBURY observed, he opposes all Bills except the Dogs Bill—and there is no inconsistency in that if he believes that the country is going to them.

In the Commons Captain WEDGWOOD BENN asked if the decision of the Government on the glove inquiry would be announced before the House rose. It seemed a plain question, but Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER made an elaborate and slightly evasive reply, dealing with the Government's general attitude to such inquiries, and it took Captain BENN a couple of "supplementaries" to elicit from the Minister that the reply to his original question was "No."



Cheery little Voice. "JACK, I LIKE UNCLE'S HAT BETTER THAN DADDIE'S. IT HOLDS MORE WATER."

Sir PHILIP was more direct with Mr. HURD, who wanted to know why the Food Council contained no representative of the British food-producers, and was informed that it did, in the person of the Director of the Institute for Research in Agricultural Economics at Oxford University. "What about food-production?" persisted Mr. HURD; whereupon Sir PHILIP, lifting, in spirit, his hands to heaven, dramatically exclaimed, "Is that not agriculture?"

The Labour Party had neatly divided the evening so that, in the first part, they could evoke timely sympathy with the miners by descanting on accidents in mines, the negligence of owners and the callousness of the Government, while in the second part they could arraign the HOME SECRETARY for his antipathy to Communists. They spoilt the effect however by not decently filling their own benches. When the debate on the Mines Department collapsed they scarcely had a speaker at hand to talk on the Home Office, but Lord H. BENTINCK came to the rescue with a ten-minutes' homily against night-baking, which he condemned because new bread was "bad for the interior."

There was little in the Communist debate beyond Mr. LANSBURY's declaration that the HOME SECRETARY saw bogies and went chasing after them, and nearly every time caught "a loser." But Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS was able to promise that something would be done to improve the conditions of the boy scalers, who crawl inside ships' boilers in our ports—a filthy, dirty business, said he—under conditions such as no humane Minister would desire to see. So SHAFTESBURY's work is still unfinished.

The Mines debate, though poorly attended, likewise included some serious and valuable talk on health and welfare, as also a downright statement of the miners' dangers by Mr. D. GRENFELL, who compelled and deserved a respectful hearing. But, with the question still unsettled as to whether the mines, dangerous or not, were to go on at all, the debate was rather unreal.

Wednesday, July 29th.—In explaining the "token vote" for the new cruisers the SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY displayed such a praiseworthy economy—of facts—that the Leaders of the Opposition were compelled to rely for ammunition upon the well-stored arsenal of their imaginations. Mr. MACDONALD accused the Government of setting up a one-Power standard—a dreadful thing, apparently; and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE (recollecting, no doubt, his own defeats by Mr. MCKENNA) attacked the Admiralty—"the way they handled ships was nothing to the way they handled figures." Mr. CHURCHILL (1914 edition) retorted that the Fleet was wearing out and must be replaced, with, of course, the minimum of expense. By 267 to 140 the House agreed with him.

A MODEL COLLECTOR.

IT is well known that good pictures, when their owners don't leave them to the British nation, go to America; and during a recent visit to that country I saw many. The spectacle did not fill me with rage. Knowing something of our own treasures—of the pictures that are always on view in, and can never leave the custody of, the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, the Wallace Collection, the Glasgow Gallery, the Edinburgh Gallery, and so forth—I felt none of the resentment which is so often expressed that the dollar should be so powerful at CHRISTIE'S. Not only is the presence of these beautiful and irreplaceable things an æsthetic influence in the country, but the traveller, weary of less beautiful and easily replaceable things, can refresh himself among them. After every night journey I spent an hour or so in this or that public gallery or private house, where among REMBRANDTS and HOBBEMAS, RAEBURNS and GAINSBOROUGHS, MONETS and SISLEYS, CONSTABLES and COROTS, it was possible to forget the grime and stuffiness of the cars, the squalor of their washing compartments, the noise of the streets, and even the heat-wave itself.

I have named only Dutch, English and French painters, because they are most commonly to be seen. A few of the choicest examples of the Italian Old Masters are in America too, but they are infrequent. Mr. WIDENER, for instance, in his mansion at Lynewood, outside Philadelphia, has a GIOVANNI BELLINI, "The Feast of the Gods," the value of which could not be appraised. He has also the small "Cowper" RAPHAEL "Madonna" and the Spilimbergo sisters—Emilie and Irene, by TITIAN; but I suppose that this unrivalled private collection is chiefly famous for the many REMBRANDTS and the two VERMEERS. A recent enthusiasm for the strange Spanish master, EL GRECO, has manifestations in several unexpected places, and at Chicago are many GOYAS. Taking the American galleries, public and private, as a whole, the impression conveyed is that the great Dutchmen of the seventeenth century, the great Englishmen of the eighteenth and the great Frenchmen of the nineteenth have long stood first in the affections of American collectors.



Cinema Star (being shown to first-class carriage). "SEE HERE! WHAT 'S THIS JUNK? YOU CAN RETURN IT RIGHT NOW WITH THE EMPTIES. A FLEET OF PULLMANS FOR *ME*—AND, SAY! BE SO QUICK THAT I DON'T KNOW YOU 'VE GONE."

All this is by way of introduction to the most interesting and original American collector of all, Mr. Ellery Flood, upon whom I had the pleasure of calling in Memphis. How Mr. Flood made his fortune I did not ascertain, but that he is a very rich man is obvious. Dry goods, perhaps; hardware, perhaps; for no one seems to be able to dabble in these commodities and be poor. Steel or patent medicines possibly. But probably not clothes, because Mr. Flood is a Christian.

Anyway, there he is, living in a great palatial residence among the trees and lawns outside the city, with a library full of first editions, walls covered with covetable works of art and a cellar not yet dry. I found him typical in every way but one. He is the soul of hospitality, he wears neither waistcoat nor braces, he visits Europe every year, and he has an apposite story every quarter-of-an-hour. Where he is completely new and startling is as a collector of pictures, for he has invented a method of sharing with the public the pleasure that his art treasures give him which cannot, I think, be overpraised and which might well be copied. In addition to his house, which anyone with a card may visit at fixed times, he has taken a window in one of the principal streets of Memphis, and in this window is exhibited for a week at a time a single picture. Every Saturday the picture is changed. When I was in Memphis it was a most exquisite VAN GOYEN; the week before it had been a portrait of the little daughter of Sir KENELM DIGBY by VAN DYCK; the next week it was to be a DAUBIGNY; the next, one of the Valparaiso nocturnes of WHISTLER.

I had heard of a similar system of emphasized segregation as practised by connoisseurs in Japan, but then only for private delight. Mr. Flood's wish is that every passer-by in Memphis should have the opportunity of seeing a beautiful thing, isolated as all beautiful things deserve to be, and to count on seeing one regularly. The habit indeed has become so fixed that the newspapers state what the next week's attraction will be; and when I add that they state this without charge the importance of the matter will be appreciated.

Would there were more collectors like this one! And it does not minimize the warmth of that wish when I add that I never was in Memphis, and have invented Mr. Ellery Flood out of a clear sky. E. V. L.

Bright Edinboro'.

Advertisement in chemist's shop in "Auld Reekie":—

"Buy toothbrushes for the holidays."

"Two White Papers were issued last night in connection with the naval programme. One is a token vote for £100 for the expenses this year of the four new cruisers—to be met by economies in other directions."—*Daily Paper.*

Well, that ought to be an easy one.

"The —— Guardians are trying to trace the relatives of a four-months-old baby found on a doorstep. It was dressed in clothing of very poor quality, and had been much laundered."
Daily Paper.

It looks like a case of "throwing the baby out with the bath-water."

"It has been suggested that if the plays now presented in London were not long enough to fill an evening's bill, as required by the playgoer in other towns, a second one-day play might be added."—*Manchester Paper.*

That ought to satisfy the greediest provincial.

DUDLEY SEBASTIAN DIGGLEBY.

THE LIFE-WORK OF A GREAT REFORMER.

DURING the current week, persons passing through Highlow Magna have been constrained to remark upon the atmosphere of celebration permeating the entire town, from Perkins' Farm to the School House, by which it may be understood that the whole High Street and Commercial Road is in a state of turmoil on account of to-morrow's ceremony.

A word is sufficient for most people, however, for once it is explained that Highlow is the birthplace of Dudley Sebastian Diggleby there is a lifting of hats to the memory of this distinguished public benefactor, and further questions would be superfluous.

It was here, in the elegant Georgian residence of the Digglebys, that Sebastian first saw the light and the plaster effigies which, somewhat later, were to inspire him with his splendid unrest. The statues no longer exist, for reasons which will be made clear, but the pedestals which supported them are still pointed out to visitors, though they have been most unfortunately mutilated by souvenir-hunters from the States, who, in the natural haste imposed by a comprehensive tour of Europe in fifteen days, have mistaken them variously for the execution-block of ANNE BOLEYN and the Stone of Scone.

There are townsfolk living who can recall the profound stir which was occasioned when Sebastian, at the tender age of two-and-a-half, began to shape his career with a rake procured from the gardener's shed; the consternation awakened by the fall of the Duke of WELLINGTON and Sir Gregory Gurble, M.P., upon the tiled floor of the vestibule. Emma Dicks, whose aunt nursed Sebastian in his infancy, has placed it on record that from the age of six months the sensitive lad had never been known to pass these two examples of the plastic art without exhibiting a strong tendency to convulsions, a *penchant* that was carried to its logical conclusion as soon as ever he had developed sufficient bodily strength to handle the necessary implement.

From that hour it may be said that he never looked back. When most boys of his years, after the careless manner of youth, were hurling missiles through the windows of unoccupied houses, the young Sebastian was faithfully pursuing his vocation in the market-place or wherever it happened to lie in that particular district.

Like all whole-hearted reformers, he met with opposition from time to time, but the social standing of the Digglebys permitted a certain indulgence which might have been withheld in the case of a boy of more obscure origin. Nevertheless it is said that frequent chastisement was administered to him in the



HENRY WIMBLEDON JONES.

privacy of the home, right up to the day when the Hon. Horace Diggleby, the lad's father, broke a toe and became partially invalided in consequence.



PURSUING HIS VOCATION.

During his sojourn at Oxford, while other young men were devoting themselves almost exclusively to the question of whether puce waistcoats should have two buttons or three, Sebastian was burning the candle at both ends by writing to the daily papers and *The Presser and Pleater*, for he neglected no aspect of his mission. The morning journals printed a number of his letters exposing the futility, from the point of view of *moral*, of this curious national habit of erecting statues, seeing that the motive for this method of perpetuation was commonly crystallised into some such phrase as

HENRY WIMBLEDON JONES
1820—1896

—a statement (if one may so describe a sentence containing no verb) which conveyed surprisingly little to the average mind.

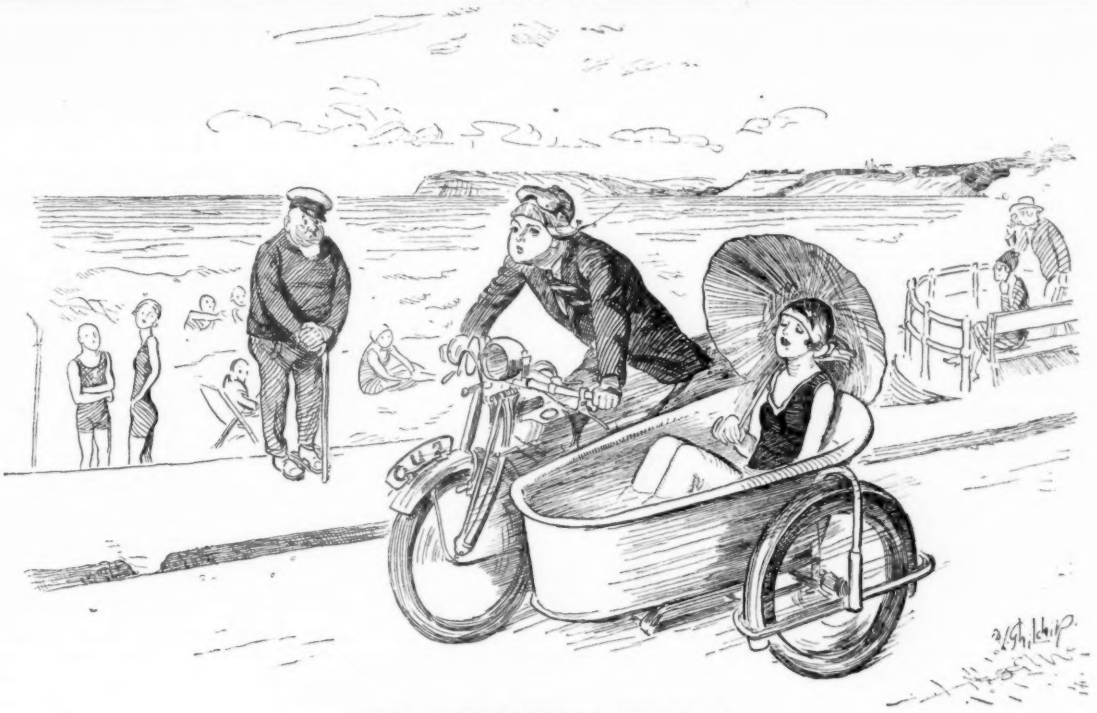
Henry Wimbledon Jones therefore remained in the remembrance of the beholder, *not* as the beneficent donor of the public wash-houses, but as an elderly gentleman of evil appearance, wearing lamentable trousers and possibly even carrying an umbrella.

The garments under discussion being essentially within the province of *The Presser and Pleater*—this, it must be borne in mind, was in the days before it became the official organ of the Royal Academy — Sebastian's correspondence was reproduced in full, causing an immense sensation in circles served by that lively periodical. Instances of organised attacks on monumental statuary were reported from Newton Abbot and Sheffield within the first week of publication, and many others followed.

A popular journalist told how he had sobbed all night long when he first saw the statue of COBDEN from the top of a horse-bus, and on the morning following this contribution to the Sunday papers the general excitement became intense, and a procession of boiler-makers and bakers' assistants marched from Vauxhall to Camden Town, razing all sculpture to the ground in their progress. The resultant improvement in the landscape being beyond question, the movement spread, as everyone knows, and Borough Councils throughout the country sanctioned the wholesale removal of all public characters in stone.

It was felt by thinking people that Sebastian himself could have chosen no more noble finish to a well-spent life than when, the reformation being at its height, his days were cut short by a section of the Albert Memorial, which fell upon him during the process of demolition.

England owes an incalculable debt to this man, and it is hoped that those who can will be present at Highlow Magna to-morrow, when a statue will be unveiled to his memory opposite the cattle-trough in the High Street.



THE COMPRESSED HOLIDAY.

COMBINING THE JOYS OF THE ROAD WITH OPEN-AIR BATHING.

NOTES ON THE "PROMS."

(*By a Student of Sonority.*)

AN examination of the programmes for the Promenade Concerts which open on August 8th reveals features which, if superficially reassuring, cannot claim immunity from criticism. The figures may impress the statistician, but they need careful analysis. In the list of composers sixteen nationalities are represented, but the omissions are at least as remarkable as the inclusions. China, Japan, Liberia, Patagonia, the Solomon Islands, Spitsbergen and Honolulu are all conspicuous absentees. Again, though a hundred-and-twenty-five composers are mentioned, this is only a negligible proportion of the total number of musical creators, while the claims of the living—and, after all, it is living modern music which counts—are seriously prejudiced by the dead hand of the past. The constant appearance of the names of BACH and MOZART, and even HANDEL and BEETHOVEN, in the programmes is a matter for serious regret; while the continuance of the WAGNER nights on every Monday savours of obscurantism.

Some slight comfort may be drawn from the new works which are to be produced. The title of "The Romance of a Mummy" is attractive; but the cult of Egyptology can be carried too far, and ancient civilisations have had their day. Electrocution, or ectoplasm, suggests themes more suitable for modern orchestral treatment than the vicissitudes of embalmed potentates. We welcome the inclusion of Honegger's locomotive impression, "Pacific 231," but we note with sorrow that no symphonic homage is paid in the scheme to the turbine or the Diesel oil-engine.

"The Flight of the Bumble-bee," again, is but a poor substitute for the bombination of the fighting aeroplane; while Dohnanyi's variations on "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" cannot but provoke the hostility of the Montessorian school of educationists, a remark which applies with equal force to a piece founded on LEWIS CARROLL'S *Through the Looking-Glass*. It is also a matter for surprise that the scheme contains only one composition on JOAN OF ARC.

Lastly, it should be observed that, while the appearance of a number of well-known organists is a special feature of the programmes, the claims of new instruments are sadly neglected. No effort has apparently been made to reinforce the orchestra by the inclusion of any up-to-date weapons of percussion, high explosion or cerebral exagitation. It is to be hoped that Sir HENRY WOOD will repair this omission as the season advances. Continued refusal to employ the gongorola, the jamboon, the contra-zoedone, the bass porbeagle and the clangle-wangle must inevitably impair the *ensemble* of an otherwise admirable band.

THE TWINS.

["Lord Oxford's engagement to speak at Newport yesterday . . . Lord Asquith brilliantly summarised the main outlines of this constructive proposal . . ."
Two extracts from the same leading article in a Liberal daily paper.]

As Castor to Pollux, as pea is to pea,
So is ASQUITH to OXFORD—they always agree.
If Lord OXFORD puts in a kind word for L. G.,
Lord ASQUITH endorses the brotherly plea.
Should ASQUITH insist that our trade must be free,
Protectionists OXFORD consigns to the D——.
If OXFORD says coal 's of our commerce the key,
Then ASQUITH approves with a slap on his knee.
And when ASQUITH cries "Wait," you may take it from me
That OXFORD continues with unction "and see."

AT THE PLAY.

"A CUCKOO IN THE NEST" (ALDWYCH).

MR. BEN TRAVERS attaches to his Misadventure in Three Acts a quotation from an essay of Jones Minor: "The Cuckoo is a bird that lays other bird's eggs in its own nest and *viva voce*," which is not strictly relevant to the issue but is pleasant enough for gratitude.

It happened that *Peter* and *Barbara Wykeham* were just off to the West Country for a week-end with friends, when *Peter*, going to the book-stall for papers, met a lady, and a French lady with a little dog at that. He became so absorbed in conversation that the Bristol express went off with *Barbara* and their luggage, leaving the forgetful *Peter* on the platform. When *Barbara's* awful mother got her telegram from Bristol and heard about the French lady, she naturally assumed the worst; and when *Barbara's* maid added further evidence that *Peter*, a comely foreigner and a little dog had turned up at the flat, only to disappear again in a hired car for a long journey even *Peter's* kindly and slightly alcoholic father-in-law, a Major in His Majesty's Yeomanry, probably pre-Boer War, was a little shaken, though he put a brave and fiery face upon the matter in the interests of his sex. All that had in fact happened was that *Peter* and *Marguerite*, an old friend, now the wife of *Hickett, M.P.*, attempted to remedy the disaster of the missed train by taking a car down to the country house whither, as it happened, *Mrs. Hickett* was also bound. And naturally the car was marooned with a leaking radiator in a village five miles from anywhere, in a quite incredible inn, in which there was little food, much beer and only one bedroom available.

I take it that if in these enlightened days one found oneself with one's neighbour's perfectly honest wife thus stranded one would not make any particular fuss about it, nor would one's friends, if chosen with sufficient care; but Mr. BEN TRAVERS provides his inn with a landlady, to whom *Peter* applies a term unknown to theology but sufficiently descriptive, "Prussian Baptist." This stout virago's creed is that no man and woman can travel together unless they are married or in shame. And shame is a thing she will not allow in her house. There is nothing for it then but that the embarrassed couple should declare themselves man and wife, and pretend to proceed to the only bedroom in a sufficiently plausible manner. But our landlady, being also a stout disciplinarian, when the virtuous *Peter* creeps down to the parlour in quest of honourable sleep, routs him out and shoos him back into the bedroom, with results that are amusingly developed by our author and admirably interpreted by Mr. RALPH LYNN and Miss YVONNE ARNAUD, all in the most delightfully innocent if highly and properly exaggerated manner.

When there arrived at the "Stag and Hunt" first the Gorgon mother-in-law and the very slightly tipsy Major, in the middle of the fatal night, and, next morning, *Hickett, M.P.*, and finally *Mrs. Peter*, we know we are in for an amusing series of unravelments. And here I think Mr. TRAVERS made his first mistake. That old trick of rehearsing a lie, with the appropriate phrases, gestures, entrances and exits, is apt to be tedious, because we know exactly how it will work out; and this knowledge slows down the pace and enables the brain (if any), hitherto lulled into pleasant inaction, to fulfil its critical function. But it is a small blemish. This diverting jest may be commended to the tired magnates of our city and the provinces as a pleasant relief to the dull and pompous routine of their offices, while smaller citizens and their wives will extract no less enjoyment from it.

Nothing could have been better than Mr. TOM WALLS' quiet, nobly restrained portrait of the Yeomanry Major. There are not three players of his talent that would not have over-played this admirable part, which however would be dangerously seductive to anyone who played for his own hand against his side. Mr. RALPH LYNN has a genius for gagging, not in words, though I suspect he does a certain amount of that, but with descriptive gesture, of which he has an inexhaustible command, and he works off his author's delightfully silly jokes and glorious absurdities with the most engaging naturalness. Miss YVONNE ARNAUD has the rare gift of entirely natural laughter, and her quiet playing in the bedroom scene was beyond praise, serving as an effective foil to the vagaries of *Peter* the Cuckoo. Miss MARY BROUGH, with her extremely competent technique, made light work of the truculently religious landlady; and I liked very much Mr. J. ROBERTSON HARE'S *Reverend Cathcart Sloley-Jones*. Miss MADGE SAUNDERS looked extremely charming, and did all that was required by her as the apparently betrayed wife.



"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

Peter Wykeham	MR. RALPH LYNN.
Marguerite Hickett	MISS YVONNE ARNAUD.
Major George Bone	MR. TOM WALLS.
Mrs. Bone	MISS GRACE EDWIN.

A grotesque courtship between an infatuated rustic barman and a reluctant adenoidal hoyden was well conducted by Mr. ROGER LIVESEY, an excellent chip, I suspect, of a distinguished old block (no offence offered or, I hope, taken) and by Miss RENE VIVIAN.

In fact Mr. BEN TRAVERS has performed a rather significant and, in these days, rare feat, that of treating what is known as a delicate situation without pruriency or vulgarity. This is the kind of farce that will improve nightly for many days or even weeks. The soundest and most engaging part of the "business" will be retained and worked up, and the more tiresome experiments, of which, to do justice, there were few, will be rejected, to the advantage of the whole; and this Misadventure looks as if it will have as long and as successful a run as its predecessor at this fortunate theatre.

T.

Stands Scotland where it Did?

"'——'s' pay carriage on all orders of 20/- and over to any Station in Britain. £5 Scotland."—*London Paper.*

"WHERE TO STAY IN ENGLAND.

A Good Home in Edinburgh for one or two students."—*Indian Paper.*



STAG-HUNTING PROSPECTS.

OUR ARTIST HAS DONE HIS BEST TO INTERPRET THE FOLLOWING EXTRACT FROM A SALE CATALOGUE:—
"BAY GELDING, A GOOD HACK AND HUNTER, WITH EXTRAORDINARY MANNERS."

L.M.S. AND L.N.E.

Two voices are there—of the West
  Is one, the other Oriental;
Whenever I sit down to rest
  I hear their murmurs low and gentle;
Like music from a silver flute
  Each in sweet fairy tones entices,
And tells me of the surest route
  To various earthly paradises.

"Come, live with me and be my love,"
  Sings Ellemess, a dark-haired maiden;
"My home has western stars above
  And mountain-tops with grey mist laden.
The glen-folk sing a fairy song;
  The dwellers on the moor are mystics,
And practically all year long
  The sea-winds kiss them (see statistics)."

"Oh, come unto these yellow sands,"
  Sings Ellenee, the golden-tressed one;
"Of all the bright and bracing lands
  Mine is undoubtedly the best one;
Rich sunlight steeps the braes of gorse,
  The air is clear, the wind is fresher,
And rain can rarely fall, of course,
  In atmospheres of such high pressure."

So two fair deities invite
  Enchantingly to their environs;
Each incontestably is right—
  Surely they can't be merely sirens;
The simple truth seems all their art;
  They promise greater gifts than riches.
Which one is dearer to my heart?
  Ah, that's the troubling question—which is?

To go with either would provide
  The jaded worker with a tonic;
Robustness walks the drier side,
  And glamour haunts the more cyclonic.
Sweet Ellenee, dear Ellemess,
  Would I could mix your charms together
(Just as your voices coalesce)
  Into the perfect land—and weather!

Sweet whisperers of corrie glooms
  And sparkling sands, I hate to grieve you;
My wife insists upon the rooms
  We always take in Thanet—"Seaview."
But, though with you I may not go,
  I'm glad to see this new alliance,
Which your seductive voices show,
  Of traffic, poetry and science.

BY ANY OTHER NAME.

I WENT into the garden and found Cecilia and John gardening.

"Ah, sister mine," I said, "have you persuaded the old man to do a job of work at last?"

"Dog!" retorted John. "You come to *my* house, you stroll into *my* garden and immediately begin heaving bricks at me. Who invited you here anyway?"

"Nobody," I replied pleasantly; "I just came. Christopher's home from school, isn't he?"

"He comes this afternoon," said Cecilia, smiling. "John and I are going to the station to meet him in about an hour. Come with us."

"No," I said. "I'll let the family re-unite undisturbed. Where is the hammock? I'll smoke a pipe and meditate."

"That you will not," said John. "Since you *are* here you'll do a little honest work, as I have to. 'Now,' as I said half-an-hour ago to Cecilia, 'is the time——'"

"Oh! not again, for goodness' sake!" interrupted Cecilia.

"I *will*," said John. "Why should

you be the only one to enjoy my jokes? 'Now,' as I was saying, 'is the time——'"

"Don't trouble, old man," I said, "I don't mind missing it. Just show me the way to the hammock and get right on with the good work."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," said John. "Neither will you. You'll go straight to the shed and fetch a mulching-iron and then I'll give you your instructions."

"My dear old turnip," I said, "I gave up taking instructions years ago. So long as I can hack a ball round in something under a hundred-and-twenty——"

Cecilia laughed. John looked at her sharply.

"Don't laugh," he snapped. "Ignorance is to be pitied. He isn't being funny. He doesn't *know* what a mulching-iron is."

"He's quite right, Cecilia," I admitted; "I'm one of those four-club men you read about—driver, mashie, putter and spade, you know. What *is* a mulching-iron, John?"

John glowered at me in silence.

"I don't believe he knows himself," said Cecilia.

"I do," muttered John.

"Then what is it?"

"It's a—a gardening instrument. Anyway, I'm not being examined. I'm instructing Alan."

"Are you?" I murmured in surprise. "In what?"

"In horticulture, you poor boob," said John, regaining his confidence. "You come down here from your stuffy flat in London with a crease in one of your trousers and a pair of yellow gloves, and I daresay a mouth-organ in your pocket, and what sort of a show do you make? We're country folk here, simple and natural and full of—er——"

"Earwigs?" I suggested, "Bats, beer——?"

"Botany!" shouted John fiercely.

"I like that," said Cecilia, joining in the battle. "How much botany do *you* know, may I ask?"

"A lot," retorted John. "I've been taking lessons from old Henry. As I was saying to Alan when you so rudely interrupted me, '*now* is the time to tell the gardener to sow the peas and beans and prune the potato bushes.' I *told* him, and in return he told me a whole lot of botany. We've been quite matey for the last week. They say every man is a plain fool to his own gardener, but that's not true of me. He thinks a whole lot of me now. We have a little nature ramble round the garden every morning and he tells me the names of all the bits and pieces. For instance," he continued marching enthusiastically to a ragged-looking affair with small mauve flowers, "what is this?"

Cecilia and I looked at each other. I cleared my throat.

"Ah! very rare, that," I said, examining it carefully. "It's a very delicate plant with two roots, which only blooms on Thursdays and Saturdays. It is known as Old Dog's Nose."

"Wrong!" said John triumphantly. "It's not a plant at all. It's a weed. And it's called Herb Robert."

He gazed at us proudly.

"Fancy that now!" I murmured. "Poor old Herb Robert's a weed, is he? And yet as a boy at school he probably had the makings of a good slow bowler in him. Evil companions, I expect. And what became of dear old Bert Reginald? Is he a weed too? Or shall we find him in the hot-house? And Percy Augustus—what of him?"

"Pah!" said John.

"Come here, John," said Cecilia. She was pointing at a yellow flower. "Tell me what this is called."

John shifted uneasily. He looked at it from several angles and muttered to himself.

"Come," said Cecilia.

"Meadow-blossom," said John suddenly and brilliantly.

"Wrong," said Cecilia in a soft sweet voice. "It's called Stinking William."

There was a long and horrified silence. John and I looked at the ground. Cecilia's chin rose slightly.

"Don't be absurd," she said defiantly. "It's name is Stinking William."

"How rude!" I murmured.

John cleared his throat noisily.

"Cecilia," he said, "let us settle this matter at once and for ever. I am sorry that *any* wife of mine should need such elementary education. The name of that flower is *Meadow-blossom*."

"Stinking William!" repeated Cecilia.

I covered my face and turned away.

"Cecilia," said John ominously, "repeat after me three times, 'This bloom is Meadow-blossom.'"

"This bloom," announced Cecilia in a ringing voice, "is Stinking William."

John's behaviour was masterly.

"Very well," he said quietly, "please to follow my directions," and he pointed to a large clump of deep-red wall-flowers.

"Before we proceed," said John, "I will remind you that we are shortly to meet our son Christopher. He is still young, fresh and innocent. I make a last appeal to you to admit your horrible error before I act. But I warn you that my duty as a father—— Lend me your handkerchief, Alan."

I lent it.

"My dear old thing," said Cecilia impenitently, "it's your horrible mind that's in error. No harm will come to Christopher from hearing that the quaint old-fashioned name of that old-fashioned flower is Stinking William."

"Then," said John, waving his arm dramatically at the clump of wall-flowers, "*what are these?*"

Cecilia and I looked at them, at each other and at John.

"Wall-flowers," we said in chorus.

"No!" said John in a ringing voice. "These sweet old-fashioned flowers have also a quaint old-fashioned name. Henry told me. *These are Bloody Warriors!*"

The meeting adjourned in uproar and confusion.

* * * * *

Dinner was over.

"Come, Christopher," said John, "let's have a look at the garden before we push you off to bed."

Cecilia and I followed them out.

"What is the wretch going to do?" laughed Cecilia nervously. "He'll never say that horrible name in front of Christopher, will he, Alan?"

"Who knows?" I said. "After all, it's only quaint and old-fashioned."

"Don't be a beast," said Cecilia. "You know what Christopher is. If he once knew that wall-flowers were called—Bl—you know what—he'd love it. He would be shouting it out just for joy."

"Why not?" I asked innocently.

John and Christopher had stopped.

"Christopher is just asking," said John to Cecilia, "the name of this yellow flower."

Christopher looked surprised.

"I didn't, Father," he said.

"No, but you were just going to. What is it called, Cecilia?"

Cecilia bit her lip.

"I don't know, John," she said.

"Try to remember," urged John. "I can tell him the names of some other flowers, but you should know this one. Now what is it, Cecilia? Or shall we move on to those that I know?"

"Let us move on," I said quickly.

Cecilia threw up the sponge.

"You wretches!" she murmured, and then: "Your father tells me it's called Meadow-blossom, dear. It's a new name to me."

"That's right," said John. "Meadow-blossom—a sweet name. And those"—he waved his arm—"what are those, Christopher?"

"Why, they are wall-flowers," said Christopher.

"Indeed they are," said John. "Just old-fashioned, sweet-smelling wall-flowers."

"Cook-General, Butter, Break-maker."
Advt. in Local Paper.

Not the first Cook to be famed as a cueist.



Magistrate. "NOW GIVE ME YOUR VERSION, MRS. CHUGG, OF THIS UNSEEMLY QUARREL."
Mrs. C. "I DID PAT THE LADY ON THE CHEEK, SIR, AND THAT'S THE HONEST TRUTH, UNDER GREAT PREVARICATION."

POETIC REFUSALS.

(*Mr. J. C. SQUIRE refuses the lure of politics.*)

THE old smoky Houses,
So noted in history,
Are now overshadowed
By sad retrogression.
There 's a dreary foreboding
Rung out by Big Ben,
And the well-drilled blue janitor
Guarding the portals
Seems mentally cobwebbed.
For, alas! this great edifice,
Lifeless and sombre,
Is no more than a pen,
A sheep-pen for Tories,
All herded together.
No more at elections
I 'll look for a seat there;
Far better be ruling
The land with my quill.
With a band of young poets,
Progressive, new-minted,
London-Mercury-hall-marked,
Untrammelled by *clichés*,
We yet can save England,
There 's hope for her still.

O grey House of Commons,
How vain your allure to me!
Austere shades of Downing Street
No more hob-nob with me;
Unheeded the Terrace
Entices to tea.
For the Chair of the SPEAKER,
Portfolios of Ministers,
Budget or Woolsack,
Whip, Mace or Mitre
Are but toys to an inkpot
When wielded by me.

"AT MONKEYVILLE.

Opposite may be seen the town gaol embellished with the words, 'Be sure your sins will find you out.'"—*Daily Paper.*

Would not a better reading be, "Be sure your sins will find you *in*"?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AN intrepid grasp of the essential qualities of humanity, coupled with a keen eye for their local variations, renders Mrs. SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN'S latest South African story an impressive as well as an absorbing book. There is very little that is light-hearted about it, the exorbitant social aspirations of a low-born girl in a small up-country town being conducted with grave understanding to a painful if redemptive climax. But the sincerity of the work certainly atones for its unmitigated grimness. *Mary Glenn* (CONSTABLE) uses every man, woman and child in Lebanon as a catspaw to secure such pitiful social chestnuts as the little place affords. Her own parents—a shabby greengrocer and his amiable wife—are obviously ill-qualified for this usage; but even they do *Mary* the service of believing her far too good for them, and she in return treats them with a certain consideration. With the sole notion of impressing Lebanon, she turns down *Brand van Aardt*, the grandson of its founder, marries an Englishman (with "county" relations) picked up in Cape Town, and disappears with her husband to her husband's people for the duration of the War. Meanwhile *Brand* consoles himself with her school-fellow, *Emma*, a plain unassuming girl who loves both him and *Mary*, and is quite content with the latter's leavings. *Emma* proves a wise and ambitious wife, urges *Brand* to develop his estate, and so wins his post-matrimonial heart that when *Mary* returns from England with a shabby husband and a small son it is at *Emma's* intercession that *Brand* establishes the trio on a farm. *Elliott Glenn*, the husband, has proved a poor investment for *Mary's* pride, which now centres itself in the child *Jackie*; and it is *Jackie's* loss on the veldt which ushers in the salutary but horrible catastrophe I have mentioned. The book is noticeably well-written; and *Mary*, *Elliott*, *Brand* and *Emma* are all fine full-length portraits. Of the kitcats, *Mrs. Adams*, *Mary's* solicitous mother, is the most finished and interesting of a good half-dozen.



VARNISHING DAY IN A TONGUE EMPORIUM.

I despair of rendering justice to the merits of Mr. JOSEPH HOLBROOKE'S *Contemporary British Composers* (CECIL PALMER) without borrowing freely from his inimitable vocabulary. Let me say then that I have found it at once spumescent, solemn and massive to repletion, verecund, full of dicacity, the propulsion of a disrupted vitalism and of mithridatic mordacity. But the outlook of British music as revealed in these pages is gloomy. Composers suffer from the lack of enlightened patronage; there is no audience for native music; good music never pays; newspaper experts continue to serve out "appalling dope" to the helpless public; "men of note with verbal hæmorrhage write on music mostly in our daily journals"—the list of these criminals is given on p. 7—and the journalist is always too early or too late. Mr. HOLBROOKE "strongly prefers individual aid for our music rather than State aid: the latter has an ugly side, with its intrigue and petty honours distributed for favours received. . . . But I vote for State aid because it has a longer purse and because it is the right way." Yet we need not be downhearted. Have we not ELGAR, "mystic and virile," the "mammoth works" of the great BANTOCK, the "quixotic" FRANK BRIDGE, the "exotic and esoteric" CYRIL SCOTT, VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, over whose work "hovers the spirit of Ceres," RUTLAND BOUGHTON, an Amphion and offspring of Euterpe, HAVERGAL BRIAN "of the family of Æolus," GOOSSENS, a Loki with Corsican ways, and the "indefeasible" HERBERT HOWELLS? They and many others are discussed "without adulation" in a style that beggars description. The portraits are excellent, but they are eclipsed by the superbly characteristic photograph of our only JOSEPH (spelt "Josef" on p. 132) which forms the frontispiece. I note that the author vehemently supports the view, recently denounced by Mr. ERNEST NEWMAN, that genius has always undergone martyrdom at the hands of contemporary critics.

I am afraid the very qualities which helped to make Mrs. SUSAN GLASPELL'S first novel a success in America are those most likely to do it disservice here. *The Glory of the Conquered* (JARROLDS) deals with a pathetic episode in professional and domestic life—a theme which with us has almost a prescriptive right to sensitive modulations of treatment and, if possible, of style. To have a tale of this kind shouted at you in the megaphone manner of ardent young America is a nerve-racking experience; and not all the promise with which the future author of *Fidelity* and *The Verge* has invested her first-born kept me from registering fatigue in increasing degrees as my acquaintance with the bantling proceeded. The story in itself is, however, a gallant one. *Ernestine Stanley*, daughter of a disgruntled biologist and a disappointed romantic, has promised to marry "a great strong man of science;" and, as she has turned her back on a scientific training (insisted on by her father) to follow, but successfully, in the footsteps of her mother, the decision surprises no one more than herself. However, *Dr. Karl Hubers*, Chicago's pioneer investigator of cancer, is, outside the laboratory, a simple and beauty-loving soul, quite prepared for his wife's sake to divide his affections between cultures and culture. It is *Ernestine* who is somewhat intolerant of her husband's interests, until his friend *Dr. Parkman* (gruff but with a heart of gold) succeeds in showing her the humaner implications of research. This revelation coincides with two others: that of the supremacy of *Ernestine's* powers as a painter, and that of her husband's doom (thanks to carelessness over a virulent germ) to irretrievable blindness. How the wife decides between the claims of her own career and what is left of her husband's it would be a pity to divulge. Her solution is an extremely interesting one; and, though I cannot quite credit her subsequent triumph as an artist (which involves the European success of a picture painted



IN THE DOLDRUMS.

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THE TOAST OF "HERE'S TO YACHTING!" IS NOT RECEIVED WITH MARKED ENTHUSIASM.

entirely out of her head), I am more than grateful to Mrs. GLASPELL for having engineered it.

Lieut.-Colonel E. D. MILLER
Has written *Fifty Years of Sport;*
No one opening of it will err
If he loves the horseman's sort;
It is a HURST AND BLACKETT issue
And—you know the sort of thing—
From the start a jolly tissue
Of good sport and soldiering.

Firstly, the author tells of Harrow,
Next upon Cambridge he expands,
Then (his range is never narrow)
Of the fun of many lands;
Many a tale his book 's beset with—
Seldom chestnuts, let me say,
Mostly of brave men he 's met with,
Laughed and served with on the way.

But I think that we, on the whole, owe
Colonel MILLER most of all
When he writes as prince of polo—
Flying pony, flying ball;
And, though he 's never "rum to follow"
Up on Pegasus, you 'll meet,
To a literary holloa,
Lots of men less "bad to beat."

Those who were lucky enough to know Ireland before the Revolution will find *Sandy and Others* (MILLS AND BOON) rather sad reading, for the best things in it—and very good things, too—are echoes of those pleasant days and ways. Mrs. DOROTHEA CONYERS made a name for herself long ago with her stories of Irish hunting and Irish character and erratic Irish households, not so much heightened in effect as well selected; but the social order which made them possible and enhanced their charm is no longer what it was; this lamentable fact is painfully evident in the present book. Here and there in her one long story and seven short ones she still recaptures her first careless rapture, but not often, though the rapture that remains is careless enough, for characters change their names from page to page and are credited with each other's observations, and her sentences are often incomplete and her dialogue confused. As long as she is riding her old line of country she may be as careless as she likes for me, but it is only now and then that she has done that here. Two stories with English settings, "The River House" and "The Alibi," are good, if not characteristic, work. I hope that only people like myself, who know both Ireland and Mrs. CONYERS' stories of old, will really find this book disappointing.

Novels about cattle stations in the bush are no longer always congenial to our adventure-loving youth. Time was when I used to pick up books dealing with the back-blocks of Australia with a comfortable feeling that I was going to get plenty of stock-riding, perhaps some gold-mining and bush-ranging, adventures with black fellows and, for the rest, the Simple Life. But life, it would seem, is no longer simple in the bush: it grows more and more complex daily. Mr. GRANT WATSON provides most of the old material I have named in *Daimon* (CAPE), but with what a difference! Influenced perhaps by the example of Mr. D. H. LAWRENCE, he uses his Australia chiefly as a vehicle for careful psycho-analysis of *Martin O'Brian*, whom you may remember in *The Desert Horizon*, and his wife *Maggie*, who is discovered, in the opening chapter at Quinn's Springs, already beginning to feel oppressed by the mulga scrub and the far-reaching expanse of blue. The bush, apparently, turns most people



Mother. "JOAN, LOOK AT THIS LOVELY DOLL DADDY'S BOUGHT YOU."
Joan. "MEN HAVE NO TASTE IN CLOTHES."

mad: either you hate it, like *Maggie*, who wanted to get away from it anywhere so long as she could find company and civilisation, or you fall in love with solitude and end by sleeping out-of-doors and talking to yourself, like *Martin* and his predecessor. Mr. WATSON clearly knows the country well, and he has provided some excellent scenes. I shall remember the chapter where *Maggie* is chased by the stallion Flying Fox, and the night that she spends with the two *Cameron* women, and the last scene of all, where, an old worn woman, she finds *Martin* at last in the solitude of the wilderness. But the book seems to me less interesting than it ought to be. The parts are better than the whole—perhaps because the general atmosphere is one of almost unrelieved depression.

The cynically-inclined are apt to take with several grains of salt the enthusiasm of old sailormen for their vanished "white wings." To such sceptics I would recommend *Yarns of an Old Shellback* (METHUEN), in which Captain J. L. VIVIAN MILLETT gives a truthful picture alike of the hardships which often fell to the lot of the apprentice "in sail," and of the fascination, in a sense inexplicable, which the life held for those who shared its perils and labours. Its very drawbacks seemed to create amongst those who endured them a kind of freemasonry, which is one of the good things lost, together with other things less desirable, under the changed conditions of seafaring. Captain MILLETT served the greater part of his apprenticeship in those famous veterans, *The Tweed* and *Cutty Sark*, and it is further to be noted by the sceptics that, despite a training considerably more gruelling than the average, it was force of circumstances rather than inclination that induced him to "give up the sea and go into steamboats," as the old saying was. His later chapters deal with a phase of life afloat less romantic than the sailing-ship era, but in its own way equally interesting. The tramp steamer of thirty years or so ago was a happy hunting-ground for odd characters, and "BULLY" PRINGLE, the fire-eating skipper with whom Captain MILLETT sailed for some years, is almost too good to be true. The whole book is a simple and straightforward record of a state of things which has utterly passed away, and it is remarkably free from the tendency to discursiveness which is the besetting sin of most seafaring men, from admirals downwards, when they take to literature.

I have only one complaint to make against *Michael Bray* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), and it is that too much time is spent in a love affair between first cousins. Both *Michael* and *Diana* are charming young people and they make love excellently well; but, knowing my "TAFFRAIL," I never began to believe that he would allow them to marry each other. And I was right. In the account of *Michael's* early progress—he is first met on his way to join the *Britannia*—we get a thoroughly engaging story (especially to be recommended to the notice of boys), but it is also a refreshment to the memory of events that made history. In one chapter indeed "TAFFRAIL" leaves his tale to look after itself and turns aside to tell us of "the tremendous wave of development which swept over the British Navy during the first few years of the twentieth century." This digression may be a breach of the rules but it would be mere pedantry to cavil at it.

CHARIVARIA.

IN accordance with ancient custom at the Welsh National Eisteddfod a sword was unsheathed in the Gorsedd circle and the Archdruid asked, "Is it peace?" Well, that's what Mr. LLOYD GEORGE told us it was.

* * *

The PRIME MINISTER was unable to attend the Eisteddfod. We understand however that he offered the services of the Government in order to bring about a settlement, but could promise no subsidy.

* * *

No official authority is forthcoming for the suggestion that beer should be taxed to pay the subsidy to the mining industry. Everybody knows that present-day beer isn't strong enough to support anything.

* * *

It should in fairness to the PRIME MINISTER be pointed out that SOLOMON got his reputation for wisdom at a time when nobody was ever called upon to settle a coal dispute.

* * *

Capital has been said to be the most sensitive thing on earth. But have you ever heard a trade union leader when his omnipotence is called in question?

* * *

Dr. KELMAN MCDONALD reminds us that Mr. G. B. SHAW is an osteopath. The successful SHAW-BARKER combination is not forgotten.

* * *

A man fell out of a char-à-banc the other day while standing up to play a bugle. This raises the old question—Did he fall or was he pushed?

* * *

We read of a dancer whose legs have been insured for thirty thousand pounds. It is evident that she is very much afraid of burglars.

* * *

When approaching Victoria Station the other day the rear part of a train from Brighton became detached. This air of detachment is rather characteristic of the Southern Railway.

* * *

The Deptford Council have made application for the appointment of female police. The explanation is that women criminals simply hate to be arrested by police officers of the male sex.

* * *

The alleged obliquity of the spire of St. Martin's Church, Ludgate Hill, is said to be more apparent from Fleet Street than from anywhere else. It would be.

* * *

A Scotsman protests that, owing to the many cheap excursions from Aberdeen to London, those who walk don't save half so much as they used to.

* * *

Professional footballers have begun their training unusually early. This is regarded as a sign of a hard winter.

* * *

The Fulham Council's electrical engineer complains that bricklayers seem unobtainable, and when they are secured they only stay a short time. We wonder if he has tried buttering their feet.

* * *

The Bishop of ELY declares that one of his life's aspirations has been to jump off London Bridge into the cold clean water and rescue someone from drowning. We can imagine nothing more refreshing than being rescued from those limpid depths by a Prelate.

* * *

An article on sea-fishing says that bass may be taken with prawns. So we have observed in many a bar.

* * *

What with the tour of six hundred American clansmen in Scotland and the route march of the London Scottish from Aberdeen to Perth, it must be long since so many Scotsmen were seen north of the Tweed.

* * *

There is a report that on the occasion of his birthday some of Signor MUSSOLINI's admirers presented him with an unexploded shell. We await a further and louder report.

* * *

A well-known firm of caterers held their athletic sports recently. We understand that in the egg-and-spoon race for waitresses, which was started by the ringing of a bell, all the competitors were very slow off the mark.

* * *

A Californian rancher is arranging for his coffin to be equipped with a listening-in set, so that after he is dead he can hear what is going on in the world. Some people never know when they are well off.

* * *

According to Dr. HUBERT POCOCK, of Toronto, there would be much less ill-health if people walked on their toes. We are bringing this to the notice of the people in the flat above us.

* * *

A West Kensington correspondent of *The Evening News* reports having seen an ape at the Zoo partaking of custard and a whisky-and-soda. The ape, for his part, complains that it is intolerable if Regent's Park residents cannot eat and drink without being commented upon by West Kensington people.

* * *

A German film shows *Portia* in horn-rimmed spectacles. We seem to see a sub-title running, "Say, bo, we want this hooch they call mercy straight as it comes from the boot-leggers."

* * *

Several million years ago, according to a scientist, the day was only four hours long. What a pity in many ways that Mr. COOK wasn't alive then!

* * *

A bird that was recently stunned by a cricket-ball was revived with some beer, but we don't believe the rumour that it immediately went and stood at silly-point.

"The path of the poet is evidently very perplexing at times. It is said there is no proper rhyme to the word 'planet.'"—*Daily Mirror.*

The Daily Mail, however, knows of one.

Of all the places on this planet
There is not one to equal Thanet.



The Eleventh Man (0, not out). "YES, I LIVE HERE, BUT OF COURSE I'M QUALIFIED BY BIRTH FOR YORKSHIRE."

MY INDELIBLE BATHING-DRESS.

WHAT I like about Bobby Ingoldsbie is that he sees the point; some day (soon unfortunately) he will go to school and learn how to beat about the bush like Charles and Mildred and the rest of his family; in the meantime he seems to me invariably to get to the heart of the matter. It was so over the question of my bathing-dress.

It is a curious thing, but wherever I go with the Ingoldsbies I forget to take a bathing-dress; and wherever I go with the Ingoldsbies they make me buy one; consequently I possess what is, I suppose—I say it in all humility—one of the most remarkable collections of bathing-dresses in the world—blue ones from Brighton, red ones from Scarborough, little black-and-white striped ones (primitive, early Bognorian); and a (probably unique) grey specimen with a slight stripe in it from St. Ebba's-on-Sea (1910). I had at one time an unused "Channel Islands" in a very rare pink, but I swapped it for a yellow Weston-super-Mare (1921).

Such a collection is of course impressive; at the same time the mania for it, I find, diminishes in intensity with advancing years, and when this summer I joined the Ingoldsbies on the shores of the Lago di Garda I was reluctant to add yet another (Italian) specimen to my collection.

"Besides," I said when Charles raised the inevitable question, "I don't know the Italian for a bathing-dress. So I can't buy one, can I?"

The family eyed me scornfully.

"When we bade you a tender *au revoir* at Victoria," said Mildred, "did we or did we not press into your hand a little book of phrases called *All You Require in Italy*?"

I admitted that this was so, but explained that I had inadvertently left all I required in Italy in an hotel bedroom at Milan.

Mildred sighed. "There," she said, "take mine;" and she handed me all *she* required in Italy.

"These pencils are very beautiful," I read as I turned over the pages. "Waiter, I do not like this soup. Send for the proprietor. Oh, you may go now, cabman."

"Nothing about bathing-dresses, you see," I concluded; "evidently one does not require bathing-dresses in Italy."

"These bathing-dresses are very beautiful," extemporised Mrs. Ingoldsbie. "Send for the cashier. Oh, you may stop selling me a bathing-dress now, shopman."

But Charles and Mildred were inexorable. I could gesticulate, they said.

So Mrs. Ingoldsbie and I went in search of a shop in which I could gesticulate—rather a wide sort of shop, we thought, would be the thing.

We selected one over the door of which was written: "COSTALOTTI."

"After all," I said as we entered, "it can't mean what it looks as if it ought to mean, and it may be the Italian for bathing-dresses."

"Costalotti?" I queried as I approached the counter.

Signor Costalotti bowed. Evidently he was not the Italian for bathing-dresses. So I went through the evolutions of swimming, starting with a quiet breast-stroke in the direction of Costalotti. Poor man, I fancy he thought I had a stammer and was beginning with a few breathing exercises.

My side-stroke promised better, for Costalotti's brow lightened a little; it would, I believe, have been a success in the end had not Mrs. Ingoldsbie interrupted.

"These pencils are very beautiful," she ejaculated suddenly in Italian from behind me. (The silent suspense, she explained to me afterwards, was becoming unbearable.)

"Hush!" I begged her, "please . . . you'll put him off the scent."

It put him off it altogether, and with the opening of my more vigorous overhand stroke he simply turned and bolted. On thinking it over I believe that he suspected me of suffering from some dangerous mental disorder—hydrophobia perhaps.

His place was rapidly taken by Costalotti junior, who also bowed.

"What can I do for you, Sir?" he said in English.

* * * * *

Armed with a bath-towel I retired behind a rock to dry and dress myself. Having removed my bathing-dress from my shoulders I saw immediately that a remarkable thing had happened. For a moment I thought that it was too good to be true; then, having reassured myself, I peered over the edge of my rock.

"I say!" I shouted. Ingoldsbie heads appeared from the rocks about me. "I say, you'll never guess what's happened. The colour has come off my bathing-dress and half of me is dyed blue——"

There was a shout of derisive laughter.

"Blue," they repeated; "but how perfectly wonderful; he's half blue."

"I feel like an Ancient Briton," I said.

"BOADICEA'S bodyguard," suggested the Colonel (grossly, I thought).

"I suppose you'll go about saying you're a half-blue for swimming now," said Charles.

But it required the wisdom of the suckling to see the real significance of the episode.

"Well, anyway," called Bobby, "you'll never have to buy another bathing-dress, 'cos you'll always sort of have one on underneath."

It is a comforting thought. I shall never have to buy another bathing-dress. I shall always sort of have one on underneath.

A SECOND RESTORATION.

[Coincidently with the Prince of Wales' visit "an ivory statuette of Charles II., dating from the 17th century, has been discovered at Buenos Aires, and is being presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Hilary H. Leng, a prominent British resident. It will arrive in London at the end of August."—*The Times.*]

CHARLES, the debonair, the witty,
Travelled far in foreign parts,
Knew the lore of many a city,
Learnt the price of many hearts;

Much enduring, like Odysseus,
Worldly-wise as well as he,
Taught by Fortune's use and misuse
Countless wiles of land and sea;

Till at length the fickle nation
Brought the King they sent to roam
In triumphant restoration
Back to his ancestral home.

Far afield again we 've found him,
Jesting with his cynic mouth
To the courtiers around him,
In the Paris of the South;

Strolling through her flowery Places,
Shedding half an exile's cares,
Captivated by the graces
Of the City of Good Airs;

Greeting, as the fancy seizes,
All and sundry by the way,
Where the spring of August breezes
Scents the Avenue of May.

"*¿ Cómo están, mis chiquitas?*"
Hear him quiz the laughing girls,
Charming all the señoritas
With his ruffles, frills and curls.

CHARLES, the galliard, the rover,
Once again to be restored,
These delights for you are over,
Joys that travel-years afford!

Bid farewell to Buenos Aires,
While a Prince of English line,
Nearer to our hearts' desire, is
Welcomed in the Argentine,

Entertained as none before him
In that hospitable land,
Till his Fates, like yours, restore him
From the Silver River's strand.

The Classical Reward.

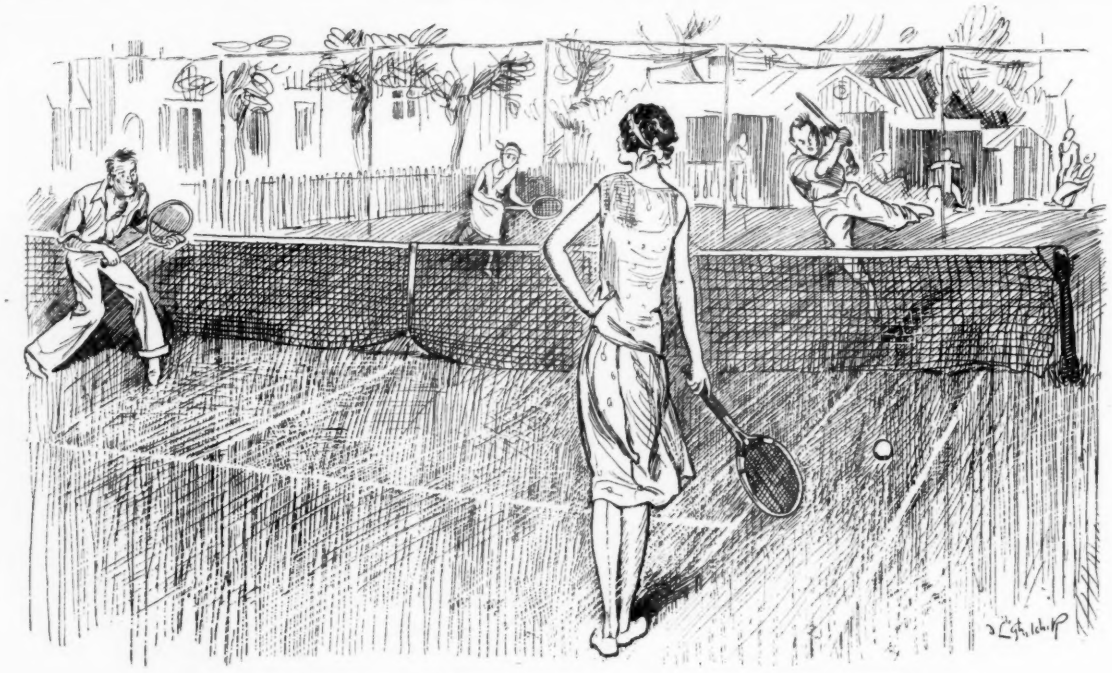
"The management are to be congratulated on the success of the evening and Mrs. ——, the popular proprietoress, has added yet another palm to her already numerous laurels."
Indian Paper.

A sprig of parsley and another of wild olive and her wreath will be complete.



THE RED SETTER.

Mr. J. H. Thomas (*to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald*). "WE SHALL NEVER GET NEAR THE BIRDS UNTIL THAT —— DOG IS SUPPRESSED."



Fair Player (whose partner is bearing the brunt of a gruelling set). "YOURS, PARTNER."

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

II.—LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

THE wine-dark, mysterious, intolerable sea, the vast, superb, inconsequent Atlantic flops up and down all round us. The great ship heaves across the wave, creaking and groaning like an old man struck with sciatica. Porpoises appear like fairy pigs and do exhibition swims and plunges, now upon the port hand, now upon the starboard hand. The wind blows vaguely, sometimes on the starboard bow and sometimes on the port. The faithful helmsman plies his wheel. The mighty engines ceaselessly revolve, tireless, indefatigable, huge machines. And meal after meal is safely faced and eaten.

Meal after meal. Tea in bed. Then breakfast—just three or four simple dishes selected from a menu a mile or so in length—just a little cantaloupe melon, a little portion of cod, a little omelette with mignonette potato, a little common eggs and bacon, a little buckwheat cake, or perhaps a waffle with syrup, and the whole washed down with Kaffee Hagg or Instant Postum. From breakfast to 11.30 the passenger goes entirely without food. Then a sandwich (as like as not a caviare sandwich), and perhaps a cup of bouillon, supports his fainting frame till lunch-time. At lunch there are never more than forty or fifty dishes from which to choose; but with care and study a man can find something that will keep body and soul together till tea-time. There is no meal between tea and dinner. On the other hand, there is no reason why dinner should ever stop. For, even if hunger does not compel, curiosity can scarce refrain from such strange delicacies as Essence of Chicken under Glass, Eugénie, or a Minute Steak Sauté with Asparagus Tips, or Baked Bordeaux Squab Araminta; while to be offered roast grouse in mid-Atlantic and July is an adventure that must stir the meanest Englishman to action. However, if dinner does come to an end in time, there are more sandwiches at eleven; but after that the passenger must get through the night as best he can.

The service of these few scraps of food is of a character to tempt the veriest ascetic to excess. Stewards with the grace and manners of archbishops press food upon us with such a courtliness that it would seem they had no other joy in life but to see us eat; and when for the seventh time they dangle before you the endless bill-of-fare and murmur, not sourly, "Anything else?" nor gruffly, "What'll you 'ave now?" but sweetly, graciously, "YOUR DESIRE, SIR?" it seems like boorishness to refuse a seventh course.

When we are not eating we are taking down our fat. The Englishmen who rule the waves and run our floating restaurants have now acknowledged a truth for long obscured by doctors and romantic writers that there is nothing so unhealthy as life at sea. Cooped up in smoking-rooms and lounges, gobbling in the bowels of the ship and smoking all day, men lose upon the ocean the ruddy colour they brought from their native cities, go pale and wan and develop paunches. A thousand stomachs suffer gradual decay. Indeed, it may be said that the only people who keep well are those who are sea-sick; for these alone refrain from over-eating and suffer no corruption.

However, the authorities do their best for those whom not even the wild sports of quoits and skittles or route-marching round the deck can prevent from creeping obesity and decline. There is a little, but adequate gymnasium on the top deck; and hither men repair, as to a confessional, to wipe out the excesses they have committed in a larger room below. Here there presides, in sweater and white flannels, a large pathetic master of exercise and priest of fitness. Pathetic, because his whole soul is in his work, and his clients, however eager for health, decline to take him seriously. In his shrine are many frivolous instruments of exercise. There are three horse-machines which, on being set in motion, give a dreadfully accurate

imitation of the trotting-horse and galvanise the liver. There is a rowing-machine, there are bicycles, there is an india-rubber man who may be struck. For these, I think, the priest cares little. His heart is in the more ascetic things, the dumb-bells, the Indian clubs, the elastic chest-expanders; and sometimes, if one creeps up quietly, one finds him all alone, patiently expanding his enormous chest. For one man who will do the dumb-bells or take a course of club-swinging I think he would give all the light-minded mob who ride upon the horses or madly race upon the stationary bicycles.

But even the Indian club is not his principal joy. This huge athletic man has a passion for the larger intestine. No sooner had I set foot in the gymnasium than he approached and murmured a few grave words about my larger intestine, my diet and my abdominal muscles. He then led me to a fearsome electrical instrument, hidden in a corner, a thing with horrid wheels and rollers, with which, I gathered, he was prepared to massage, stimulate and galvanise the larger intestine. Trembling, I leapt upon a horse and wildly trotted a couple of miles. All his visitors, I have since heard, he lures with smooth words and enticements towards this darling of his heart; but until George put his vile scheme into execution not a single intestine, I believe, has he had to play with.

George has done a bad action. George, to my intense surprise, wearied quite early of Mr. Honeybubble's conversation; but in the gymnasium he has found a powerful aid. Mr. Honeybubble, though for the first three days he remained obstinately not sea-sick, frets a good deal about his health and his dimensions. And whenever George can bear him no longer he tells Honeybubble that he is not looking the thing. Honeybubble gives a list of the dishes he consumed at the last meal and specifies those of them which he wishes he had not. Yesterday it was the Lake Trout, the day before the Brook Trout. He then proposes a route-march round the deck. George says that this is not enough, that what Mr. Honeybubble needs is shaking up, and he mentions the gymnasium, and the thrill of horse-riding, rowing and ball-punching. At long last he leads Mr. Honeybubble up the stairs, lures him on to the horse and sets the creature trotting. He then announces that he himself proposes to expand his chest, quietly slips away and leaves poor Honeybubble assiduously riding in his saddle till the next meal, when he descends complaining of stiffness and sore legs.



Jaded Golfer (to negligent caddie). "TAKE A LITTLE MORE INTEREST IN YOUR WORK, MY LAD. IT MAY BE IRKSOME, BUT REMEMBER YOU CAN'T HATE THIS GAME MORE THAN I DO."

To-day, it seems, insatiable of evil, George went one further. The sea is rough and poor Mr. Honeybubble was feeling less the thing than ever; and George, not content with riding the man silly, suggested wickedly that possibly the larger intestine was at fault. The high priest, hovering at hand, heard instantly his favourite words and pounced. Poor Mr. Honeybubble, now as wax in his hands, was led away to the secret corner and clamped to an iron chair. George then departed, so we may never know what awful thing was done to Mr. Honeybubble's abdominal muscles in that dark corner.

All we do know is that poor Mr. Honeybubble retired to his cabin and has not since been seen. A. P. H.

Our Cynical Press.

"In the Vacation Court, Mr. Justice Finlay ordered the decrees *nisi* in the following 72 divorce cases to be made absolute:—
Other Sporting News will be found on page 6."
Daily Paper.

"The cricket field is a fair and open space wherein . . . a collier may . . . bestride his social superior by sheer merit and without apologies."—*Sunday Paper.*

We always use a pick-a-back field for this purpose.

At Cowes:—

"The breeze was not nearly strong enough for *Britannia*."—*London Paper, Aug. 4th.*

"Their Majesties entertained a few guests at dinner."—*Yorkshire Paper, same day.*

At lunch-time, apparently, they would have been even more welcome.

IN A NORFOLK LANE.

"I DON'T like the uproar," said Gregory, "that your engine is creating."

"I'm afraid I must have boiled it," I said.

"How on earth," he inquired, "did you come to do that?"

"No simple feat of cookery is beyond me," I answered modestly. "Mine is one of these light cheap cars, you know. As a matter of fact the radiator fan won't keep its belt on. Lots of men at garages have tried to make it keep its belt on, but directly we start off again it joyously hurls the thing aside. Like Cytherea, you know, with loosened zone——"

"The hullabaloo," repeated Gregory, "is horrible." I stopped and readjusted the fan-belt. In a few miles it was off again. "I've never heard anything like this," said Gregory plaintively, "since I lived with a man who had asthma."

"There's something rather beautiful about the noise of asthma, don't you think?" I said, seeking to cheer him. "Sometimes a solemn stately roll like an organ, at other times a reedy fluting like the pipes of Pan."

Happily at this moment Gregory's attention was diverted.

"I'm perfectly certain," he said, "that you've taken the wrong road."

"I've been perfectly certain of it for some time," I said, "but you see there isn't room to turn round. It has always been a great mystery to me, Gregory, what happens when one cart or car meets another in a Norfolk lane like this. There used to be a story about two goats meeting each other on a mountain ledge. One of them lay down, I fancy, and let the other crawl over its back; but you couldn't very well do that even with a light cheap car like mine."

"There's a fork in the lane ahead," observed Gregory; "let's look at the map."

"Much better turn round," I said.

Between the two prongs of the fork there was a narrow triangular slip of long grass with the apex pointing towards us.

"I think," I said, "that I can just back her over this."

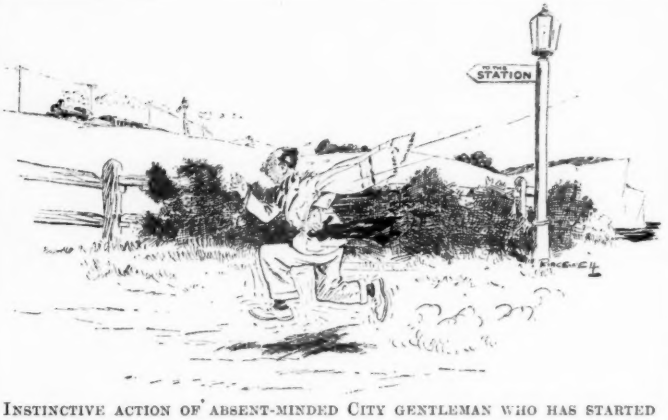
I ran her up the left-hand prong and backed her. There was a rather curious and unforeseen result. The narrow slip of long grass was not a narrow slip of long grass at all. It was a narrow slip of high earth with short grass on the top of it. The back wheels of the car went over with a terrific bump. The front wheels stayed. The body of the car was now resting with the earth as its sole support. All the wheels were in the air. They dangled feebly. One had the impression of a newly-landed fish. The engine stopped running. With great presence of mind I put on the hand-brake.

"I think we will get out now, Gregory," I said, "and stretch our legs for a little."

I have forgotten what Gregory said.

It was close upon high noon. Fields of barley waved upon either side of us. The sun blazed hotly down. At first there seemed no sound.

"Hark!" said Gregory. "What's that?"



INSTINCTIVE ACTION OF ABSENT-MINDED CITY GENTLEMAN WHO HAS STARTED OUT FOR AN EARLY MORNING BATHE ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE HOLIDAYS.

"It's a corncrake," I said. "Running perfectly, too. Not a vestige of a roar."

"Well," he grumbled, "what are you going to do about it all?"

I thought.

I developed a theory after a few moments that, if we jacked up the front axle, placing a few large stones between the jack and the axle and then flung ourselves violently against the bonnet of the car, we could thrust it off backwards, so that the hind wheels touched the ground and the front wheels fell on the grass. It was a clever theory, and one that would have appealed to ARCHIMEDES; but it did not work. Besides, the radiator was frightfully hot.

"One or both of us," said Gregory, "will have to walk back to Norwich."

"There's a nursery-rhyme about that," I pointed out. "Why not wait here and see if another car comes along?"

"I don't see how it could help us if it did," objected Gregory.

"No, nor do I," I agreed; "but it would have to stop and sympathise. For one thing, we've blocked both roads now, so it couldn't pass by on the other side. It would have to offer us oil and wine."

We sat down on the grass and smoked to keep off the flies.

"I'll tell you what I could do," I said after about twenty minutes, "to while away the time. I could recite a little poem by HANNAH MORE. Did you ever read 'Sir Eldred'?:—

"'Cold, speechless, senseless, Eldred near
Gazed on the deed he'd done,
Like the blank statue of Despair
Or Madness graved in stone.'

That was when he had just returned from the Crusades and killed his lady Birtha in her bower, together with the man whom he thought to be her lover. But it was really her brother Edwy, you know. Then her father turned up and saw the bodies and died too from the shock. Very awkward for Sir Eldred. There is a moral to the poem:—

"'The deadliest wounds with which we bleed
Our crimes inflict alone,
Man's *mercies* from God's hand proceed,
His *mis'ries* from his own.'"

"I don't think I care very much for recitations," said Gregory. "Hullo, what's that?"

There was an earth-shaking noise apparently quite close to us.

"Something is coming," I hazarded. "I will go and sound my horn. Always the true knight of the highway. No one shall ever accuse me of driving to the public danger."

I went and tooted vigorously several times. The noise increased in volume, but nothing appeared.

"I know," said Gregory suddenly. "It's behind the hedge."

It was. It was a motor-tractor attached to an agricultural machine. There were two strong men with it. They were about to burst forth upon the road a little way up the right-hand fork.

"They can't tow us off, anyway," said Gregory. "They might give us a ride into Norwich perhaps."

"They can't do that either," I pointed out, "because they can't get by. I shouldn't wonder if we aren't the only people who've ever blocked up two roads at once with one car."

We took counsel with the Norfolk men. That is to say, Gregory and I



Polite Pedestrian. "In difficulties, Sir? Can I help?"
Motorist. "Perhaps you can tell me what's made her stop?"
Polite Pedestrian. "Well, to tell you the truth I've no idea what makes 'em go."

explained the position volubly, while they said nothing at all. My idea was to point out that our position was not a normal picnicking incident, but the result of an unfortunate mistake. Gregory's notion seemed to be to make it perfectly clear that it was I who had been driving the car.

The men did not smile. They examined the situation of the car with sympathetic curiosity.

"I expect it happens quite often," I said hopefully to Gregory. "In a county like this they are sure to have a special system for moving motor-cars off grass hummocks. It will be part of the elementary agricultural training round here."

Most probably I was right. The two men disappeared and came back after an absence of ten minutes with two long poles. We put them under the front axle of the car and heaved, two men to a pole, and heaved again. Very scientifically we heaved, with a sideways motion, to swing the nose of the car back again towards Norwich.

The heat was terrific. The poles creaked and splintered, but held firm.

"Some people will tell you," I panted to Gregory, "that there's no exercise in motoring."

Gregory grunted. We removed our coats. Even the natives perspired.

When we got her off, with a little thrill of excitement we all lay down and examined her underneath. There were scars but no wounds.

Gregory and I made a rapid estimate of the overtime rates for skilled agricultural labour in the county of Norfolk. It was accepted without a challenge. I readjusted the belt of the radiator-fan. We got on board and we started to the accompaniment of a faint cheer.

"The curious thing about it is," said Gregory, after we had run about twenty miles or so, "that your engine seems to be still keeping cool."

"I have a suspicion," I said, and, stopping the car, I opened the bonnet. The fan-belt was still on. It never came off again.

"There is nothing like a sudden shock," I said when we stopped for the night, "for pulling these light cars together."

"I have just discovered," said Gregory, who had been looking at the map, "that if we'd held on up that lane for three miles more we could have run into our right road."

"Ah, yes," I agreed; "but how on earth could we have cooled the engine then?"

Evoe.

POETIC REFUSALS.

(Mr. Walter de la Mare refuses to listen-in.)

Half hidden in a graveyard
I have found enough to do
Collecting all the epitaphs
And making others too.

Broadcasting cannot please me;
The music is a din;
I gave the world "The Listeners,"
Not "The Listeners-in."

The Children's Hour is weary
With yawn and stifled sigh;
The children would be better
Reading "Peacock Pie."

Then the Savoy Orpheans,
They fill my heart with gloom;
But merrily I whistle
Sitting upon a tomb.

Phantoms and freaks and faeries
Are dearer, I confess,
Than all the aunts and uncles
Who talk by Wireless.

Our Cheerful Advertisers.

"'Once a Customer, Always a Customer.'
A large assortment of Mourning of every description always in stock."
Draper's Advt. in Local Paper.

OUR REGIMENTAL SPORTS.

REGIMENTAL sports are easy things to organise. It is done thus: the Colonel says, "Let there be sports!" The Adjutant forms a committee, the subalterns decide whose names shall appear as officials on the four-page appendix of the programme, and within a week a party of men are erecting tents on the cricket ground. This is known as decentralisation.

The main thing about regimental sports is that there shall be tea. The officers have a marquee for tea, and a small bell-tent at the back for drinks, in case any officer feels faint. Some of them do. The sergeants have four marquees for drinks, and a small bell-tent at the back for tea, in the unlikely event of any sergeant feeling he wants a cup of tea. None of them does. The corporals have a canteen for tea and beer, the men have a canteen for beer and tea. There are also some races going on, but one doesn't get much time to look at those.

The races are, however, a fairly important part. Leaving out races like the Half Mile, One Mile, and Three Miles, for which distances any sensible person takes a tram, the most interesting events are the less serious ones, such as the Veterans' Race, the Children's Race, Tilting the Bucket, and the Officers' Race.

The Veterans' Race is for old soldiers only, and they get one yard's start for every year of their age. Some very old soldiers turn up for this event; in fact we had one at our sports who remembered the drill for presenting arquebuses. He won the race easily, as he only had to step back a couple of yards to reach the winning-post.

The Children's Handicap Race is also a favourite. A good deal of money changes hands over this, and it is very difficult to judge form. For instance, when Sergeant Grenade is heard offering four-to-one against such a well-fancied starter as Miss Sergeant-Major Magazine (six years—cerise with white sash) the probabilities are that he proposes filling her up with ices beforehand. Again, when Master Private Muzzle (rising four—black, royal blue cap), who was a very good tip as a dark horse up to the eve of the race, suddenly shortens in price, one realises that in all probability he has unfortunately given his form away in an unpremeditated trial due to remarking adversely on Private Barrel's figure. Some of the most likely-looking outsiders with good handicaps often lose their backers' money either by failing to realise that there is a race on, or by running through the ropes to mother, or by stopping to adjust socks by numbers. Our race this year was won by Master Quartermaster-Sergeant Fourbytwo (aged —, brown velveteen). He carried most of the Sergeants' Mess money, and shortly after the race was found badly ice-logged in the Sergeants' Tea Tent.

Tilting the Bucket and Tilting the Tumbler are both strongly supported. One is done on the ground at a stated time; the other in the Sergeants' Marquee at any old time.

But the Officers' Race is generally the star turn, for the officers draw a sweepstake of their own beforehand, with a prize for both first and last. Thus the onlookers never know whether the officer who is in the running for first has not himself drawn the officer behind him in the sweep and so will be just overtaken at the post. Our race this year was peculiar. It was won by Captain Bayonet, not a fast runner; but Captain Bayonet had been drawn by the Colonel. Four other officers, who for the last fifty yards had been trying tactfully not to overtake him, were equal second. After them was an interval of seventy-five yards, and then three officers, who had all drawn themselves and were running for last prize, were equal last.

In addition to the programme there are the unrehearsed incidents, and these must be guarded against. One such occurred when both the R.S.M. and the Quartermaster, men of stentorian voice, noticed a private a quarter of a mile away doing something he shouldn't—I think he was sitting on the fence of the Officer's Mess garden in an insubordinate manner. They both pointed it out simultaneously and such was the volume of sound that the man was blown backwards off the fence, and the Recorder's bell-tent near by was turned inside out like an umbrella in a gale. We were all glad the R.S.M. had not got his megaphone with him; luckily it was being used at the moment by Corporal Foresight to quell an opponent with whom he had a slight difference of opinion.

Another mishap occurred when a runner in the quarter-mile got bad cramp and had to be carried into the nearest shelter. This happening to be the Officers' Drink-tent, he got a drop of whisky to revive him. It resulted in the next race having to be run again, owing to all fifteen competitors being struck down with cramp while passing the Officers' Enclosure.

Lastly, in all good sports there are the clowns. There is generally quite a rush to get this job, for, besides a small gratuity, clowns have the advantage of dressing up in coloured paint, not saluting an officer and being able to say what they like about the Company Sergeant-Major without getting told off.

Perhaps the best event of all is the Dog Race. It takes place generally during the latter half of the Final of the Hundred Yards, which, as it uses the same track, it completely overshadows. It was won this year by one of the mixed camp pack—an airdoodle, I think, a fine St. Pommard being second.

TOOTING—A SWAN-SONG.

[Sir HENRY JACKSON, M.P., opening the new Arcade and Market at Tooting, stated that the Arcade was within a hundred yards of the Underground Station now being built at Tooting Broadway, and that Tubes would be running near the Market early next year: "that would mean that Tooting would become a more and more important trading centre."—*Times.*]

IF haply you think of recruiting
Your health in some handy resort
Where orchards are rich in their fruiting
And children can peacefully sport,
Alas! of the pleasures of Tooting
I can't give a healthy report.

'Twas once a "nice neighbourhood," suiting
The tastes of the modestly gay,
When the tribe of the Pooters* went pooting
Along in their innocent way,
When to own half-an-acre at Tooting
Cost very much less than to-day.

But now the fierce motorist's hooting
Disturbs its Sabbatical peace,
And hustle and bustle and scooting
Are everywhere on the increase,
Till the placid seclusion of Tooting
Is gone, like the glory of Greece.

For eminent magnates, saluting
The handsome new Market Arcade,
Linked up with the Underground, rooting
Its way with electrical spade,
Predict for the suburb of Tooting
A wondrous expansion of trade.

But I, as I hark to this bruiting
Abroad of its imminent "boom,"
Like the fowl that indulges in fluting
Its song on the eve of its doom,
Lament the lost magic of Tooting,
The end of its innocent bloom.

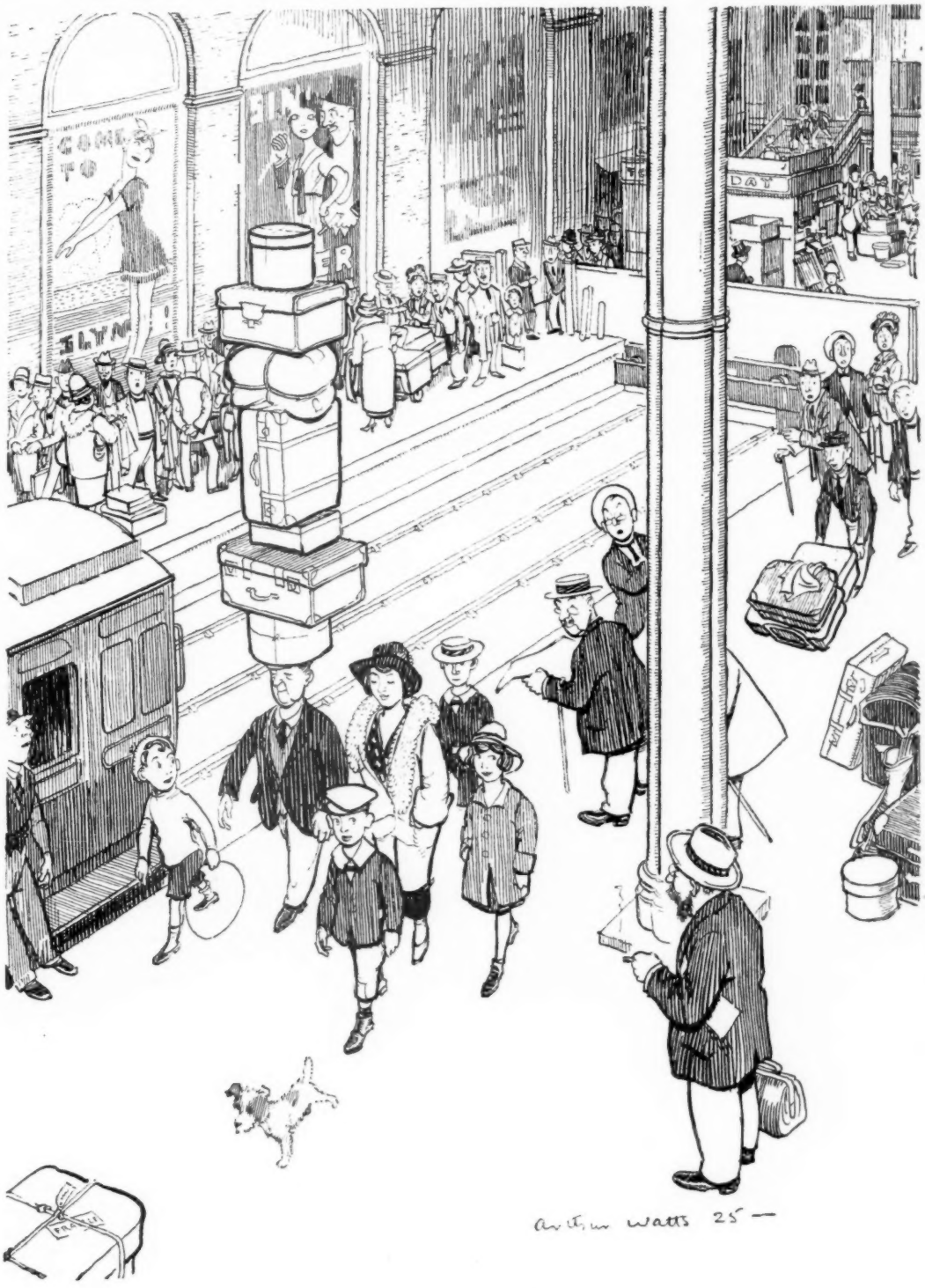
"LIVE STOCK AND PETS.
Set of Scotch Bag-Pipes, cheap."
Liverpool Paper.

These must be "Live Stock."

"From Waterloo hundreds of excursionists made the journey to the West of England by the depulicated midnight 'special.'"
Daily Paper.

The word is new to us, but we are happy to infer that whatever may be said against the Southern Railway it has no fleas on it.

* Cf. *The Diary of a Nobody.*



MR. JONES, THE COVENT GARDEN PORTER, SETS OUT ON HIS ANNUAL HOLIDAY.

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Dolce Far Niente,
nr. Sleepidell.

WITH my old friend, Tots Uppingham, at this dear little rustic rest-place of hers. We're perfectly gay and cheerful, but we seldom speak to each other and never smile! *Et pourquoi?* We're resting our faces and, above all, our *smiles*, which have been working overtime since May. We've the priceless benefit of Madame Merveille here for three weeks, at the end of which time she promises us our youth "renewed like the eagle's." We're to form no opinions and to repress thought entirely. We're to see no newspapers, with their "dangers threatening the country," and so on. Thinking of dangers to one's country and of what things are coming to makes a vertical line between the brows, and must on no account be done. In fact to look absolutely one's best one should have no country. But while sitting in the dark for the eyelid and brow treatment, lying in the violet rays, standing in the rose-red rays or kneeling in the green rays and being stroked and thumped and pinched, my memory has busied itself with some of the salient features of the season now dead.

There was that last party of Pixie Dashmore's. The invitations ran: "Dry and Wet Dancing. Come prepared." It was a stifling night with a gorgeous moon, and, after dancing in the house and on the pavement outside, everyone went across the road to the Park, where supper was laid. After supper, hey presto! evening clothes were shed, revealing every variety of *toilette de bain*, and everybody ran over to the water, where, the band having followed from the house, the fish-trot was danced, and also the Serpentine-swirl and the water-tango. The police were inclined to be troublesome about the supper and the band and the water-dancing, and spoke their old tag that everything people did would be used against them, or something of that kind, but eventually it was all amicably arranged.

Two or three days afterwards Pixie came rushing into my flat in Mayfair Mansions in a state of ecstasy with a morning paper in her hand. "Oh, my dear friend!" she cried, "I haven't lived in vain! My party was the cause of a jolly good row in Parliament last night. Listen. 'The Revolutionist Member for Grimy Green (Mr. Dan Dobbs) asked the Secretary for Things in General if his attention had been called to certain orgies in Hyde Park in the course of a ball given by the well-known Society leader, Lady Dashmore—orgies worthy of the times of the wicked Greek Emperor Nero. The Hon. Member said the parks were London's lungs. Were those lungs to be made tuberculous by the indecorous pranks of the Idle Rich?'

"Now hear how darling Dickie answered him. 'The Secretary for Things in General begged to inform the Hon. Member for Grimy Green that Nero was a Roman, not a Greek, emperor. As for the absurdly styled *orgies* in Hyde Park, they had been grossly exaggerated and were only the harmless playfulness of high-spirited young people. The Secretary for Things in General at this point was howled down by the Revolutionist party, who assailed him with cries of "You were there yourself!" "You're one of the worst of them!" and, the uproar continuing, the Right Hon. Gentleman at last walked out of the House.' *Figurez-vous cela, mon amie! All* over my party! I'm too happy for words."

My memory also dwells upon the fierce social rivalry during the past season of the two "new" hostesses, Mrs. Smith-Green-Jones and Mrs. Tinkeur-Tinkeur, otherwise Tinker. Anne Midshire was the power-behind-the-throne in Mrs. Smith-Green-Jones's case, and nobly she earned her money! The Archduke Peter, of the unfortunate House of Perhapsburg, was very much "featured," as the film people say, at the "new" hostesses' parties during the season, though his fee for such affairs is a pretty tall one. Anne secured him for Mrs. Smith-Green-Jones on several occasions. And yet the ungrateful woman was for ever fretting over Mrs. Tinkeur-Tinkeur's parties (engineered by Grace Chadborough). Mrs. T.-T. for her part kept an anxious eye on Mrs. Smith-&c.'s proceedings and was always teasing Grace to get her something *exclusive*, something sensational, something Mrs. S.-G.-J. hadn't had and couldn't have. "There's that Smith-Green-Jones woman *again* sending out invitations to a dinner-dance 'To meet the Archduke Peter.' I must and will get even with her! What are you going to do for me, Lady Chadborough?"



IT IS A PITY THAT OXFORD TROUSERS DIDN'T COME BEFORE PLUS FOURS, BECAUSE THE FORMER COULD HAVE BEEN CONVERTED INTO THE LATTER. BUT IT IS HOPELESS TO TRY TO CONVERT THE LATTER INTO THE FORMER.

And Grace, after thinking a few thinks, said, "Would you be satisfied if I got you for your next party her Greatness the Pawnee of Bunderabund, the Indian Princess who is sampling Western civilisation for the first time, and who is always in purdah?"

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Tinkeur-Tinkeur, "*could* you? *Would* she? And what sort of material is purdah?"

"It's not a material. 'In purdah' means that she's never seen unveiled by any man but her husband. If I got her for you to an evening reception you could have a corner of your drawing-room curtained off with black muslin so that she could see all that was going on without being seen, and you could take your friends up to the corner and present them."

Mrs. Tinkeur-Tinkeur was in the seventh heaven. "It's better than anything the Smith-Green-Jones woman has had! I'll take care she gets one of the first invitations, 'To have the honour of meeting her Greatness the Pawnee of Bunderabund.'"

When the evening came Mrs. T.-T. was in great glory, taking everyone up to the black-muslin-curtained corner of the big drawing-room with a "Let me present you to her Greatness the Pawnee of Bunderabund." People were a bit confused in their notions of how



POPULAR MISNOMERS: "THE SILENT HIGHWAY."

to salute an unseen Pawnee. Some bowed, some curtseyed, and a few, with a hazy idea of an Oriental salute, put their arms straight out behind them and bent from the waist. The effect was rather delicious. But, alas, alas! there was a next morning, when Grace Chadborough, going to see Mrs. Tinkeur-Tinkeur about some fresh social plans, found the "new" hostess transfixed over a copy of *The Morning Post*. Unable to speak, she pointed out a paragraph with a trembling finger: "The Pawn and Pawnee of Bunderabund left Marseilles on Tuesday by the *Oriental* for India." And then words burst from the agonised woman, "You 've let me down, Lady Chadborough! *What* was that that sat behind black muslin in a corner of my drawing-room last night and was bowed to and curtseyed to?"

The Chadboroughs are now at a place of theirs near here. Grace, who has an elastic temperament, has quite got over the Bunderabund fiasco and gave a simply charming Lavender Fête in their grounds yesterday—at least it *would* have been charming if—but wait! As most of her affairs are "In aid ofs," this one was to help the famous Lavender Gardens three miles away and their little colony of lavender people. Tots and I broke our beauty-treatment for a few hours and went to it. We all wore shades of lavender, and there was a band in lavender uniform. The tea tent and dancing tent were done all over with bunches of lavender. Grace gave us a terribly interesting account of the lavender people, that they 're descended from the very first lavender gardeners and that it is a typically British industry. She 'd invited some of them over to give their pretty old cry and sell their lavender. And behold! when they arrived, they were all Russian Jews, and the overseer person who brought them said in broken English that the lavender industry would soon be entirely in Russian hands and controlled by a Lavender Soviet!

Of course we wouldn't buy any of their lavender; the *fête* was spoiled, and Grace cried with mortification. Crashed again, poor dear! She says Chadborough must speak about it in the Lord's. Chadborough says he won't.

Our Portmanteau-Counties.

"The stage was laid for a momentous game—Sussex *v.* Notts."—*Sunday Paper.*

With the Cossacks in Dublin:—

"The procession moved on to the strains of 'Wrap the Green Flag Round Me,' played in Russian."—*Irish Paper.*

The tune that Moscow died of.

THEATRE RHYMES.

XIII.—The Box Office.

When the play 's unsuccessful the Box-Office man
Has leisure, and reads every novel he can,
Making hay while the sun shines, for, as you may guess,
He is badgered to death when the play 's a success.

From ten in the morning till ten in the night
There 's a queue at his window obscuring the light,
Every member of which is in need of advice
As to which seats are best at a moderate price.

And, while he is trying to deal with the queue
(As a rule it is just as he 's getting to you),
The telephone rings, and he has to reply
That he 's nothing but stalls till the end of July.

So on a first night, if the show proves a frost
And the manager weeps when he thinks what it cost,
The Box-Office man has a satisfied look:
To-morrow at Mudie's he 'll choose a new book.



Wild-looking person (holding watch). "I 'VE GOT A THEORY THAT PEOPLE CAN STAY UNDER WATER FOR MUCH LONGER THAN IS CONSIDERED POSSIBLE. WOULD YOU MIND IF I HELD YOU UNDER WHILE I TIMED YOU?"

CAPTAIN TIGG.

OH, Captain Tom Tigg
Wore dyed whiskers and big,
And he hoisted his flag on the *Handy Jane* brig,
And he plundered the plate-ships o' Spain;
But Tom had heerd tell o' Ulysses,
And isles where most merry young misses
Would ply you with wine-cups an' kisses,
And he vowed, "If the old *Handy Jane*
Once made such a moorin'—
Rum, roses, allurin'
Young females—he 'd never go rovin' again,
He 'd never go rovin' again!"

Now the *Jane*, with, I 'd guess,
Kites an' royals a-press,
One morn made Fay-Asia,* whose fairy princess
Had tastes (Tom made bold to maintain)
For rovers arrived from the ocean;
So he signalled 'is manly devotion;
But the shore guns returned 'is emotion,
Along with some round shot an' chain.
So Tigg said, "My hearties,
You *can't* please some parties;
'Bout ship there, we 'd need to be rovin' again,
We 'd need to be rovin' again."

So about went his craft
And the breeze blew abaft
Till there lifted an island with pubs fore an' aft—
The sweet isle o' *Circe*, 'twas plain.
And he anchored and manned o' the whaler,

* Phæacia?

And he hailed o' Miss Circe, "Heart's jailer,
I 've heerd as you once loved a sailor;
Here 's his ditto come home from the Main."
But says she, "Tommy Tigg, *styes*
I jails 'em in, *pig*-styes!"
Then she laughed like a ripple, an' rovin' again,
Tom had to be rovin' again.

So the *Jane* stood to sea,
Runnin' large, runnin' free,
Till Tom sighted another sweet moorin' (that 's three)
And another sweet nymph an' no swain;
So he piped of the pinnace to set him
Ashore, an' he told her, "Forget 'im,
Your lost love; 'ere 's Tigg—just you let 'im
Console you, my pretty." 'Twas vain,
For "Calypso," she stated,
"Waits him that she mated,
So, Captain, thee 'd best be a-rovin' again,
Thee 'd best be a-rovin' again!"

Then he ploughed the blue deep
Where the flyin'-fish leap,
And in famed Port o' London was struck of a heap
With the well-to-do widow, Kate Kane—
A party what knew not Ulysses;
But she knew about rummers an' kisses,
And he wed her an' won all the blisses;
For, though she 'd no fond isle and fain,
She 'd the best house in Wapping,
The snug "Here We 're Stopping."
And he paid off the brig *Handy Jane*,
And he never went rovin', went rovin', went rovin',
He never went rovin' again.

THE GREAT BEACH CURE.

REVISED THEORY OF FOOD VALUES.

IS SAND FULL OF VITAMINS?

Sensational Discovery by Dr. Faugh.

England Self-supporting At Last!

Sea-water Better than Beef-Tea, says Eminent Dietetic Expert.

WHAT ACTION DOES THE GOVERNMENT PROPOSE TO TAKE?

Experimental tests in the stored-up calories of ocean-sand, said Dr. Faugh in a paper read recently before the Anglo-Saxon Food Revolt Association at Bacup, Lancs, have proved conclusively that this substance provides alone all the body-building fats and proteins necessary to a nourishing and well-balanced diet. There is more nutriment in a pound of sand than in a similar quantity of beefsteak. The action of sun and ozone, in combination with the pulverised rock friction and the impregnation by essential salts out of which sea sand is generated, makes it the best and healthiest food for the normal human being. Taken in conjunction with doses of sea-water, itself full of nourishing and sustaining properties, it provides all the caseins, proteins, insulins, ohms and isotherms that the body requires.

THE PICNIC TEST.

"How were the tests carried out, Dr. Faugh?" inquired our representative in the specialist's Harley Street consulting-room.

"A normal party of persons," he replied, "including children, were fed, on the top of a cliff fronting the sea, on buns, lemonade, dough-nuts, ham-sandwiches, sausage-rolls and tea. They were not permitted to bathe. A second normal party of persons, equal in number, was provided with the same amount of food, but took their meals regularly on the beach after bathing in the sea. Gradually the amount of food consumed by the second party was reduced, until they were feeding on practically nothing but sand and the sea-water inadvertently swallowed during their dip. At the end of a fortnight the second party was far fitter and healthier than the first. I attribute this surprising result entirely to the wonderful nutritive properties of sea-water and sand taken internally."

"What follows if your theory is correct?" we inquired.

NO NEED TO SUBSIDISE INDUSTRY.

"All unemployed persons," he said, "should at once be drafted into the transport supply of sand and salt water to the national breakfast-table. Coal-mining and shipbuilding become of secondary importance, as it will be unnecessary for England to import food, and she can devote her energies to less arduous and exacting trades. I am at the moment drafting a memorandum to the Prime Minister on the subject."

COOKING UNNECESSARY.

"And the sand," we said, "is it to be baked and eaten in the form of pies?"

"Absolutely unfired," answered Dr. Faugh, "for it has been already cooked by the sun. It should be sifted thickly over jam, treacle, pickles, bloater-paste, or any condiment that may be preferred, in order to give it a relish."

"And washed down with sea-water?"

"Certainly," he said. "About a gallon a day, or as much as is drunk by the ordinary bather during a swim. The superstition that sea-air, rest from business and healthy exercise produce the fitness observed after a visit to the coastal watering-places I consider to be finally exploded. It is the predominance of sea-water and sand in the diet that restores the nerves and tissues and imparts robustness to the limbs."

"I suppose," we said, "that there is a certain difference in the quality of the sand and water on different parts of the coast? It would be interesting to know what health resort you particularly recommend."

"Ah!" said Dr. Faugh cryptically. "That will be a matter for further analysis. I have here a hundred-and-fifty sample packets which I propose to test personally during the next few months."

"Sifted," we inquired a little weakly, "over jam?"

"Precisely," replied the doctor.

We withdrew.



Passenger (in combination of ancient vintage, hired for the day). "Funny thing, Bill, for the passenger to 'ave a list to starb'd an' the crew a list to port."

"The marriage was a very quiet affair and was unattended by bridesmaids or bridegrooms."—*Irish Paper.*

Surely the bride made a noise?



MANNERS AND MODES.

Lady of Fashion. "HEAVENS! IT'S TOO STUFFY TO-DAY FOR A BATHING-COSTUME. I MUST GET INTO MY ORDINARY THINGS."

WILD NEWS FROM WALES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Though I was unable to attend the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Pwllheli in person, I have studied the reports of that great gathering with the utmost care, and I regret to say that the resultant impression is one of serious misgiving.

It is true that anxiety is allayed, or at any rate mitigated, by certain redeeming features. For example, I note that in the list of honorary degrees and other distinctions conferred on the recommendation of the Gorsedd committee and the Pwllheli local committee, the honoured name of JONES occurs no fewer than seven times; but, after all, this is but a modest proportion of the total of thirty-nine. Financially the prospects of the Festival—I write in the middle of the proceedings and before the occurrence of the culminating events which lend them their chief lustre—seem assured of a prosperous and indeed exemplary result. But when I read what a highly sympathetic correspondent of *The Liverpool Post* writes of the chief features of the week, the mood of misgiving returns. He summarizes them in the following order: "the great choral contests, and the visits of the Queen of Rumtnia and of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE."

Rumtnia is, I assume, the Welsh version of Rumania, and it is right and seemly that this royal lady should be given a cordial welcome. But that she should be placed before Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in order of importance seems to me to be carrying the principle of *place aux dames* to an extreme length and to be indicative of a tendency to denationalise the Eisteddfod, which is irreconcilable with its true aim and spirit.

Unfortunately this is not an isolated instance of its disintegration; there are others equally ominous and formidable. The adjudication of the prize for the best poem resulted in the award of the crown to the Rev. WILLIAM EVANS, who is stated to have "discarded both regular metre and rhyme." The adjudicators regarded this break-away as a "daring rebellion," but believed that it was justified by results. Now Mr. EVANS is a graduate of Oxford, and I cannot banish the disquieting suspicion that in infusing the poison of *vers libre* into the wells of undefiled Welsh he has been influenced by the example of the mutinous minstrels of Isis. It is also significant that when he was crowned by the Deputy-Archdruid the crowning song was accompanied on a harp "lent by a friend from Chicago."

Lastly, and to me the most distressing incident of all, there was the contest for the children's choirs. Fifteen choirs competed, and the winners came from Lancashire. That in itself was a disappointment, bravely borne by the audience, who had listened patiently for two hours and a-half to the singing of the two test pieces. But their magnanimity was subjected to a further and cruel ordeal, for the successful choir consisted of fifty boys in Eton suits! Yet this outrage, for it was nothing less, seems to have passed without a murmur, and the audience with equal tolerance listened to a pianoforte solo competition between boys and girls, in which the test pieces were compositions by JOHN IRELAND and DEBUSSY. In view of all these incidents the denationalisation of the Eisteddfod is more than a menace, it is an accomplished fact, symbolised in the six words—Rumtnia, Oxford, Chicago, Eton, Ireland and Debussy.

Yours both in sorrow and in anger,
GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS, JUNIOR.



A PRETTY PENNY IN THE SLOT.

MASTER STANLEY BALDWIN. "COME ON, UNCLE, FORK OUT; IT'S WELL WORTH IT."

JOHN BULL. "ALL RIGHT, MY BOY, I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT. BUT ONLY THIS ONCE, MIND."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, August 3rd.—The Lords' precaution in meeting an hour before their customary time turned out to be hardly necessary. Far from attempting to spin out the proceedings the few Peers present made no response to Lord LUCAN's tempting suggestion that they should ask him questions concerning the telephone service—a subject on which, I am sure, some of them could have expatiated for hours. Perhaps they feared that their language would not be strictly Parliamentary.

That consideration would not have stopped Lord DE LA WARR, whose attack upon the Unemployment Insurance Bill, culminating in the statement that it "set the seal of brutality upon nine months of futility"—earned him a rebuke from Lord CECIL so pugnacious in tone as to remind one of his unregenerate days before he donned the Geneva gown.

After the excitement of last week peace reigned in the Commons. Some Members were addressing rallies of electors who indulge a depraved taste for listening to political speeches on Bank Holidays. Others, perhaps, were deterred from attendance by the prospect of an agricultural debate. Anyhow there were few cars in Palace Yard, few constituents in the Central Hall and still fewer Members on the Green Benches. Mr. BALDWIN, however, though still tired after his coal-breaking exertions, came back from Worcestershire to tell the House that, subject to strict attention to business this week, it should have a nice long holiday.

The only man to put a punch into the proceedings was Mr. RONALD MCNEILL, who in informing a questioner that he knew nothing and cared less about the Paris newspapers used a tone suggesting that he would, if pressed, acknowledge a like *insouciance* regarding the London newspapers, or some of them.

Mr. GODFREY LOCKER-LAMPSON went to the limit of polite self-sacrifice when, answering a complaint about the slipperiness of the tiles in the Lobby, he promised to look closely into the matter. I hope he will be careful.

Those Members who remained for the debate on the Ministry of Agriculture were rewarded by hearing some unusually good speeches. Mr. WOOD told the House what his Department was



THE CATCH OF THE SEASON.
THE HON. E. F. L. WOOD AND THE TOMATO-MOTH.

doing to eradicate the tomato-moth, sheep-scab and other pests; helped the "Drink More Milk" campaign by showing that Britain consumes only twenty gallons per head, as compared with the United States' fifty-four and Sweden's sixty-eight; pleased the Labour Party by the assertion that only the incompetent farmer now believes that low-paid labour is cheap labour, and wound up with a charming little essay on the allurements of country life.

Tuesday, August 4th.—There are few left in the Commons of those who, eleven years ago, listened in awed silence to Mr. ASQUITH's story of the violation of Belgium and shared in the demonstration, led by WILLIE REDMOND, that followed the announcement of the British ultimatum to Germany. In the proceedings of the apathetic half-empty House this afternoon there was little to recall August 4th, 1914; but the WAR SECRETARY's statement that the Dominions were co-operating with the Old Country in setting up an Imperial fund for the maintenance of War cemeteries must have stirred some memories; while the support accorded to Major CRAWFURD's protest against the inscription on the Machine Gun Corps' memorial, "Saul hath slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands," showed how far some Members have travelled from the spirit of that time.

Sir FREDERIC WISE (always avid of statistics) asked for an estimate of the total expenditure resulting from Government legislation this Session. Mr. CHURCHILL coyly replied that, as the statement contained many figures, he would circulate it with the official Report. His reluctance to produce it at once is easily intelligible since it shows an addition to the national expenditure of close on ten millions a year—just the sum that in April last he was hopeful of saving. With that and the impending coal subsidy his Budget estimates have been knocked all out of shape, and it is not wonderful that he should be casting a covetous eye upon the Road Fund surplus, at present invested in Treasury Bills, but capable, he hinted, of more useful employment in financing the Government's schemes of electrical development. But no decision has yet been taken by the Government, and the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT will no doubt put up a stout defence of his sixteen millions against the highwayman of the Exchequer.



Highwayman. "HIGHWAY ROBBERY? OH, DEAR, NO! MERELY A TEMPORARY TRANSFERENCE FROM THE ROAD FUND."
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AND COLONEL WILFRID ASHLEY.

No wonder in these stringent times that taxpayers are flocking to Jersey and Guernsey, in which islands of the blest the States manage to get along on a revenue of about three pounds per head!

Scottish Estimates were the order of the day, and Sir JOHN GILMOUR displayed his usual skill in warding off the darts discharged at him by his fellow-countrymen of all political complexions.

Mr. KIRKWOOD threatened to impeach him because the perils in the streets of Glasgow from omnibuses were such that "you would think you were in London." Sir ALEXANDER SPROT complained that Scotland was not allowed to send indigent Irish labourers back to the Free State, and asked for the exclusion from Scotland of potatoes which might bring in disease; while Mr. STUART complained that English authorities were impeding the free export of sheep from Scotland.

Apart from this desire to have Protection for themselves and Free Trade for their neighbours, the Scots were fairly reasonable, and Captain ELLIOT gave them a special certificate for their skill in timing their speeches to last just fifteen minutes apiece.

Wednesday, August 5th.—The Lords sat for nearly three hours and were rewarded by hearing an excellent maiden speech from Lord GOSFORD, just home after a long stay in China and full of first-hand information regarding the situation there. It was refreshing to hear that in spite of recent events he holds a high opinion of the Chinese people. They have "a real sense of the quiet pleasures of life" and would, he believes, respond to sympathetic treatment by the Western Powers.

The obvious difficulty, as Lord BALFOUR pointed out, is that there is no central Government worth the name with which to negotiate. The British authorities are full of sympathy with the Chinese, but cannot translate that sympathy into practical policy until "China pulls herself together"—a phrase that in the present strife of the War-Lords sounds like a counsel of perfection.

Fulfilling my prediction, Mr. KIRKWOOD has now persuaded the Kitchen Committee to serve porridge in the tea-room at supper-time. When he returns from Scotland in the autumn he is to bring a mealpoke of oatmeal on his back, and, what is more, he is to supervise the preparation of the porridge lest a Sassenach cook should make a hash—or a haggis—of it. With his most voluble critic thus engaged the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND is hoping to slip some Scottish Bills through.

Early in the Session the House voted a sum of money for the payment of marriage allowances to Naval officers. But the vote was "provisional," for the Cabinet had not then made up its collective mind on the subject. At last it has done so, and the answer, delivered by Mr. BALDWIN this afternoon, was in the negative. A good many budding romances, I fear, will be nipped by this chilling blast; but Members generally displayed little emotion. Perhaps they agree with Mr. Punch's advice to those about to marry.

The Labour Party having the choice of topics to be discussed on the Appropriation Bill, Mr. CLYNES took the House back over the old melancholy topic of unemployment. Incidentally he deplored the "dinners, dances and dresses" of the London season now ended, but did not explain how these things, regrettable though they may be from some points of view, kept people out of work.



SCOTLAND FOR EVER.
SIR JOHN GILMOUR.

The debate took on a livelier tone when, in reply to Mr. LEES-SMITH, who had ascribed the depression in trade to the return of the gold standard, Mr. CHURCHILL made one of the most sparkling speeches he has delivered this Session. Relying no doubt upon the general ignorance regarding this most abstruse subject, he danced lightly among the financial eggshells, giving a sly kick to the opposing experts as he passed. As for Mr. KEYNES' panacea of a "managed currency," it was as if a grocer in difficulties decided to give only fifteen ounces to the pound or a draper to cut an inch off his yard-stick. Mr. PETHICK LAWRENCE was shocked at the CHANCELLOR'S levity, but the House as a whole enjoyed it.

Thursday, August 6th.—Though the Coal Subsidy is from every point of view a burning question it was discussed in both Houses with a commendable absence of heat.

In the Lords the worst that Lord BEAUCHAMP could say was that the Government had established a very dangerous precedent, to which Lord CECIL replied that the circumstances of the case were "very special" and, in his opinion, unlikely to recur. His declaration, that the Government fully recognised that their first duty was to preserve the essential life of the community, was apparently satisfactory to the Die-Hard peers, since none of them intervened in the debate.

There had been rumours—assiduously propagated by the anti-BALDWIN bravos of the Syndicated Press—of a Unionist revolt against the Government proposals. They were belied by the cheers that greeted the PRIME MINISTER on his entry, and, though only one passage in his speech aroused much enthusiasm among his supporters—"no minority in a free country has ever yet coerced the whole community"—there was no Ministerialist save Colonel GRETTON to quarrel with his conclusion that, faced with the alternatives of "subsidy or stoppage," the Government had chosen the right course.

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, who spoke much better than he has done of late, criticised the Government's methods but approved their decision. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE impartially denounced them both and, glancing back through rose-coloured spectacles at his own dealings with the coal trade, tried to convince the House that his was much the better way. Mr. SMILLIE and Sir R. HORNE, viewing the question in widely different aspects, were satisfied with the Government's decision, and hoped the new Royal Commission would point the way to a lasting settlement.

Another good speech came from Mr. CHURCHILL, who, while admitting that the subsidy might destroy his hopes of a surplus, demonstrated that a stoppage in the coal trade, in addition to all its other disadvantages, would have lowered the revenue by sixty or seventy millions. The Liberals insisted on taking a division against the Unionist-Labour combination and were beaten by 351 to 16.

Friday, August 7th.—Parliament, having not quite done the business of the nation, adjourned till November 16th.

Our Lucid Contemporaries.

"A woman who obtained process for assault explained that she was returning home with her husband after he had been assaulted by a man, when the wife of the latter said to his wife, 'Give her one,' and applicant was struck."—*Local Paper.*

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT HOME.

XII.—THE TOURISTS OF GREENWICH VILLAGE.

I WANT to use the term "American Tourists" in a slightly unusual sense; that is, I want to say something about the prowling cats of Greenwich Village. There aren't as many prowling now as there once were, as there were when I first moved into Greenwich Village. Of course I am a brute and a savage and all that, but the fact remains that there aren't as many prowling as there once were.

Now, there are all kinds of cats. Tigers are said to be a sort of cat; leopards, I believe, are a sort of cat; so are jaguars. These Greenwich Village cats are a sort of cat too. They run much taller than London cats, probably because of their having much taller buildings to play with; and, having had to cultivate their vocal chords to be heard above the tumult of the "L" and the surface cars which roar all over Greenwich Village, they speak in a piercing wail such as London cats never dreamed. Will says they are far more agile than London cats; he says they can spring from window-sill to window-sill up the side of a building and leap up in a sort of question-mark curve round the eaves to the roof. I have never caught one trying to do it, but this I know, my bedroom windows are twenty feet from the nearest projection, my bedroom door was firmly shut, and one morning just at dawn a grey sample of one of these prowling monsters sat on the rug by my bed and told me to get up.

I had no intention of creating a disturbance about a mere bedroom; I got up.

This was the beginning. Up to then it had never occurred to me that the apartment had not been rented to Will and me exclusively; but there was apparently some misunderstanding about the wording of the lease, and this cat (or its brother) simply moved in, doubtless taking it for granted that we should move out. But I didn't want to move out; I had all my furniture there and a large trunk. I maintained that Will and I had got there first, that we were the ones who had signed the lease and that it was a great deal easier for that cat to stay out than for us to move out.

It was a long fight, relieved by not a single mitigating feature in my opponent's conduct of it. The cat was a bum in the first place; it did everything but smoke vile cigars. It was tough; it could spit out of the side of its mouth. It walked round with a sort of swaggering limp. Its whiskers were unkempt, as though it had spent three nights on a park bench. It should have had a patch over one eye, a rag round its head and a six-shooter in its coat-pocket. It should have been a taxi-driver. It was, in short, the sort of cat that lurks in the shadow of doorways with its weather eye on the lone policeman swinging his club on the corner. I might have been able to put up with all this, but when it ceased coming and going and began simply to appear and disappear, my patience ended. . . .

For almost a week I saw nothing more of it. Then one evening I read late. It was almost two o'clock. Will was away and the house was empty except for me. Something drew my eyes up and I saw the cat standing in the unlighted hall and looking at me from the middle of the door. It stretched wide its jaws as though it were yawning; then, when they were open, wailed.

Now this wail—it isn't a plaintive mew; it's a declaration. It doesn't begin and end *pianissimo*; it strikes *forte* from the first and holds it until the mouth closes on it abruptly with a snap. There is something about it like a steel wire. It pierces you like a needle. It isn't made in the beast's mouth; it



Sportsman. "WELL, DONALD, THIS IS THE 'UNDER-AND-OVER' GUN I TOLD YOU I WAS GOING TO USE."
Keeper. "AY! UNDER 'EM WI' YOUR FIRST AND OVER 'EM WI' YOUR SECOND."

comes through an open throat from its lungs. It doesn't ask for anything; it states a fact.

"Get out!" I cried, shuffling my feet on the floor.

It turned languidly away and went up to the front-room, which was dark, and lay down on the sofa. When it heard me coming it yelled, "Keep away!"

"Keep away yourself," said I.

I finally extricated it with a broom and saw the tip of its tail vanish through the banisters.

It stopped on the second floor and called me all kinds of names. Flushed with victory I pounded on the floor and struck the walls with the broom. In a moment it cursed me from the first floor.

Then everything became silent. I waited in ambush for it half-an-hour. There was no sound and I decided that it had taken the hint and gone away.

At dawn I was shocked bolt upright in bed by a crash in the other room.

"Trying to break up the furniture, are you?" I cried.

"Aw, go to hell!" screamed the cat.

"Clear out!" I shouted, reaching for the broom I had left by the bed.

The cat swanked out of the other room into the hall, where we could talk face to face. It opened its mouth to say something.

"That's all right," I yelled; "you get out!" and I swept the broom at it.

It vanished.

Knowing that it would come back again and growing gradually more and more tired of its company, I closed and locked all the doors that opened off the stairs.

When I got up it was raining and quite dark. I opened the door of my study and walked in.

"Ya-a-ah!" screamed the cat in exultation.

I steadied myself against the desk. The broom was ten feet away.

For some seconds I couldn't find the cat; then I caught sight of it under the table, looking me straight through the head.

"What do you want up here, anyway?" I asked crisply.

It didn't move. I kicked the table—it didn't move. I slid a chair at it—it didn't move. After a few moments of quiet it came out, yawned and dragged its tail leisurely through the door and down the stairs.

On the dark landing below it looked up at me with basilisk eyes and sent me a bitter curse. Then it glided down to the first floor and tried out the acoustics there. I decided to go down and open the front-door for it.

When it heard me descending it threatened me in loud shrill cries.

"Just come on down if you want your eyes scratched out!"

"I'm not going to hurt you," I said; "I'm just tired of you. I'm going to let you out to play with your friends."

"Aw, go to hell!"

As I passed it to open the door it flicked up the stairs and screeched from the landing. I saw its two eyes clearly for a moment, then suddenly found myself looking at nothing.

When I climbed the steps there was not a sound. If it was planning to spring on top of my head, I thought I could deliver it one swift blow that would finish it. But it didn't spring; it didn't even whisper. "A trap," thought I, taking two steps in the time usually allotted to three.

I searched under the bed, under the table, in every corner of the closet, under the bath-tub, in the waste-basket—everywhere I could think of. I knew it had not passed me on the stairs. One window was open, and I examined the wall outside and the eaves above. There were no tracks of it.

Then I turned back into the room and saw it looking straight at me and never blinking its eyes. It was curled up in the ashes of the fire-place, exactly the colour of a charred log.

I leapt furiously for the broom. I swept it out of the fire-place and spread ashes all over the floor. It looked at me very calmly, with an expression in its eyes as if it understood all about the fourth and fifth dimensions. It seemed to know all about me too, and to have decided that I was a big bluff. I swept at it again and it disappeared from the floor and appeared on the sill of the open window.

"Ah!" I cried, putting the broom in rest. "Out you go!"

"Aw, go to hell!" wailed the cat, and before I could get to the window it vanished.

I don't know where it went—up over the eaves to the roof, I suppose.

I offered the janitor fifty cents if he would do away with it for good and all.

"Fifty cents for every one you do away with," said I.

Yesterday morning I paid him four dollars and a half.

And last night, as I was sitting here, I raised my eyes and there it stood in the door. Some sharp discussion took place between us about the number of lives it still had left. I shan't describe the argument, but it brought me to a realisation of this fact: there are various differences between these tourists and their London relatives, but the most far-reaching difference, I think, is that the American tourists have ten lives instead of the customary nine.

U. S. A.



Mother. "I'LL LEARN 'EE TO CHASE THEM FOWLS!"
Child (through blinding tears). "TEACH, MOTHER—TEACH!"

Our Parliamentary Epicures.

In the House of Commons:—

"Captain —— lamented the deplorable rise in the price of fish and chip potatoes."
Provincial Paper.

"If a comic process took some million of years to make a human brain . . ."
Ceylon Paper.

It is not surprising that a Scotsman should take his time in appreciating a comic process.

TENNIS-STARS' MANNERS.

I MUST SAY I DON'T HOLD WITH THIS CAMPAIGN IN FAVOUR OF BETTER BEHAVIOUR ON THE PART OF TENNIS-STARS. AFTER ALL, AS IN THE CASE OF THE THEATRE, MOST OF US DON'T GO TO A CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT TO SEE—



A PORTRAYAL—



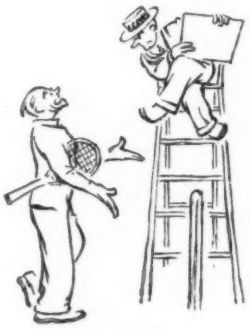
OF EVERYDAY EXISTENCE—



BUT—



TO WITNESS—



SOMETHING—



AS FAR—



OUTSIDE—



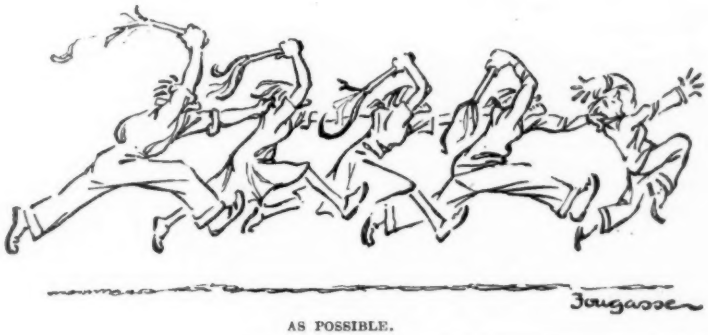
OUR—



NORMAL—



EXPERIENCE—



AS POSSIBLE.

AT THE PLAY.

"ON 'CHANGE" (SAVOY).

THE reason for resuscitating this antiquity of the 'eighties is not too obvious. If there had been any particularly individual colour in the manners or humour of that period it might have been worth while to revive it intact; but Mr. MALTBY, one of the collaborators, did not seem to think it was good enough in its earlier form, and so, as I hear, he rewrote this adaptation from the German, and introduced, as I could see, a modern feature in the shape of Oxford trousers. He relied a good deal on this elementary source of gaiety, but, roomy as they were, they could not carry the whole play, and some of it had to be left behind, to worry through as best it could.

The First Act, which opens rather stuffily with some indifferent exchanges of chatter between a few domestics, introduces us to the lady of the house (*Mrs. Burnett*), about whose character the authors themselves appear to have been a little uncertain. She never knows her own mind for two consecutive half-minutes and yet is represented as ruling her husband—a financier of considerable intelligence—by the dominating force of



THE OXFORD MANNER.

James Burnett . . . . MR. HOLMAN CLARK.
Reginald D'Arcy . . . MR. PETER HADDON.

her will. Following on a very leisurely preamble we are given an incident which provides the material for a romance. The *Burnetts'* girl, *Iris*, is rescued from a taxi-smash (OFF) by a perfect stranger. After receiving the mother's thanks and touching the girl's fancy, he disappears into the void without giving his address (he has none), but not before he has inadvertently opened his overcoat and revealed the fact that he has nothing but a vest and trousers underneath—an exposure which creates an unfavourable impression on *Mrs. Burnett* but does not seem to affect the girl's eagerness for his better acquaintance.

So she sends forth an undesirable suitor to search for him. Armed with Oxford trousers and a Postal Directory, but with no other clue than the hero's common name of *Johnson*, the knight-errant is further instructed to deliver to him, when found, a pocket-book, purporting to be a reward (very inadequate) for his gallantry, but also secretly containing a private note. On his ultimate discovery he proves, by a useful coincidence, to be a relative of some friends of the family, and all ends well, and according to plan, with the discomfiture of the suitor and the acceptance of the penniless gallant.

The entertainment offered by this scheme was clearly not profuse, and it had to be supplemented by incidental features of a more hilarious tendency. These included (1) a Scots pedant (*Professor Peckering Peck*) who conceives the idea that with his scientific brain he ought to be just as capable of success on the Stock Exchange as his friend *Burnett*, whose brain is constructed on unscientific lines. The latter holds a different view, and is prepared to put it to the test by advancing him ten thousand pounds to flutter with. From no less an authority than the hall-porter of his flat (admirably played by Mr. CLIVE CURRIE) the Professor receives a tip to sell Trunks. His logical mind tells him that he cannot sell a thing which he does not possess, so he at once telephones to *Burnett's* firm of brokers to buy five thousand Trunks, and then triumphantly sells them. Meanwhile, they have fallen twelve points within about half-an-hour. I calculated in my head that he had lost six hundred pounds, but the authors worked it out at fifteen thousand. However, this divergence in our arithmetic didn't matter much, as the broker had been too sensible to carry out the Professor's instructions.

(2) A very young and elementary doctor who mistook every caller for a patient. His sole recorded success had been achieved on the person of a chance client (a wine-merchant, taken suddenly ill at an hotel where the doctor happened to be dining), to whom he had prescribed a long draught of water—a beverage so unfamiliar to the sufferer that it had effected his cure. The honorarium for this service took the form of a case of champagne, which was freely distributed among several of the characters with exhilarating effects for them and us.

(3) The Oxford trousers and general fatuousness of the undesirable suitor (*Reginald D'Arcy*). I was quite prepared to believe that these hideous garments go with imbecility, and I accepted his diabolical cunning (a quality often found in idiots) when he substituted a ten-pound note for the *billet doux* in the pocket-



THE MARKET TIPSTER.

Professor Peckering Peck MR. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE.
Mouser . . . . . MR. CLIVE CURRIE.

book, with the idea of hurting the hero's finer feelings. But whether his drawl (which at times suggested a state of permanent inebriation) had also an Oxford origin I am not in a position to say with certainty. Mr. PETER HADDON seemed to play the silly ass rather well and was very popular with the audience, but for lack of experience I was unable to determine whether he was true to type. One misses a good deal by having been at "the other place." But I could at least recognise that the failure of his suit was true to the tradition of the "home of lost causes."

Mr. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE, who had created the part of the *Professor* some forty years ago, made it look so easy that the excellence of his workmanlike technique was liable to escape remark. Mr. HOLMAN CLARK as *Burnett* always gave one confidence that the humour would be kept on the right side of buffoonery. Miss LOTTIE VENNE, happily unchanged in manner (how familiar that gesture of the outstretched forearms!), was always her delightful self, but had not been accommodated with her usual allowance of good things to say.



Scene—*Speech-day Cricket Match.*

Blasé Schoolboy (behind). "That's the worst of Smith tertius; he has absolutely no control over his people—lets 'em get so beastly *interested!*"

The play owed much, in its Second Act, to Mr. Henry Kendall (as the *Doctor*), who retrieved it from a suspicion of dulness by that irresponsible levity of which he has so fluent a command.

The fun all through lacked the most salient feature of modern drama, being free from dirt; and this defect makes me a little doubtful whether it will survive the end of the holidays, when our nice clean country cousins go back home. O. S.

THE GREAT LEMON SQUEEZE.

"Lemon Gambling.—Gambling in lemons has caused a glut in the British market, according to a report from Covent Garden."
Financial Paper.

(*In the manner of "The Daily Million."*)

The Lemon Gamble must be stopped at once. If the Government had not been so incapable they would long ago have restricted the import of lemons into this country. The price of this fruit has been forced down to such a ridiculously low figure that people are drinking still lemonade made from real lemons instead of quenching their thirst with the chemical preparations which have hitherto proved so popular. If this kind of thing continues, hundreds of people in the chemical and associated trades will be thrown out of employment and go on the dole, and many businesses will have to close down altogether.

As a result the Government will lose income-tax on the profits which these trades would otherwise be earning, and they will also lose super-tax on the incomes of the shareholders. It will be due to the Government's stupidity and lack of foresight if income-tax and super-tax have to be increased next year in consequence of this crisis in the artificial lemonade industry.

Interviewed by a representative of *The Daily Million*, the manager of a leading firm of modistes stated that in consequence of the plethora of lemons there was a tremendous demand for lemon-coloured fabrics of all kinds, and thousands of pounds' worth of other coloured materials in stock had become unsaleable. He was afraid that many of the West End stores would be compelled to close down, and this would react on the silk manufacturers in Macclesfield and elsewhere, who had already suffered severe losses owing to the Government's folly in imposing the new silk duties.

On a tour of inspection round the restaurants yesterday, our representative was struck with the number of people who were drinking real lemonade. Indeed he only came across one instance of anyone drinking the artificial variety. The hero was Willie Dunt (aged ten), whose photograph appears on our back-page.

Seen by our representative, Willie modestly said, "It was nothing. I just thought that I ought to support British industries, and I did so."

Willie's mother (inset) said, "Willie has always been a plucky little fellow."

"Seaside Residences.

Pram for Sale in good condition."
Advt. in Irish Paper.

So Ireland too has its housing difficulties.

PROMOTION BY POST.

FULL often have I blushed to find,
When came the postman's knock,
The missive that he left behind
Increased my ample stock
Of offers from some unknown friend
Who 'd have me understand
The sums that he 's prepared to lend
On simple note of hand.

Though natural kindliness, I 'm sure,
Inspires this precious screed
Whose high patrician signature
Forbids all thoughts of greed,
I 'm none the less dismayed to see,
Despite its friendly tone,
My impecuniosity
So very widely known.

When gently told how I can get
A renovated purse
From Reginald Plantagenet
Or Marmaduke Fitzurse,
I 've murmured (though it sounds absurd),
As bitterly I laughed,
"Breathes there a soul who *hasn't* heard
About my overdraft?"

There does. The earth 's a biggish place.
This morning I began
To look the whole world in the face,
Though owing many a man;
I take a larger size in hat,
Throw out a boastful chest;
An outside broker 's hinted that
I 've money to invest.

Now no rebuff my pride can mar,
Abash me or deject;
That plutocratic circular
Has healed my self-respect.
A touch of hauteur 's in my glance
And affluence in my air,
Thanks to the zeal (and ignorance)
Of Messrs. Bull and Bear.

TELEGRAPHIC FIRST AID.

ONE of the differences between England and America is that in America there is competition for your telegrams, and much enterprise is shown by the rival companies. In England no one beseeches you to telegraph. Quite the reverse; we often have great difficulty in finding a telegraph office and, having found it, in persuading the clerk to attend to the message. Again, we cannot feel confident that it will be delivered with any speed, and on Sunday probably it will not be delivered at all. The Post Office has a monopoly, and the Post Office doesn't advertise. But in America you are constantly being reminded that a telegram is easier and quicker than a letter; while the Companies even go to the pains of composing tempting specimen telegrams for you.

A little pamphlet lies before me entitled:—

> "*Forms suggested for Telegraph messages appropriate to New Year's Day, Easter, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, Birthdays, Weddings and Births of Children. Also messages of condolence and congratulatory messages to School or College Graduates and Public Men.*"

If you possessed one of these pamphlets and were willing to allow other people to dictate to you, life would become very simple and also far more genial, for a free use of the little manual would at trifling cost transform a curmudgeon into a marvel of Dickensian cordiality. See him on New Year's Day, for instance, copying out any of the three examples that follow:—

"I (We) wish you a Happy New Year, a year big with success and achievement, a year rich with the affection of those who are dear to you, a year mellow with happiness and contentment."

"Standing on the threshold of another year I (we) look forward to it with the hope that it will be a most fortunate and happy one for you."

"May each of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the New Year be a happy one for you."

Easter greetings are not much exchanged in England, but should anyone need them, here are admirable specimens:—

"On this Easter Day the opening flowers and the awakening of Spring speak to me (us) of you. May happiness attend you always."

"As the warm sunshine of Spring has newly decked the earth with flowers, with tender buds and fresh young green, so may your heart be filled with sunshine, bringing forth blossoms of happiness and contentment."

"Upon this fairest day of Spring, the joyous Easter festival, my (our) thoughts fly towards you and I (we) send you my (our) greetings and best wishes."

Easter found the telegraphic friend-in-need in a lyrical enough mood. At Christmas his blood positively boils with good fellowship:—

"May the Christmas bells ring in for you an era of unalloyed happiness and constantly increasing prosperity."

"As the Christmas chimes are ringing I (we) think with a full heart of our old friendship. May it be granted us to enjoy it for many years and may each of them be a happy one for you."

"Over the many miles which separate us I (we) send you this message of love and affection with all my (our) best wishes for a Merry Christmas."

So much for the fixed festivals. Now for the special occasions. Birthdays arrive all the time, with or without the necessity of presents. If you are sending a present you will naturally not telegraph; but here is a masterly formula for anyone wishing well, but not wishing well enough to back the wish with money:—

"May your birthday and each new day thereafter dawn with joy and bring forth rich gifts of happiness."

This is a clever one:—

"Birthday greetings. I (We) wish you a long life and everything that makes a long life worth living."

This goes a very long way:—

"I (We) think of you on your birthday and I (we) think of you on every day that lies between your birthdays, and every thought of you is a wish for your happiness."

And this is absolutely wholesale:—

"May no sorrow trouble you, may love surround you, good fortune attend you, and may every birthday bring increasing happiness."

Now weddings. Weddings often require tact, and here it is. With the gloomiest forebodings for the match you can send such a message as this with assurance that your duty is done. Note how skilfully the ambiguity is insinuated:—

"The best wish I (we) can send to you on your wedding day is that you will find in your new life every dearest wish of your heart."

Not a word of fulfilment! Two more:—

"I (We) unite our congratulations with those of your many dear friends and wish it were possible to be with you to-day."

"Let an old family friend send his (her) love and congratulations to the bride and groom."

Then in due course the blessing arrives and you are down at the Telegraph Office again; again with all the hard work done for you:—

"Love and all good wishes to the dear mother and her little son (daughter). We rejoice in your happiness. May this new life bring only comfort and joy to you through the years to come."

That is all right; but it is odd to know the name as quickly as the next example indicates:—

"Greetings to (the name of child) on his (her) safe arrival and congratulations to his (her) parents."

Finally the humorous touch:—

"My (Our) greetings to the new boss of the household. May he (she) live long and prosper."

The Public Man section is the best of all, and it should be freely drawn upon at Election time:—

"We have just heard of your success so richly deserved and so splendidly won. You have our warmest congratulations and all good wishes for the future. May it bring to you the rewards which are your due."

"Your campaign was vigorous and fine. Your victory testifies to the people's confidence in you and your cause. Warmest congratulations."

"When the people have a chance to vote



Daughter of the House (discussing dismissal of flighty housemaid). "IT'S A GREAT PITY ABOUT SARAH, COOK."
Cook. "YES, MISS, YOU 'RE RIGHT. IT *IS* A PITY. BUT IT 'S DONE NOW, AND WHAT 'S DONE CAN'T BE UNDERDONE."

for a good man they elect him! Your success proves this. Heartiest congratulations."

"Your address last night was splendid. What a gift you have! Sincerest congratulations."

These American suggestions, so far as I know, are new, and yet I seem to have read something very like them very often before, signed by Prime Ministers. This is very odd.

Thanksgiving Day we do not have, and therefore I quote nothing. But there are other festivals dear to the English heart for which perhaps the Thanksgiving messages could be adapted, such as Whit Monday and the first Monday in August. The truly warm-hearted might like to trouble the wires with something like this. 'Arry to 'Arriet, for instance:—

"A message of good cheer at this Bankoldy time. That it finds you and yours in the enjoyment of health, happiness and contentment is the sincere wish of a friend who is thinking of you with much affection."

And here are two more:—

"Good cheer and plenty, the love of your dear ones, the affection of your friends, may all these contribute to a happy Bankoldy."

"Although I (we) cannot be with you today I (we) have the memory of past Bankoldys at home. God bless you all."

I assume that Sir WILLIAM MITCHELL THOMSON, the P.M.G., is a reader of *Punch*. If not, I am certain that someone will draw his attention to this page, and, once seeing it, he cannot, as the wise administrator that he is, refrain from preparing a similar book for the use of English well-wishers. E. V. L.

"Wtd., Ruler-Binder (Soc.)."
Advt. in Evening Paper.

Does Mr. MACDONALD know about this?

"Wanted . . . Overlooker, coarse South American."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

Very tactless. Just as the PRINCE has gone to Argentina, too.



"STYMIED": A CORNISH SKETCHING TRAGEDY.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is pleasant to come across a book on one of the new "oppressed nationalities" which owes nothing to native propaganda and very little (so far as I can see) to native suggestion. *A Wayfarer in Hungary* (METHUEN) is, in one of Professor SAINTSBURY's compact and useful phrases, "the meditated and original sprout of an individual brain," the brain belonging to that engaging novelist, "GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM," who has seized the opportunity of a two-years' British chaplaincy at Budapest to cultivate a sympathetic interest in the past, present and future of Hungary. To the average armchair reader, whose small stock of Hungarian information the War has left stale on his hands, the book will prove both corrective and stimulating. And the would-be traveller can weigh the acacia-planted *rakparts* of Pest and its noble civic buildings against the grim lack of housing accommodation and its legacy (when found) of Bolshevik lice. The country, especially the Great Plain with its doughty peasantry, accounts for several delightful chapters; and a shepherd in a sheepskin cloak, three horse-breeders in boleros and vast white sleeves, and two maidens holding handkerchiefs of ceremony against ample skirts have sat for three out of the author's many photographs. Not all the old landmarks are abolished, apparently. Paprika is still hot in the mouth, HUNYADI JÁNOS (a king as well as a medicinal spring) emerges from oblivion, Tokay and Tzigani bands (the latter in excessive numbers and volume) continue to cheer and inebriate. But Pressburg is Bratislava, Transylvania (including, I suppose, all the following of the *Pied Piper*) is Roumanian, and the story of present-day Hungary, dismembered and far from resigned, is a sad one. The writer shows himself anxious that the country should be allowed to pull itself together (morally if not topographically) before Treaty-makers and international financiers have done their worst to it. And no one is likely to read his reasoned and qualified plea without sharing his aspirations.

There was a good deal to be said, after all, for the G. P. R. Jacobean method of opening a story: "It was a dark and chilly night in December, 1750." At least you were not left groping through fifty pages for clues as to the author's period. In *The Street of Velvet* (T. FISHER UNWIN) the secret is so well kept that even now I can only make a guess at the period of the opening chapters by working back three generations from the high-heeled and shingled young lady on the dust-cover. In this book Mr. ARTHUR HOUGHAM has forsaken the realism which gained him some reputation last year in *Hammer Marks*, and has tried his hand at "romance pure and simple." *Jonquil* lives with her grandfather, an aged and, of course, destitute poet. Her lover, *Samson Glorm*, saves her life by heaving a brick at a villainous brute who was threatening her with a lighted lamp, and then finds that he can only escape being hanged by consenting to her marriage with a rival suitor. But for the assurance that this was a romance "pure and simple," I should have put the book down at this point because, despite the author's ingenuity, I found the circumstances of the tragedy wholly incredible. *Jonquil* marries and the lovers separate for ever. *Samson* goes off to France and Italy and, after many years, marries an Italian girl, not because he loves her but because he wants a son. He did not, however, want it nearly so much as did the author, who had a granddaughter of *Jonquil's* in England ready, when the time came, to unite the two families and so repair the damage wrought by the fatal brick those long years ago. The best part of the book is that which describes *Samson's* life abroad when he has put love behind him; and this seems to suggest

that Mr. HOUGHAM, without having in the least to regret his excursion into romance, should now return to the realism of his earlier method. The book is prefaced by a dedicatory poem, which is all about a bearded philosopher described as "a Magi." As a companion to the classic question, "What are KEATS?" I am tempted to ask, "What *is* a Magi?"

Neutopia, as you 'll guess if you
Are smart at capturing ideas,
Presents Utopia in a new
Array of social panaceas;
But, if you risk a further shot
And look for satire, wit or humour
(As who from such a name would not?),
I warn you that you 'll make a bloomer.

E. RICHARDSON—the book is his,
And SIMPKIN issues it—discloses
A land of bland felicities
Where life 's a sort of bed of roses;
And into it he plunges five
Men, all diverse in race and station,
And shows exactly how they strive
To face or shun the situation.

And who, I hear you ask, would shun
Such bliss as I have indicated?
Well, frankly, I 'd prefer, for one,
Something a thought less sublimated—
A state of mind that 's due perhaps
To Mr. R., who, so I found it,
Gives me an inch of tale and wraps
A tedious ell of sermon round it.

British Government in India (CASSELL) is one of the most curiously disappointing books to appear in many years. Nothing could be more useful, it might seem, than an authoritative historical study by the late Lord CURZON of such a subject as the title suggests, coming at a time when upholders of the British *raj* are concerned and anxious for the future; yet, though the late VICEROY's publishers have indeed done their best, in two imposing volumes, to rise to the occasion, the late VICEROY himself unfortunately has neither light nor leading to offer, being almost solely concerned with the trappings of office, the etiquette of levées, the memorial statues to himself and his predecessors, and especially the history of various buildings associated with Government in Calcutta. Indeed, matters that hold but the faintest interest for any except residents in that city fill more than half his pages, only his brief biographical notices of such men as WARREN HASTINGS, WELLESLEY and DALHOUSIE going some way to redeem them from mere pettiness. He suggests that his boyish ambitions were first turned to India through the curious chance of his own princely home, Kedleston, in Derbyshire, having been copied in the Government House at Calcutta, and it would almost seem as if the same influence had persistently urged him to figure as the apostle of marble halls and terraced gardens during his term of service there. His book might be described as an essay on the art of being a Viceroy, or even more truly as an expression of the longing backward look of one who has indeed occupied the throne and is willing to remind not so much his readers as himself of the glories that then were his. The Life of Lord CURZON will be written, and his impact on India, which was not small, will be assessed, but no biography that can be compiled will ever, it is safe to say, express his character, or at least one side of it, as completely and as clearly as he himself has done it here.



"I SEE YOU 'VE GOT A NEW MAID."
"MY DEAR, *ALL* MAIDS ARE NEW."

An international marriage always offers a promising spring-board to a novelist anxious to dive gracefully, and not too deeply, into the troubled waters of Anglo-French dissimilarities; and from the first chapter of *The Gulf Invisible* (HUTCHINSON) it is quite obvious that Mr. (if it is Mr.) PATRY WILLIAMS is proposing to take the plunge. *Joyce Maxwell* is being shown over the *château* of Brienne by a delightfully AUSTIN DOBSON-ish *curé*; Monsieur the

Marquis puts in an appearance unexpectedly; Monsieur, a distinguished Egyptologist, turns out to be an old friend of *Joyce's* late father; and the union of set Continental middle-age and vivacious youthful insularity takes place shortly afterwards in England. Unluckily, as a prologue hints and subsequent revelations endorse, it is not at all clear that *Joyce's* late father is strictly entitled to the adjective. On the contrary he is only known to have vanished, in company with two natives, on his and the Marquis's last expedition. This, at the time and since, has led to sinister rumours at the Frenchman's expense; and when *Joyce* leaves her husband a few months after her marriage and returns to England it is suggested—even in France—that she has, very laudably, left her father's murderer. The true cause, however, is a less dramatic one—*Joyce's* hopeless failure to adapt herself to French family life, coupled with her sister-in-law's resolute efforts to undermine her position. These two factors are complicated by the presence of the sister's unmarried daughter, whose callow efforts at emancipation are always being championed by *Joyce* and thwarted by the astute parent. The honour of dispelling the mystery of *Maxwell père* is gallantly ascribed to an old lover of *Joyce's*, who, as the ultimate cause of friction between the girl and her husband, has very little interest in clearing his rival's reputation. And the solution of the domestic difficulties is credited to the *curé*, whose little *paternale* to the lady of the manor is the best piece of work in a pleasant and unambitious story.



Lady. "NOW THAT IS A REAL GOLF-COAT."
Old Clothes Man. "IS IT A NINE OR EIGHTEEN MOTH-'OLE, OR 'AVEN'T YER COUNTED 'EM?"

Messrs. HARRAP made a good shot when they procured Mr. GILBERT JESSOP to write *Cricket*, the third volume of their attractive "Masters of Sports" series. Mr. JESSOP can split an infinitive as easily as he used to break bats and records, and no one will be surprised to hear that he believes "in teaching the youngster to properly thump the ball before concentrating on defence." His advice on batting is always sane and sound, and his regret at the tendency of modern batsmen to renounce the off-drive will be shared by all lovers of real cricket. Instructive on the art of batting, he is even more informing when he writes of bowling and fielding. "To excel at bowling," he says, "is much more difficult than to excel at batting." Possibly the majority of young cricketers have heard this often and again, but too few of them seem to remember it, and to have these words posted in every school pavilion would be an excellent reminder. Mr. JESSOP'S words carry weight as coming from one who in his day was a master in all departments of the great game.

In *Alturlie* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) Mr. ROBSWOOD COOKE might have gone the common way and piled incident upon incident; but he prefers to place his hero in an embarrassing and dangerous situation which requires subtlety in the handling of it. In comparison with many tales of adventure the pace of this story may be tardy, but in style, characterization and credibility it could be submitted to the severest of tests. *Simon Stuart*, after several years of soldiering in France, inherited an estate in Scotland and returned to his native country at the moment when the '45 rebellion was on the point of beginning. An experienced soldier himself, he realised how small was the chance of a Hanoverian defeat, and, although he was in love with a girl who was a Jacobite to her finger tips, he refused to espouse her cause. It was a profoundly sensible decision, but sensible people are not generally speaking the material of which popular heroes of fiction are made. And it is vastly to Mr. COOKE'S credit that *Simon*, with his heart on one side and his head on the other, leaves the impression that he has behaved at once honourably and naturally. An engaging and clever story.

Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD in his *History of the Royal Naval Division* produced one of the best official records of the War yet seen. The story of *The Hawke Battalion* (ERNEST BENN), as he tells it, is not less serious, but necessarily more intimate and entertaining and, at least for the student of the soldier as opposed to the student of war, makes even better reading. The book is excellently written and composed; a judicious blend of precise narrative, ironic commentary and simple human experience. As the author himself modestly admits, not the least thing in it is the vivid series of letters home from Lieutenant WILLIAM KER, a young officer much beloved who was killed at the Battle of Beaucourt. As an example of the style and humour of the book I particularly commend the description of the search and struggle for "the point P," a position having neither depth nor breadth and existing solely in the imagination of the Higher Command.

CHARIVARIA.

WHEN reading a telegram, a lady in Enniskillen mistook the word "Govt." for "goat." We don't know what Government was referred to, but it sounds like a very natural mistake.

***

It is proposed to broadcast Eskimo songs from the Arctic Circle. Surely this is about the frozen limit.

***

In a field adjoining Hampstead golf course a hen was found trying to hatch a golf ball. It is an unwritten law amongst Hampstead hens that they mustn't sit on a ball before it has stopped rolling.

***

In America recently a struggling young architect got married to a millionaire's daughter. In these circumstances many young architects wouldn't have struggled at all.

***

A jazz musician has been appearing in the dock, but on another charge altogether.

***

Oil is deadly to fish. Sardines in particular, if they swim into any, suffer from nervous breakdown.

***

The best example of poetic justice to date is that of the lady who sharpened a pencil with her husband's razor and then asked him to shave the back of her shingled neck.

***

Recent excavations in a cave unearthed a skeleton in a smaller cave that had been used as a cupboard. So they had their aristocracy in the good old days as well.

***

Miss CUNNINGHAM of Columbia argues that boys are born gentlemen because she has noticed that male babies always give up their toys to the females. But perhaps this is because the girls are not born ladies.

***

Somebody says that this coal dispute is still simmering. It is probably suffering from just one too many COOKS.

***

The latest idea in Paris is to embroider fishes on ladies' skirts. The size of whitebait should make them popular.

***

A correspondent of *The Daily Mail* complains that he was recently bitten by a worm. Perhaps this will make our bright young contemporary a little more careful in future when dealing with the Government.

***

"Abraham," says Mr. W. HUGHES JONES, "is more significant in the record of civilisation than Alfred the Great." Still, they were both prominent for their burnt offerings, weren't they?

***

With reference to the ban on strap-hanging in buses we can only deplore the killjoy spirit that deprives us of our simple pleasures.

***

The waitresses who have formed a tennis-club are said to be much more at home when they stand and wait than when they serve.

***

It is thought that the lunatic who has been setting fire to haystacks in Surrey must have lost a needle.

***

A writer in *The Westminster Gazette* thinks that we are having too much GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. The opinion in Adelphi Terrace is that the real trouble is that there isn't enough world.

***

Texas cowboys who have taken up golf play the game in high boots, with cowboy trousers tucked into them, wide-brimmed hats and spurs. They may think this is clever, but the real test is the British one of playing the game in plus-fours.

According to a news item a comedian is walking from London to Glasgow. If it is the one we heard the other night we should advise him to run.

***

The statement of a Parisian fashion-leader that the feminine waistline is to be higher this autumn will no doubt set women wondering where it is now.

***

The Earl of OXFORD AND ASQUITH has chosen for his crest a lozenge emerging from a cloud. Other public speakers would be glad to know what brand of lozenges he favours.

***

JACOB REINITZ, sentenced to death for seven murders in Roumania, escaped from his prison on the eve of his execution. The police theory is that there was something about the place he didn't like.

***

The life of a London taxi-cab is stated to be only ten years. This is a thought that often saddens us in a traffic-block.

***

The inventor of the phrase, "There 'll be dirty work at the cross-roads to-night," must have been an early edition of an A.A. patrol.

***

From a boxing note we learn that a postman was unsuccessful in the Ring the other day. He seems to have failed at the Knock too.

***

A Scotsman fainted recently while testing bagpipes. We sincerely hope it will be left at that.

***

A red currant three inches in circumference was exhibited at a flower-show in Hampshire last week. Our National Fascisti are said to have the matter well in hand.

***

Much alarm has been caused in golfing circles of late by the report that Mr. CYRIL TOLLEY's favourite caddie has now forsaken his vocation in order to compete in the Marbles championship.

***

A man whose right arm is eight inches longer than his left has been arrested for wandering without visible means of support. He is thought to be a strap-hanger out of employment.



Mother (to chauffeur as they start). "IF 'E WANTS TO 'OLD THE WHEEL, DON'T YOU LET 'IM. 'E DON'T KNOW NOTHING ABOUT IT."

"'It is very difficult to know who the holes belong to in London.'—North London Magistrate."—*South Wales Paper.*

Very; but he must be awfully rich.

THE GREAT COAL ENIGMA.

[It has never been fully explained how it is that miners, if the conditions under which they work are as brutalising as their representatives allege them to be, apparently refuse from generation to generation to entertain for their children the idea of some more congenial form of employment.]

DURING the crisis, now deceased
(Or latent for a nine months' spell),
When Labour's cooks were raising yeast,
And one (A. J.) was raising hell,
Language was used about the knavery
Of Capitalists who calmly sit
And operate their scheme of slavery
For such as go down to the pit.

Dumb cattle driven with a goad,
For others' gain they swink and sweat;
In fetid hovels they are stowed;
A dying wage is all they get;
And I, though spent with toil that hollows
My pallid cheeks and leaves me sick,
Confess my luckier fate as follows:—
"The pen is lighter than the pick."

But still an answer I await
To this enigma, very stiff:—
Why, if a working miner's state
Is one at which a dog would sniff,
Doesn't he say, "Though *I* may bear it,
Into the life his father loathes
No son of mine shall go, I swear it"?
(Here please insert appropriate oaths).

Continuing thus:—"If trade decays
In England, still in worlds afar
He's free (in TENNYSON'S happy phrase)
To 'break his birth's invidious bar;'
By Yorkshire pluck" (or Welsh bravado)
"He should secure a noble wage
And so return from El Dorado
To soothe his sire's declining age"?

But such remarks he scorns to make;
Nay, he would tan his offspring's hide
If in the pit he failed to take
A large hereditary pride;
He'd see him dead, the little blighter,
Sooner than let him change his lot
For something softer and politer.
It's very curious, is it not? O. S.

"HOLDING BACK.

Counsel recently stated that his client crossed the road in order to reach the other side. With almost superhuman restraint the Judge made no comment upon the circumstances in which a door is not a door."—*Sunday Paper.*

"When is a door not a door?—When it's ajar."—*Same paper, another column.*

In the matter of superhuman restraint our contemporary, you will notice, declines to compete with the Judge.

"Let us have the real constructional programme of the new Uptopia before we destroy our present system."—*Local Paper.*

Uptopia! an admirable name for the ideal State where "everyone is as good as his neighbour—ay, and better too."

From an obituary notice:—

"He could hardly be ranked among the greatest of his predecessors." *Daily Paper.*

Nor, we venture to think, of his successors.

A GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Modelled upon one of our more improving weeklies.*)

Question 10021.—**A matter of Life or Death.** I am anxious to trace the author of the following remark: "To be or not to be; that is the question." I fancy it occurs in a play that has been running for some time.—PUZZLED, PECKHAM.

Answer.—Possibly you may have heard it in a revue. A great deal of gagging is done by the principal comedians in these productions.

Question 10022.—**Meteorological.** Can any reader help me to find a short poem which refers particularly to the weather? I think it may have been set to music.—AMATEUR, ANERLEY.

Answer.—SHAKESPEARE'S thirty-third sonnet, "Full many a glorious morning have I seen," answers to your description; but there is another lyric by a more recent writer which has attained a far greater popularity, entitled, "It ain't gonna rain no mo."

Question 10023.—**Who was she?** In a recent article in your most interesting paper I noticed a reference to the Virgin Queen. Who was she? I should be glad of further information.—A. B. C., BALHAM.

Answer.—The subject of your inquiry belonged to a Welsh family that at one time obtained a prominent place and exerted considerable influence in the affairs of this country. You will find an account of her in Professor CHAMBERLAYNE'S *Character of Queen Elizabeth* and in the works of the poet SPENSER; but, as you tell me that your only time for cultivating your mind is on your daily journey to and from your place of business by Tube, I should not advise you to attempt an intensive study of the latter author.

Question 10024.—**Oh, Delia!** Can you tell me anything about the writer of some beautiful verses beginning:—

"Delia, charming Delia!
Where'er she strayed I followed her,
But now, alas! the nymph has gone,
Leaving her shepherd here forlorn"?

I am sorry I have forgotten the rest.—LOVER OF THE MUSE, MACCLESFIELD.

Answer.—From internal evidence I assume that the poet was a Londoner. Perhaps one of my readers can supply biographical details for you.

Question 10025.—**Thomas or Joseph?** Can any reader give me any information about BECKET?—INQUIRER, EVERCREECH.

Answer.—Please write again, mentioning his Christian name. A good deal depends on this.

Question 10026.—**Safety First.** A league for young people has recently been started in our parish, and I am choosing books for their library. I thought that, to be on the safe side, I would only get works written by clergymen. Do you think this a good plan?—S. O. S., BILGEOVER PARVA.

Answer.—It depends upon what you mean by safe. BOCCACCIO, HERRICK, RABELAIS, STERNE and SWIFT were all in Holy Orders.

"RHYL REVELRY.

"Many visitors are now extending their stays."—*Manchester Paper.*

A pity, we think, to wear them by the sea.

"The largest of the three, from the point of view of numbers, is the Extra-Moral Studies Board's Vacation Course for Foreign Students." *Cambridge Paper.*

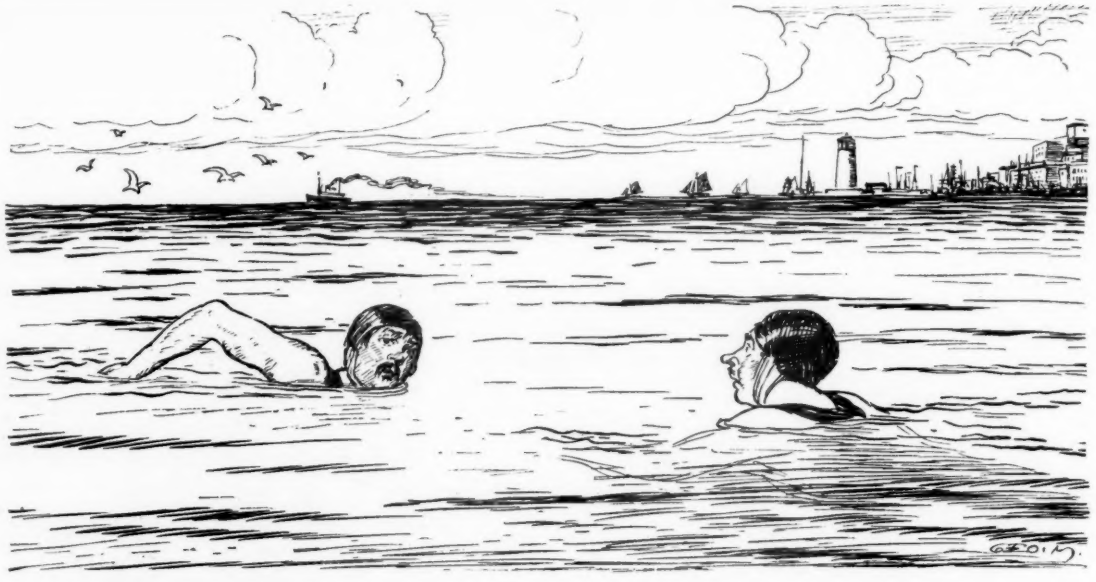
There should be one for Home Students as well.



A DOUBLE BOND.

M. BRIAND (*to Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN*). "YOU SPEAK FRENCH, AND YOU DO NOT ASK ME TO PLAY GOLF. I EMBRACE YOU." (*Proceeds to kiss the FOREIGN SECRETARY on both cheeks.*)

[It will be recalled that the game of golf which M. BRIAND played with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE during the Conference at Cannes produced a very bad impression in France and largely contributed to the temporary eclipse of his political career.]



First Channel Swimmer (approaching France). "WHAT!—YOU 'RE NOT DOING THE DOUBLE JOURNEY, ARE YOU?"
Second Channel Swimmer. "I'VE GOT TO. THEY WOULDN'T LET ME LAND WITHOUT MY PASSPORT, SO I'M GOING BACK FOR IT."

A CERTAIN WINNER.

HER gesture was so imperative that through the whirling press of 'buses and taxis and private cars, all seeking whom they might slay, I plunged across the street to her side, heedless of every danger.

"I want to know," she said, too excited to show surprise that I still lived and had reached her safely, "how you put five pounds on a horse."

I assumed my most judicial manner.

"Different authorities," I told her thoughtfully, "recommend different methods. You can, for example, tie it on, glue it on, or use a pin, though this last method the noble animal has been known to resent by a well-placed kick."

With an air that one might almost have imagined to be impatient she waved these well-meant observations aside.

"What I wish to know," she explained, "is how to bet five pounds on a horse-race."

"But, good heavens," I cried, bewildered, "you can't possibly mean——"

"I do," she said coldly. "Why shouldn't I bet?"

"It wasn't the bet that astonished me," I explained, "it was the five pounds."

"I don't see why," she answered haughtily; "I often have one—it 's quite usual with me."

"Well, first of all," I continued, "you track a bookmaker to his hidden lair. On a race-course you wait till you hear a soft and timid voice break upon the stillness of the day with a murmured intimation of a willingness to bar one, or words to that effect. In town it is more difficult, but can be done with care and patience. One method is to allow yourself to be run over by a taxi. The taxi will either contain a bookmaker, or the driver will be able to give you the address of one. Having secured your bookmaker you hand him your five pounds, with which sum he buys a new hat for his wife."

"And then?" she asked as I ceased.

"There is no 'and then,'" I explained. "The transaction is closed."

"Oh, I think you are quite wrong," she cried. "I think he sends you a whole lot of five-pound notes—doesn't he?—because you 've found the winner, Bertha says."

"Yes," I answered; "but then you don't find the winner—not," I said wistfully, "not in real life."

"But I have," she explained with pride. "Bertha knows, and she 's told me. It was her brother told her as a secret, but she can't bet herself because she 's a girl guide, so she 's told me; and she 's to go halves in what I win. Bertha says if the horse starts at fifty to one then if we put five pounds on it we shall win—shall win a lot of money," she concluded, playing for safety.

"I didn't know," I remarked, trying to remember, "that Bertha had any brothers."

"It might have been," she admitted cautiously, "a sort of cousin or something—or possibly she 's going to be a sister to him."

"That," I admitted, "makes it quite clear. But suppose the horse doesn't win?"

She smiled with quiet confidence.

"I daresay," she said very gently, "you suppose we never thought of that; but we did. Bertha says I must be sure and tell you to back it both ways."

"Both ways?" I repeated. "All right. But how does that help?"

"Backing it both ways," she explained kindly, "means backing it either to win or to lose."

"I 'm sorry," I said firmly, "but it 's a system bookmakers are prejudiced against—they argue that then you are bound to win and they are bound to lose, because of there not being enough dead heats to go round."

"I never thought of that," she admitted with disappointment. "I don't think he can have told Bertha that; when she knows I doubt if she 'll want to be a sister to him any more."

"She ought to be," I said heatedly. "He deserves a lesson."

"Well then," she decided, brightening up, "you must back the horse just to win. Bertha says he says it 's an absolute cert. 'Cert' means certainty," she explained, "only more. Bertha says he says the horse couldn't lose if it tried."

"It is very unusual," I told her, "to win when you really try not to. Yet the only exam. I ever passed was one I

didn't sit for. They couldn't find my papers, so they thought they had lost them, so then they thought it was only fair to give me a pass."

"Perhaps it will be like that this time," she said, much encouraged. "Perhaps the horse won't run and they'll think it only fair . . ."

"A generous thought," I applauded. "Then I'm to put five pounds on for you for a win?"

"At fifty to one."

"But suppose the bookmaker won't give me fifty to one?"

"Then you must go elsewhere. I always do when tradespeople are disobliging."

"I see," I said. "Well, what is the horse's name and what race is it?"

"I've forgotten exactly which race," she confessed, "but I know it's at Doncaster, so I suppose you can tell, can't you? There aren't races at Doncaster every day, are there?"

"No," I admitted.

"Very well," she said triumphantly.

"Well, the horse's name?" I asked.

"Oh, Bertha couldn't tell me that," she explained, "because it's a secret and she promised not to—not to any one, not even me."

"Then how——" I ventured to hint.

"You make a lot of difficulties," she complained reproachfully. "Don't you want to do this for me?"

"Of course I do," I protested. "Only——"

"All you need do," she pointed out, "is to tell him it's a race at Doncaster and it's the horse that's going to win."

"I see, I see," I said. "I am now going to cross the road again."

"Why?" she asked.

"I might be killed," I answered hopefully.

But a policeman dragged me out alive, and because I have an honest face he let me go with a caution—on the side whence I had just started. She was still standing there. I said:—

"I've just thought of two things. There are several races at Doncaster, all indistinguishable in outward appearance, and every horse in every race is a dead cert for somebody."

She permitted herself to show a certain annoyance.

"If it's as troublesome as all that," she complained, "I shan't bet at all. I shall spend it on a new hat instead. Anyhow, I simply haven't got a single one that's fit to wear."

"And that at least," I assured her, "will be a certain winner." E. R. P.

Our Strong Silent Men.

"On the rare occasions when he breaks silence, Mr. Sidney Webb is inaudible."
Scotch Paper.



Visitor. "THIS IS A GREAT PLACE FOR ARTISTS, IS IT NOT?"
Native. "ARTISTS! I SHOULD SAY IT WAS. WHY, IF THERE WAS A WRECK 'ERE WE SHOULD 'ARDLY BE ABLE TO GET AT THE LIFEBOAT FOR EASELS."

THEATRE RHYMES.

XIV.—THE GALLERY.

THE gods in the gallery sit on high
And brood on dramatic affairs;
They are not very easy to satisfy,
For they've climbed up a hundred stairs,
After standing an hour in a queue in the street
And paying a bob for a very hard seat.

The Duke in his box may take his rest,
The Marquess snooze in his stall,
The Earl in the circle, where everyone's dressed,
Into fitful dreams may fall;
But the gods from their moderate livelihoods
Have paid a bob, and they want the goods.

They are ready to clap and to stamp like mad,
If they're given a decent show;
They will probably boo if they think it bad,
So, whoever may sleep below,
The actor must think of the gods up there
Who are always awake and who really care.

"Caven was apparently affected by the same indifference that had characterised the play of Men-3zies and Tulloch."—*Scotch Paper.*

This attempt by a compositor to elucidate the pronunciation of a famous Scottish name is well-meaning; but we shall reject both Menthreezies and Mingthreeies, and continue to pronounce it Mongoose.

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

III.—PERSONALITY WHILE YOU WAIT.

WHEN Mr. Honeybubble emerged from his cabin on the fifth day he was much worked up about a book which had altered the whole course of his life. I need hardly say that he lent it to me. I read it. I passed it on to others; and it has thrown the whole ship into a ferment.

The book—of Trans-Atlantic origin—is called *Personality as a Business Asset*, by one I. B. WOLCOTT (*Punch* recently gave some extracts from it), and it is based upon the thesis that "This is an age when each of us is trying to sell something. But before anyone can sell a thing he must first of all sell his personality."

The author goes on to show how the meanest of us can vamp up a personality, and in the process provide a complete guide to life, from "How to Acquire Presence and Poise" to "The Art of Pleasing" and the ideal weight for a woman, which is 138 pounds.

First comes the process of self-examination. There are forty questions which a man must put to himself and give himself marks according to his answers. As for instance:—

"Do you gesture from your shoulders instead of from your elbows? (see p. 135). If so, credit yourself with 5 . . . Do you start to work with clean fingernails? . . . Do you cultivate wit? . . . Have you a pleasing laugh? If so credit yourself with 5 . . ."

Personally, I reckon that I score between 30 and 40 out of a possible 200. Honeybubble marked himself at 119. George threw in his hand at question 10.

The book is full of stimulating thoughts and phrases—as, for example:—

"A man's watch-chain should be very thin."

"Black hats do not look well on blondes."

"Complexions are as a rule combinations of yellow and red, some having more red than others, some more yellow."

"Before entering a room pause for a moment, forget your hands, your face, your clothes. Concentrate your sense of movement in that vital centre termed the solar plexus. Feel lifted up by it."

"If skin is not clear avoid lavender shirtings."

The art of conversation has never perhaps been so clearly expounded, and a rich variety of social gambits is provided. At dinner yesterday, the ship heaving, the future of many of us uncertain and awkward pauses frequent, I made a few experiments on my neighbour, Mrs. Pratt.

"What is your hobby, Mrs. Pratt?" I said brightly, after a long silence.

The lady looked a little surprised, but replied at last, "I have no hobby, Mr. Haddock."

"Ah!" I said. Mrs. Pratt, I then remembered, had not yet read the book, which was perhaps a pity.

However, after another pause, I said, more brightly still—

"Do you fear death, Mrs. Pratt?"

"Yes, Mr. Haddock," she said simply, and another good topic had gone West.



Visitor. "I SUPPOSE YOU 'RE LIKE ALL THE OTHER SAILORS—A WIFE IN EVERY PORT?"

Boatman. "NO, MUM, I AIN'T BIN IN *EVERY* PORT."

Undaunted I continued: "Do you think it is necessary for every man to have some vice? And in your opinion has a woman the same right to some vice as a man?"

Mrs. Pratt looked blank, but she said at last, "Certainly."

The book, unhappily, does not say how these charming themes should be developed, so I tried another.

"How is your wireless working, Mrs. Pratt?"

"I have no wireless," she replied.

"Then what do you most admire in a man? How far back can you remember? And what would you consider the ideal education for a boy?"

Mrs. Pratt then rose and without a word departed on deck. In my opinion she has no personality at all.

After this set-back I did not care to tackle any of the men, though it is laid down very clearly how to talk, for example, to Mr. Smith of Liverpool:—

"When you talk to Mr. Smith you might say, 'I have been told you are from Liverpool, Mr. Smith. What part does shipping play in the social and business life of Liverpool?' Or, if he has artistic tastes, 'Who are the leaders of Liverpool's art circles to-day?' . . . If you keep up your interest a few questions such as these might very well occupy an entire visit."

In my experience they don't.

More valuable, perhaps, are the pages devoted to the cultivation of a pleasing contagious laugh:—

"Did you ever notice how you laugh? If not the next time something funny happens observe yourself and see what sort of a laugh you have. Also observe what part of you moves when you are laughing . . .

"In practising the following exercises in laughter you must laugh freely and heartily, being sure that you feel an expansion of the body . . .

"This exercise is recommended by Dr. S. S. Curry.

"Stand in an easy upright position, and as far as possible become a spectator of your own worries and cares, and simply laugh at them. The laugh need not be audible, but let it be internal agitation concerning the ridiculous fretting over what amounts to nothing. A few minutes' practice each day may correct tendencies to depression as well as improve control of the breath in tone production.

"If your laughter seems forced or self-conscious it is suggested that you memorise the following poem by Michael Field, and as you say it dance with your feet, arms, head and your whole body. Let your laughter come as spontaneously as possible:—

THE DANCERS.

I dance, ha, ha, ha! I dance and sing;
Above my head my arms I swing.
Ho, ho, ho! see another faun,
A black one, dances on the lawn.
He moves with me, and when I lift
My heels his feet directly shift.
I can't outdance him, though I try;
He dances nimbler far than I.
I toss my head, and so does he;
What tricks he dares to play on me!
I touch the ivy in my hair;
Ivy he has and fingers there.
The spiteful thing to mock me so!
I will outdance him! Ho, ho, ho!"

Well, we have tried these exercises. Late last night we held a Laughing Parade on deck, some dozen of us. There was a thick fog, the siren was hooting like a lost soul, and somewhere in the fog was believed to be an iceberg; judging by the cold there were two or three. The situation cried aloud for laughter. We began with a little silent internal agitation by numbers concerning our imaginary frets, rising on the toes and swinging the arms, till the whole parade was ruined by a contagious but unpleasing cackle from



Expensive Picnicker. "Don't bother to pick those up, Thompson. Anybody can see by the bottles and things that we're not ordinary trippers."

George. Then we did Mr. Michael Field's poem. Honeybubble, who was as keen as mustard, recited the lines, while we all came in on the "Ha, ha, ha's" and "Ho, ho, ho's," and danced meanwhile with our heads and our whole bodies. It was a striking spectacle, and I must say the thing produced laughter. Though whether it was the right sort of laughter we shall never know, for the First Officer came out and put a stop to the whole parade. Just as well, perhaps, for George was so worked up that he was practically embracing the charming American girl who was laughing next to him.

Honeybubble's book has now been all round the ship, and, time hanging a little heavy, everyone is hard at work at his personality. Honeybubble himself makes a speciality of pleasing conversation and entering rooms correctly. You can see him swimming into the saloon with his head up, his whole soul centred in the solar plexus, his body and hands forgotten, so that he generally cannons into a table; and he has asked me three times to-day whether I feared death. Others spend long hours in their cabins with the dress-charts, working out what shirtings and ties will best express their personality, and generally ending in a profound discontent with their entire wardrobe. Others may be found doing secret laughing exercises on the boat-deck or stealthily practising open-mindedness, cheerfulness and charm in the lounge.

George is seen a good deal with that American girl. I am not at all sure that he is not overdoing his exercises in charm. However . . . A. P. H.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Cicero's egotism was so great that he went the length of composing a Latin hexameter in his own praise: 'Oh fortunatem natam me Consule Roman,' a line which elicited the just sarcasms of Juvenal."—*Literary Weekly.*

Just, indeed.

"A member of the town council states that some of the teachers have taught the children that it is contrary to the laws of science that when Moses struck the rock water could have been swallowed by a whale because he could not have passed down its throat."

South Wales Paper.

We ourselves are doubtful about this episode.

POETIC REFUSALS.

(Mr. W. H. Davies refuses to spend a night at the Ritz Hotel, London.)

A night and dinner at the Ritz
Would quite bemuse my country wits.

For London nights I do not care,
They leave no time to stand and stare;

No time to stand beneath the lamps
And have long talks with other tramps;

No time to linger in the Strand
And catch a corncrake in my hand;

No time to hear when all is still
The nightingales on Ludgate Hill;

No time to wait the owlet's cry
In Spitalfields or Peckham Rye;

No time the great hawk-moths to catch
In Golders Green or Colney Hatch.

To sleep in town I do not care
If there 's no time to stand and stare.

Our Considerate Advertisers.

"Contract price £720, accept for immediate sale 695 guineas."—*Advt. in Motoring Paper.*

ADDRESSED TO A. DUFTY.

IT came back with our washing the first Saturday after our arrival, a forget-me-not embroidered in one corner and "*A. Dufty*" neatly written in another. Euphemia returned it on Monday, pointing out that it belonged to A. Dufty and not to her.

The laundry then wrote my name with two blots in a third corner and sent it back again, with a note to say that, having my name upon it, the handkerchief could only belong to my wife.

"Early-Victorian idiots!" said Euphemia carelessly. "Well," she added, "I may as well use it; it is the first time a laundry has ever given me anything."

Very high-handed they are at the Bonnie Snowflake Laundry. Nothing will stop their writing my name with indelible ink upon the clothing of my wife, my maidservant and the stranger that is within my gates. Remonstrance evokes only a message, left by the lad when he brings the washing:—

> "Ah was tellt to say, gin the leddy isna contentit mebbe she'll pit her waushing to anither laundry."

The nearest ither laundry being forty miles away, and bad at that, my wife bears with what she calls the early-Victorian instincts of this one. My maidservants cannot leave more frequently than they do; it is with the stranger that the trouble comes in.

Aunt Jean was stopping with us last week—my great-aunt Jean. She is—— We have—— Well, there are several reasons why we should wish to please Aunt Jean (a couple of thousand, as a matter of fact), and we did our best.

Euphemia, wrestling with the special difficulties which beset the housewife on leave from India, possibly bore the heavier burden. But I had to listen to the comments on her labours—and I find that the uncles at 2 LO, so charmingly amenable to a little switch, have somewhat spoilt me for relatives less easily controlled.

The visit came to an end at last, but when at breakfast to-day—my birthday—a generous-looking parcel arrived from Aunt Jean I felt that I deserved anything I got.

Pieces of linen . . . I unfolded one. It appeared to be a shroud—a useful hard-wearing shroud, about five-foot-four by four-foot-five, with calico lace running round the neck and—sinister touch—my name written in indelible ink on the plastron running down the front. My exclamation of disgust brought Euphemia round to see.

"Aunt Jean's nightgown!" she exclaimed, "and her—— Good gracious!"

The second garment was also marked with my name; in the folds lay a note:—

"DEAR DAVID,—These were returned to me as I was closing my box. They are not just what I had intended sending for your birthday, but, as you seem to have taken such a strong fancy to them, you had better have them. They are of the best long-cloth and will wear a lifetime. Euphemia will doubtless find a use for them if you cannot." ["They will make very strong floor-cloths," agreed Euphemia.] "The handkerchief is presumably the property of another of your unfortunate guests. Euphemia's conscience may consent to use it; mine will not. This is an awful illustration of what the Reverend Mr. Macmichael tells us of the influence of the Indian climate on character. I can only hope that when you leave India for good you may see differently.

Your sincere Aunt,
JEAN MACBEAN."

"Wee Free cat!" muttered Euphemia. "Well, it is nice to have dear little 'A. Dufty' back; and it isn't for my conscience I want her anyway."

She began to unfold the handkerchief as she spoke.

"Stop!" I cried. "Never again!"

For several weeks Euphemia has been using the property of another woman. It has needed Aunt Jean to drive the horrid fact home, but now I am determined to make restitution. It is useless to apply to the laundry; I therefore ask the courtesy of your columns for the purpose of appealing to A. Dufty to come forward and claim her handkerchief. Please state whether married or single, and add rank and styles if any.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"All the greatest men were born bachelors."
Sunday Paper.

"Plantation RuRbber fluctuated a good deal."—*Provincial Paper.*

Notwithstanding the extra capital put up.

"BIRTHS.

On the 4th and 5th August, at —— Mansions, ——, W., the wife of —— ——, M.D., of two sons (twins)."—*Daily Paper.*

We guessed it.

"There is, I am told, much going and coming of wealthy rug adicts between the Channel ports and the Continent."

We confess to liking one ourselves when the weather is chilly.

"SITUATIONS VACANT.

aH,CB wuSW-ffms4MyD. . . 10. HL'nB,w —— TECHNICAL COLLEGE.

LINOTYPE INSTRUCTOR WANTED."
New Zealand Paper.

We agree.

THE SMITHS.

AN AUGUST REVERIE.

LET me eat my lonely dinner
Gazing at the empty square,
Noting how the cats grow thinner
And the caretakers take care;
Silent, silent are the houses,
Curtains over windows drawn,
Everyone is chasing grouses
Or it may be hunting prawn.

Scotland, Broadstairs, Deauville, Brighton—
All are fled with wives and brats,
Leaving the electric light on
In the bathrooms of their flats;
Leagues of England now are sundering
Souls that once resided near,
And of course I can't help wondering
Where the Smiths have gone this year.

Mr. Smith, who every morning
Left his door and, passing mine,
Acted as a useful warning
That the hour was half-past nine;
Mrs. Smith, the wife, the mother—
Does this annual August whim
Separate them each from other
Or did she go off with him?

I submit they went together;
Somewhere now with outstretched hands
Smith is chasing hell-for-leather
Rubber-balls about the sands;
Lo! I see him breast the briny,
Cleave the stern Atlantic swell,
Mrs. Smith and all the tiny
Smithlets cleaving it as well.

Still, of course, it may not be so;
Smith may be upon a moor,
Logic forces one to see so,
And his shooting may be poor;
Mrs. Smith may be at Deauville
Or in fern-clad watery combes
Somewhere to the west of Yeovil,
If she managed to get rooms.

Both of them may be in Norway,
Both be starting out for golf
Through some ocean-fronting doorway,
Having "got the children off."
Are they faithless-hearted dumpers,
Or does daylight as it fails
Find them in their Faroe jumpers
Still collecting crabs in pails?

Vain to ponder. Scenes I've painted
Touched by fancy more than truth;
Smith and I are not acquainted
And I can't afford a sleuth;
All I know is August's coming,
Urging everyone to roam,
Stops that vile piano-strumming
In the Smiths' confounded home.

EVOE.

THE AMATEUR STATUS.

I CANNOT SEE WHY THERE 'S SO MUCH DISCUSSION NOWADAYS ABOUT "THE AMATEUR STATUS."



THERE 'S THE FELLOW WHO PLAYS A GAME FOR THE SHEER JOY OF PLAYING, WITHOUT THOUGHT OF PERSONAL GAIN—HE 'S AN *AMATEUR*, ISN'T HE?—



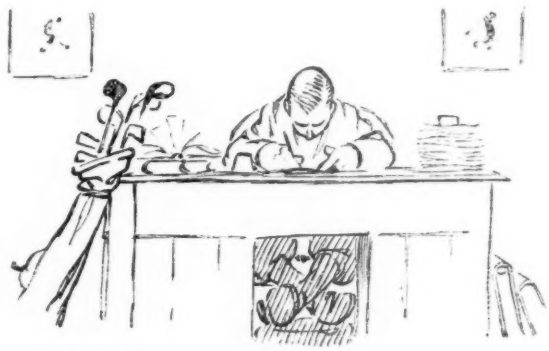
AND THEN THERE 'S THE FELLOW WHO DEFINITELY MAKES HIS LIVING OUT OF IT—HE 'S A *PROFESSIONAL*, NATURALLY—



THERE 'S ALSO THE FELLOW WHO IS ABLE TO PLAY ALL DAY BECAUSE HE WRITES NEWSPAPER REPORTS ABOUT IT ALL NIGHT—WELL, HE 'S AN *AMATEUR-PROFESSIONAL*, OF COURSE—



AND THE FELLOW WHO HAS TO PLAY ALL THE TIME BECAUSE IT 'S GOOD FOR HIS BUSINESS—HE IS PALPABLY A *PROFESSIONAL-AMATEUR*.



THEN WE HAVE THE FELLOW WHO IN THE INTERVALS OF WINNING TOURNAMENTS LIVES BY WRITING BOOKS TO TEACH US ALL HOW TO WIN THEM TOO—HE IS CLEARLY, AS YOU MIGHT SAY, A *PROFATEUR*—



AND, LASTLY, THERE 'S THE UNFORTUNATE FELLOW WHO DEVOTES HIS LIFE TO CHASING CHAMPIONSHIPS ROUND THE WORLD AND BACK AGAIN FOR 364 DAYS IN THE YEAR—WELL, HANG IT ALL, HE 'S AN *AMESSIONAL*.



"TRUTH IN ADVERTISING."

"*FOR THE STAG-HUNTING SEASON.*—BAY MARE, WELL KNOWN WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET. A VERY HARD MARE—NO DAY TOO LONG FOR HER. KNOWS THE MOOR THOROUGHLY."

A PICTURE SHOW-UP.

["If you want a thing done well, do it yourself."—*Old Saying.*]

"JUST think," I said, "how delightful it would be to have a little home cinema for the children."

"John and Pamela have quite enough cinema as it is," said my wife discouragingly.

"But don't you realise," I argued, "that, with a machine of our own, there would be no need to take them out to these stuffy picture palaces? We could just hang a sheet on the wall, switch on the light, adjust the film and there you are!"

"You seem to know a lot about home cinemas," observed Millicent with suspicion. "I believe you want one to amuse yourself, you great baby."

"If it will bring any pleasure to the children——" I began with dignity.

"Diddums wantums ickle cinema, then! He *shall* have——"

"At all events," I retorted, "I've bought one, and it's to be delivered tomorrow morning."

In a way, I think, that was one to me.

The following afternoon I found I was able to get home in time for tea.

"Yes, it's come all right," Millicent volunteered as she opened the door. "It looked an awkward box to open, so I did it myself."

One learns to suffer such remarks in silence.

"Oh, of course, the cinema. This evening," I promised, "I will give up to the kids. After dinner they shall have a private show in the drawing-room."

"Don't you think it would be better to wait until they're in bed?" she suggested. "You see, there's no telling whether the machine's going to work quite smoothly at first, and——"

"I hope I have sufficient grasp of mechanics to operate a simple little toy cinema," I answered evenly. "And think how disappointed John and Pam would be if——"

"What a nice, kind, considerate, clever father they've got this evening!" said Millicent.

* * * * *

"First of all," I directed, when dinner was over, "I must have a good large sheet to hang on the wall."

"Sheets are no easier to hang than curtains," my wife remarked. "Couldn't you show the pictures on the bare wall, just for this evening?"

"A sheet is better, but the wall will serve," I agreed reluctantly. "Now come along, all of you; this way to the pictures!"

"Can I take the money at the door, Dad?" asked John hopefully, as we withdrew to the other room. "Mother said——"

"Your mother is not managing this picture palace," I told him sternly. "Sit down over there in the one-and-three-pennies and keep quiet."

"What about some chocolates?" put in Pamela, settling herself on a footstool. "We always have——"

"No eating in the auditorium, please!" I called sharply.

On the table stood a large box. Inside, on a bed of shavings, nestled the home cinema. I stood it gingerly on the edge of the table, pointed its muzzle at a bare patch of wall and arranged a length of wire across to the electric-light plug.

"Don't you think it's rather too near the wall?" inquired Millicent

gently. "It says here in the directions that at least five feet——"

"You didn't tell me there was a book of instructions," I grumbled. "Surely you might——"

"With your grasp of mechanics," she returned promptly, handing me an illustrated leaflet, "I didn't suppose you'd want it."

Accepting the instructions with dignified thanks, I turned to page 1 and began operations. It was necessary to arrange the machine on the further edge of the table, which I did, tripping over the wiring as I went. If John laughed, his face was straight again by the time I could turn round.

"Here is the film," said Millicent, handing me a tiny spool and studying the directions over my shoulder. "It goes in here, I think, and you have to thread the end through these slots in——"

"Perhaps you'd like to do it yourself, darling?" I suggested wearily. "You seem to know——"

"Can't *you* do it, Daddy?" put in Pamela tactlessly.

"I bet he's got it wrong," John observed.

"Sit down and behave yourself, John," Millicent reproved him. "Your father knows what he is doing."

At that I busied myself importantly with a hopeful-looking end of the machine. The spool was not too eager to take up its position (*as in figure 1*), but with a little carefully concealed pressure I managed to persuade it into place. Then, guiding the end of the film over the double cog-wheels (*as in figure 2*), and through the lower slot (which should have been marked B, if it was B), I rammed it firmly into the bottom spool, C, more or less as directed.

The final appearance did not resemble figure 3 as much as I could have wished, but otherwise everything looked fairly satisfactory. With a trial turn of the operating handle (quite unnecessarily marked D) the film began clicking round in a highly professional manner.

"Everything is ready now," I announced with confidence. "Lights down!"

Pamela clapped her hands for sheer delight.

"And about time, too," I think John grunted.

"You haven't got the lamp in yet," Millicent put in quickly.

"Where is it, then?" I asked with annoyance.

"If you haven't taken it out, perhaps it's still in the box."

The lamp, when I found it, seemed obstinate too. I wobbled it this way and that, struck a match, tried again and grazed my knuckles on a sharp edge, but only succeeded in drawing a few blue flashes from the interior of the lantern and several coarse phrases to the tip of my tongue.

"Let me do it, darling—my hands are smaller than yours. Perhaps I can——" Click went the lamp, clean into its socket.

"A woman is sometimes better at these fiddling little jobs," I had to concede. "Now, then—down with the lights."

Millicent plunged the room into darkness, which revealed a blodgy mass of light on the wall.

"It wants focussing, Dad," said John at once.

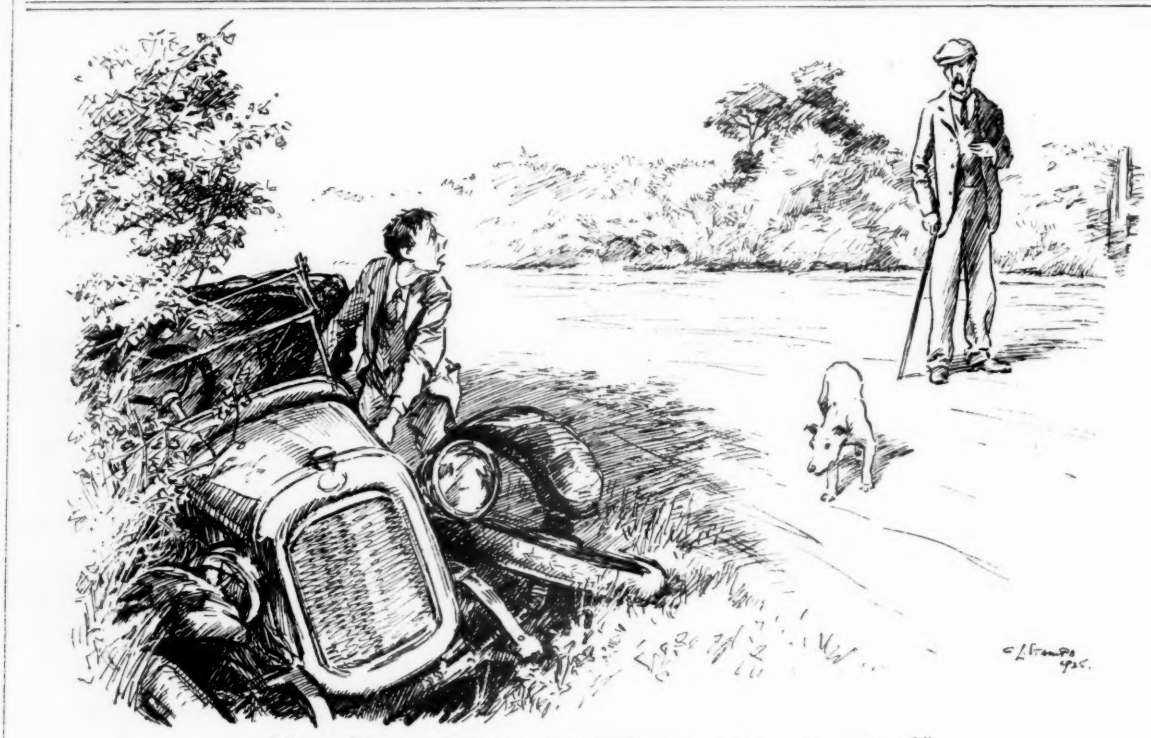
"Hold your tongue!" I snapped; "I am adjusting the film."

"The focussing screw is down on the left," whispered Millicent. "I remember the book said——"

"Can't we see the pretty pictures yet?" demanded Pamela. "I've been watching ever so——"



The Minister. "I HEAR YOU HAD BAD LUCK ON THE MOOR YESTERDAY, SANDY."
Sandy. "OCH—NO' SAE BAD, MEENISTER. THE LAIRD'S GUEST PEPPERED ME IN THE AIRM, AN' A'AM GETTING TWO POOND COMPENSATION."



Driver. "COME AND HELP ME GET THIS CAR OUT OF THE DITCH, WILL YOU?"
Embittered Pedestrian. "WHY?"

"Hush, darling!" said her mother. "Daddy's getting on splendidly."

I fumbled for the screw, found it at last, and the blodge of light suddenly brightened into a sharp clear circle. Quickly I pressed the film-carrier across into position and began turning the handle. On the wall appeared the cryptic message:—

(MADE IN GERMANY)
THE END

Strange internal noises came from John's section of the auditorium, and Pamela began weeping softly. Millicent, with great presence of mind, jumped up and switched on the lights again.

"Perhaps, darlings," she said, "we 'll go down to the Picturedrome to-night, after all. Daddy 's afraid the machine isn't working quite right yet."

"What—the *real* pictures?" shrieked Pamela excitedly.

"Come on, then," agreed John. "But I don't see why Dad can't get his toy-cinema going properly. You got it to work all right this afternoon."

The door closed behind them, and perhaps it was just as well.

"For how many families does *speo meo in deo* make a pious motto?"—*Morning Paper.*
Astonishingly few.

CURIOS FROM CANADA.

II.—PUBLIC SPIRIT.

WE approached a crossing.

"Better honk," I said; "it seems a dangerous corner." And Charles honked.

The effect was alarming. Immediately five sinister black figures sprang out and jumped on to the running-boards of the car, three on Charles's side and two on mine.

Bandits—and attacking a Ford, the cowards! Anyhow, all Charles and I could muster between us was about seven dollars, and, though it served them right, I feared it would make them unpleasantly savage.

Charles said no word, but with commendable presence of mind suddenly tore open the throttle, the idea being to take the desperadoes unawares and shake them off with a bounce. Unhappily, though she is good at bouncing, our Ford was unprepared for such tactics, and, being slow in the up-take, she merely choked and stopped.

That, of course, was the finish. We were done for—utterly at their mercy. And bandits in this country are particularly brutal. Between the seven dollars and Charles's great idea we should pay dearly before death came and released us from our sufferings.

"Gol-darn that engine anyway!" cried the leading bandit on Charles's side excitedly. "Step lively on that starter, son; we gotta beat it round the corner mighty slippy."

I looked at the bandit. So did Charles. For a bandit he had rather a nice face—battered but kindly.

"Right!" said Charles, and we were off again.

I glanced through the window at the pair on my side. They were waving their free arms and shouting wildly, strange behaviour on the part of hold-up men. And they were wearing oil-skins and sou'westers. Not bandits at all, surely? Brave lifeboatmen instead.

Thank God!

But where on earth (or water, for that matter) could the wreck be? The only moisture available was a tiny stream that meandered through the scrubby grass, just wetting the toes of the water-mints, scarcely deep enough to sail a paper boat on.

At that moment another car, and yet another, overtook us, crusted about with oil-skinned limpets, most of whom were struggling single-handed with chin-strings and coat-buttons.

"Hey, Dave, where's the fire?" shouted one; "the boys is bringin' the hose along right now."

"It 's at Coffy's," yelled Dave; "you stay and tell 'em whiles we chase along." And off sped the two cars, followed pantingly by our own belated Lizzie.

When we arrived at the scene of the disaster, Coffy's seemed to be in a bad way. A tiny, lonely, wooden shack, propped up on four short logs, it was blazing fiercely, the flames cruelly encouraged by the bustling spring breeze.

"There ain't nothin' can't be done till the hose comes," said Dave. "Guess it 's lucky Mis' Coffy an' Jim are in the city to-day. It would only get 'em all het-up."

Besides ourselves, a few school-children were the sole spectators. In a little while three more fire-fighters made their appearance, and I recognised in one of them the jolly, fat proprietor of a general store a few miles back where we had bought a basket of apples. As nothing could be done without the hose, he spread his oil-skin on a damp bank and sat down beside a large crop of last season's teazles, while the thinner and more energetic members of the brigade went to inspect the water supply. Charles, offering him a cigarette, inquired as to the nature of the force, and, on learning that it was purely a voluntary association, said something about public spirit.

"Reckon you 've jest got to be public-spirited in these here rurial districts or you 'll get all that 's comin' to you," said the store-man placidly. "There was Joe Mulligan, the constable, back in Peel County. Joe couldn't get no 'quipment nohow, though he chewed the rag 'bout it fer years. Then a hold-up man came along and soaked him a beaut' over the head when Joe was inquirin' his business outside of the bank late one night. After that Joe was so doggoned public-spirited he bought hisself a pair of handcuffs and a Colt."

"And he ain't had no call to use 'em ever since," added Dave, who had come up during the conversation. "Ain't that tough luck?"

At this point the shack collapsed with a roar.

"All over bar the shoutin'," said the store-man, refreshing tired nature from a bag of salted peanuts. "And here comes the boys with the hose. Gee, that 's too bad!"

Two huge bone-shaker wheels, a hose wound about their middle, looking in the distance like the mail-cart of a giant's baby, lurched recklessly down the rough track, egged on by the breathless crew.

"Easy there, boys," cried Dave, waving his arms—"easy there! She ain't needed now. Check her up."



Maid (at eminent artist's house, to vendor of cheap pictures). "IT AIN'T NO USE TRYIN' TO SELL PICTURES HERE—WE MAKES 'EM."

She came to a halt a few yards away and the proud crew swarmed round her.

"By golly!" exclaimed a little man suddenly, straightening himself up, "I reckon it 's just as well she ain't needed. We 've been and dropped the nozzle off somewheres."

"Well, if that ain't the worst ever!"

"Keep your eyes skinned goin' home, boys," cautioned Dave.

"Sure thing, boss."

"I reckon it was ordained that shack should burn," said a member of the hose-crew. "Lucky the ground 's all bogged up. We 'd have had a dandy job of it with this breeze in dry weather."

"I 'll say we would," agreed the little man. "There 's always sump 'n to be thankful fer."

"Well," said our fat friend, throwing away his empty peanut bag and rising with difficulty, "guess we 'd better get a move on. Cain't do nothin' yet awhiles till them embers cools off. Say, I 've got a thirst on me like a horse! Come on back to the store and we 'll have a coca-cola all round."

"Sounds pretty good to me," said Dave, grinning at Charles. "How 's that fer public spirit?"

Early Recognition of the Great.

"They [black clay pipes] are made locally, and were presented to the Premier after he had been made the first freeman of the borough where he was born amid scenes of great enthusiasm."—*Legend beneath a Photograph.*

"In crossing a bridge the off-side rear tyre burst, the car swerving and colliding with a low stone wall. All the occupants of the car were inured."—*Local Paper.*

One has to be nowadays.

"I have friends in the Labour Party, I have friends in the Conservative Party and I have even got friends in the Liberal Party. (Laughter.)."—*Sunday Paper.*

Even $\frac{7}{8}$ of a laugh is something in these days.



"THAT 'S THE LOCAL DOCTOR. QUITE GOOD, I BELIEVE."
"WHAT SORT—A 'WIND-UPPER' OR A 'POOH-POOH'?"

W. G.

"Not Lancelot, nor another."

W. G., if still you feel concern
In tales of mundane centuries and blobs,
I wonder if from time to time you learn
The current doings of a man named HOBBS.

You may have met him. In his coltish days
He may perhaps have swum into your ken,
Even to earn a word of lordly praise;
But, as a fact, he has come on since then.

So much so that, with deference be it said,
Your wreath of hundreds, unsurpassed till now,
Stuck, it would seem, for ever on your head,
Is booked for transfer to his Oval brow.

Records must go, the fact is widely known;
The point is that the world is split in two
On whether he has cast you from your throne,
If he 's the Champion of the game—not you.

For me, I saw you once, and, truth to tell,
That day you lacked the large heroic touch;
A venal umpire basely gave you L.
B.W. for two. It hurt me much.

HOBBS I have seen make many a goodly score;
I have sat hardly and paid many bobs
To watch him; yet, despite that leg before
For two, you 're still the man for me, not HOBBS.

His eye may be as keen, it makes no odds;
His blade as true, it matters not a pin;
There is a lonely grandeur of the gods
That makes a Champion; that 's where you come in.

Loosely gigantic, with galumphing stride,
Bear-pawed and bearded like a dozen pards,
A bright cap adding its incongruous pride
To that huge cynosure of all regards,

There moved a Presence. Men from oversea,
Aching to see our best (with luck to "snap"),
Sought GLADSTONE, IRVING, TENNYSON, great Three,
And you not least. HOBBS is a sharp spare chap.

He has not majesty; he does not loom.
The panther is a lithe and limber thing,
Yet all the creatures of the jungly gloom
Find in the elephant (that 's you) their king.

To you, then, where on some Elysian sward
You 're ever knocking up, I make no doubt,
Such mighty scores as never have been scored,
And no black-hearted umpire gives you out,

Whatever rumours come, you needn't care;
Your nose as Champion still remains in joint;
What sort of wickets do you get down there?
How are you bowling? Do you still stand point?

DUM-DUM.

"The Vicar named the boundaries of the parish and gave a short but interesting account of its history, which went back to heathen times—this he hoped would be an inspiration to them all."
Local Paper.

In most parishes unfortunately there are backsliders who need no such encouragement.



THE NEW PUBLIC SPIRIT.

THE GIRL (*idly curious*). "EVER THINK OF SPENDING YOUR HOLIDAYS LIKE THAT?"
THE YOUTH. "NOT ME. WHERE WOULD YOU BE FOR JOY-RIDES IF I DID?"



A HEAT-WAVE AGONY.

"FAN, LIDY? SORRY I CAWN'T OBLIGE YER—THIS IS THE ONLY ONE I'VE GOT LEFT."

HOW TO WRITE FOR A LIVING.

THERE are plenty of people willing and anxious to teach you how you may earn your living by the pen. It is a little difficult to understand why you should want to earn your living that way, seeing that it is likely to be such a little living and so hardly earned compared with the one you can earn by being manager of a Life Insurance Company or head waiter of a restaurant; and it is also difficult to understand (though this by a process of mental deduction is not quite so puzzling) why people who themselves earn their living by the pen should be willing to pass on to you their secret.

For my part, speaking as one who earns his living by the pen, I confess that I don't think I could teach you how to do it (leaving aside the obvious advice that you should first become a notorious criminal or a leading jockey or a Cabinet Minister); and, further, I confess that, if I thought I could teach you, I would not do so, because, quite frankly, there are enough of us in the game already without you.

I am, however, quite willing, and as a matter of fact rather keen, to discuss with you the question of how to write for a living from its more practical side, namely, what to write with. You must often have pictured in your more idle moments the great author at his work, and speculated as to his manner of doing it; what he wrote with or, possibly, with what he wrote; you must often have wondered (I am, of course, only presuming) how you would do it if you were a great author; what you would write with or with what you would write. Let me clear it up.

There are four ways of writing for a living: (1) with the pencil; (2) with the pen; (3) with the typewriter; (4) with nothing at all. Let us examine these one by one, reading, if you don't mind, from right to left (though I reserve the liberty to vary the order if I want to).

WITH NOTHING AT ALL.

There is no doubt whatever that this is the ideal way. You lie on a sofa and call your story out to a lady secretary. She takes it down and calls it back to you, and you O.K. it with a nod. While she types it out you think of another one; and then you go and dine at the Savoy. This is the great way. But it is the way of a Tiger (I was almost going to say of an Eagle) among authors; and while you are in the early rabbit stages you are likely to find it too hard and even impracticable. You will be confronted with the elementary difficulty of not knowing what to say until you have had hours and hours of time to think. And there is nothing that makes an author feel so stupid and unsuccessful as lying on a sofa and keeping on saying practically nothing to a lady secretary who is trying to take down his story. Furthermore, you will find that until you are very, very successful you simply must have your writing materials with you wherever you go. Your most brilliant thoughts will come to you at the oddest and most inconvenient moments—in bed, at church, in your bath, when obviously your lady secretary cannot possibly be with you.

However, try the sofa secretary scheme by all means. If it succeeds, you are a made man, and a very comfortably made man. If it fails, don't despair. Take up your

PEN.

Pens are of two varieties—the ordinary and the fountain; and much

good work has been done with both. The fountain pen scores off the ordinary in that, being full of ink, it can be carried about and used for jotting down those brilliant thoughts that occur to you at those odd moments. It is however scored off by the ordinary by the very fact that it is so full of ink. The writer's brain, you must understand, is very delicate and easily distracted, and there is no doubt whatever that great blobs of ink falling about where only commas were expected are quite enough to throw him completely out of his stride. And, though there is a way of making the modern fountain pen behave itself properly, it is a way which authors as a rule will not adopt. I doubt if any really great writer has ever been known to wear his fountain pen clipped on to his waistcoat pocket.

The ordinary pen chains you to your desk. For this reason there is much to commend it. It is not a bad thing for the author to be chained to his desk. Ask any author's wife. And, unless you are very successful, it is quite a good idea to listen to your wife. She will supply just that balance which you will have lost by imagining that you are capable of turning out words worth a farthing or so apiece.

We now pass to the

TYPEWRITER

which is an excellent thing for the beginner to do his writing with. The typewriter not only chains you to your desk, but it says aloud what you are doing there. If it isn't ticking, you are idling; if it is, you are going well. It is the faithful register of your output. No man is so indolent that he can sit contentedly before a silent typewriter; and certainly no man is so unconscientious that he could go slogging away on one letter, simply to give the impression to the outside world that he is doing a tremendous lot of work.

On other grounds, though, the typewriter must be reckoned a failure. It is a cold and soulless medium for the expression of one's brighter thoughts. True there are writers who will argue in its favour. "Try using a typewriter," they have said to me. "It is extraordinary how the ideas will come to you." And I have; and it has been. Ideas like this: "There was 6u once avery buaeutiful½girlcalled %HEll Help helen," which are far too extraordinary to be saleable to the most tolerant editor in the world.

Practice of course makes perfect, and the typewriter is not a very difficult instrument to master; but the noise of its clicking and the ringing of its bell and the thought that people are listening to it and checking its output have always been sufficient to drive from my head anything that may have been about to enter into it.

Which brings us to the

PENCIL.

Let me say at once that I am going to give my vote to the pencil. Not merely because it is so economical (though this, you will find, is in itself a great recommendation), nor because it is so portable, going with you wherever your fancy takes you, nor even because it is so clean, making no messes and being rub-outable if necessary, but for many, many other reasons. Your pencil is intimate and personal—a part, as it were, of yourself. Will I lend you my pencil? Yes, but I shall watch you until you give it back again. My typewriter? My pen? My lady secretary? Certainly. Help yourself. I know that they are safe; they can take care of themselves; they will come back to me. But my pencil—I shall watch you with my pencil. It is my inspiration, my living, my stock-in-trade. It is even more. It has stubbed the tobacco down into my pipe; it has, at its other end, cleared away the ashes from the bowl; it has been sucked and bitten by me, not just out of self-indulgence, but as a very real help in time of trouble; it cost me twopence, it has earned me a hundred pounds; it is sensible and practical; sand cannot get into it nor dust or grit; it makes no noise; it is hexagonal, which helps to obviate writer's cramp; it is yellow, which is a pretty colour; it is a very good pencil and a very good friend. I will now lay it down.

I do so with this last word of advice: if you must attempt to earn your living with your pen (which I still think you ought not to do), do it with your pencil.

L. B. G.



Old Salt (*to prospective buyer*). "WHEN YOU SELLS A BOAT TO A GENT IT DON'T GIVE YER CHARACTER AWAY SAME AS SELLIN' A 'ORSE. F'R INSTANCE, IT DON'T STOP AT ALL THE PUBS."

THE BLAZER-BADGE QUESTION.

THIS great question of blazer-badges ought to be faced by our clubs and settled once for all.

It is obvious to any visitor to the seaside how greatly at a disadvantage is the man with a plain pocket to his blazer when compared with the man who has a coloured one. The device may be simply "A.B.C." nicely intertwined, indicating the Addlebatter Bowling Club, or it may be a calf's-head with three pieces of parsley rampant, the arms of the ancient borough of Butcherbury, of whose Draughts Club the wearer is a member. It matters not whether the design be animal, vegetable or mineral, the badge gives that tone to one's appearance which transforms nonentity into distinction. It ensures the wearer being picked early for the boarding-house rounders contest. It lures the beach-photographer and brings the donkey-man's hand smartly to the peak of his cap in salute.

See the badged-blazer wearer on the front. His head is held high. With confidence he keeps to the middle of the asphalt. He looks the whole world in the face. He displays no shyness at the whole world looking *him* in the face.

Now see the unbadged one creeping along by the railings. How he shrivels under the superior glances of the badged. How he shrinks from their criticism, spoken or unspoken, on the lack of heraldry over his heart.

Yet he may belong to a club no less important in its way than that of the badge-wearer. I myself am compelled to creep about Margate, giving place to the vice-captain of the Puddlebury Skittles Club, solely because the Committee of the Junior Cholmondeley have failed to tackle this badge question. Even members of the Athenæum are at this moment spending indifferent holidays around our coasts for want of



Courage. "COME ON; IT'S ONLY A COW."
Caution. "YES; BUT ALL HIGHLAND COWS ARE BULLS."

blazer-badges, being thrust into the background, chosen eleventh or not at all for cricket-matches, cold-shouldered from games of ball on the sands, gruffly warned away from kite-strings and getting no partners for miniature golf. It is the same with members of the Carlton, the Devonshire, the Reform and a dozen others. Even the Beefsteak, with its splendid opportunity for an appropriate and striking design, has no blazer-badge.

Let our clubs rouse themselves to meet the needs of the times. If the Athenæum would only lead the way we should hear no more complaints of members deserting to join the Cricklewood Harriers Tennis Club, the South Brixton Quoits Club and other more enterprising organisations.

Lord OXFORD AND ASQUITH has adopted the motto: *Mascla sine macula.* We venture to suggest as an alternative: *Margo sine margine.*

"'The Wild Duck' reaches its 50th performance at the St. James' on Saturday. George Grossmith returns to the cast on Monday."
Daily Paper.

We always find the piece a little dreary without him.

BELLS.

Their silver bells the snowdrops in February ring;
Their golden bells in April the daffodillies swing;
Blue belfries through the beechwood ring
all the mirth o' May,
But purple bells hath August,
Our good godmother August, that ring for us to-day
On the red hills of heather
In the cool grey weather
Till all shoe leather
Would follow them away.

The silver bells of snowdrops
That tinkle in a wood,
The doctors know of no drops
That do your heart such good;
They ring a hurrahing
Of silver hoorays
For little lambs *maaing*
And lengthening days.

The golden bells of April
They ring for cloud and sun
Till all in trouting shape rill
And tawny river run,
While zealous, while zealous
Grey birds to and fro
Call "*Cuckoo*" to tell us
The one tale they know.

The sapphire bells of Maytime
They ring in merry pride,
They ring "Come out, 'tis playtime!"
At pretty Whitsuntide,
When nothing the eye lacks
And splendid and new
The mays and the lilacs
Make holiday too.

But purple bells of August
Ring bonniest to me—
A Grampian-Sidlaw gust
Of haunted melody,
Of the brown burns humming
Where the brown bee sings,
And of coveys coming
On a roar of wings.

The silver bells of snowdrops in February ring;
The golden bells of April the daffodillies swing;
The bluebells up the beechwood ring for
the midmost May,
But heather bells has August,
Our good godmother August,
Our excellent aunt August, that ring for
us to-day;
On her old hills of heather
They ring altogether,
And all shoe leather
Would follow them away.

IF LIFE WERE A FILM.

"INDUSTRY AND PERSEVERANCE" IS THE MOTTO OF THE SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN. AFTER OCCUPYING FOR SEVEN YEARS AN UNIMPORTANT POSITION AT MESSRS. PUFFIN AND SNEBB'S JAMES HARTOPP RECEIVES A SLIGHT INCREASE OF SALARY.

James cannot find words to express his gratitude. Big tears roll slowly down his cheeks and splash upon the Turkey carpet. Messrs. Puffin and Snebb are almost as affected as their trusted employé. They pat him on the back and gently push him out of the private office.

"LEAVE HALF-AN-HOUR EARLIER THIS EVENING, MR. HARTOPP. BUSINESS IS SLACK AND WE WOULD NOT GRUDGE YOU A LITTLE RELAXATION."

So saying Mr. Puffin and Mr. Snebb register the *Cheeryble* spirit and nod their heads at one another. James is now so overcome that he has difficulty in finding his hat. He is a simple sensitive soul, as you can see from the way he dances along towards Cannon Street station. This shows people that he is taking home some good news to his wife. Many smile at him; others merely curse him. He does not care. He is occupied with a mental picture of Mabel and little Betty regarding him with pride and amazement as he tells them of the reward he has received for faithful service. He buys a couple of ice-bricks. Let us leave him running for an early train and take a look at his wife Mabel.

MABEL HARTOPP, THE BEAUTIFUL SPOILT DAUGHTER OF A PROVINCIAL LADY CHESS CHAMPION, HAS INHERITED HER MOTHER'S BUTTERFLY LOVE OF AMUSEMENT.

Is she mending James's socks or waiting with little Betty in a picturesque attitude at the garden-gate to welcome him home? No; she is playing tennis with Hilmar Bostock, a wealthy fat-necked young stockbroker wearing horn-rimmed spectacles and a jazz pull-over. A dangerous fellow who once, whilst under the influence of sherry trifle, kissed a middle-aged lady at a Christmas party. They are winning easily.

"WE MUST MAKE THIS A LOVE SET, MR. BOSTOCK."

What is Mabel's face registering as she says this? It had best be imagined. The effect upon Bostock is to make him serve a double fault. No wonder the club gossips are shaking their heads and whispering. Come away from them and see what James is doing.

He has arrived home and is standing in the hall. The two ice-bricks lie on the floor, poignantly suggestive of a righteous man's desolation. In his trembling hand is a letter written in the copy-book handwriting so characteristic of a "butterfly" woman:—

"I have gone to play tennis with Mr. Bostock, who called for me in his car and asked me to make up a four. It has been stifling here all day and I can't bear it. Betty is with the Harrisons. You might go and fetch her. I expect Mr. Bostock will come back to supper. There is some fresh lemonade if you are thirsty. Don't drink the claret cup.

MABEL."

James's face is terrible to look at. His sensitive soul has grasped to the full the sinister meaning of that simple letter. In a flash he sees a picture of himself at the tennis club asking girls to play with him and wondering why they always made some excuse not to. He recalls Mabel saying:—

"OH, JAMES, WHAT A DREADFUL RABBIT YOU ARE!"

and Bostock laughing that fat stockbroker's laugh of his. It is all clear to him now. Mabel had ceased to care for him. No woman who loved her husband would call him a rabbit. She always praised men who could do things. He looks at the two ice-bricks—outward manifestations of his business achievement—and registers sad determination to keep the secret to himself and go away and live his own life.

See, he has written a letter, packed up a few ornaments and other cherished knick-knacks, and is striding along the dusty road to where Betty is playing rounders with the Harrison children.

"YOU MUST COME AWAY WITH ME, MY DARLING. YOUR MOTHER IS NO LONGER WORTHY OF YOU."

For a moment or two it seems possible that the child's sense of duty is not going to stand the strain. You can see her looking towards where a table is being set out with strawberries and cream. But she is a good girl and she understands that it is impossible for her to remain for a moment longer within miles of a mother who is unworthy of her. She takes her father's hand and they go away at once to seek for a cheap lodging in Bloomsbury.

"MY HUSBAND HAS LEFT ME, MR. BOSTOCK, AND HAS TAKEN BETTY WITH HIM."

Mabel's head is bowed over the remains of the ice-bricks and Bostock does his strong manly best to comfort her by pouring out some claret cup and carving the cold mutton. It is difficult for a man to sit eating cold mutton and drinking claret cup with a beautiful and desolate woman at half-past eight at night without feeling like a sheik, and Mabel makes it worse for him by seeming to recover her hard fascinating gaiety. It is nearly nine-thirty before he leaves the house and the local gossips are standing at every corner. This gives him some satisfaction.

"THINGS HAVE NOW GONE TOO FAR FOR HER TO BE ABLE TO REFUSE TO PLAY WITH ME IN THE MIXED HANDICAP. I HAVE HER IN MY POWER."

It does look like it, doesn't it?

BUT, UNLIKE MOST WOMEN OF HER TYPE, MABEL HARTOPP CONCEALS STERLING QUALITIES BENEATH HER BUTTERFLY EXTERIOR.

The sad beautiful expression she is registering shows that she is making up her mind to devote her life to good works and stern self-sacrifice. She is collecting all her best frocks in order to go and sell flags in the streets of London. The tennis tournament and Hilmar Bostock must do without her.

See her living quite simply and cheaply with some wealthy friends in West Kensington, and never missing a single flag-day.

DESPITE THE FACT THAT HER FATHER TAKES HER TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM EVERY SATURDAY LITTLE BETTY YEARNS SOMETIMES FOR THE COMPANIONSHIP OF HER VIVACIOUS AND ABANDONED MOTHER.

Behold her therefore secretly disobeying her father's injunctions and wandering along High Holborn in search of gaiety. Heavens! she is in front of a motor-bus. A woman rushes forward and tries to stop the bus by flinging a tray of flags at the driver. This brave deed meets with some reward, for though Betty is knocked down she escapes with a broken arm. See her opening her eyes in hospital. A man and a woman are clasping hands across her bed and raining hot tears upon her. She is dreadfully damp but does not complain. She just says:—

"OH, MUMMY, I AM SO GLAD YOU AND DADDY ARE MARRIED AGAIN."

They laugh, and James tells Mabel about his rise at the office and says:—

"I HAVE BEEN A FOOL, MABEL."

And Mabel, with a woman's wonderful tact, says:—

"WE WERE BOTH FOOLS, JAMES."

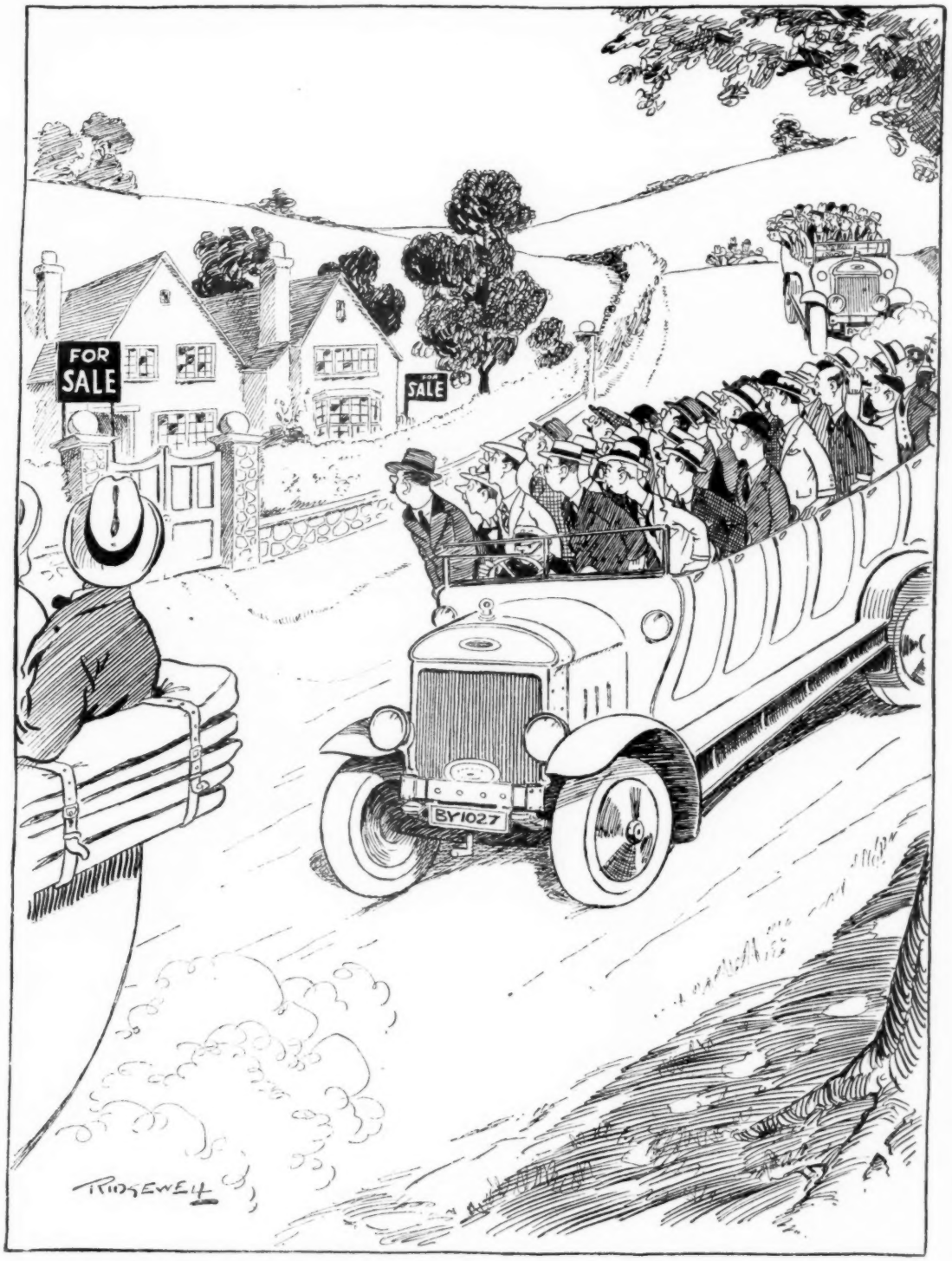
If you care to look at them again a few weeks later you may see James and Mabel winning the tennis tournament together while Betty jumps up and down on her seat. For James can now get quite a lot of balls over the net, which shows that there is practically nothing that true love cannot do.

D. C.

Another Impending Apology.

From an appeal for a working-men's club:—

"Labourers and dockers, men working on 'buses and the railway, glass blowers, boiler-makers, lightermen and stevedores, caretakers, clerks, schoolmasters, and even the criminal classes—such as local doctors and solicitors—can be found on its books."



OUR DISTRICT AUCTIONEERS AND ESTATE AGENTS' ASSOCIATION'S ANNUAL OUTING.

THE DESSERT SERVICE.

A TRAGIC COMEDY.

"THE Tubbses have got one," said Janet," and those people at The Laurels. I don't like to see you over-tiring yourself like this, darling."

I mopped my heated brow. "I don't object to them on principle," I explained; "I daresay I should still get enough exercise one way or another; but they cost too much."

"If we sold the dessert service could you scrape together the rest?"

For years past Janet and I have leaned—figuratively, of course—on the dessert service which came to her from her grandmother. The thought of it has cheered us in moments of financial stress. It was valued for probate at twenty-two pounds before the War, as she now reminded me, and its value must have gone up in the interval.



"WE 'VE MORE GRASS THAN THE TUBBSES."

"Yes, but you would hate to part with it," I said, "and perhaps we ought to keep it for Jimmie's sake. He may like to know that his ancestors on the distaff side were affluent persons who had almonds and raisins set before them nightly by a parlourmaid who would not have been allowed to shingle herself. It may console him for the fact that his parents eat bananas out of paper-bags——"

"I don't," said Janet. "Of course there are associations. I so well remember being brought down in a white frock and a sash and sitting on grandpa's knee while he peeled a pear for me on one of those plates. But that's just sentiment, and I don't see why we shouldn't have a motor-mower. We've more grass than the Tubbses."

The following day found her still resolved to make the sacrifice. I was going into Dullminster on business, and just before I started she gave me rather a large parcel. It was one of the fruit-dishes. "You can show it," she said, "as a sample. There are three antique shops in the High Street. You had better ask thirty pounds. Don't take less than twenty-five" was her parting recommendation.

I went to the biggest shop first. A large lady in a sports coat came forward. She looked as if her name might be Rachel. It couldn't have been Leah, for LEAH had tender eyes. Her manner cooled perceptibly when she heard that I had something to sell. "We're overstocked as it is," she said. "However I may as well look at it."

I unwrapped the dish. "There are twenty-three pieces, two cracked. It's a good strain. Thoroughbred, Copeland and Garrett out of Spode. Hand-painted with birds and flowers on a pale yellow ground, and heavily gilt."



"HER MANNER COOLED PERCEPTIBLY WHEN SHE HEARD THAT I HAD SOMETHING TO SELL."

"Yes," said the lady. "I don't care for the ground. You haven't a Paisley shawl, I suppose, or a warming-pan?"

"No."

"Or Toby jugs?"

"No."

"This is no use to us, I'm afraid. How much do you want?"

"Thirty——"

"Well, I might give you that," she said slowly. "My husband is out and I don't know if I'm doing right." She pulled open a till.

I wondered uneasily if I should have asked forty. I recalled stories of people who had sold for a few pence things that had fetched thousands later at CHRISTIE'S. She pushed two crumpled notes across the counter.

"Is this a deposit?" I asked.

"It's your price," she said. "Didn't you say thirty shillings?"

I tried the smaller shop farther down the street, but the young man who listened languidly to my opening statement would not even look at the dish. "No good," he said. "You haven't got samplers?"

"I have not."

"Sorry. Can I show you anything? No? Good afternoon."

At the third shop I fared no better. I went home wondering how I was to break the news to Janet. She came to the gate to meet me. I saw at once that she had been crying. My heart sank. "Anything wrong with Jimmie?" I stammered.

"No; he went to bed as good as gold. It's only—I feel as if I can't tell you, James. I've done a dreadful thing," she faltered. "I took the dessert set down from the cupboard to dust it and somehow the leg of the gateleg table got p-pushed in. All smashed. All that money——"

"Don't worry, dear," I said. "Thirty shillings was the highest offer. In fact the only one."

She looked up. "Really? Oh, darling, how *topping!* Then it doesn't matter. I *am* glad!"

Which shows that two blacks do sometimes make a white in a woman's mind.

I have just been mowing the lawn. I did the feat, as heretofore, by one-man-power. But we have not abandoned hope. Any day someone may leave us a warming-pan, a Paisley shawl, a Toby jug or a sampler, and these, it seems, are still wanted. I wonder why.

THE REASON.

In vain I had held my breath and moved with a velvet tread; not a rabbit could I see. And this was the edge of a copse famous for them; it was their feeding hour, and no one could be more stealthy, more silent than I; yet not a sign of my prey. I had stepped on no snapping twig; I had neither sneezed nor tripped; the wind was the other way—but rabbits there were none.

That night I had a huge Welsh rabbit for supper, and later a huge English rabbit sat at the foot of my bed and talked.

"So you had no luck?" he remarked and laughed. A rabbit's laugh is soft and possibly a little bit malicious.

"None," I said. "I never even got a shot."

He laughed again. "You will next time," he said. "That 's certain. The odds against us are too heavy, even without those white scuts which the good God in His infinite wisdom ordained as our back lights. Nothing kinder to the man with a gun could He have contrived; not even our eyes seeing behind us as well as in front of us can quite compensate for this fundamental handicap. But however quick we are what chance have we against an accurate aim and a double barrel? I 'm told that a fish can often get off a hook, that there 's some equality in that contest; but when it comes to powder and shot we are done."

I said nothing. The situation seemed rather delicate. All that I had to offer in defence of slaughter was the feeble remark, "After all we do eat you;" but I suppressed it as adding insult to injury. Instead, "What I want to know," I asked, "is why I was so unlucky this afternoon. What was happening in the burrows to keep you at home. You couldn't hear me, I 'll swear. And the wind was the other way. Were you all at a *matinée* or what?"

"I 'll tell you," he said. "You came out at a time when nobody had anything much to do, and so you had no chance."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, did you notice what a lot of swallows there were?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, every one of those swallows was telling us about you. 'There 's a fellow with a gun,' they were saying, 'creeping up the hedge. Look out!'"

"Pretty rotten, wasn't it?" I asked. "Spoiling sport, I call that."

"We call it standing by our friends," said the rabbit. "There are two ways of looking at everything. The swallows might have been somewhere else; it was just your bad luck that they were there—or may I say our good luck? And there was a blackbird screaming; do you remember him?"

"Yes," I said, "I was very angry with him. I thought he might disturb you."

"He did," replied the rabbit, "very much. That screaming said, 'Look out. A fellow with a gun is creeping up the hedge.' No one was ever so well-advertised as you. Everything gave you away. There were lots of flies, weren't there?"

"Millions," I said; "all over me."

"Some of them flew on ahead," said the rabbit, "to tell us about a fellow with a gun creeping up the hedge. 'We 're bothering him,' they added, 'but you 'd better scoot.' And we scooted."

"So that 's what happens," I remarked. "And you call yourselves sportsmen! Well, I 'm dashed. But what I can't understand is why they 're all so fond of you."

"They 're not," said the rabbit. "It's not devotion to us that is the motive but dislike of you. The more they see of men the more they are anxious that rabbits should have a chance against them. It 's a kind of trade union except that we work all the time. Freemasonry perhaps is a better description. Why, even that little Irish cow you 're so fond of and think is so fond of you was on our side. Four feet are thicker than two, you know. 'Look out,' she said; 'he 's creeping up the hedge with a gun. Not that he 's anything of a shot, judging by his general want of sense; but you 'd better be careful.'"

"The traitor!" I exclaimed. "But don 't say that my dogs have even let me down."

"Dogs!" said the rabbit with a snort. "We are not on speaking terms with dogs. There are four-feet and four-feet, I 'd have you know."

E. V. L.



"Fancy that, 'Liza. Blest if they 'aven't got up a play abaht us!"

A Long-felt Want.

"A register is being compiled of garages equipped with wrecking appliances."—*Daily Paper.*

A tenor who lived at Lugano
Caught cold and could only sing *piano*;
He was sent by the vets
To be treated at Metz,
And returned as a mezzo-soprano.

"A special prize was given for the best foal with a radius of twelve miles."—*Provincial Paper.*

Some kicker!

"Lady wishes to highly recommend her bright young P.N.E.U. Governess (4 years)."
Educational Magazine.

Of course if the lady *will* have so young a governess she must expect to split her infinitives.

A Hint to Rolls-Royceers.

"How blessed the heart that has a friend
A sympathising ear to lend
To troubles too great to smother."
Calendar ("A Thought for every Day.")

"Motor Engineer, good all-round man; knowledge of turning, electricity, automobile engineering, painting, and estimating, Wants Charge of Fleet."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

If this should catch Mr. Bridgeman's eye?

Notice presented for signature by visitors at a Belgian hotel:—

"I engage myself to decline the responsability of the Direction in case of disappearance of objects or values of any nature who have not been deposit at the Hotel office."

We should sign it cheerfully.

THE LAST STRAW.

[A writer in *The Morning Post* on "A Real Rest Cure" enumerates the various horrors of popular holiday resorts, culminating in "Trippers eating winkles with a pin."]

THOUGH crowds I find invariably madding,
Obedient to my better half's decree
I join my family in their annual gadding
To some or other London-by-the-Sea;
I'd really rather watch the little nippers
Play "little cricket" in the London parks
Instead of seeing multitudes of trippers
Indulging in their elemental larks.

I tolerate this scene of constant beanos,
Which does not flow with honey or with milk;
I acquiesce in Pictures and Casinos
And plays which "feature" sinners clad in silk,
The mixture of the matutinal dippers,
The contrast of the buxom and the thin,
But cannot stand the spectacle of trippers
Impaling periwinkles with a pin.

I suffer, though not gladly, Angelinas
And Edwins, and their manners on the beach,
Mouth-organs, ekuleles, concertinas,
Terrors of song and liberties of speech,
Wide-trousered youths who slop about in slippers,
Slim girls who wear an everlasting grin;
But no, I cannot bear the sight of trippers
Consuming periwinkles with a pin.

I'm growing more accustomed to the shaving
By decorative damsels of their napes,
The shingling and the bingling and the waving
Of hair that from the razor-blade escapes;
I do not wage a war on cocktail-sippers
Or those who blend their gingerbeer with gin;
But oh! I do detest the sight of trippers
Who eat their periwinkles with a pin.

I give a patient hearing to the prattle
Of golfers as they re-enact their rounds;
I listen-in to Breslau or Seattle,
Unmoved by any oscillating sounds;
I view with calm the antics of "stick-lippers,"
Who slither in the dance but never spin;
But cannot tolerate the sight of trippers
When devouring periwinkles with a pin.

In fine, I yearn for permanent seclusion
From lures I've not the courage to eschew,
From haunts that mainly offer a profusion
Of sights and shocks and noises that are new;
Where fish are seldom to be seen save kippers,
Where nights and days are given o'er to din,
And where I can't escape from meeting trippers
Who eat their periwinkles with a pin.

"SAFETY FIRST."

"EXPERIMENTS are being carried out," we read, "at the request of the Ministry of Transport with an automatic electrical device whereby vehicles will be compelled to give audible warning at cross-roads and the junctions of side-streets. . . .

"Any vehicle," we continue (in a spirit of fine pertinacity) to read, "passing over a thin strip on the road surface sounds a loud hooter with a peculiar and distinctive note which tells all other traffic that something is approaching. . . . The hooter sounds for a definite period and does not give a single solitary wail."

Well; but not well enough. A great deal more than automatic hooting is necessary to preserve the amenities of the countryside and render our highways comparatively safe. Nor are cross-roads the only places where some mechanical provision is required. Who, on observing the reckless driving of the modern small car-owner nowadays, can fail to remember those famous lines of the poet:—

"And the imperial motorist passed on
Through Maidenhead and Kingston fancy free"?

Ordinary printed notices seem to have no effect whatever on the motorist's mind, and some clearer hint is urgently needed. We have a very important proposal to make, going far beyond the mere installation of an ambiguous automatic shriek. We propose an adaptation of the so-called stentorphone used recently on one of the moving stairways of the Underground Railway; but, instead of the gruff and churlish voice thrown out by that instrument, we suggest gramophone records of songs sung by the finest singers of the day and set to music by the most capable composers, for what is the countryside if not a place of pastoral song? The songs would be written by ourselves. Take, for instance, the case of the

CONCEALED TURNING.

On approaching one of these veritable death-traps, if the apparatus we suggest were employed, a full soprano voice, actuated by means of an electrical stud, would suddenly break forth into the following noble lines:—

Beyond thy wit's discerning,
Too sharp for eyes to see,
Soon comes the hidden turning;
Drive very carefully.

Or at the entrance of a tree-embowered village where we had read simply, LITTLE MASHLEIGH. PLEASE DRIVE SLOWLY, a bass voice would render:—

This is little Mashleigh,
Mudshire's pride and flower,
The poets love to hymn it;
Then drive not on so rashly,
The statutory limit
Is ten miles an hour.

Whereas the ordinary announcement THANK YOU on the further side of the village could be replaced by a delicate tenor:—

Thank you, gentle ranger,
For pushing out your clutch;
Little Mashleigh, stranger,
Likes you very much.

Or once again, instead of the mere eye-signal, SCHOOL, the approaching motorist's ears might be enchanted by some such fragment as this:—

Slow up, thou fool!
This is a school;
Young children play
Round here all day
The game 'Last Over.'
Impetuous chauffeur,
For heaven's sake
Put on thy brake!

So it seems to us, and so only will the life of our highways become idyllically Arcadian once more and a motor-holiday be transformed, in the poet's words, into "one grand sweet song."

Nor is the co-operation of the A.A. road-scouts to be lightly despised. These hard-worked servants of the motorist cannot be in every place at once; but by a proper provision of electrical buttons, connected by wires to phonographs in the hedgeside, they can not only give warning of police-traps but also of other dangers to the travelling public. Thus a sudden cry from the thick of the honeysuckle:—

For the love of Mike
Do mind;
Here's a motor-bike
With a girl behind,

would often help to avoid an accident at a nasty corner. How many times again should we not bless from our hearts a bird-like pipe amongst the hanging hedges on a steep hill:—

Be careful, man,
There's a new FORD van
Has gone and got strowed
All over the road.

Yes, indeed. There is very much to be done.



Park Orator. "SOME PEOPLE THINK I GET PAID FIVE POUNDS A WEEK FOR DOING THIS. I TELL YOU I DON'T; AND IF I DID I SHOULDN'T BE HERE."

UP-COUNTRY.

(Touring Officer, South India.)

"SOMETIMES," said Sandy, "when I go up-country
I feel sort of blue;
I miss the Club and the fellows' chatter
And a host of things you think don't matter
Till you suddenly find they do;
And the first night out I sit and mizzle
Like a fireside cat shut out in a drizzle,
And I curse at camp and the whole caboodle
And myself for coming too.

"And then, you know, it begins to get me
Like it always did before,
And I feel it 's the one thing I 've a bent for
And the one real life that a man was meant for;
And it gets me more and more,
Till I swear by the road and the trek and tramping,
And I 'll tell you there 's nothing comes up to camping,
And Clubs and stations and dinners and dancing—
They 're all one great big bore.

"For life 's not stewing in dud headquarters
But trekking the country free,
With a stick and a gun and a stage to walk to
And yourself and a couple of dogs to talk to
And a thousand things to see;
A good day's work and a stroll at darkling
And bed in a tent with the stars all sparkling—
That 's what life should be!" H. B.



Harassed Father. "LOOK—HERE'S A PENNY FOR YOU IF YOU'LL STOP CRYING."
Tender Mother. "OH, GEORGE, THE CHILD'S CRIED AT LEAST FRIPPENCE WORTH."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

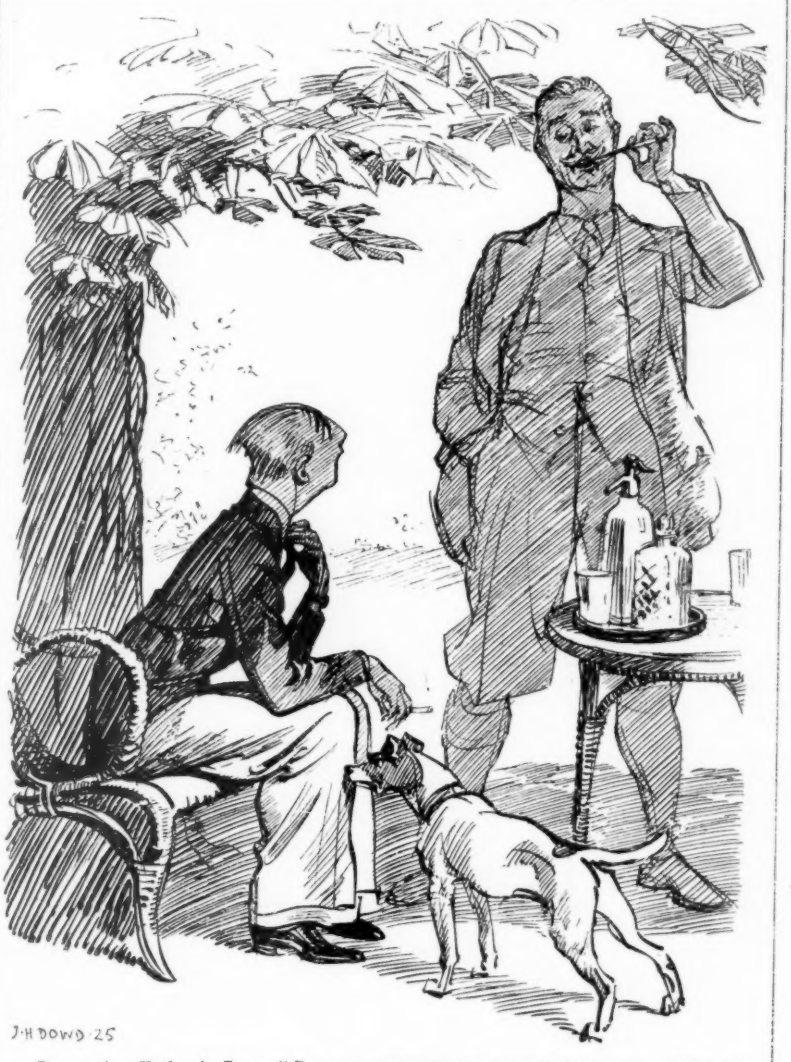
Two "urges" (if I may so biologically express myself) are at work in Mr. JOHN COWPER POWYS'S *Ducdame* (GRANT RICHARDS). The will to create life persistently afflicts a decadent old Dorset family; and the will to destroy it possesses a half-witted parson who holds a neighbouring living. Both obsessions are full of unpleasant possibilities, and I cannot acquit Mr. POWYS of what I suspect to be a youthful intention of making the most of them. Excess in these matters, however, usually defeats itself. There are so many seductions and their sub-human consequences abroad in his Tourneuresque chapters, so many parsonic comments to the tune of "I don't suppose that any human creature has ever felt the disgusting loathsomeness of life more than I have," that in the course of time the *Ashover* relish for existence becomes as wearisome as the *Reverend William Hastings'* aversion from it, and the reader's effort to keep in touch with elements of real beauty flags and exhausts itself. Fortunately for Mr. POWYS'S future as a novelist the beauty (what there is of it) is entirely his own. It consists especially in a delicate recognition of the moods and aspects of woods and fields, communicated with winning precision. His pessimistic accoutrements, on the other hand, are an absurd parody of Mr. HARDY'S, allusions to "the shameless first cause of human suffering"—and kindred indictments—proving poor substitutes for such measured rhetoric as the famous peroration of *Tess*. A similar source might perhaps be assigned to much of the *Ashover* love-making; but one at least of its objects is a feather in Mr. POWYS'S cap. The character of *Netta Page, Rook Ashover's* humble mistress, who resigns him out of sheer unselfishness to a patrician of far coarser grain, is handled from first to last with originality and with commendable restraint.

Mrs. ROSITA FORBES, like Liberty, recognises two voices —one of the desert, one of the *pays du tendre*. No one, I think, would listen very attentively to the second if it were not so happily blended with the first; but *If The Gods Laugh* (BUTTERWORTH) proposes a very pretty sentimental problem, if only it were not so violently and superficially handled. *Vittoria Torini*, half English, half Roman, is threatened by her father's family with marriage to a princely wastrel. As a way out she practically proposes to *Colonel Navarro*, an Italian colonial hero spending a few lionised weeks in Rome. *Navarro*, modelled rather on French than Italian lines (he reminds me of the pioneer conquerors of the Tuaregs), is an interesting and attractive type; and the chivalry with which he shoulders his unnecessary *fiancée* and fights her domestic battles before marrying her and leaving for Tripoli is very pleasantly indicated. Before the lady arrives to join her husband, *Navarro* has been forced to march out to Ghalut, an outpost twelve days' journey from civilisation and safety. Undeterred by a white-livered Governor, *Vittoria* persuades *Deryk Carstyn* of the Foreign Legion, her husband's adjutant, to assist her in

crossing the desert; and the couple set out, with a suitable escort, to perform one of those hazardous pilgrimages which are so often the staple of Mrs. FORBES's exciting art. My interest being rather on the edge of things political, I was relieved to reach Ghalut, and see more of *Navarro*, the Arabs and their mutual friendship and warfare before the fall of the curtain. Which of the three sides of the amatory triangle are left standing at the end I will not tell you; but I hardly think the complacency of the jacket in this regard is justified.

Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE's brilliant and engrossing study, *Parnell* (ERNEST BENN), is included in the series of "Curiosities of Politics," edited by Mr. PHILIP GUEDALLA. The term "curiosity" commonly implies eccentricity or oddity; but PARNELL was far more than that. He was a portent who, alike by his ancestry, his swift rise to power and his swift dethronement, was bound to appeal powerfully to the dramatist. But the "curiosity" is rather in the biographer than in his theme. Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE began his task in prejudice against PARNELL; he ended it in deep affection. He is an Ulsterman with so low an opinion of the Celtic Irish, as opposed to the Anglo-Irish, as to believe them incapable of throwing up a leader and unworthy of any rule save that of stern dictation. "Parnell was the corner stone of the Irish arch; when he fell, it fell." For a brief space he "beat them into unity" precisely because he had not a drop of Celtic blood in his veins—because he was an aristocrat, a Protestant and born to command, while the Celts are born to serve. He was extraordinarily ignorant, but he knew what he wanted and how to get it; he had an unCeltic tenacity. This equipment was strong, but the malignancy of Fate, "the Sardonic Dramatist," as Mr. ERVINE does not allow us to forget, was stronger. The incubus of hereditary insanity was always there; the legacy of hereditary hate—culminating in his mother, the evil genius of the plot—gave him driving power, but often proved a two-edged weapon. The anti-English Englishman, for that is how Mr. ERVINE regards him, has always been a tragic figure, and PARNELL was the most tragic of that breed. His latest biographer adds little to what is known about him, but he has marshalled his materials in a compressed and animated narrative; his commentary is vivid, his sincerity beyond question, but the vehemence of his invective borders on scurrility. No Englishman would dare or care to say what Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE says of his countrymen, of the dark places of the Celtic soul or of the Roman Catholic Church.

The works of Major JOHN HAY BEITH, better known to lovers of fiction as "IAN HAY," have now sold well over two million copies, as I learn from the jacket of *Paid with Thanks* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). This remarkable popularity must be due, I think, to the fact that the country with which he deals is that fortunate land lying just between the confines of humour and pathos, lending itself to slight excursions into one or the other as the writer thinks fit. The novelist who can keep you on the border-line of tears and laughter is assured of his thousands. And I need hardly say that Major BEITH is thoroughly healthy in his stories. No hidden complexes about him. He is especially good, I always think, with his modern young people. In this book *Joan Cradock* and *Lionel* (originally known as *Lionel the Terrible*) are excellent, not only in their extreme youth but as they develop. *Uncle Tony* too, enjoying a rather perturbed holiday from his pro-consular activities, makes a pleasing foil to the erring but engaging rogue who suddenly reappears to plague the wife who had elevated him to the precarious level of a plaster saint. There seemed something strangely familiar about this family, the *Cradocks*, as I proceeded with the book, until I discovered a foot-note to the contents page stating that the second half was originally presented at the St. James's Theatre.



Prospective Father-in-Law. "CAN YOU SUPPORT MY DAUGHTER IN THE STYLE TO WHICH SHE HAS BEEN ACCUSTOMED SINCE YOU GOT TO KNOW ONE ANOTHER?"

Then I understood also the slight air of unreality that appeared to overshadow everything as soon as *Denis Cradock* returned from the Argentine. That is the penalty commonly paid by those who would beat their plays into novels. But *Paid with Thanks* is no less readable, though perhaps slightly more serious, than most of Major BEITH'S books, and it is provided at the close with that little touch of the pathetic that is still his most profitable note.

Mr. JOHN BUCHAN is never happy for long out of Scotland, and in *John Macnab* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) his foot is again upon his native heath, the scene, but for the introductory chapters, being laid entirely in the Highlands. The hero is not an individual but a syndicate, consisting of a Cabinet Minister, a banker and an ex-Attorney-General, who arrive simultaneously at the same stage of exasperated disgust with their eminently successful careers. To bring a little brightness into their lives they agree to turn poacher, and they accordingly repair to a friend's estate in the Highlands to raid the territories of the neighbouring land-owners. Unlike their professional brethren, however, they give due notice of their intended visits in order that the defences may be mobilised and a warm reception assured. Their adventures form the subject of this diverting book. Difficult, you would think, to prevent such a story from lapsing into pure farce, but Mr. BUCHAN makes no more of that difficulty than he does of Scots' dialect or of the technicalities of deer-stalking and salmon-fishing. Keeping an admirably straight face throughout, he treats his theme with the seriousness to which Cabinet Ministers and their like are entitled, and in every situation he keeps the probabilities always before him. He neither exalts his composite hero nor guys the opposition. In the end the poachers achieve a considerable measure of success, but no triumph, and this, you feel, is what might very well have happened. Readers who expect to recapture the thrills of *The Thirty-nine Steps* may be disappointed, but the book makes pleasant reading, and I for one have no complaints. For even where the story flags in interest you can still admire the manner of its telling.



Hotel Visitor (*to maid*). "I SAY, HOW AM I TO GET A BATH? THERE 'S NO LOCK ON THE DOOR."
Maid. "YOU 'LL JUST HAVE TO DO AS EVERYBODY ELSE DOES—SING."

"When we were very young" we used to play a game of which the formula ran, "The parson's cat is a something-or-other cat," the initial of the epithet being selected by plébiscite or the ruling spirit of the party. Now when Miss NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH announces that *her* cat (who for all we know may once have been the parson's) is a tortoiseshell cat she lays herself open to the rejoinder that he is a tardy cat, for he does not make his bedraggled appearance until the story to which he gives its title is nearly half told; and also a tenacious cat, for he is deaf to every discouragement aimed at him by his self-chosen benefactress. As a matter of fact *The Tortoiseshell Cat* (CONSTABLE) does not play nearly so large a part in the story as William the cockatoo; nor is Miss ROYDE-SMITH'S book really, as you may have been led to suppose, a treatise on domestic pets. On the other hand, it is not quite a human book, for about *Gillian Armstrong*, its heroine, clings a strange air of elf-land—*Larry Browne* called her a changeling, and the polyglot *Heinrich*, who was on such friendly terms with the sparrows, was, according to the same apt young man, a faun of the pavements. And these two are Miss ROYDE-SMITH'S happiest creations, though I find *Gillian's* sister *Lilac*, whose worldly competence makes so perfect a foil to *Gillian's* tactless and beautiful innocence, very attractive. I would gladly have seen more of her, and I would gladly have seen less of the ambiguous *V. V.*, against whom I have a grudge for turning what starts as delightful comedy rippling with felicities into rather sinister tragedy. The early chapters of Miss ROYDE-SMITH'S story, in short, are the best. *Gillian* as a schoolmistress getting into trouble because she cares so much for the sound of words and lets the sense take care of itself; *Gillian* as secretary to the preposterous and pathetic *Winona, Lady Bottomley*—these are incitements to sheer joy. But when *V. V.* appears on the scene a miasma rises between us and the sun. Still, *The Tortoiseshell Cat* must be read to the end if only for the satisfaction of knowing that our heroine, though by drastic means, is brought safely through.

To the industry and versatility of Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS there is no limit, and I take off my hat to them and him. He has recovered from what I, who have followed his work through many years, must be allowed to call a period of staleness, and he is now as fit and fresh as ever he was. *Up Hill Down Dale* (HUTCHINSON) is a collection of sixteen short stories, all of which, with the exception of "Amy up a Tree," reveal his characteristic qualities. Among these qualities are a nicely-tempered shrewdness and a very remarkable dexterity in constructing a story. He has also a quiet sense of humour, as shown in the first sentence of "The Curse": "When Solomon Blight killed his wife a good few people in Daleham took a dislike to the man." It is difficult to resist the lure of such an opening. Of this collection I give first place to "The Anarchist," a yarn full of comedy and meaning. An excellently-equipped fifteen, with "Amy up a Tree" as spare man.

"GLOUCESTERSHIRE GYPSIES *v.* WORCESTERSHIRE GENTS. The Gents. had scored 13 without loss when the luncheon interval was taken, after which further play was impossible."—*Local Paper*.
Tut, tut!

"Without a word she slid to the floor with a bullet through her false heart."—*Magazine Story*.
Lucky she wasn't wearing her real heart that day!

CHARIVARIA.

AFTER scoring his one hundred and twenty-sixth century at Taunton, HOBBS made another century the next day. Perhaps he thought we didn't notice the first one.

* * *

A correspondent of a Sunday paper remarks on HOBBS's wonderful record in Test matches, "where Greek meets Greek." It is the more noteworthy because, we understand, the famous cricketer is not himself of Hellenic origin.

* * *

A cricket statistician points out that W. G. GRACE made more "ducks" than HOBBS has. Still, the Surrey batsman has years of cricket before him yet.

* * *

According to an official report eighty Metropolitan police-officers were bitten by dogs last year. Statistics prove that very few dogs in London ever go back for a second helping.

* * *

Times are so bad during the present Silly Season that a cod landed at Whitby the other day only contained a penny instead of the usual wrist-watch.

* * *

A statistical writer of New York states that Congress can please itself as to where it trades. It looks as if America must be suffering from a rush of gold to the head.

* * *

Even now that the Belgian debt has been funded the Americans aren't satisfied. It seems that they actually want it refunded.

* * *

It comes as a surprise to lots of people when they realise that motoring licences are not issued to certified lunatics.

* * *

Sir SIDNEY LOW has expressed the opinion that man is a comparative newcomer on this planet. Yet some families are convinced that they arrived as early as the Norman Conquest.

* * *

It is said by a writer that the motor-car has helped us to see more of the world. Yes, but which world—this or the next?

* * *

Twelve thousand five hundred pounds is to be spent on extensions to Fulham Cemetery. This may, after all, be the quickest way of settling the Housing Problem.

* * *

A company is advertising a tour to see Roman Britain by char-à-banc. "Some imperious CÆSAR, dead and turned to clay," may yet plug a beer-bottle.

* * *

The head-shrinking process employed by a tribe of Central South American Indians has been described. This should solve the problem of what to do with our demagogues.

* * *

A remarkable thing about the richer American visitors to this country, *The Daily Mail* thinks, is that they do not like our seaside resorts. At any rate it is some consolation that there is no fear of their wanting to take Thanet home with them.

* * *

Attention is drawn to the increased brightness and comfort of Wakefield gaol. Yet people persist in preferring Wembley.

* * *

A writer in *The Times* says that holidays have enabled us to find ideals that otherwise might have remained dormant. Such as Home, Sweet Home, for example.

* * *

When a young man was charged at Chertsey with jumping the station railings and boarding a moving train it was stated that this has been a frequent local practice. Chertsey is so bracing.

* * *

Burnham-on-Sea has been shocked by women bathing in a state of absolute nudity. We deplore this tendency to exaggerate the fashions.

* * *

In his presidential address to the Summer School of the Drapers' Chamber of Trade of the United Kingdom, at Balliol, Sir SYDNEY M. SKINNER dilated on the splendid openings for educated young men in the drapery trade. We have always felt that some day a use would be found for the Oxford manner.

* * *

A writer in a weekly contemporary draws attention to the fact that modern poets do not look like poets. Then how does he know they are poets?

* * *

Jazz music was played to a lady Channel swimmer. No wonder she gave up the unequal struggle.

* * *

Last week a special boat-train arrived at Paddington eight minutes before time. The Southern Railway never puts travellers to this inconvenience.

* * *

A giant lobster exhibited in Manchester is estimated to be a hundred years old—an age which is believed to have been hitherto surpassed only by canned specimens.

* * *

A fashion writer predicts that autumn hats for women will be much dearer, in which case it is possible that husbands will be fashionable with women once again.

* * *

A sportsman is advertising for a companion to join him in a tiger-hunting trip. This should be just the chance for some jaded ludo-player.

* * *

During a circus performance a Texas mule kicked a negro on the head. The animal is expected to recover but is bound to be lame for some time.

* * *

The London *Evening News* mentions a man who has been a maker of doughnuts for sixty years. A fellow-craftsman has written to the Editor of *The Dough-Nut Makers Review* asking if this is a record.

* * *

We read of a Surrey man who has rung the village church bells for twenty-three years. It is too long. Half-an-hour is quite enough.



Ann. "DAPHNE, I 'SE FOUND THIS TIN BOX."
Daphne. "YOU MUST ASK WHOSE IT IS."
Ann. "I 'SE ASKED EVERYBODY I COULD SEE—SO CAN I HAVE IT?"
Daphne. "NO, NOT TILL YOU 'VE ASKED EVERYBODY IN THE WORLD."

OUR MANŒUVRES.

During the spring and summer the Army trains. Training starts early on in March with things like "Turning to the right by numbers" and "Lecture by Company-Commander—B.F." (these initials do not indicate insubordination, but a discourse on bayonet fighting). It then works up to Grand Manœuvres and such commands as: "At the halt, on the right, form Army Corps!"

The primary object of manœuvres is universally admitted to be the outwitting of the umpires, who do all they can to keep you apart, by meeting and fighting your opponent. Given a large amount of ground and a small amount of army, with umpires who, when your men are having dinner, delight in sending you messages such as "You are being heavily bombed from the air," or "You are entirely embedded in hostile tanks," it is often difficult to locate your opponent at all. Should you, however, be clever enough to meet him and have some sort of battle before knocking-off time, you are several points up on the umpires, who get sulky.

The secondary object of manœuvres being training for war, it is felt that, if a commander can thus defeat an umpire who knows all the ground and the plans and dispositions of both sides, he should have no difficulty in outwitting an enemy whose knowledge is confined to one side only.

The umpires have many advantages. Besides being permitted to send false messages, which, if you are a mere company commander, you have to pretend to believe, they have a habit of wearing white brassards and white horses and then coming up to your secret ambush to ask questions. They report later that "insufficient attention was paid to the concealment of ambuscading troops." Conversely they go and talk to farmers on the tops of likely-looking hills until you are deceived into organising a speculative attack at great trouble and expense—to find no enemy there. They then tell you that you have no knowledge of what constitutes a position of tactical importance.

As a matter of fact positions of tactical importance are fairly easy to estimate. Isolated public-houses nearly always develop into important strong-points, and these pints—I should say points—have to be held till the last man and the last round—or till closing-time, whichever comes earlier. When the last man has paid for the last round this kind of strong-point usually falls easily to the enemy, whose dashing *élan* is only equalled by that of volunteers for the counter-attack from the company which hasn't yet held it. The fiercest fight on record occurred last year round a village in which both the opposing generals had decided they would lunch. The battle raged till tea-time, while the proprietor of the hotel, with two complete luncheons for two complete staffs ordered by telephone and spoiling on the table, was rushing backwards and forwards in No-man's Land begging the gentlemen to come in.

To Private Pullthrough, however, and his friends all manœuvres are much the same. He gets up early, marches many miles, halts in fields and passes pubs—if the sergeant won't believe his blister—and finally lies down in a ditch half-full of water. Here, under pretence of a devastating fire, he looses off a round of blank at a bush in front or, with luck, at an umpire's horse, to the accompaniment of mutterings from Corporal Foresight: "At that 'ouse, two fingers left, one round rapid—fire!" or more succinctly when an officer is not in earshot: "See them ——? Well, let 'em 'ave it!"

The business of blank is certainly rather a worry. So very few rounds are allowed that one has to pretend they are a lot more. Thus for "Ten rounds rapid" two rounds of blank are let off into the blue and the rifle is clicked rapidly eight times. Machine-gun fire is otherwise represented; a man sitting on a hillside waving a gas-rattle is really a nest of Vickers guns and not an enthusiastic and partisan spectator. The actual firing of blank too can be made more attractive by the use of somebody's pills or small chocolate-creams in the barrel of the rifle. It is wonderful what a well-aimed chocolate-cream will do to a good target—preferably an umpire's white horse. But after all the spirit is the thing, as witness the following dialogue:—

L/Cpl. Scabbard (an enthusiast). At them 'ouses, five rounds rapid—fire!

Pte. Muzzle. Corp, I only got one round of blank left.

L/Cpl. Scabbard (undismayed). Well, keep it for yourself, in case you 're took prisoner.

Yes, the spirit is the thing. . . .

Our Tactful Schoolmasters.

Extract from Smith minor's report:—

"MUSIC.—He has practised more frequently this term, and the result has been more sound."

A New Game.

"'We shall soon see dying become a popular and legitimate sport,' said Sir Philip in opening the [Light Aeroplane] club."—*Daily Paper.*

"MORE FRUIT!—Eighteen million organs recently arrived in England from South Africa during ten days."—*Glasgow Paper.*

Mouth-organs, we presume.

SHIPMATES.

(*Clipper Ship "Mary Ambree."*)

VI.—SECOND MATE.

TWO-AND-TWENTY, taut and trim,
Likes the girls and the girls like him;
All the same a fighting man,
Game to scrap whenever he can.

He 's a white man through and through,
Sort of a bloke to have with you
When you 're up to the neck in a Dago dive
All of a buzz like an angry hive;
Sort of a chap to have at your back
When things look ugly and bad and black
And you 're taking an odds-on chance of dying
In a Rio alley when knives are flying;
Sort of a feller to have at your shoulder
Off o' the Horn where nights get colder,
When you 're fighting down the bunt of a sail
On a slippery yard in a thundering gale.

For whatever the job in hand may be,
A rough house in port or rough weather at sea,
A cyclone afloat or a shindy ashore,
The tighter the place is he likes it the more.

VII.—COOK.

Slushy 's a Dutchman, he 's a cracker-jack at music,
He can play the ocarina
And the German concertina,
But the sort of grub he dishes out 'ud make a kangaroo sick.

He 's greasy and he 's lazy and he 's frowsy and he 's fat,
His face is large and dirty and his feet are large and flat,
And he knows no more of cooking than the steward's ginger cat.

His duff is tough as leather and his bread 'ud break your jaw;
His hash is burnt to cinders—if it isn't, why, it 's raw;
You can tell his tea is meant for tea because it 's warm and wet,
And the taste of Slushy's coffee is a thing you won't forget.

If you want to know the secret of its extra special savour,
He drops a dozen beetles in to give the stuff a flavour.

C. F. S.

"APRÈS L'ACCORD.

M. Briand a quitté Londres ce matin à 10 h. 45. M. Chamberlain est venu le saluer à Victoria Cross."—*French Paper.*

And on parting, we believe, he pinned to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S coat-lapel the Croix de la Gare.



THE PRO-BRITISH SPIRIT IN ARGENTINA.

ARGENTINE COW (*to Bull Calf*). "AND TO THINK THAT IT IS YOUR HIGH DESTINY TO BECOME THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND WHEN YOU DIE!"



Caller. "TALKING OF CHURCH AND STAGE, WE WERE DISCUSSING THE OLD VIC. YESTERDAY, AND——"
Hostess. "I SHOULD PREFER NOT TO HEAR ANY COMMENT YOU MADE ON MY HUSBAND."

"BRIGHT SUNSHINE."

THOUGH black the watery welkin frowns,
Frown not, my dear, nor curse the weather;
This tabulated tale of towns
That dwell so sunnily together
I'll read you (while we break our fast) once over,
And we can bask in Berwick, Bath or Dover:—

Scarborough yesterday was very fine
With 8·9;
And Eastbourne really must have been like heaven
For 10·7.
Tropical glory, past the wit of STACPOOLE,
Lay upon Blackpool;
Under a cloudless vault each long beachcomber
Curled in at Cromer;
And sea and sky of a hedge-sparrow's-eggness
Occurred at Skegness.
Lerwick, twelve hours! I always thought that Shetland
Was such a wet land.
O Weather Clerk, with kind hand thou bestowest oft
Much gold on Lowestoft!
More sugar, please. How lovely it must feel
To loaf at Deal!
How exquisite to lie on sand at Bude
In the almost nude!
Or watch fair bathers practise every sand ruse
Up at St. Andrews!
Broad lawns, white flannels! godlike I'd have felt in 'em
At tea in Cheltenham.
I'd even have suffered hearing children smacked on
The beach at Clacton,
Or seen the donkeys getting fearful bastings
From kids at Hastings.
How dazzling white would be the steeds of Triton
Just out off Brighton!
How sparkling broke each super-mare's white crest on
The sands of Weston!
I think I should have paddled like a bairn
For hours at Nairn;
And you'd have been my verses-loaf-and-jug-lass,
'Neath boughs at Douglas.

THE GREAT COLOUR QUESTION.

"WHAT can I do for you, Sir?" said the oil-and-colour merchant.

"I want some paint," said I. "It's for my cycle-shed. As to the colour, I read the other day that women can get stockings in one hundred-and-seventy different tones, 'obtained by subtle gradations' of some twenty 'foundation' shades, such as nude, French nude, sunset, gravel, tan-bark and bois-de-rose. It seems to me that something could be done to brighten up the oil-and-colour business by giving new names to the stuff you sell. Suppose a customer came in and said, 'I thought a greyish-blue for the paint in the dining-room,' wouldn't it be rather jolly to be able to supply him with shingled nape or, if he wanted something darker and stronger in tone, picador's chin?"

The merchant waited patiently.

"I have thought of a few others," I continued: "bright pink—shy man's ears; mauve—east wind nose; pale green—Channel crossing; slate grey—Monday morning; black—sheik's eye; crimson—cornet player; deep crimson—ditto, note sustained."

"Yes, Sir," said the merchant. "You had medium brown for your cycle-shed last year."

"And I will have medium brown again," I replied. "But I don't see why women should have all the fun. Put it down on my account as seven pounds of Ojibbeway nude."

OUR ADVERTISERS; THE ROMANTIC TOUCH.

"NEVER the place and the time and the loved one all together!" sang BROWNING. But the poet was surely wrong, and the exquisite, the unforgettable moment may be yours to-night. The moonlit garden, the scent of roses, the tinkling splash and silvery spray of the fountain, and the voice and presence of the Beloved. To-night, to-night your girlish dreams may come true, and, whispering "My own!" he may gather you into his strong arms.

Will you miss this opportunity simply because you are afraid that the shimmering curls he finds so adorable will turn into lank straggling ends, that, in short, the damp may take the waves out of your shingle? It won't if you use Gumble's Golliwog Krisp Kurlers. Wear them for a few minutes just while you are dressing. Then follow the dictates of your heart.

Make no mistake. Be sure that they are Gumble's.

* * * * *

The loveliest girl in the crowded ballroom, and she has eyes only for him. "Darling," she whispers fondly, "you look so splendid! I think you are too wonderful."

And he smiles a quietly confident smile as he gazes into the azure depths of those sweet eyes. He knows that it is true, and that it will still be true in all the years to come. He is secure in the possession of that fair citadel, the heart of a woman, the heart of a flower, so long as he continues to wear Burden's Never-Bulge Dress Shirts.

So simple, isn't it? And so well worth trying. Get one now. Pull it over your head, gently but firmly. Now look in the glass. Practically a new chest confronts you. No unsightly creases, no unintentional curves. Just the sheer beauty of the pure white surface. The social success derived from the free development of an arresting personality is assured to the wearers of the Never-Bu'ge.

* * * * *

All the world seems to be darkened for you. Your heart is broken. You have done with women, you say bitterly, because one has proved faithless. But was it altogether her fault? She loves dancing, and so did you—once! It was this that first brought you together. You have failed her as a partner, and you have never dared to tell her why. It is not too late to go to her and avow the truth in a few simple manly words.

Say to her, "Dearest, I have been suffering with my feet, but I have been advised to try Purdy's Perfect Foot Powder. There is a guarantee with every box."

And she—ah, women are like that!—she will turn to you with that infinite tenderness which is so admirable when it does not affect the lower extremities, and all will be well.

Purdy's Perfect Foot Powder can be obtained at all drug stores.



The Poet. "TO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY ONE HAS TO HAVE A SOUL."
The Lady. "OR A CAR."

GETTING OLD.

WHEN I was up at Cambridge
In nineteen-ten, you know,
My tutor had two jolly kids
And sometimes I would go
To nursery tea with John, aged three,
And Ruth, aged six or so;
And, if the honest truth be told,
I did feel rather grand and old.

When I came back to Cambridge
Nothing was changed or new;
Under her spell the fifteen years
Seemed but a term or two;
Until they said that Ruth was wed
And John had got his "Blue;"
And since the minute I was told
I 've known that I am really old.

Our Advanced Flappers.

"Wanted, a Typist; must be very fast."
Advertisement Column.

The Perfect Round.

"All North succeeded in doing was to stay long enough to help his captain complete his 0 in an hour and three-quarters."
Bristol Paper.

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

"Rev. Stanley —— will conduct bath services at the —— Street Baptist Church."
New Zealand Paper.

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

IV.—ACROSS CANADA.

"George," I said, "I want you to get a grip of the proportions of this great Dominion."

"All right, old boy," said George, looking sadly out of the window.

"We have been in this train," I said, "for three nights and the better part of four days. We are just half-way across this absurdly adipose continent. We shall be in this train yet one more night and day before we dismount at the Rockies and shoot bear. We have travelled in this train a mere fifteen hundred miles——"

"And thirteen hundred of them dry," put in George.

"Try to see it, George," I said. "We have another fifteen hundred miles to go before we reach Vancouver. That will make three thousand miles, George, three thousand miles in this train——"

"And two thousand eight hundred of them dry."

"Don't be material, George. I want you to visualise the resources of the British Empire. This Dominion, George, is wider far than the Atlantic. Do you realise that, if you picked up Canada and laid it flat upon the Continent of Europe, George, placing the left or western edge at, say, Southampton——?"



"YOU REMEMBER MR. CLAYTON, MARJORIE? WELL, THIS IS MRS. CLAYTON. SAY 'HOW DO YOU DO?' TO HER."

"OH, HOW D' YOU DO, MRS. CLAYTON? AND HOW IS THE GENTLEMAN YOU LIVE WIV?"

"If I picked up Canada," said George, "I should drop it in a beer."

"Do you realise," I continued, "that it would stretch right across Europe—across France, George, across Germany, across Austria, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, across Russia and the Ural mountains? Vancouver, George, would be at Southampton, but Quebec would be somewhere in Siberia."

"And the best place for it," said George bitterly.

"And do you realise, George, that the population of this enormous territory is about the same as the population of London?"

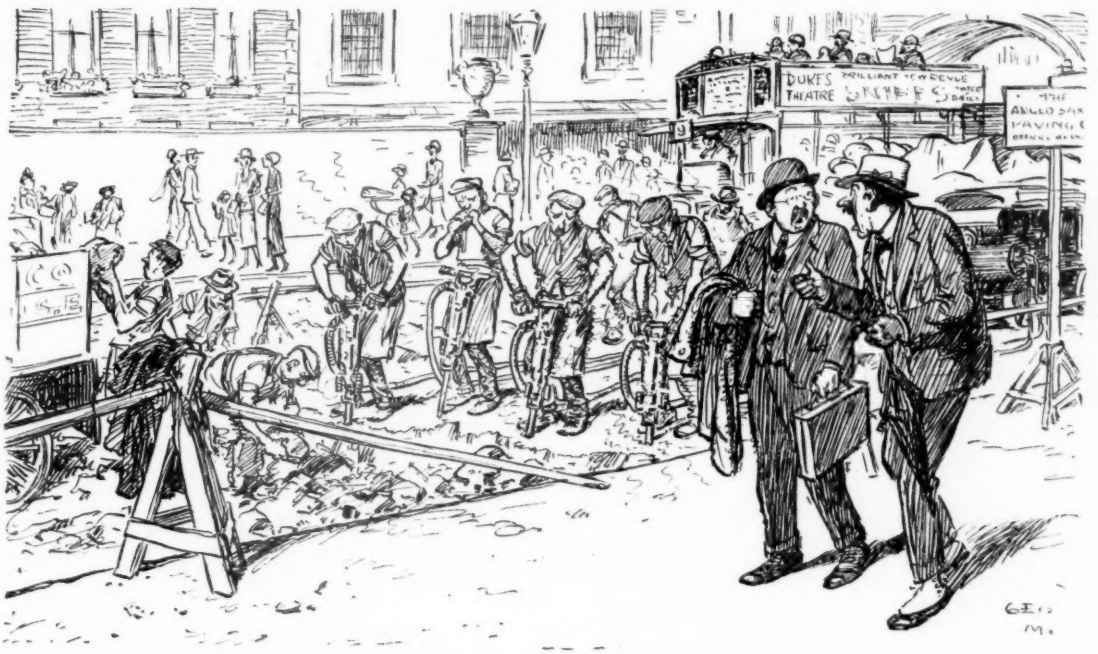
"I wonder it 's as large," said George.

I gave George up. He seems incapable of appreciating the sublime. It is strange how a single appetite, and that a base one, can colour a man's impressions of an entire continent. But there it is. Mr. Honeybubble, good soul, who breathes in Empire at every pore and thinks, eats and sleeps imperially, blows into our compartment at wayside stations and, fresh from a study of his Guides, informs us in an awestruck whisper that this is the greatest nickel-producing area in the world; that asbestos grows at Potawawa or that Pogma is famous for its natural gas. George remains unmoved. Between Quebec and Montreal, I must say, he thrilled a little to the resources of the Empire, but in that brief transit they served wine in the dining-saloon, and since then asbestos, nickel, grain-elevators and even the north end of Lake Superior have left him cold.

I must confess I see his point. It is not as if Canada were dry. Indeed, so far as we can understand the complex variations of the laws, there is not a province through which we pass that is not wet with reservations. In Quebec you may drink wine in public (with food), but cocktails you must buy from the Government and secretly consume in the home. One man, one bottle, one day is the rule, but in the city of Montreal there are thirty-three State liquor stores, and a man who would give a thirty-three-bottle party has only to be a good walker; so that American citizens are sometimes seen in Quebec, and it is even said that the United States are gradually paying the Canadian National Debt. In Ontario (which is much too large) they have only 4·4 beer, not quite so stimulating as ginger-ale. In Manitoba (which is much too small) you can get a permit from a Board and buy a bottle of wine at a store, which the State will deliver at your home but not permit you to carry away. In Saskatchewan, again, which is an even damper patch, you can walk into a State liquor store, fill up a form and, more blessed than the men of Manitoba, go off with a bottle of the best. Here again a man may buy only a bottle at a time, but, if he is careful and energetic and has nice friends, he can do this any number of times.

Alberta, which is next-door, is even stranger. Here the citizen gets a permit for the year, which is endorsed on the back with his consumption and enables him, it seems, to soak secretly at home to any extent. But he may not drink beer with his meals at a restaurant or hotel. On the other hand, he may go into a different room, labelled "Tavern" or "Beer-parlour," and there drink beer all day, provided he takes no food with it; there are no tiresome restrictions about hours, such as they have in drunken England, but on the walls it is written sternly, "NO FOOD SHALL BE SERVED HERE"; so that while in Quebec it is unlawful to drink in public except at meals, in Alberta the citizen is forced by Act of Parliament to drink on an empty stomach. *O Temperance! O Mores!*

I may not have all these details right, but George's general complaint is unassailable. What gets the boy's goat is that, whatever the precise degree of wetness in the provinces through which we pass, the miserable train remains obstinately dry. This worries me little. My thoughts are set on higher things, on the romance and wonder of the Canadian-Pacific Railway, on scenery and such. George says the scenery makes him sick, and I own that that part of Canada between the 200th and the 1,500th mile is not one of the regions to which I shall ever emigrate. Seen from the train it looks like so much waste of space. It just goes on and on, mile after mile of great rocks and little pine-trees and lakes and rocks and rocks and rocks and pine-trees and lakes, and here and there an occasional log-cabin, and sometimes three in a bunch. Three log-cabins count as a town and there is a station. No birds are seen, no tall or ancient trees, no village churches, no hedges, fields or comfortable farms. Stream after stream is crossed, the size of great rivers in England, but ridiculous deserted ditches in this vastness. Huge wooded lakes that would make the reputation of a county at home lie about in dozens, with not a building or a boat upon them. Every two or three hundred miles the engine stops for water and we all descend and



First Pedestrian (loudly). "WONDERFUL THING THIS NEW MACHINE FOR BREAKING UP CONCRETE!"
Second Pedestrian. "EH?"
First Ditto (more loudly). "I SAY THIS IS A WONDERFUL TIME-SAVER—THIS NEW MACHINE!"
Second Ditto. "I CAN'T HEAR YOU."
First Ditto (very loudly indeed). "*SAVES A LOT OF TIME, THIS MACHINE DOES!*"
Second Ditto. "AH, I AGREE WITH YOU. THE D—— THING OUGHTN'T TO BE ALLOWED."

do exercises. It is impossible to suggest the emptiness and space of it. The liquor laws change every hundred miles; the scenery every thousand.

Yet one grows used to it. For five hundred miles Canada is a wonder; after another five hundred it seems a scandal; but by fifteen hundred it becomes a habit. For my part I had come to regard the train as my permanent home. And to be the guest of the C.P.R. is such an experience in comfort and organisation that, though I shall never settle in Canada, I feel I might easily settle on the C.P.R. I have formed quite an attachment for this train.

But not George.

"To think," he said at about mile 1,387, "that for several months of the year the whole of this is covered with snow."

And on that grim thought we were silent for some two hundred miles.

Then one day we came to Moose Jaw.

Moose Jaw! I had always thought romantically of Moose Jaw; indeed I had supposed it, with Medicine Hat (which we reached the same day), to be a place in a book. But it exists. It stands at the 1,982 milestone. And it is in the glorious Province of Saskatchewan. We had an hour to wait, and George leapt from the train and walked at a brisk pace down Main Street to a Government liquor store, a grim, forbidding, bureaucratic building with none of the shameful *camaraderie* and seductive friendliness of a public-house. There George filled up a form. The Government of Saskatchewan sells PORT, OLD PORT, FINE OLD PORT and VERY FINE OLD PORT.

"How many miles did you say it was to Vancouver?" said George.

"One thousand and eight, old boy."

"Then I think we'll make it VERY FINE," said George.

One by one in the street outside we met the other members of the Mission (for I have to confess that we are on a Mission) stealthily converging on the Government of Saskatchewan.

Then on we went through the endless prairies of the West. Most people say that these are duller than the eastern half. They are wrong. George, anyhow, at dinner-time was full of the beauties of the scene and often pointed out to me some delicate shade of colour on the rolling wheat-lands or the distant downs. He even thought towards the end of dinner that some of the country reminded him of England.

And right at the end of dinner he said confidently, "You know, I see no end of possibilities in Canada, Haddock, old boy; this is a dam fine Dominion."

A. P. H.

"Pep" in Pontypridd.

"The reform we stand for is quickly growing in favour, and public bodies are increasingly interesting themselves in it. The Borough of Pontypridd, for instance, advertises its crematorium on its rate-demand notes with great success."—*Morning Paper.*

"Six-and-a-half pounds in weight, with a 12-inch bore, 30½-inch barrel, and a 14½-inch stock, the King's gun is the last word in gunsmithship."—*Evening Paper.*

With a 12-inch bore no wonder HIS MAJESTY hits everything.

"After swimming two hours, Miss Lillian Harrison, the Argentine swimmer, had progressed a mile from the shore. The fact that she had not covered a greater perpendicular distance was due to the idiosyncracies of the tide at this particular point."
South American Paper.

Or wasn't it due to the fact that she would keep coming up to breathe?

A Welshman who went to Strathpeffer
Was struck in the back by a heifer;
He merely said "Ow!
What a nasty rude cow!
The Scotch have no manners whateffer."

WHY A WOMAN WORRIES.

"I KNOW," she said dejectedly as she gave me her hand, "that I am not looking my best to-day." (This was towards the end of the Season.)

There are occasions when it may be permissible to contradict a lady. This seemed one. But she did not even notice.

"It is because," she sighed, "I'm so worried."

"Money, relatives, servants—what?" I inquired sympathetically.

"Those aren't worries," she protested. "Those are necessary evils; a worry is an unnecessary evil."

"Tell me yours," I urged. "It won't help you, but it will give me an excuse for telling you mine, which are greater, far greater, than thine."

"Nonsense," she cried heatedly. "Goodness me, a man never has any worries! It's why a woman always looks old sooner than a man, and nothing at all to do with soap—I don't care what the advertisements say."

"I will tell you a few of mine," I said yearningly—"just a few, so that you can judge. We've all day before us so I shall be able to make a start on Section A, Division One, Clause——"

She interrupted me.

"A man has no worries," she insisted dogmatically. "He has troubles perhaps, and serve him right too. He has business losses, no doubt, because he's so stupid. He has family griefs, but he doesn't mind, because he's so selfish. He has golf, but he can always say it's not his day and last week he did a hole in one. . . . Of course I admit he goes bald, but then that's so silly."

"What about," I asked gloomily, "wondering if JACK HOBBS has made another century or got out for only ninety-nine? Many a strong man has gone grey waiting for the evening papers to find that out. Or what about explaining to your partner why you went down in no trumps when you had certain game in spades?"

"That," she answered, "is not a worry either—merely a vulgar brawl."

"Well, then," I cried, "what about the rubber boom and wondering whether to buy or sell?"

"How can the rubber boom be a worry," she asked, "when it's over?"

"What about——" I said sternly, fixing her with a glittering eye, but she saw it coming and interrupted quickly.

"I'll tell you," she said, "what a worry is. It's walking down Bond Street in your new frock when you're not quite sure it suits you."

"And that is not a worry either," I pointed out. "That's impossible."

"The secret doubt is often there," she confided to me, "like the Spartan boy and the asp—or was it CLEOPATRA and the fox?—like something, anyhow. Nothing short of a proposal is truly; truly reassuring, and no one has ever proposed to me in Bond Street."

"Unpardonable negligence," I declared. "You, Bond Street, a man—why, a proposal seems the necessary fourth dimension, like EINSTEIN tacking time on to space."

"Why did he do that?" she asked, interested.

"Just to worry, probably," I answered. "But you've not told me yet which your worry is—I mean the one you imagined prevented you from looking your best to-day."

"Oh, that," she said, and you almost heard the splash she made as she plunged once more into despair. "I will bear it alone," she cried with a tragic bravery. "You could not help."

"I might," I urged. "Once I helped a man to forget his past."

She looked at me suspiciously.

"Was it difficult?" she inquired.

"Oh, lurid," I assured her—"lurid."

"Who was the man?" she asked, and I saw she meant to know.

"Me," I confessed.

"Then," she pronounced gravely, "you were very wrong indeed to forget it. A horrible warning is not meant to be forgotten."

"I don't believe," I exclaimed, exasperated, "that you've got a worry at all!"

"Haven't I told you it's why I feel I'm not looking my best to-day?" she inquired reproachfully, almost tearfully, "and then you say you don't believe me."

"Anyhow, there's no evidence," I pointed out.

"And it was ever so important," she went on, "that to-day of all days I should look my best."

"Why?" I inquired, prepared to be sympathetic.

"So," she answered pathetically, "that I shouldn't have to worry. And there's no need to look cross and angry, and very bad tempered as well, because that doesn't help the tiniest bit."

"If you're really worried about anything," I told her patiently, "you must do what I do—show your innate strength of character."

"No," she interrupted firmly, "I don't like kicking the furniture about, it only makes my toe hurt and the furniture never seems to notice."

"I didn't mean anything of that sort," I protested. "No, what I meant and what I do is—eliminate the cause."

She thought over this in silence for a time.

"But when," she mused at last, "it's a new frock, and Bond Street—well, how can you? You see what I mean?"

I saw what she meant.

"I have been extremely helpful," I went on, and before she could contradict I continued, "But I could have been more so if you had told me exactly what it was you were worrying about."

"Bless the man," she cried, just like a psycho-analysed dream which means the exact opposite, "we've been talking about nothing else for ever so long."

"Only you have never once told me why you are so worried," I reminded her.

"Why, because," she said, astonished, "I feel I am not looking quite my best to-day. The very first thing I said to you."

"Oh!" I said thoughtfully, and I was still standing saying "Oh!" at intervals, long after she had continued on her way.

E. R. P.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC'S HOLIDAY.

PRAY admire this fair scenery, Harold,
The gift of Demeter the Queen,
Who with exquisite taste has apparelled
The earth in her favourite green;
The weather is bland, but a rougher,
Less tropical day would have done;
Best keep on your hat lest you suffer
A stroke of the sun.

How lovely the hills in the distance
All chequered with cloudlets that pass!
How worthy the meadows' persistence
In producing perennial grass!
But, pleasant indeed as the sight is,
Do not *sit*—it is sure to be damp
And replete with potential arthritis,
Gout, ague and cramp.

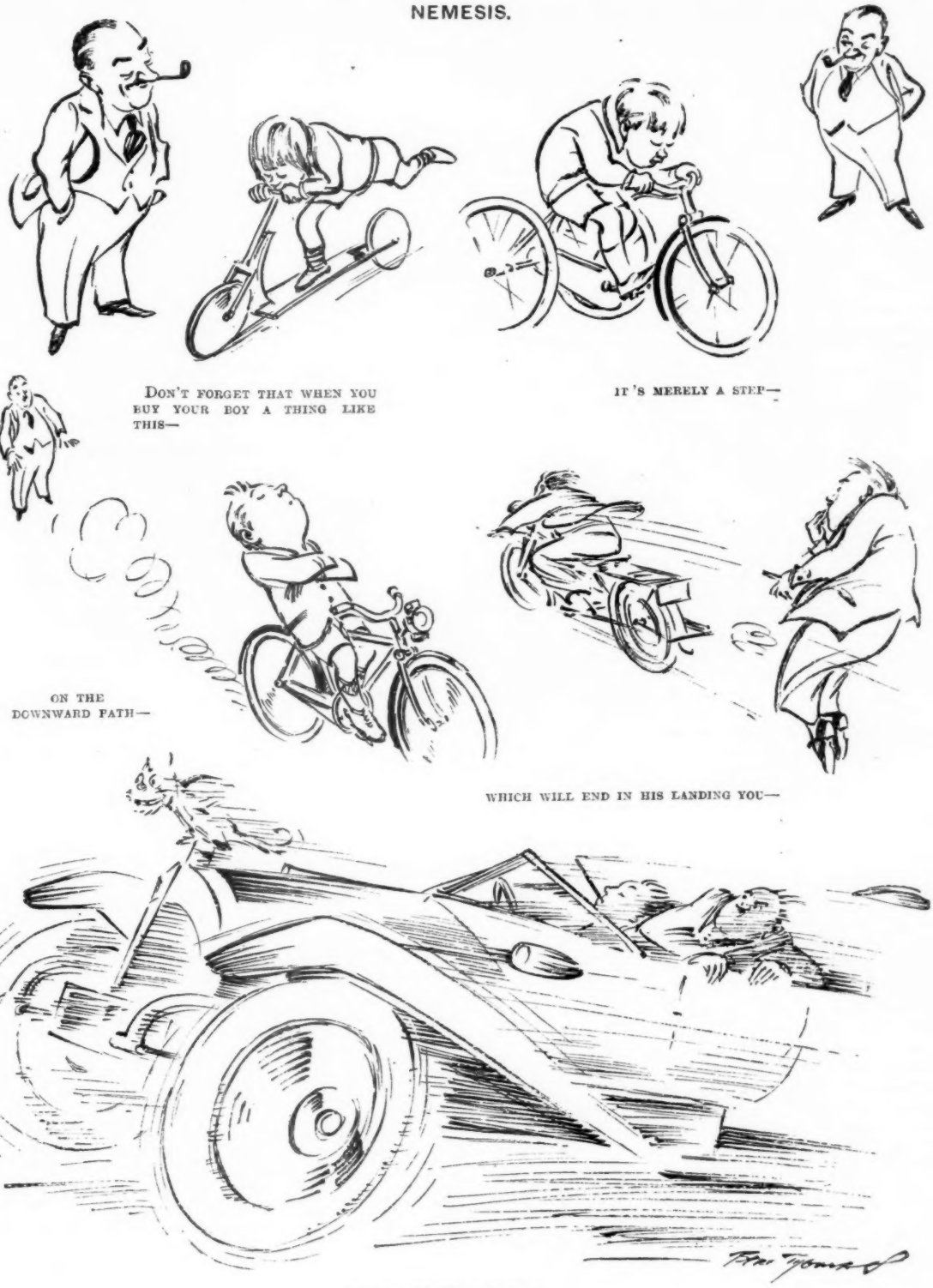
How bright is that rivulet, golden
With the light which the sunset reflects!
In truth we are greatly beholden
To Nature for brilliant effects;
But it's foolish, dear Harold, to loiter
Sipping drink at the edge of the beck,
Such indulgence will end in a goitre
Stuck out on your neck.

How intensely refreshing the air is
With its stored therapeutical wealth,
But subject to sudden vagaries
Which cannot be good for the health!
And this morning I noticed you snuffle,
So now, with the day at its close,
I think it is wiser to muffle
Up firmly your nose.

It is good to escape one's employment
And to follow one's holiday bent;
We have yielded ourselves to enjoyment
And the day has been pleasantly spent;
But now, lest misfortune should throttle
Our joy with a cold in the head,
A mustardy bath and a bottle
(Hot water) in bed!

E. P. W.

NEMESIS.



DON'T FORGET THAT WHEN YOU BUY YOUR BOY A THING LIKE THIS—

IT 'S MERELY A STEP—

ON THE DOWNWARD PATH—

WHICH WILL END IN HIS LANDING YOU—

INTO SOMETHING LIKE THIS.



Mistress (engaging new maid). "CAN YOU ANSWER THE TELEPHONE?"
Maid. "NOT VERY WELL, M'M, BUT I SHAN'T BE USING IT MUCH."

A LITTLE SPORT.

AT the office I was given a pair—I mean I was given a brace of grouse. They were in a box. It was a cardboard box with the usual certificates.

On the way to the station I bought a sprig of heather and put it in my button-hole. I walked up to the booking-office with a springy stride. For the first few minutes as I travelled homewards in an Inner Circle train I held the box in my hand rather ostentatiously, so that the people in my carriage might see the label and the little ventilating holes. Then I had a sudden fear as they looked at me that the people in my carriage might be an ignorant sort of persons and suppose that the box contained white mice. I blushed and put the box down on the seat at my side.

I got out at Charing Cross. I had no sooner done this than I realised that I had left my grouse behind. I got into the next Inner Circle train.

"It 's no manner of use your a-following of them about like this," said the conductor to whom I confided my misery. "This train won't ever catch the other one, you know."

"I suppose it would be no use going the other way round either, would it?" I said. "I couldn't stop the train with my grouse in it, even if I knew which one it was."

"No, you couldn't," he agreed. "Best thing you can do now is to get out and wait till your train comes round again. You didn't take any particklar note of anything in your train, did you?"

"Not especially," I admitted. "There was an advertisement of some kind of disinfecting fluid," I went on more hopefully. "Oh, yes, and a rhyme about something called Bovo:—

> 'When your aunt is feeling queer
> Put some Bovo in her beer.'

I think that was how it went. I always notice the rhymes on the Underground Railway."

"You 'll find them sort of things in all the carriages," said the conductor disparagingly. "I'll tell you what: if the train was the one before mine, Bill was on it. He 's got a cast in his eye, Bill has, and you might know it by that."

I got out at Praed Street and, choosing a likely position on the platform, waited anxiously for my birds to come over—I mean to come round.

I don't think I had ever appreciated the difficulties of a sportsman's life before.

Very fortunately, after what seemed to be an eternity, I managed to identify Bill. The cast was a very pronounced cast indeed.

"There *was* some kind of a box left on my train," he admitted, and he gave me my lost grouse. But I felt certain from the look in his less oblique eye that he believed he was giving me back my lost guinea-pig.

When I got home the first thing I did was to go to my study and consult the *Encyclopædia*. I had to give my grouse to my cook, who is now in sole charge of my house, and I wished to know as much about them as she did.

"Returning now," said the *Encyclopædia* rather garrulously, after a long preamble, "to British grouse we have to deal with (1) the Capercailzie (*Tetrao urogallus*); (2) the Blackcock (*T. tetrix*) (3) the rare Ptarmigan (*Lagopus mutus*) and (4) the Red Grouse

(*L. Scoticus*). This is strictly an insular ptarmigan." There was also a great deal about the various internal maladies to which it would appear that grouse are prone. I supposed that the two grouse in my box must be two strictly insular ptarmigan, but nothing was said about the proper way to treat them after death.

In handing the box to my cook I tried to deal with the matter as casually as possible. "Elizabeth, I 've been given a grace of brows—I mean a brace of grouse, at the office," I said, "and I want you to cook them for me."

"Oh!" said Elizabeth. "Birds, aren't they?"

A thorough-going Cockney, she learns this attitude of defensive ignorance from reading the remarks of His Majesty's Judges in the evening Press.

"Of course they 're birds," I said rather contemptuously. "Insular ptarmigans as a matter of fact."

"Well, I can't do the insides myself," she said. "The poulterer always does that for us."

"I don't care who does it," I replied, "so long as it 's done. Oh, and by the way," I continued with a sudden flash of memory, "I believe they ought to be hung—hanged, I mean, for a few days before they are eaten."

"Oh," said Elizabeth again, "have they got the fevvers on them?"

This was really rather too exasperating.

"You don't seem to understand, Elizabeth," I exclaimed petulantly. "These birds came straight from a Highland moor. It isn't the job of the British sportsman to take the fevvers off the insular ptarmigan. All he has to do is put those little pellets inside them that one keeps treading on with one's teeth."

"Oh, I see," she said. "When will you be wanting to eat them then?"

"I 'll have them for dinner," I told her, "on Tuesday night."

* * * * *

On Tuesday morning as luck would have it I met Enderby.

"I suppose you 're alone," he said. "Better come and dine with me tonight at Noddy's. I 've got one other man coming."

"I 'm sorry—I can't possibly," I replied. "I 've got some—some rather important work to do at home."

"Nonsense," he cried; "you can't have. Put it off, anyhow."

I went to the nearest post-office and wired to Elizabeth, "Don't cook grouse." A great temptation assailed me at the last moment to change the words to "Don't grouse cook," but I resisted it. Neither the Post-Office nor Elizabeth really understands a joke.



The Captain. "JOAN, I 'VE A JOLLY GOOD MIND TO DECLARE."
Joan. "OH, PERCY, THIS IS SO SUDDEN!"

Before dining with Enderby I went home and found Elizabeth considerably moved; she was almost in tears. I hate to see a woman weep.

"As you aren't having those birds tonight, I wish you 'd let me get rid of them," she whimpered; "I don't want them in my larder no longer."

I went into her larder and found that on the whole, perhaps, Elizabeth was right. "The insular ptarmigan," says the *Encyclopædia*, is widely distributed on the moors in the North of England, in Ireland, but above all in Scotland." In a small larder in London it cannot, of course, be so widely distributed. There is a suggestion as it were of overcrowding. And the last few days had indeed been excessively hot.

"I know what I 'll do," I said.

I brought down my brace of birds (I think that is the technical phrase) and wrapped them up in an old newspaper. Trying to attract as little attention as possible I then conveyed the parcel to the gates of the square garden and placed it gently inside. . . .

It was a very close race indeed, but the brown-and-yellow Siamese cat from Number 11 got home by a short neck.

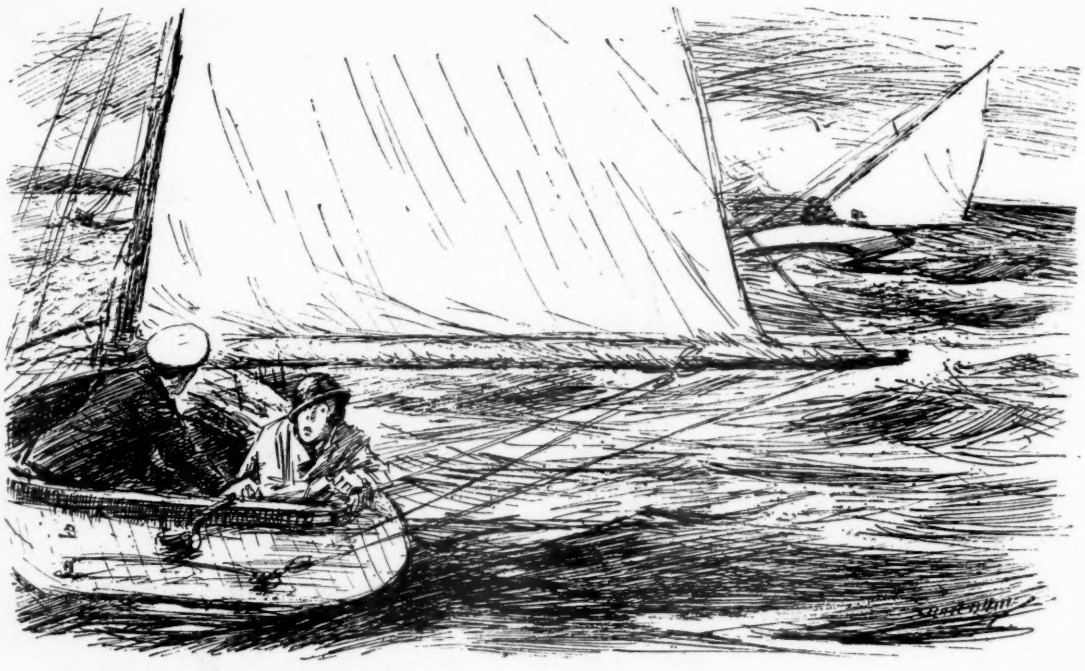
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"Well," said Enderby importantly to us about an hour later, examining the programme, "what do you suggest that we should eat? Grouse?"

"Not for me, thank you," I said politely." EVOE.

"The Minster cliffs were thickly dotted with holiday makers and the seats and the water tap placed there by the Minster Cliffs Association for the convenience of visitors were much appreciated by the hungry and tired."
Local Paper.

Us for the Minster cliffs.



Yachtsman. "THAT WAS A NASTY SQUALL."
Nervous Passenger. "I THINK IT VERY UNKIND OF YOU, GEORGE, TO ALLUDE TO IT AT ALL, EVEN IF I DID."

THE COMRADESHIP OF CRICKET.

[The essence of comradeship, according to a daily paper, is "the sudden delighted sharing of a point of view," and is "often a thing of the moment between two strangers or two people who have no intention of meeting again."]

"THIS contest on the village green
Would bring me joy still greater
Were but my rapture at the scene
Shared with the next spectator."
'Twas thus I mused and thought to claim,
As my excuse for speaking,
Our common passion for the game
(Of every pastime *the* king).

But should we differ in our views
On cricket and its lessons
Our comradeship would thereby lose
Its really vital essence;
And so I thought upon the whole,
Lest he should prove pernickety,
I 'd wait till soul should leap to soul
(Although the form was rickety).

But, when I saw the batsman gain
A sixer's crowning glory
By loudly puncturing a pane
In some conservatory,
The need of one to share my rich
Ecstatic joy grew urgent;
And this was cricket as to which
No views could be divergent.

I could not let the opening pass;
Nor snub nor coldness fearing,
I giggled, "Good for someone's glass!"
And gaily went on cheering;
But no endorsement came from him;
With rage his face turned ruby
The while he answered curt and grim,
"Yes, mine, the careless booby!"

"LONDON TALKS TO U.S.

The highest moment of the evening came at seven o'clock when 'Big Ben' in Westminster Abbey tolled off the English midnight. I should certainly like to compliment the Britisher who had this idea of putting a microphone in the belfry of that famous edifice at the city end of London Bridge."
American Wireless Paper.

But it is when U.S. talks to London that one really gets the news.

"The bigger the crowd is, the greater the rush will be to see it. If nobody went to see the boat-race, everybody else would stay away, for there would be nothing to see but a boat-race."—*Evening Paper.*

We regard this proposition as proved.

"To one who witnessed the operation for the first time, it was little short of marvellous to see that it is possible within ten months of the arrival of the waggon on the scene to have the apparatus set-up, the rocket fired, the life-line attached, the first survivor from a wreck brought ashore, and restorative applied."
Local Paper.

Ah, but have you ever been on the Southern Railway?

THE LABOUR COSTUME.

A TRAGEDY OF DESIRE.

The Scene is a magnificent apartment, replete with luxurious divans, tantaluses, cuspidors, tape machines, ornate portraits of LENIN *and* TROTSKY, *tastefully bound volumes of "The Daily Herald" and empty bottles of vodka.*

The Place suggests a successful working men's club in 1945.

As the curtain rises, "The Red Flag" is sung by the orchestra. There follows a wait of five minutes in which the audience absorbs the Muscovite atmosphere and perhaps yearns vaguely for the boisterous hilarity of a TCHEHOV *Comedy. The returned exile, a prodigal plumber's mate, enters. This, by the way, is the fellow with the desire (see title).*

Exile (after looking round, scratches his head). This ain't the place. *(Half a lifetime in Australia has not sullied the purity of his London diction. Enter a* Bricklayer's Labourer *in plus fours, carrying hod, mortarboard, trowel, etc., in richly caparisoned bag which bears his initials.)* You 'll excuse me. I must 'a' got in the wrong 'ouse. Where 's the workin'-men's club?

Labourer. This *is* the workin'-gents' club. 'Oo are you? A tramp?

Exile. Tramp? No. I just come back from Orstralia. Bin there the last twenty years.

Labourer. Oh, 'ave yer? Well, what 's the matter with Orstralia?

Exile (*mournfully*). Nothink.

Labourer. Then what did yer leave it for?

Exile (*tensely*). Cos I 'ad a desire.

Labourer. Oh! It ain't a dry country, is it?

Exile. No. I 'ad a desire, a all-consumin' desire, to see some o' me ole pals.

Labourer. Ah. Come to swell the labour market, 'ave yer?

[*A gentleman in motor-coat, goggles and gloves comes in carrying a brand-new set of chimney brushes. He selects a cigar from the smoking cabinet with fastidious care.*

Exile. No. I just want to find me pals. (*Bursting into a paroxysm of grief*) But I can't. I ain't seen a workin'-man of any kind yet.

[*Both the* Labourer *and the* Chimney-Sweep *draw themselves up proudly and ejaculate* "*Wotcher-mean?*"

Exile (*with contempt*). You ain't workin'-men.

Labourer. What! Us not workin'-gents? I do me three hours reg'lar every day, any road. (*He sinks into an armchair, overcome by the altercation.*)

Exile. Ah! No wonder you 're tired.

Sweep. Yus. And what do you think this is for? To brush me teeth with?

Exile. Oh, aw right. But where am I goin' to find my pals? That 's all I want. It ain't so much the blokes I knew what I want to see. It 's people like 'em. Men what works and wears workin' clothes.

Sweep (*unbuttoning his waistcoat and sitting down*). You 're barmy. The workin'-class dresses respectable these days.

Labourer (*as an immacu'ately attired patrician enters*). Yus. Look at this 'ere bloke.

Exile. Mean to tell me 'e works for 'is livin'?

Labourer (*reverently*). Sh! 'E 's a Corporation dustman. They 're the blokes to make the money.

Exile (*in despair*). I give it up. No, I can't give it up. I got to go on lookin' an' lookin'. (*Intensely*) The desire for 'uman company is eatin' into me blood. (*More intensely*) I shall go mad!

Corporation Dustman (*authoritatively*). You can't. Not in 'ere.

Exile. Oh! Aw right. But——

[*At this moment the* Exile's *dreams are realised. Framed in the doorway stands a* Navvy, *not a* 1945 *navvy, but a real brawny smiling workman of the old school. He wears the old regulation muffler, corduroys, and actually a frayed khaki tunic, relic of the Great War. In his hands are a pick and shovel and in his mouth is a charred cuttie. The* Bricklayer's Labourer, *the* Sweep *and the* Corporation Dustman *are visibly shocked. The* Exile *stands a moment, unable to grasp the munificence of the gods.*

Exile. Ha! There 'e is. What did I tell yer? Ain't 'e a sight for tired eyes? Just look at *'im.* That 's what I calls a workin'-man. I been livin' for this ever since I left Orstralia. Put it there, boy, put it there! One of the ole brigade.

Navvy. Ole brigade my eye! I 'm just goin' to a Fancy-Dress Ball.

CURTAIN.



Father. "I WAS THINKING OF ASKING YOUR FORM MASTER DOWN FOR NEXT SATURDAY'S MATCH, AS WE 'RE RATHER WEAK IN BATTING. CAN HE HIT?"
Son (*bitterly*). "I SHOULD JUST THINK HE CAN—THE BEAST!"

Another Impending Apology.

"371 BENNETT (Arnold) The Regent: A Five Towns Story of Adventure in London. First Edition, cr. 8vo, orig. cloth (*dull and trifle loose*), N.D. (1913): 3/-."—*Book Catalogue.*

"With one foot in Worcester and the other in Hertford, a small army of men were able this week to shake hands and congratulate themselves on having nearly completed the longest tunnel constructed in this country since before the war."—*Local Paper.*

A small army, but what splendid legs!



AWFUL EFFECT ON SPORTING FAMILY OF FEMALE RELATIVE'S INQUIRY, "WHO *IS* HOBBS?"

MISUNDERSTOOD.

I HAD a rich uncle in Cavendish Square;
I went up one morning to call on him there,
And after a chat he said, "Algy, my dear,
I'm going to leave you ten thousand a year."
Said I, "My dear uncle, don't talk of decease,
For long may you spend your spondulicks in peace.
So don't you go dying whatever you do;
I don't want your money, I'd rather have you."
A week or two later when reading *The Times*
I noticed the death of my old Uncle Grimes;
I called for my money; the lawyer said, "Rats!
He's left it to found an asylum for cats."
It's always my fate to be misunderstood
And, really, it's very provoking;
I said what was right, I was kind and polite,
But he ought to have known I was joking.

Last Wednesday, I think, or the evening before,
A shabby old fellow came round to my door;
He'd brought me a picture some seven feet square
And, putting it down, he said, "Guv'nor, look there!
An out-and-out masterpiece, painted in oils,
'The Patriarch JOB, when afflicted with boils;'
I want fifty quid and it's cheap at the price;
You won't miss the chance if you take my advice."
I said, "My dear fellow, it's no use to me,
My rooms are too small, you can easily see;
Five bob, if you think you can get it indoors."
He spat on his hands and cried, "Guv'nor, it's yours!"
It's always my fate to be misunderstood
And, really, it's very provoking;
I certainly did make the blighter a bid,
But he ought to have known I was joking.

I once was engaged to the dearest of girls
With sunny blue eyes and the curliest curls;
And, as in the moonlight one evening we strolled,
I whispered again that sweet story of old.
Enthralled by the love-light that beamed in her eyes,
Perhaps I said more than was prudent or wise;
I told of affection too deep to express,
Of yearning to shield her from pain and distress.
She wrote me next day: "I'm enclosing the bills
For several hats and some undies and frills;
They've pained and distressed me for two or three years,
So pay them at once like the dearest of dears."
It's always my fate to be misunderstood
And, really, it's very provoking;
I was loving and kind, for affection is blind,
But she ought to have known I was joking.

Last June I was feeling a little run down
(It really was horribly sultry in town),
And something or other suggested to me
How bracing a fortnight in Paris would be.
I'd packed my portmanteau and left my address
When old Aunt Eliza arrived from Skegness.
I cried, "Why, it's auntie! And how do you do?
I'm just off to Paris; you ought to come too."
Next morning I noticed the weather was fine;
I got to the station at twenty to nine,
And there, to my horror and anguish, I saw
My aunt with six boxes, her cat and macaw!
It's always my fate to be misunderstood
And, really, it's very provoking;
I was open and frank (she's as rich as the Bank),
But she ought to have known I was joking.



A FALSE ECONOMY.

FIRST NAVAL OFFICER. "SEEN THIS ABOUT OUR PROMISED MARRIAGE ALLOWANCE BEING OFF? IF I WERE A MARRYING MAN I SHOULD DESPAIR OF MY COUNTRY."

SECOND DITTO. "YES, IT'S BOUND TO CRAMP ONE'S STYLE A BIT."



DEGENERATE TIMES.

Youngster (to partner in four-handed game). "Can I trouble you for the rest?"
Veteran. "Rest! Lor' bless the boy—why, when I was your age I 'd 'a' been up on the table in a jiffy."

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT HOME.

XIII.—Dan's.

"How about a light glass of beer?" suggested Will.

It was a warm beerish night in June, but I was surprised.

"Beer?" said I.

"Well, Scotch or rye or gin or—I just mention beer. Get your hat; we 'll go over to Dan's."

I don't know how it had happened, but I had never been to Dan's. I had often heard Will speak of Dan's, and I probably imagined I had been there and didn't like it. I had visions of tiptoeing up a back alley and tapping four times on a dark window and being squeezed hastily through the crack of a door while someone watched for the police. I thought I wasn't as thirsty as that.

"I don't think it 's safe," I told Will. "Those places are constantly being raided by the police, and I 'm too old to go to jail. So are you."

"Nonsense," said Will. "We haven't been out of college ten years and college boys do it all the time."

"Yes," I said; "but they wear loose trousers that are comfortable to sleep in. I 'd feel like the devil next day if I slept in these."

"Where did you get the idea that these places might be raided?" said Will. "If you are arrested I 'll pay the fine."

This settled it, because it was really a very beerish night.

We walked a few blocks off Fifth Avenue towards the East River. Even after the first block the atmosphere seemed to be getting damper, but the buildings were close together and there were no back alleys from which the dampness might have been supposed to exude. We passed several places with glazed windows and doors which seemed to be pretty damp, but they were so prominently situated that I thought it must be my imagination.

"Rather sad, all these relics," I remarked. "I should think they would tear them down and put up some perfectly-appointed office buildings."

"Relics!" said Will. "Here 's Dan's relic."

Dan's was even more prominently situated than the others; I don't remember any of the others having the self-confidence to stand on a corner with glazed windows on *two* streets. I wasn't very anxious to go up alleys and through secret doors and that sort of thing, but, on the other hand, I had been so trained that my taste demanded a certain amount of modest seclusion; to drink as publicly as this seemed almost indecent.

"Isn't there a back-door we can go in by?" I asked Will.

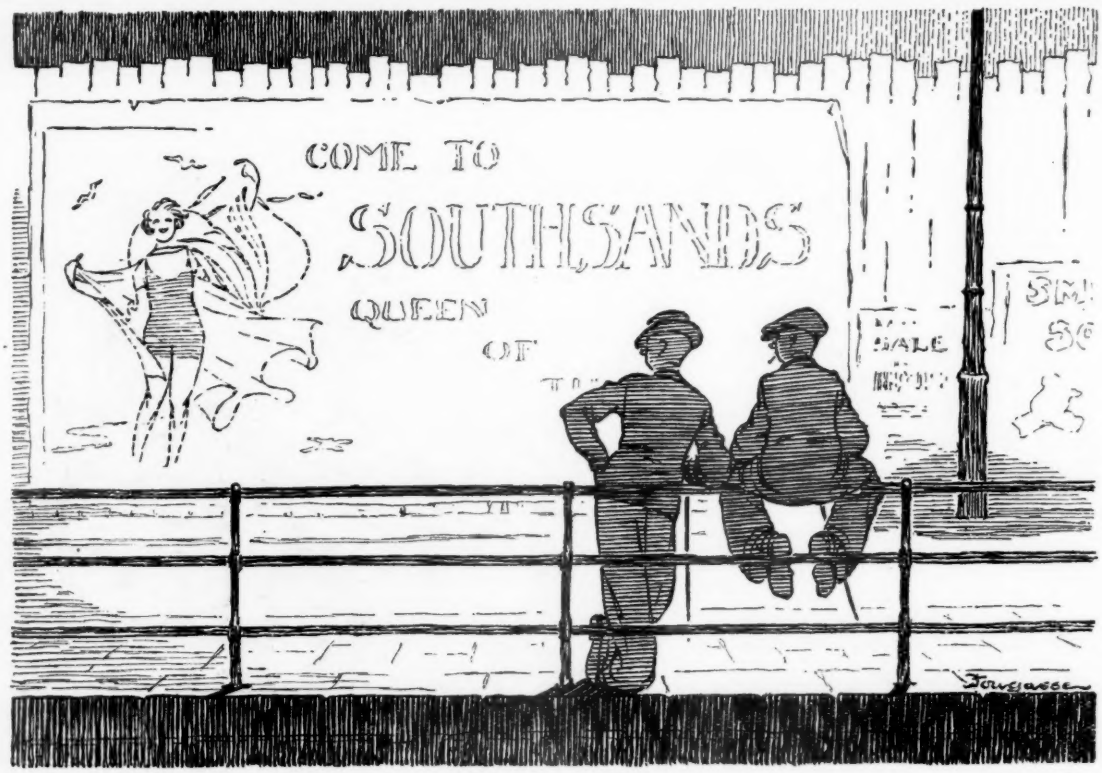
Will didn't answer. He walked up to the door on the corner and pushed it open.

The inside took one back to one's childhood. There were B.P. (Before Prohibition) tables and chairs about, and a B.P. bar running down one side with an old B.P. mirror behind it. Ten or twelve people were there—B.P. people—and back of the bar was a man in a white coat with his hair brushed in a slick curl over his temples.

"But——" I said.

"Evening, Dan," said Will, putting his elbow on the bar.

"My God, Willy!" said Dan, looking up in great surprise, "where you been?



Horace (after a blank day on the promenade). "IT 'S MY BELIEF, HERBERT, THAT THAT GIRL DOESN'T LIVE HERE AT ALL."

The Kid said he thought you must be in the jail-house."

Will said they had been looking for him but hadn't caught him yet.

"Here 's a friend of mine, Dan," said Will. "Call him 'Sam.' Sam, this is Dan, a crook."

For some reason this seemed to please Dan a good deal. He reached over the bar and shook my hand. "How are you?" said Dan.

"First-rate, thank you," said I. "How are you?"

"Say, Willy, the Battling Kid Dugan's over there."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Will.

"Sure he is," said Dan.

Dan took Will over to a table in a corner where the Battling Kid and four or five of his friends were seated. I waited at the bar, not wishing to intrude; and besides this there still hung in my mind a subtle wish to be near the door; it seemed to me impossible that a place of such prominence should not be raided. And, if it was to be raided at all, to-night was obviously the best time, for I didn't know when I should get back there again.

But nobody else seemed to be worried about such a possibility.

"Great fellow, Willy," said Dan in a friendly way, returning behind the bar with a tooth-pick in his mouth; "you ain't any kin to him, are you?"

Somebody farther down the counter said, "Shoot us twice, Dan."

"Shoot us twice, the man said," repeated Dan, and opened a large black safe at the end of the bar and took out a bottle of Scotch.

In a few minutes Will brought Mr. Battling Kid Dugan and his friends back to the brass rail and leaned over the bar. "Dan," said this astounding man in a most pleading voice, "to save my life I can't see any adequate reason why you shouldn't give these gentlemen a little beer. If you haven't got any beer, why, that 's a different thing. But you ought to say so. You know me and you know I ain't going to raise up any dust about it, but if you have got some beer I must say I don't think you ought to stand up there and let these gentlemen evaporate without trying to do something about it. Why, here 's Mr. Battling Kid Dugan, and his tongue, he whispered to me, is so dry he can't talk; now, you know, that 's carrying things a little too far."

He took me by the arm while Dan was opening the bottles.

"Gentlemen, here 's a friend of mine, Mr. Adams. Sam, here on your right is Mr. Battling Kid Dugan, who needs no introduction. Here is Mr. Dumb Jack Morgan, and here is Mr. One-Eye Donovan and the Duke of Muldoon, the champion gate-crashers* of two continents. They crashed the gates at the Democratic Convention here last year, but won't do it any more, not because they can't but because they know it ain't worth the trouble."

"Say, tell him about how we crashed de gates at de World's Fair," suggested the Duke of Muldoon. Then to me, "Y' ever done any gate-crashin' yourself?"

Not being quite sure whether I ever had or not, I said, "None to speak of." Then we took the beer over to a table, and the conversation turned upon the subject of gate-crashing in general, until Mr. Battling Kid Dugan changed it to the crashing of heads. I felt easier in my mind about the raid; from their attitude I thought it would take half the police in the city to make them realize they were under arrest.

Almost simultaneously with this comforting thought I happened to look towards the door. My heart stopped

* A gate-crasher is one who gets into a show without a pass and without paying for admission.

beating, like a clock that has been dropped on cement, for I saw the door swing slowly open and the hat of a policeman pushed inside.

It was quickly withdrawn. Apparently nobody but I had seen it.

"Pst!" said I to Will, pushing my half-finished glass of beer in front of Mr. One-eye Donovan. "Is there a back-door?" I asked in a whisper unnoticed by the others.

"Certainly," said Will. "Why?"

"Come on, then. Quick. Don't ask why."

"But why?"

At this moment the door opened again and the same hat appeared. This time the policeman came all the way inside.

"See you later," said I to Will, and I sprang up.

Then I realized that there was no use for me to try to escape; the front-door was undoubtedly surrounded, and I didn't know how the back-door was to be found.

It still seemed as if I were the only one to have seen the policeman; nobody else was making the least preparations for escape or defence.

The policeman took off his hat and walked softly to the empty end of the bar. He beckoned to Dan. I thought he was being pretty decent about it.

"Wait a minute," said Dan coldly.

The policeman waited, looking at his hat.

"What do you want?" said Dan after a time.

The policeman leaned over and said something in a low voice in Dan's ear. Dan frowned, and I thought that maybe this policeman was warning Dan of the raid and giving him a friendly chance to escape.

"All right," said Dan.

The policeman tiptoed back to the glazed door. But he didn't go outside; he put his head out, glanced down the street, and came back, followed by two brother-officers. They looked neither to right nor to left, and walked with a peculiar timorous motion to the empty end of the bar and took off their hats, not saying a word. It was the most deferential raid I had ever heard of.

"Sit down," said Will. "They won't hurt *you*."

"Who *are* they going to hurt?"

"Dan," said Will; "they get the stuff for nothing."

At that moment Dan appeared from the direction of the large black safe and with no ceremony at all put a bottle of Scotch down in front of them and turned his back.

I slid my half-finished glass of beer from in front of Mr. One-eye Donovan.

U. S. A.



[*Lady has fainted on being "blooded" after killing her first stag.*]

Stalker (who considers "women on the hill" to be "trash"). "WEEL, NOW, DONALD, I 'LL JUIST GIE HER TWA THREE DRAPPIES ABOOT THE MOOTH, SO WHEN SHE COMES TO SHE 'LL LIKELY BE THENKING SHE 'S HAD A SOOP OF IT. PITY TO BE WASTING GUID WHUSKEY."

THEATRE RHYMES.

XV.—THE BOX.

WHEN sitting in a box, don't grouse;
Although you have a view
Of only half the stage, the House
Sees almost all of you.

"Several readers have kindly supplied the source of the quotation desired last week by a correspondent. The lines are 'How far high failure overleaps the bound of low successes.' They occur in Lewis Morris's *The Epic of Hares*, not far from the end of 'Marsyas.'"
Church Newspaper.

"Failure" here should have a capital F. It was the name, of course, of one of the hares.

"For a month past the unfortunate fellow has haunted the Oval, whenever Surrey were bathing, to be present on *the* occasion."
Daily Paper.

Did he want to see HOBBS among the ducks?

"This first-class Restaurant lies between Piccadilly and Leicester Square, within a stone's throw of twenty-four theatres and music-halls."—*Advertisement.*

We know which we should aim at first.

"Away, Away, Ye Men of Rules,"
"Fill Me Boy, as Deep a Draught"
('Odes of Amacroon') (Parry)."
Musical Programme.

It was only Anacreon's most intimate friends who called him a macaroon.



New Acquaintance. "YOU DON'T KNOW MY HUSBAND, DO YOU? THAT'S HIM—THE FAIR GENTLEMAN."

ISINGLASS.

IT was my doctor who said it, after my annual touch of influenza. "Something light and nourishing in the way of food for a few days, you know. Ah—isinglass and that sort of stuff. You're all right now. Good-bye."

"One minute, Doctor," I called hurriedly. "What did you say it was? And where do they make it up?"

"Isinglass, my dear fellow. You know—get it anywhere. Or any stuff like it will do. Bye-bye."

Somehow the whole thing seemed so unexpected. I'd heard of it, of course, isinglass—who hasn't? But I don't think I'd heard very much about it. One doesn't, does one? However, I was about to avail myself of the doctor's permission to take my first totter about in the sun, if any (there wasn't), so I felt I might as well make the occasion one to be celebrated by a purchase of what-you-may-call-it. Anyway, he had said "or any stuff like it."

Still, I must admit that, as I slowly donned two greatcoats, three mufflers and a hat, I felt I had little confidence in the situation. I could not call to mind ever having heard before of anyone deliberately setting out to buy isinglass. Perhaps it was never done deliberately, but was one of those accidental items of purchase, as it were, forced upon one when one's companion has wandered into another department and one is approached by a very suspicious attendant, who says, "Are you receiving attention, Sir?" Rather than risk saying, "I am with the lady over there," you say, "Er—yes; I want a large barrel of isinglass—or any stuff like it will do."

On reaching the pavement I ran into Thompson.

"Going out?" he asked brightly. "Ah, yes, of course, influenza. My dear chap, you do look a ghastly wreck. What you want is——"

"I am on my way," I interrupted—"on my way to buy some isinglass."

"Isinglass?" he ejaculated. "My dear old chap, you don't buy isinglass; you pick it in the Alps. Chamonix, you know. Switzerland—er—winter sports. Glorious! Swoosh!"—and he swept his arms forward to indicate, I presumed, a toboggan in full flight, and departed with bent knees, shuffling his feet along the pavement and shouting "*Achtung!*"

He'd got it wrong, of course. He was thinking of—what was it?——

"Aha! Then Richard is himself again." It was Littlejohn this time. "What are you after?"

"Edelweiss," I said.

"Edelweiss?" asked Littlejohn. "I'm not sure I know what——"

"No, I don't mean that," I said hurriedly. "I mean isinglass."

"Oh, yes, rather; I know. Awfully jolly stuff. You put it in milk and it curdles it—just like junket. By Jove—Devonshire! That's the place, you know. Stags—and hounds;" and he proceeded onwards with a prancing gait, emitting weird and suppressed falsettos presumably in imitation of a hunting-horn.

At this point I commenced to feel weak at the knee. You remember what the first post-'flu promenade feels like—a sort of general weakness about the chassis. I stopped and swayed a little stupidly, but a strong and friendly arm caught mine just in time. It was Pender.

"Whither away, O witching wave?"

"I am going," I murmured, "to buy some isinglass."

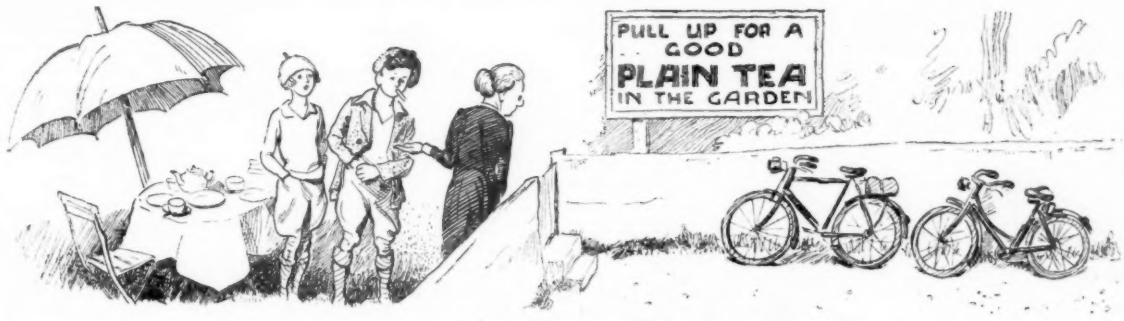
"Ye-e-s," said Pender doubtfully; "but why not use ordinary French chalk? There's nothing to beat that for a good floor; and Benson's Band's the Best, of course. And don't forget to ask me, old boy; I love it. Ta-ta!" and, taking two strides forward, one to the side and on again, he hurried away, saying something about wanting to be happy.

Feeling none too strong and still less confident I entered the first shop I came to, a grocer's, and addressed a thin and sympathetic-looking man possessed of a large Adam's apple. "I want," I murmured weakly, "a bottle of Ewigkeit." The Adam's apple travelled to the top floor and down again with incredible swiftness. "Sorry, Sir, we——"

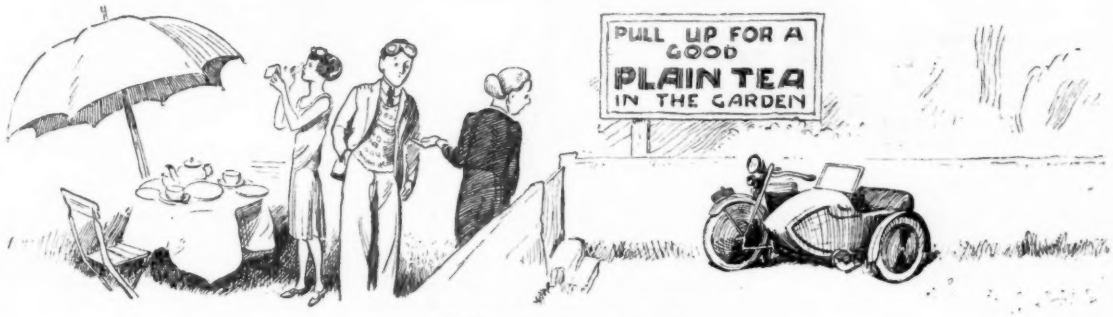
"Or anything like it," I added desperately. "You see, I've just had 'flu and my doctor has ordered——"

"Yes, yes, of course, Sir." The Adam's apple performed two rapid

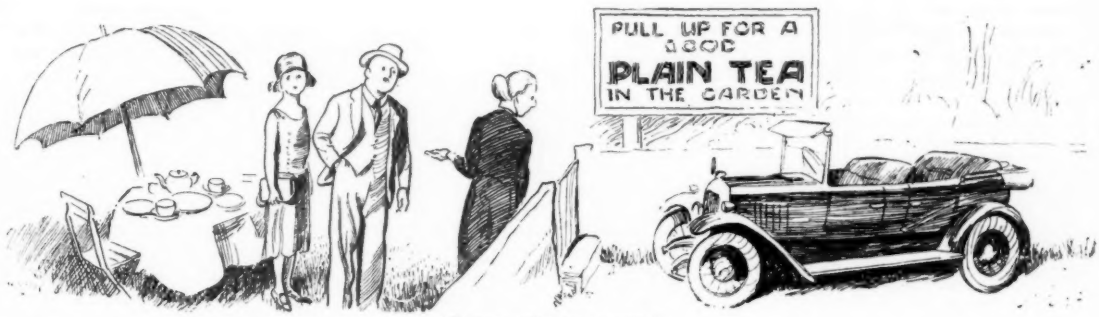
TEA FOR TWO; OR, CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER PRICES.



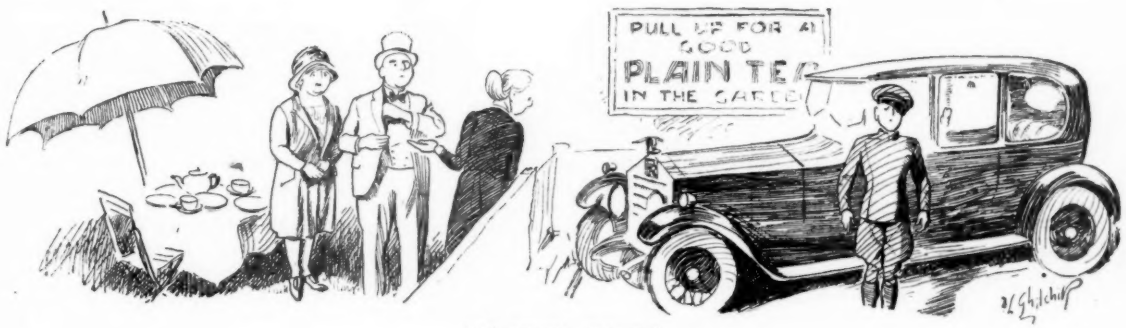
"ONE-AND-SIX, PLEASE."



"THREE SHILLINGS, PLEASE."



"SEVEN-AN'-SIX, PLEASE."



"A GUINEA, PLEASE."

ascents. "Now I know what you want."

A minute later he had handed me a neatly-done-up paper parcel obviously containing a bottle.

"That will be twelve shillings and sixpence, Sir."

"Thank you—thank you so much. But tell me—what is it you call this stuff again?" I asked.

"Whisky, Sir."

I left while the Adam's apple was ascending rapidly for the fourth time.

It wasn't isinglass, but somehow I felt that when he next called the doctor would be just as pleased to see whisky.

Little Known Facts of History.

"1. The peasants had no say in the government and were used by the autocrats chiefly as a source of food.

2. Victoria had been married many times, but always secured one capable of his work.

3. Melbourne acted as a father to Queen Victoria. Peel didn't. Peel objected to the Queen's chamber-maids, and the chamber-maids went out with the Whigs.

4. John Wesley began life very young.

5. Wesley rose at 5 a.m. and he had many fo lowers. While John preached, Charles accompanied him by singing hymns.

6. Habeas Corpus was put in prison and while there wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

7. The Munroe Doctrine is the doctrine of the Presbyterian Church. It was drawn up by Dr. Munroe, a Scotch minister.

8. Nelson lost an eye at Corsica, but what was that to him!

9. There were no schools in England before 1870, and where there were any the children didn't have to go."—*From the Answers to a School Examination Paper.*

Things that might have been Expressed more prettily.

"Over 300,000 cattle are required every year to feed the town dwellers of South Africa, of which about one-fifth are cows."

South African Paper.

"The animal was frightened by a Territorial band that was coming along the road, and the music was stopped to enable it to pass. When the band struck up again the poor animal shuddered violently and fell dead. It is said to have been an old army horse."

Devonshire Paper.

All the same the Territorials helped to win the War.

"JAINA JĀTAKAS, or Lord Rshabha's Pūrvabhavas. Being an English translation of Book I. Canto I. of Hemacandra's Trishashtisalākā-Purushacaritra. Notes and Introduction by Prof. BANARSI DAS JAIN. 9½ × 6½. xxiv.+118 pp. Lahore: The Punjab Sanskrit Book Depôt. Rs. 4."

Times Literary Supplement.

You should hear them asking for this at the lending libraries in Clacton-on-Sea.

AT THE PLAY.

"No. 17" (NEW).

WE are told in the programme that "LEON M. LION presents A Joyous Melodrama in Three Acts," and, though perhaps it was for us rather than him to say whether this was the right epithet, I shall let it pass. "Joyous" it certainly was—unusually joyous for a melodrama. I cannot remember any other example of a serious crook-play with a running accompaniment of buffoonery on the part of one of the protagonists. It was not just provided as a relief to the tension of our nerves; indeed there were times when one suspected that the solid features of the play were intended as a relief to the buffoonery, so persistent were its activities.



THE STALLS INSIST ON GETTING A VIEW OF THE CORPSE.

I have called the buffoon a protagonist; yet he was the only one of the characters who took part in the plot against his own volition, loudly and frequently affirmed in a contrary sense. When *Ben* took shelter in "No. 17" (which advertised itself as "To let" and had an air of vacancy) and there saw and heard what might have frozen the marrow of a much braver ornament of the Merchant Service, he was naturally anxious to be quit of the whole uncanny business; and it was very bad luck that, on bursting out of the front-door into a heavy fog, he should be intercepted by a gentleman who was curious to penetrate the interior and insisted on his company. Apart from the question of his personal safety, which from time to time he attempted to secure by flight, *Ben* had at the start no direct concern in the affair; but after a while, becoming inextricably involved, he began to take an interest in the plot, and by his alternate spasms of courage and cowardice, of guilelessness and craft, but chiefly by his incorrigible gift of Cockney humour, he made himself the life and soul of the party.

There were obscurities, as in all intricate melodramas; for the stage-rule that easy clues should be taken slowly and difficult ones at full speed was here observed, though perhaps not quite so rigidly as usual. So I paid a second visit to clear up one or two enigmas that had baffled my simple intelligence; and this time I tried the dress-circle, from which I could see certain exciting objects that were invisible to the stalls—namely, the "corpse" (alive) and the trap-door leading to the underground railway, the means of exit employed by the "Get-away" Society for eluding the attention of the police. It speaks well for the play and its interpreters that, though I was acquainted with the plot and its happy *dénouement*, I enjoyed myself quite as much at the second time of hearing. Of course that sense of godlike prescience which makes you feel superior to the ignorant audience may have had something to do with it.

But there were still things that troubled me. Why should they want to confuse me about the identity of the "corpse" which had a crooked shoulder



ETIQUETTE AMONG CROOKS.

"Smith" (*Mr. FRED GROVES*). "PUT 'EM UP!" *Mr. Brant* (*Mr. JAMES LINDSAY*). "EXCUSE ME, BUT I SAID IT FIRST."

by giving this same peculiar feature to a totally different character? Why didn't *Ben* think it strange that *Fordyce* should practically ignore the corpse (a most intriguing spectacle, one would say) after he had felt its pulse? Why should "*Smith*" have been surprised and shocked at the disappearance from his coat pocket of the huge case of stolen diamonds when he had had his hand in that pocket some little time before and might have noticed that it had ceased to bulge? And how did *Fordyce* ever expect to come alive out of his investigation of this nest of unscrupulous criminals without so much as a pop-gun for self-defence? But these were relatively trifling difficulties in a very ingenious scheme.

The First Act, while the atmosphere of mystery was being established, moved rather slowly. The separate scene of the ascent of the staircase seemed a little superfluous; and we might certainly have been spared a subsequent scene representing the descent of the same staircase by the same two people (*Fordyce* and *Ben*), the chief distinction being the addition of a second candle to light their tedious progress. The fact is that the main action was so smartly handled that there was not enough of it to go round, and the time had to be filled up with *Ben's* reiterations.

The last scene was the best. Here the arch-crook, held up by two other independent crooks (for the moment in partnership), suddenly charges one of them with being a detective; the tables are turned, and the suspect is bound and gagged. Then, when the others are out of the way, he assumes this *rôle* for his own purposes and demands the stolen jewels from the only crook left (a defenceless girl who is innocent of this particular theft), only to be exposed by the very man whose identity he had borrowed. There! I've given the secret away. Or have I been too unintelligible? I do hope so.

Ben, as played by Mr. Leon Lion, was a most engaging personality and seldom opened his lips without convulsing the audience. Though now and then he threw off some really happy things, his humour, properly enough, was never too subtle; and when he said, "None o' yer sauce; s-o-r-s, sauce," or described himself as the Bishop of London or William the Conqueror, we cheerfully accepted the limitations of his mental equipment. In the matter of his actual identity I should add that he was reticent, and we had to be content with these exhibitions of creative art. To the end he remained just *Ben*, and never disclosed his surname, if any. My own belief is that it was *Trovato*. I admit that it doesn't sound much like the British Merchant Service, but neither did the man himself.

Mr. Nicholas Hannen gave a very clever and finished performance as *Fordyce*. His business was to disguise his knowledge and intelligence, and he did it with a consistently admirable restraint. Of the three male crooks, Mr. Fred Groves as "*Smith*" was the best; and Mr. James Lindsay, in another "straight" part (if crooks can be said to play "straight" parts), was a good second as *Brant*. Mr. Ambrose Flower, who had a more complex task as "*Henry*," seemed to think that he could give it a note of distinction by adopting an affected manner, and I didn't agree with him. But his matter was sound enough. Miss Nora Swinburne, as a criminal who had very little heart for her trade and lost the rest of it to *Fordyce* at sight, played with a very nice discretion.

Most dramas of this *genre* are liable to extinction as soon as the public grows familiar with their plots. But the streak of gay humour that runs through this one should act as a preservative. So on *No. 17*—always a favourite at Monte Carlo—I shall put my money *en plein*.

O. S.



MORE LIGHT ON THE MYSTERY.

Ben (*Mr. Leon M. Lion*). "Why 'ave we got two candles, Guv'nor? We only 'ad one on this staircase in the First Act."

Gilbert Fordyce (*Mr. Nicholas Hannen*). "Well, we must do something to show this isn't the same scene."

SEA-SIDE RISKS.

Dear Mr. Punch,—I have been much impressed by the letters which have appeared in *The Daily Mail* on the prevalence of jelly-fish at this time of the year, and in particular by the tragic narrative of the gentleman from Huddersfield. It appears that while swimming in the sea at Llandudno two years ago he was stung very severely by one of these dangerous marine monsters. "By the time I had robed," he continues, "the poison had spread through all parts of my body. The pain was excruciating and was eventually alleviated by staying several hours perspiring in a hot soda-bath." He accordingly asks what is considered the best treatment for jelly-fish stings.

Having devoted a great part of my life to the study of noxious reptiles and insects, and in particular of the *Thanatophidia*, I am happily in a position to give him the desired information. The hot soda-bath can only be compared to a performance of *Hamlet* with the part of the Royal Dane omitted. The addition of alcohol, whether in the form of whisky, brandy, rum or gin, is absolutely necessary in the case of snake-bites, and, though the shape of the jelly-fish is different, the treatment of their stings is the same. The only innocuous species of this genus is the calves'-foot-jelly-fish, which is now practically extinct owing to the competition of synthetic products. The jelly-fish of Llandudno, I may add, are notoriously aggressive and virulent, and all bathers at that popular resort would do well to carry a flask or even a bottle of brandy in a specially-constructed pocket in their bathing costumes, so as to be able to apply the antidote immediately instead of waiting until they are fully "robed" and have returned to their hotels, *pensions* or lodging-houses.

The onset of infuriated jelly-fish, however, by no means exhausts the dangers of the sea-side, and I embrace this opportunity of mentioning a few of the most serious, appending in each case the appropriate remedy or preventive:—

Massed Attack of Sandhoppers.—Individually the sandhopper may not be as formidable as a buffalo or a lion, but when they attack the flanks of the unprotected bather in clouds their impact is positively paralysing. Perhaps the best preventive is to keep perpetually smoking stramonium cigarettes, which are also an excellent antidote to asthma. But, once their attack is delivered, the only effective remedy is a strong solution of permanganate of potash, tri-nitro-toluene and carbide of calcium. Taken immediately and internally it is an effectual cure for this and indeed all other disorders.

The Bite of the Porbeagle.—The porbeagle, which abounds off the Cornish coast, is a large and deleterious denizen of the deep, notorious for its hostility to mankind. Daring swimmers who venture more than a hundred yards from the shore should never dispense with a harpoon that can be discharged from an air-gun. If bitten by the porbeagle, the bather, on regaining the shore, should lose no time in robing himself fully, but hasten with all possible speed to the nearest bacteriological institute to be inoculated with the proper anti-toxin indicated by the emergency.

Abrasion of the Cuticle caused by the Nippers of a Crab or the Suction of a Barnacle, Limpet, Mussel or Winkle.—The constriction of the claws of a crab, though less dangerous than the sting of a jelly-fish, may lead, if not promptly treated, to untoward consequences. The oil of the soya-bean or a tincture of ambergris and cocaine are the best emollients. The removal of crustaceans which have attached themselves to the human frame is a more serious and painful process, and sometimes cannot be effected with pincers, but requires the use of explosives. Information on this point and on the cost of the licence which has to be taken out can be had on application to the Ordnance Committee in Whitehall.

Believe me to be, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours faithfully,
HEBER HAWES.

Asineum Club, Bray.

"Lodgings, with Board, to Let for 2 Young Men; nothing but best butter on table."
Scots Paper.

Just the place for the *Mad Hatter* and the *March Hare.*

"ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND.—The catch of cod this season has so far been below the average. This fact probably caused the fishermen to exercise greater care in curing the cod."—*Daily Paper.*

Our tame gourmet says that it can't be done. Egg sauce will ameliorate the condition, but a real cure for cod does not exist.

EVERY LITTLE VIRTUE HELPS.

THERE was once a Burglar who was doing a Job in the Bedroom of a Politician. And Though he was a Very Cautious Burglar he Roused the Politician, who was Sleeping very Uneasily because he had Something on his Mind, to Wit, a Speech which he Must Make on the Morrow. And because the Politician Thought that This had Roused him, he Did Not Look for the Burglar, but Lay Awake in the Dark Going Through his Speech in a Subdued Voice but with the Proper Expression. This Lasted Forty Minutes, and When it was Over the Politician was not Satisfied, so he Did it Again. All This Time the Burglar was Greatly Afflicted, Partly Because he Developed Fearful Pains in his Joints and Dared not Move, and Partly Because he Totally Disagreed with the Politician's Politics and Dared not Heckle. And when the Politician Passed the Bulk of the Speech and Began to Polish Up the Peroration, the Unfortunate Criminal was Ready to Die. But in the Middle of the Third Rendering the Politician Failed at a Latin Quotation and Fell Asleep. Whereupon the Burglar Dragged himself away and was Thenceforth Able to Earn a Comfortable Living as an Artists' Model.

Moral: Patience in Adversity Leads to Stability of Character.

* * *

There was once a Young Husband who Lost his Tobacco Pouch. And his Young Wife, who Adored him, Helped him to Look for it. And he Found it Under the Cushion of the Easy Chair in the Smoking-Room. But Because he Adored his Wife he Regretted that she should Miss the Pleasure of Finding it for him. So he Slipped it Under the Newspaper on the Sideboard in the Dining-Room and Went On Pretending to Look for it. And Presently she Found it, and Regretted that he should Miss the Pleasure of Finding it for himself. So she Popped it Under the Cushion of the Easy Chair in the Smoking-Room. And Each Continued Turning Things Over, until the Expected Cry of Joy from One should Reward Both. But as Neither was now Really Looking for the Pouch it Remained Hidden. And when the Maid Came in to Lay Supper she Took Pity on them, and Thought Hard, and had a Bright Idea. "I Wonder," she said, "if it is Under the Cushion of the Easy Chair in the Smoking-Room." "No," said the Man, with a Cunning Laugh. "I have Looked, and it is Certainly Not There." "We will See," said the Maid. And she Went, and Looked there, and Found it. Whereafter she Became So Uppish that she had to be Discharged.

Moral: The Truest Kindness Includes Kindness to the Truth.

* * *

There was once a Composer who Happened to Hear, to his Very Great Delight, One of his Own Organ Fantasias being Performed at a Village Church. As Soon as the Recital was Over, he Hurried Round to the Organ-Loft, and, Meeting the Organ-Blower Coming Out, he Wrung him Fervently by the Hand. "That Fantasia was Mine," he said, "and I Want to Congratulate you on your Rendering of it. It was Wonderful." "Thank 'ee, Sir," said the Organ-Blower. "I Didn't Do so Bad, but Our Organist, 'E were in Form Too." "Oh—er—Quite So," said the Composer, Adjusting his Spectacles. "In That Case Here 's Half-a-Crown for you."

Moral: If you would Have Others Value you Highly, Set a High Value on Yourself.

* * *

There was once a Young Man who was Very Strong, and an Old Man who was Not so Strong as he Used To Be. They were Such Friends that One Day the Young Man Came Up behind the Other and Slapped him on the Back. And the Old Man Fell Over. The Young Man Picked him Up and Dusted him and Took All the Blame on himself, and then Held Out his Hand to be Shaken. But the Old Man Looked at it and Remembered the Young Man's Strength, and he Shook his Head instead. "Oh, Come," said the Young Man, "Shake Hands, or I shall be Very Much Hurt." "Well, it 's Your Turn," said the Old Man.

Moral: One Man's Breeziness is Another Man's Horseplay.

* * *

There was once a Punctilious Person who Lamented the Decay in Manners. And One Day a Street Boy said to him, "Can you Tell me the Time?" "I Can," said the Punctilious Person, and he Took his Watch out and Held it Ready. But instead of Stating the Hour Immediately, he Fixed his Eye on the Boy and said, "I am Waiting for You to say 'Please.'" "Garn," replied the Rude Boy; "it 's Twenty Past Three. Why didn't you Hold it Higher Up?"

Moral: If you Wish to Give a Lesson, Prepare it Thoroughly.

* * *

There was once a Very Dark Night, in the Midst of which a Footpad Stealthily Pursued a Gentleman with Intent to Rob him. But the Gentleman Walked into a Pillar-Box and Said, "I beg your Pardon," whereupon the Footpad said, "Dash it, there 's Too Many People About," and Made Off.

Moral: Politeness is not Wasted, Even when it is Not Returned.



Aunt (to small boy who has been running down a school friend with whom he has been staying). "BUT, JOHN, I THOUGHT YOU LIKED THE LITTLE SMITH BOY."

John. "WELL, I DID LIKE HIM AT SCHOOL, BUT I'VE ALTERED MY OPINION NOW I KNOW MORE ABOUT HIS PRIVATE LIFE."

POETIC REFUSALS.

(Mr. ALFRED NOYES refuses to go to a cinema.)

Sherwood on the movies? And shall I go to see
How Robin Douglas Fairbanks climbs a movie tree?
Shall I buy a ticket and pay amusement tax
To see a Yankee Little John who wields a movie axe?

Robin Hood is here again; all the women go
To see how "DUG" can scale a wall and dominate the show,
Smiling as he always does through some fearsome stunt,
Rescuing a lady, escaping from the hunt.

Merry, merry England is thronging as of old
Into picture palaces to huddle from the cold;
Love upon the cinema is kinder than the sleet,
And Sherwood, and Sherwood is warmer than the street.

Merry, merry England has gone to Yankee-land
For Robin and Marian and all the outlaw band.
Like all major poets I love the U.S.A.,
But give me England's Sherwood at the break of day.

DOUGLAS, DOUGLAS, DOUGLAS, in a movie wood!
Are you Robin Fairbanks? Are you Douglas Hood?
I'll not go to see you. Not for my delight
Sherwood on the pictures, Movie-land at night.

Another Sex Problem.

"Young Man (22) Requires Situation as Handyman, or Housework; good needle-woman."—*Provincial Paper.*



"TRUTH IN ADVERTISING."

"*FOR THE MOORS.*—FOR SALE, LABRADOR DOG, SIXTEEN MONTHS, BREAKS HIS GROUND NICELY, MISSES NOTHING, QUICK ON RUNNERS. ANY REASONABLE OFFER TO A GOOD HOME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is with the leisureliness of one who knows he has four volumes in which to spread himself that M. LADISLAS ST. REYMONT opens his NOBEL prize-winner, *The Peasants*, with *Autumn* (JARROLDS). "Proputty" is, I feel, the real heroine of the piece—Polish land, whose favours or caprices make or mar the fortunes of Polish peasants. Yet the first chapter presents a glimpse of a power superior to "proputty," a devoted parish priest making the round of an appreciative flock. The drift of the whole book too gives at least one interesting explanation of the traditional piety of the peasant: the need of a bulwark against nature, the nature of the earth and the nature of beasts, in men and women doomed to such close-knit intercourse with both. As for the actual story, it is extremely simple. *Boryna*, a rich widower, is poorly used by his children. They refuse to work conscientiously on his land until it becomes theirs by death, or by that preliminary abdication which often takes place where old people trust their descendants. *Boryna* does not trust his—apparently he has little cause to do so—and solicitude for his estate turns his otherwise sensible mind in the direction of a third marriage. Policy directs his eyes towards *Yagna*, a neighbouring heiress; but, once directed, they show no disinclination to linger, for the girl is beautiful and high-spirited, though something of a minx. The wooing of *Yagna*, her reluctances and concessions, the fury of *Boryna's* family and of younger and poorer suitors monopolise the best part of the book. And a great wedding closes it, while the tragic death of a peasant lad—whose life ebbs away in the stable while his betters are junketting in the house—re-echoes the graver chords of the first chapter. From beginning to end the story is treated with a certain union of magnanimity and finesse and a clarity of design and detail which are rather French than Slavonic. It is excellently translated by M. DZIEWICKI of Cracow University, and I shall look forward to its sequel, *Winter*.

Miss AMANDA HALL sets the scene of *Heart's Justice* (PAUL) in a small American industrial coast town. She gives us a really charming portrait of a young girl, *Rhoda Harlow* (*Miss Muffet* for short), daughter of an old engineer who has no instinct for success as the *Babbitts* reckon it. The comradeship between these two dear people is most attractively described and not without humour. "That kind never die, my dear," says old *Harlow* of a terrific maiden aunt; "they are all shot at the day of judgment." Then we have the brawny, pushing, successful manager of the engineering works, to whom the aristocratic aloofness and sexlessness of *Little Miss Muffet* make so irresistible an appeal, and our author guesses—not unsubtly, I think—at the storms and visitations within his robust breast. But I must in candour confess that the book has somewhat the air of being by a prentice hand and is too full of rather complicated and pretentious writing. "A month had slipped into the discard" means "had passed." When *Rolf, Miss Muffet's* lover, put on the switch he "suffered the publicity of the ensuing light," and, more surprisingly, in the course of conversation says things like "alone with egotism and other little soul maladies of envy and discontent," which can hardly be said to be in character. Tempting words like "pristine" had better be looked up in the dictionary. And I fear that the *dénouement* (which we could not help seeing

from the beginning), the education of *Rolf* towards modesty and an understanding tenderness, and the awakening of *Rhoda*, take place too symmetrically and mechanically to be plausible. And is it not rather unlikely that old *Harlow's* divorced wife should come and make love to the husband of her own daughter? This improbable thread, however, Miss HALL has the tact to leave vaguely dangling in the air.

With Lawrence in Arabia (HUTCHINSON), by Mr. LOWELL THOMAS, American journalist and lecturer, is not, of course, Colonel LAWRENCE's own long-expected story, and is by no means a completely satisfying revelation of the most amazing figure of the War; yet it does throw some light on its elusive subject. Colonel LAWRENCE was not yet thirty when in 1916 he undertook to organise the Arabs of a score of tribes, scattered over vast desert spaces and united only in their hatred of Europeans, into a coherent army of attack against the Turks. Though disguising neither his race nor his faith he gained an ascendency over them which was only mildly suggested by his being given rank as an "honorary descendant" of the Prophet MAHOMET, and, forming his Bedouin irregulars into the right flank of ALLENBY's Palestine sweep, he drove back a well-organised enemy from Mecca to Damascus. This incredible man, the King-Maker of Arabia, the fountain-head of legend for a thousand years to come, who made train-wrecking on the Turkish line "the national sport of Arabia" and fears nothing on earth but notoriety, has refused promotions, rewards and decorations without end, and seeks only to be left in peace. Having written his story once and had the manuscript stolen, he has written it again only to print, we are told, just six copies. Mr. LOWELL THOMAS, who was with him—or as near as he could keep—in the long-forgotten city of Petra and elsewhere in Arabia, has done his best to broadcast it; but though his best is good enough to make an utterly fascinating book it is possible—just possible—that its comparative inadequacy may goad the King-Maker himself into releasing the real thing; and that this may be so is the prayer no less of his present biographer than of all his readers.



Mother. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"
Child. "GARDENING, MUMMY."
Mother. "BUT THAT ISN'T GARDENING."
Child. "WELL, THAT 'S HOW DADDY DOES IT."

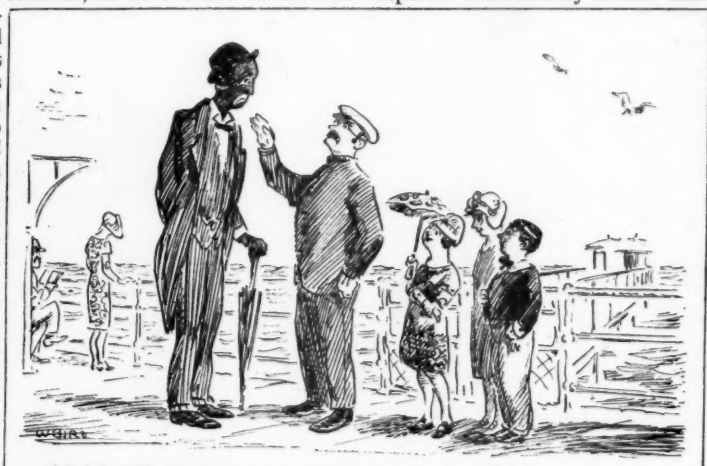
T. FISHER UNWIN's have brought out
The Yu-chi Stone, by EDMUND SNELL;
A tale of savage Borneo about
A Chink, *Kang Yin*, the author has to tell;
Yin's rich, and he is called a "king of camphor,"
And *Yu-chi* is his goddess, made of jade;
Conventions *Yin* don't give a single dam for,
And *Yu-chi* guards a stone where murder's made.

One *Gilbert Stroud* is in *Yin's* power
And held in hopeless slavery;
His sister, who is fair as any flower
(*Miss Lois Stroud*), would set her brother free;
And so *Glynn Haverstock*, a handsome planter,
And *Rex Hermanos*, Greek and millionaire,
Start off with *Lois* (chaperoned) instanter
And rescue him with much ado and dare.

The author's public will not miss
One word of how these outwit *Yin*,
Nor yet how *Rex* a jealous traitor is
Lest *Lois* (but she does at last) wed *Glynn*.
Briefly, this tale of love and thew and sinew
I 'd sum up on the moment's spur or spike,
And say that, if you like this sort of *Yin*, you
Will here have just the sort of *Yin* you 'll like.

I feel that Mr. OSWALD LANGLEY has rather overdone the intoxicating elements in *The Isle of Romance* (FISHER UNWIN), but certainly his publisher's puff puts the worst

face on a not unpromising first novel. According to this effusion, a "wild, devastating, primitive love-drama" is supposed to be enacted amid "the profligate growth" of a "romantic coral island" by "two determined men and one attractive girl." What actually happens is that a normally sensible young Englishwoman deserts an Australian liner at an obscure port with an adventurer of the name of *Withers;* and before the stipulated padre can be found to marry them the adventurer has proved to be a drunkard (probably a married drunkard), and the couple have been shipwrecked on an almost uninhabited island. The inhabitant in whose favour the adjective is qualified is an introspective beachcomber called *Peterson;* and "*Mrs. Withers*" immediately makes up her mind to forgo her original matrimonial intentions and engineer a properly blessed union with the more eligible admirer. Her dealings with both gentlemen, pending the arrival of a man-of-war and a chaplain, are the book's main preoccupation. Obviously there is a limit (though Mr. LANGLEY hardly realizes how soon it is reached) to the reader's interest in scenes of masculine offensive and entrenched feminine virtue; but these heady passages are interspersed with mysterious allusions to *Peterson's* wife, *Mabel* (abducted several years ago by *Withers*), an attack by cannibals, and the discovery, in true *Swiss Family Robinson* vein, of silver-backed hairbrushes and a pink kimono. These amenities (with some pleasant tropic scenery and a small volcanic eruption thrown in) did their best to console me for the story's dislocation from reality. And they might have done so had I not felt all along that Mr. LANGLEY ought, in justice to himself, to have been flying at higher game.



Official. "NO SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS ALLOWED HERE."
Nigger. "I'M NOT AN AMUSEMENT TO-DAY; ONLY IT DIDN'T SEEM WORTH WHILE WASHING MY FACE FOR JUST ONE DAY."

There is no holding Mr. BERNARD GILBERT. The keen air of the Fenlands has gone to his head, and, whether we think it worth while or not, he proceeds remorselessly to the end he has appointed for himself. *Canon Makepeace* (CECIL PALMER) is the seventh instalment of Mr. GILBERT'S "Old England" series, and at least it is something that we are privileged to read its not very edifying pages for the ordinary price of a novel and not, as in the case of its predecessor, in an *édition de luxe*, at two guineas. Once more I am sorry to have to say that Mr. GILBERT is the worst possible exponent of his own philosophy. My quarrel with him is the greater because, within certain limits, I sympathise with it; but, if his savage Hogarthian pictures of an average country district in Lincolnshire or anywhere else are accurate, which I venture to question, then who would be for the rural life if he or she (particularly she) could remain amongst the less coarse amenities of the town? It is, frankly, time that someone made a protest against this school of thought, which has given us a glut of similar novels lately. For myself, I am tired of the avaricious incontinent farmer, his shrewish wife and immoral daughters. Doubtless there are such people, but they do not, I know, constitute the majority of any rural community. *Canon Makepeace* is written in the difficult introspective style with which Mr. GILBERT has made us familiar. It is war-time; potatoes are soaring to unheard-of prices; fortunes are being made; a local Canon of controversial character has committed an alleged impropriety and the neighbourhood rings with scandal. Mr. GILBERT takes a group of different types, shrewdly drawn, I readily admit, and puts them into the drawing-room of a feudal mansion. Here they form themselves into a self-constituted jury and individually discuss the alleged lapse of the unfortunate Canon from different perspectives and with a singular lack of reticence. And that is all. I believe Mr. GILBERT to be sincere; I admire his courage; he is writing, one knows, symbolically, but *Canon Makepeace* is a dreary business, without humour and (what is worse) without humanity.

Father Abraham (HUTCHINSON) is a pleasant story, but I should hesitate to recommend it to anyone whose palate responds more readily to salt than to sugar. Among the heroes of romance there can never have been a more perfect lover or a more intrepid warrior than *Randall Hope*. In his youth a friend of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, he fought in the North and South war with conspicuous valour, and not only with weapons of war but also with nature's armoury. His naked fists gave a fair pommelling to a young Southerner whose pluck and prowess were by no means despicable. Mr. IRVING BACHELLER'S tale will give throbs of delight to readers who dote upon fiction which is strongly flavoured with historical sauce and stuffing. His style of writing is too jerky, but his descriptive powers are considerable, and his picture of America in the throes of civil war is clear and vivid.

To be born into the family of *The Wildings* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) was no light matter. A business—it consisted of a book-shop—was at hand to swallow up the male *Wildings*, while males and females alike had to take drastic measures if they were not to be completely dominated by *Mrs. Wilding*. One daughter, by getting married, succeeded in making her escape, never to return; but *David*, the younger son, failed in an honest attempt to shake off the influence of his mother. In this capable imperious lady, Miss RICHMAL CROMPTON has created a character of remarkable force. I fancy that she could have settled industrial crises as easily as she managed domestic troubles. This family of *Wildings* should furnish material for a saga on the lines of the *Forsytes* and the *Trenchards*. Without hesitation I commend you to take an early opportunity of making their acquaintance.

Religious Intolerance in Ireland.

"The Court must stop the practice of getting drunk and being disorderly on Sundays. He did not so much mind it on other days of the week, but Sunday was the one day on which a man ought to behave himself."—*Hibernian Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

TO-DAY is the anniversary of the day last year when a swimmer failed to swim the Channel.

* * *

The Riff war is said to be interfering with our wireless. We feel sure that when the belligerents are aware of the inconvenience caused they will arrange to confine operations to hours that do not clash with the programmes of the B.B.C.

* * *

There is this much to be said in favour of the Riffs. So far they haven't said that theirs was a war to make the world safe for democracy.

* * *

The Soviet Government have bought a pedigree pig for a hundred guineas. Even Bolshevists believe at times that birth counts.

* * *

With reference to the coming revolt so optimistically predicted by Mr. A. J. COOK, we are now wondering if the miners' leader is making any arrangements for a provincial tour prior to its production in the West End.

* * *

Apparently in these days of seamen's strikes the Ancient Mariner who stoppeth one of three wears a red tie and calls him "Comrade."

* * *

Attention is drawn to the formation of new islands in the Greek Archipelago. The League of Nations is believed to be keeping a sharp eye on this latest development of the Greater Greece movement.

* * *

Blue and Red fleets were the opponents in the Italian naval manœuvres. After all we have heard about Fascismo, the existence of an Italian Red Fleet comes as a great surprise.

* * *

A poignant thought that strikes us on reading of the discovery of the remains of prehistoric Americans at Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, is that they died in ignorance of the fact that they were Americans.

* * *

A Munich artist recently painted a picture of a client he afterwards murdered. This is reversing the usual plan. We understand that the etiquette of the profession is for the man whose portrait has been painted to take a good look at it and then murder the artist.

* * *

We wonder if it is true that the man who was recently operated on by Dr. VORONOFF for gland rejuvenation is a Scotsman whose ambition it is to travel half-fare rate on the railways as a boy of eleven.

* * *

Plans to celebrate the hundredth year of omnibuses are being discussed. There is some talk of taking the original omnibus to Waterloo Bridge so that it can have a good look at a traffic block.

* * *

A policeman in the courts the other day described a prisoner as "nearly a loafer." The fellow naturally retorted that half a loafer was better than none.



The Husband. "I'VE A GOOD MIND TO TELL THAT GREAT HULKING BULLY WHAT I THINK OF HIM."
The Wife. "I DON'T SUPPOSE HE'S ON THE TELEPHONE, DEAR."

A gossip-writer has stated that there is an extinct volcano near Lake Derwentwater. It seems a pity that this politician cannot have a holiday without his whereabouts being noised abroad.

* * *

A gentleman has just returned to Monmouth from America at the age of ninety-nine. In these days it's impossible to celebrate a hundredth birthday over there properly.

* * *

An Argentine girl recently persuaded the PRINCE OF WALES to give her his handkerchief, but up till now we have not heard whether this constitutes an offence under the Monroe Doctrine.

* * *

Captain HAMILTON KIRK, author of *The Diseases of the Cat*, says that many people hesitate to consult a veterinary surgeon. Perhaps they're afraid of having to pay for nine death certificates in case of trouble.

In the case of a modern girl who was captured by brigands it is said that her father refused to take her back unless they paid him a heavy ransom—and they paid.

* * *

A fire in a garage recently caused a motor-horn to function. This is the kind of car that would go and give itself up to the police if it found itself on the wrong side of the white line.

* * *

We understand that several more white lines are to be painted in the middle of the roads if the workmen can only live there long enough to do the job.

* * *

Many of the new London police recruits are said to be men of good social standing and even college education. It is, of course, much nicer to be run in by a man whom you could safely take home to tea.

* * *

In these days of the char-à-banc it's a long lane that has no overturning.

* * *

Professor J. W. GREGORY declares that if a widely-accepted geological theory is right, America is not where it ought to be. We are quite content, however, to let it remain where it is.

* * *

In the interests of economy the Corps of Military Accountants is to be abolished. From a spectacular point of view we deplore the disappearance of a body of men chosen for their figures.

* * *

Last week another train lost its way on a suburban branch of the Southern Railway. A suspicion is gaining ground that this apparent ignorance of suburban geography is only a pose.

* * *

The first General omnibus has arrived in Berlin. This should be encouraging news for travellers who are still on the way to Liverpool Street.

* * *

"FENDER ON HOBBS," says a heading. It sounds like the opposite of the cricket on the hearth.

* * *

"I suppose comedians are allowed to live just as other people are," said the magistrate at West London Police Court. Our Bench is very broadminded.

THE WAR-DOGS.

(*Army Manœuvres, 1925.*)

Division to Brigade.—Two war-dogs will be attached to you for forthcoming operations arriving PUGNAM 6 a.m. train Friday aaa arrange to meet and report arrival aaa see training manual 25 for tactical employment of war-dogs.

Division to Brigade.—No report arrival war-dogs received.

Brigade to Division.—No war-dogs received.

D. to B.—Report why no war-dogs received.

B. to D.—6 a.m. train is Sats. only.

B. to D.—War-dogs received aaa one n.c.o. wounded one other rank missing.

D. to B.—Wire numbers of war-dogs received and report whenever they take part in operations.

B. to D.—Two.

D. to B.—Wire war-dogs numbers.

B. to D.—Two.

D. to B.—Urgent what numbers on war-dogs' collars.

B. to D.—Presumed for identification.

D. to B.—Wire numbers.

B. to D.—Should not war-dogs have keeper?

D. to B.—One keeper per two war-dogs aaa hasten reply re numbers.

B. to D.—Please forward one keeper war-dog.

D. to B.—Not available aaa use any suitable officer aaa expedite reply re numbers.

B. to D.—Staff Captain severe bite ascertaining required numbers aaa no other officers suitable aaa suggest giving names war-dogs.

D. to B.—Approved aaa submit names but wire numbers when obtainable.

B. to D.—HECTOR and HEPHZIBAH aaa please wire instructions re tactical employment.

D. to B.—See training memo 25.

B. to D.—HECTOR refuses give up training memo 25 aaa please wire summary contents.

D. to B.—Employ in pairs carrying important messages securely fastened to collars.

B. to D.—Noted aaa should not war-dog have gas-mask?

D. to B.—One gas-mask per war-dog and 5 per cent. spare facepieces.

B. to D.—Please supply two gas-masks war-dog.

D. to B.—Not available aaa arrange to improvise.

B. to D.—HECTOR has bitten gas officer while improvising aaa consider him not fully trained may he be returned please.

D. to B.—Not clear gas officer or HECTOR.

B. to D.—HECTOR.

D. to B.—Retention HECTOR for further anti-gas training approved.

B. to D.—Owing difficult nature of ground here suggest war-dogs be attached other brigade.

D. to B.—Not approved aaa report early effect of heavy firing on war-dogs.

B. to D.—HECTOR unmoved but HEPHZIBAH bit machine-gun officer immediately aaa are war-dogs subject to military law.

D. to B.—If somewhat indisciplined probably because hungry.

B. to D.—Noted with thanks but suggest return to war-dog school for discipline intelligence and anti-gas courses.

D. to B.—Report fully at once how you propose utilizing war-dogs to-night's operations.

B. to D.—Full report is *en route* securely fastened to HECTOR'S collar aaa duplicate ditto HEPHZIBAH'S aaa if hungry please reward. . . .

MY CHANNEL SWIM.

AFTER an incredible period spent in gallant and almost superhuman battling against great odds I have been obliged to give up my initial attempt to swim the English Channel.

Purposely I kept the plan dark. By this means only could I hope to elude the pronounced molestations of the reporters. Indeed, so successful was my secrecy that I have perforce to write this story of British doggedness myself.

One trusted helper only I took with me. It was none other than my man, Budge, nor was it until we were on the brink of starting from the shore that I broke the news to him. Under the pretext of a day at the sea-side I took him down to Dover and ordered him to get everything ready for a long fishing expedition that afternoon.

"Budge," I said, "I want you to get a good seaworthy kind of boat, not too heavy for you to row a matter of, say, twenty to thirty miles. See that there are on board a strong rope, plenty of smoked salmon sandwiches and lots of hot soup. Also, of course," I added hastily, in case he might smell a rat, "fishing lines for two and spinnakers and worms enough for eighteen hours."

Looking mystified but suave as ever, he retired to carry out my instructions.

I considered the best time to start would be about 4 P.M. This I calculated would allow me by leisurely swimming to finish the job and get to Calais in time for a bath and breakfast by eight or nine the next morning. I telegraphed to an hotel there to this effect.

At 4 P.M. punctually, after my usual nap following lunch, I met Budge at the unfrequented spot I had chosen for my starting-point. Always careful of the comfort of those under me, I inspected the boat and, whilst I took off the few garments I had over my bathing-dress, I ate a couple of the sandwiches, which looked and tasted simply delicious. It was during this process that I let Budge know the truth, and I must say he received it with astonishing *sang-froid*. All he observed was that he thought it might be a better plan for him to go ahead on the Channel steamer and see that everything was ready for me the other side and meet me with my towel and dressing-gown. But I told him quite frankly not to be a fool, as in that case I should have no one by me to serve the soup and sandwiches.

I have never been one to hesitate or put the evil day off, and it was just before 4.15 that I entered the water, which was really lovely and warm. Budge, who rows at least twice a month on the Serpentine when we are in Town, followed immediately. Just prior to striking out from the shore I issued my final instructions. "I shall want," I said, "some soup about 6.30. I shall keep the sandwiches until later."

I don't think I mentioned that I was wearing my ordinary bathing-suit, a dark-blue garment which one gets into as one does (if one does) into a pair of combinations. I wore nothing else except my signet-ring, which I can't get off, and a LENGLEN *bandeau*.

Soon, to my excitement and satisfaction, I was completely out of my depth, and my confidence was redoubled when, on glancing over my shoulder, I saw that the famous white cliffs of England were already nearly forty yards behind me. Meanwhile Budge kept close by me, singing in his rich baritone the "Song of the Volga Boatmen," and once he obligingly leant out of the boat in order to blow my nose.

All went very well for a long period, and it was not actually until the end of a quarter-of-an-hour, Budge tells me, that I showed any signs of fatigue. He guessed then that I was feeling the strain a little because I shouted to him that I should have to have a sandwich. This I ate with relish and then, apparently renewed in strength, set to my task again.

But it soon became clear that this second wind was but a flash in the pan and things became increasingly difficult. I grew too weak to be able to stop huge quantities of the ocean going down my throat, and I had to give in, Budge pulling me, exhausted after much struggling, into the boat, where I was slowly revived by the aid of the sandwiches and soup.

But I am not depressed at my glorious failure. For a *débutant* I doubt if it



MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

("*SHAKESPEARE in Modern Costume.*")

SHAKESPEARE. "HULLO, OLD THING! WHAT'S THE IDEA?"

MR. BERNARD SHAW. "WELL, AS YOU 'RE DRESSING LIKE THAT, I THOUGHT I 'D DRESS LIKE THIS."



Young Man. "THOSE YOUR PARENTS SITTING OVER THERE?"
Young Woman. "NO; THEY'RE MY GODPARENTS. THEY BROUGHT ME UP."
Young Man. "I SEE. SO YOU'RE A SORT OF CUCKOO."

has been equalled. Budge's testimony goes to prove that, when I finally had to relinquish my efforts, I had been swimming no less than twenty-two minutes and had reached a point within twenty-one miles of the French coast. If I did this at my first attempt what may I not do next year? When the time comes I will tell you. But until then I can only say that I take off my hat to myself.

LAST WHEELS.

THE recent spectacle of a two-horse omnibus in the streets of London, with passengers on the top, must have taken the thoughts of many people into the past. Called the "Grandfather," it made two journeys a day through the most tourist-haunted districts with the idea of giving American and other visitors an authentic thrill of ancientry. Incidentally it revived the question, What becomes of old buses? Here, at any rate, was one aged vehicle set on its wheels once more; but the others? There are two joined together in a garden between Sonning and Twyford, as I noticed not long since, looking as though fitted up as emergency dwellings. You can see them now and then high and dry in allotments, a variation upon old railway-carriages. But the crimson-and-white monsters that career wildly down Whitehall and form stately processions about the Mansion House—where do they all go when they die? We never see them more.

And, arising out of this question about dead omnibuses, can anyone explain why, living, they arrive at their stopping-places in bunches instead of at sensible intervals one at a time? It is possible, for instance, to wait for five or ten minutes in Parliament Street for a Number Eleven and then see four Number Elevens roll up together, almost touching each other, each nearly empty. Is that clever?

It is not, however, with the lordly mammoth that I am concerned just now, but with one of the smaller organisms of the vehicular group: a conveyance at the extreme other end of the species: the pram. We know only too well what becomes of old prams because we see them so often, carrying among their worn-out cushions not babies but bundles, not little lords and little ladies of creation, but firewood, potatoes and the wash.

As to their intermediary vicissitudes I know quite a lot, because I had a long talk with one the other day. I found it deserted beside the road while its owners were in a neighbouring wood gathering sticks, and it told me its story. Vestiges of past splendour were still visible, but it was a poor pathetic thing.

"I had a lovely beginning," it said wistfully. "Everything about me was of the best, and I was put right in front of the shop window for the passers-by to see me. And while they were looking at me I was looking at them and wondering who they were and what my luck was to be. Of course those who stared longest were the poorest, and they couldn't possibly have afforded anything so swagger as I was. Girls and women always; never men, except now and then a young one with his girl on his arm.

"Sometimes they would come in to ask the price; at least the girls would. The men never came in too; bashful, I suppose. But I was always too dear. I was sorry sometimes, for the girls were so nice.

"'Don't you worry' the pram next to me said; a second-hand one; not old, but it had gone out to one place and then had been taken back because a double one was needed: twins you know; and it was there at a reduction because the tyres weren't absolutely

new. 'Don't you worry,' it said; 'you wouldn't enjoy being with people like that. They keep you in a narrow hall and everyone kicks you or knocks into you when passing. The nurse not in uniform either.'

"'I shouldn't mind that if I liked them,' I answered; but the other pram laughed. 'Anyway,' she said, 'it will be a long time before you 'll know, because you 're bound to begin with the swells.'

"And almost before she had finished speaking I was being sold to a beautiful lady, and that evening I was sent off in a van to her house in Park Lane. I was put at first in a dark room all alone, but after a week or so I was moved into the hall. It was a false alarm, however; it often is, as I've discovered since; and I was there for another week, with grave important doctors always passing in and out; and then one day a superb nurse, in uniform, packed blankets and pillows and coverlets into me, and then gently laid a tiny baby among them and wheeled me off into the Park.

"How proud I was of the little baby—it was a boy and he was going to be a Lord some day—and how I liked being in the Park, all among the other nurses and babies and prams and soldiers! While the nurses talk together we talk too, you know, and compare notes not only as to our homes and our passengers and our nurses and their soldiers, but as to the way in which we 're pushed and how nervous some of us are when we come to crossings, and how safe others feel when a bond of friendship has been established with the police. My one had a wonderful way with point-duty inspectors.

"Well, I was the happiest pram in London for a year, and then a terrible thing happened: the poor little Lord died, and the parents took such a dislike to me that I was given to the butler, who at once put me in a sale.

"I was still handsome, although we had been caught in storms quite a lot and I had been left too much in the sun; but it broke my heart when I heard the auctioneer say, 'Thirty shillings, for the last time; for the last time, thirty shillings. Gone!'

"My new owner lived in Battersea and was a clerk in the City; and his baby also was late in arriving. While we were waiting I was borrowed by more than one neighbour—first for 'Little Gladys' and then for 'Little Gert'; and indeed for the next four years I was being as much borrowed by others as used for my own family. At the end of that time the clerk got a rise and was persuaded to buy a new pram as part of the celebration, and I am sure was not unwilling, for he often pushed it himself.



"VERY INTERESTING PIECE, THIS, SIR."
"YOU 'VE SAID IT. BUT WHAT SIZE IS THE WHOLE THING?"

"My next home was at a navvy's, where I lived under a piece of tarpaulin padlocked to the railings and spent hours outside public-houses while my baby's parents sat inside with their friends. He was a dear little baby, 'Young 'Erb'—in fact, I have had great luck with all my babies—but how I missed Hyde Park and the kind policemen! How I missed the nurse's uniform!

"I missed even Battersea Park, for we lived entirely among little streets, and whenever I was pushed out by day I was used even more as a lorry than as a pram, for any parcel was popped in with the child. Often and often has the poor little creature cried with pain from a wedge of cheese in his back when his mother thought it was colic. I knew.

"But I was soon to be a lorry and nothing else, it seemed, for when the navvy's wife decided that I was too shabby even for her I was sold to the people who have got me now and who use me only to carry things in. Tramps, if you please! To-day it 's sticks, with possibly a rabbit or two hidden underneath. To-morrow it may be old clothes. But whatever it is it won't be a baby."

E. V. L.

THEATRE RHYMES.

XVI.—SEATS.

Phyllis, when she is my guest,
Likes dress-circle seats the best.

Daphne has to have a stall
Or she will not go at all.

Iris, with her lovely frocks,
Lets me take her to a box.

Peggy by my side will sit
Quite contented in the pit.

* * * *

If a bridegroom I should be,
Peggy is the girl for me.

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

V.—THE SULPHUR POOL.

I FEAR I do not deserve to be sent to the Rocky Mountains with a Mission. The other members of the Mission have gone off in a lovely char-à-banc for a thrilling drive round the Rocky Mountains. They will see all the Rocky Mountains for miles around, many of them from two sides, or even three. And here I am, sitting in my dear little train in a siding. I can see only one Rocky Mountain, and only one side of it. But it is a good one; it has clouds on the top of it, and snow, and, I believe, bear. And I thoroughly enjoy it.

This is, I suppose, a grave defect of character. One good view will last me for a long time; but twenty good views will sicken me of a continent. I must be wrong; for if not, why is it that about a million of my fellow-creatures are at this very moment charging round these mountains cramming the greatest possible number of views into their systems?

It was the same yesterday. This little place, Banff, is a beauty-spot on the fringe of the mountains. It has an hotel the size of a mountain, with a lovely view over a lovely valley with a lovely blue river to lovely mountains far away. Banff, I suppose, has more attractions to the square inch than any place in the world. It swarms with "tourists," one or two of them Americans. Many of them, like ourselves, are banded together in herds, and, unlike ourselves, are bright with Convention badges, with flags and buttons, and all the insignia of the Elks of Ohio, the Buffaloes, or Shriners. A man might easily sit on the terrace the whole day and look at the view—or look at the Elks. But that is not allowed. For he can, and should, climb mountains with the Swiss guides, play golf or tennis, ride "ponies" over the passes, drive round in char-à-bancs, inspect the captive buffaloes or otherwise keep himself occupied. Yesterday, as luck would have it, there fell as well the annual Parade, Stampede and Sports of the Stoney Indians—real genuine Red Indians, or, at any rate, as our Member of Parliament remarked unkindly, taken as red. And then there is the Sulphur Swimming Pool.

To tell you the truth, this is the only thing I can tell you much about. And in a setting of such grandeur it seems so small an affair that I mention it only with a sense of guilt. Yet, to be perfectly frank, I spent most of the day (our only day at Banff) in the Sulphur Swimming Pool. It is a marble pool below the terrace of the hotel, and through the glass sides one can see the view referred to above. The water is warm (about 80°), buoyant and, being "piped" from Sulphur Mountain, has "curative properties," I understand; though, since there is no schedule of the diseases likely to be favourably affected or otherwise, this side of the swim is a little of a gamble. The great thing about it is that it is both open-air and really warm. Swimming-baths in England are never really warm and seldom in the open-air. In the Sulphur Pool one may swim and dive and splash about almost for ever and suffer apparently no ill effects but utter exhaustion; while from the terrace above those more advanced in years look down for ever on the gambols of the young. Here there is never that clawing fear that one has "been in too long," no chattering teeth or palsied fingers; one swims till one sinks. Yet this heavenly bathing is some five thousand feet above sea-level.

However I must not dwell upon this. Let me tell you about the Indian Sports. I believe the Indian Sports, Stampede or what-not were very fine. There were relay (horse) races and a most exciting Indian boys' race (they say); and the squaws' walking-race was capital (I hear). Some of the arrow-shooting was marvellous (so Honeybubble said); and the last thing was a very remarkable tug-of-war on horseback (by all accounts). And of course all round were the Indian *tepees*, with real squaws, papooses and what-not. All this I enjoyed (from various descriptions) as much as if I had seen it.

But I was in the Sulphur Swimming Pool.

Riding in the woods or over the passes is great fun, and I watched many riders leave the hotel before returning to the Sulphur Swimming Pool. For this sport some of the lady visitors wore very curious costumes, consisting principally of a kind of hunting-coat in scarlet but with no sleeves, "plus fours," horn-spectacles, round shoulders and bobbed hair. To ride the patient mountain-ponies about the mountains is considered apparently to be the easiest form of horse-riding anywhere; women ride here who never saw a horse before; and two I saw who were quite unable to induce their patient steeds to leave the yard at all, and, dismounting at last after a prolonged but bloodless struggle, decided to proceed by char-à-banc instead. Riding in the woods one may come upon the mountain-goat or sheep, the wild deer and the tame bear, all of which, they say, have lost their fear of man in this area, which is a Government sanctuary. George ran into a horned thing which he fancies was an elk, and Honeybubble into a sixteenth-century princess on a palfrey; but she, being in the middle of a film, was more upset than the elk. Bears, they say, come down to the back-door at eventide and get at the pig-food. I meant to go and see this.



THE HIGH-WATER MARK IN SEASIDE ENTERTAINMENT.

TED AND GRACE AQUAMARINE IN THEIR POT-POURRI OF OCEAN FLOOR-DANCING. ABSOLUTELY NO DANGER. PLATE-GLASS WINDOWS BETWEEN THE SPECTATORS AND THE SHRIMPS.

Between bathes, it is true, I did happen to see the Parade of the Stoney Indians before the stony Englishmen in the hotel yard. And a brave show they made in their many-coloured paint and finery, painted papooses, squaws, chiefs, medicine-men and all. The very horses were painted, some of them, and most of the rest would have looked the better for another coat.

Chief Long Lance, of the Cherokee Indians (a journalist), made a capital speech, in which he said that his tribe no longer felt so strongly about the Blackfeet Indians, though for some time the latter had nourished resentment in their hearts "because we used to catch hold of them by the hair and cut off their heads with the other hand." He pointed out that the Indians in Canada were the first inhabitants of the



"HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON WITH YOUR TENNIS, MR. SHORT?"
"WELL, I'VE ONLY BEEN PLAYING FOR A FORTNIGHT, AND I HAVEN'T BEEN GETTING ON VERY WELL. BUT I THINK I SHALL DO BETTER NOW, SINCE I'VE FOUND THAT THIS THING COMES OFF MY RACQUET."

continent, but continued kindly, "We are very glad to live by the white men, who are our true friends. When we first met the white men we did not like their smell. They smelled like cattle and not like the buffalo to which we were accustomed. In those days we had no diseases, we kept our teeth sometimes till we were a hundred, and we never coughed. When we met the white man we started coughing, and we have been coughing ever since. We tried to eat the white man's food, but everything he ate belonged to cattle, his meat, his butter, and we could not keep it down, so we must back to the buffalo. Now we kill a buffalo every day; we killed a buffalo this morning. But our teeth are dropping out, and in a hundred years I think we shall all be dead. That is all I have to say."

By the roar of cheers and laughter which then went up from the large white audience one might have supposed he had paid us the warmest compliments possible. We showered money on the brave Indian and returned to the Sulphur Swimming Pool.

It is raining, I see. I do hope the Mission are having fun in the char-à-bancs. My view is quite different now, but admirable. And I repeat that I would rather see the same view looking different than charge about in a monstrous motor seeing sixty views which look the same.

And, by thunder! there is a gopher. Two yards from the train. All the way across Canada I have been trying to see a gopher. The gopher is the farmer's bane, a cross between a squirrel, a rabbit and a rat; an engaging little creature but voracious. It swarms in the prairies, it teems among the grain, it gathers round a man's golf-ball when it goes into the rough; but I have travelled two thousand odd miles without seeing it. And, sweet reflection, had I gone charging round the mountains in a char-à-banc I should not have seen it now. How charmingly the gopher sits there—just as they told me, bolt upright, its arms folded across its chest, like a stone apostle, looking at me!

Alas! my dear nigger partner and attendant, whose name is Charles Stewart, has just come in. He says my gopher is "jest a grey squirrel, sah—a Canadian squirrel, sah; no mo'."

Well, well; at least it is a squirrel. And now I shall walk up to the Sulphur Swimming Pool. I wish you could all come too. A. P. H.

A Cautious Forecast.

"TO-DAY'S WEATHER AIR AT FIRST."
Scots Paper.

More Commercial Candour.

"Are you satisfied with your tailor? Or have you been to ——, Ltd., Classic Tailors?"
Provincial Paper.

Our Pampered Pets Again.

"A SEA PARADISE FOR HIGHBROWS.

On the strip of road that divides beach and meadow well-fed donkeys trot happily.

Some of these live in cottages—the kind one dreams of acquiring after a long, hard-working life. Others dwell in tents that have been sent down complete even to the tin-opener from a London store."—*Daily Paper.*

"And for another hour these two men sat talking and coming to a better understanding than they 'd had before. The dull drone of Hamilton's voice, the answering depth of Bassett's, were interrupted now and then by the phiz of the siphon."
Feuilleton in Daily Paper.

Which was, presumably, looking round for the whisky.

"A. S. M. Hutchinson's new novel, *One Increasing Purpose*, is to be published on Tuesday. The title is from the line 'Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,' from Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.'"
Sunday Paper.

Similarly, WILLIAM DE MORGAN found the title of his novel, *Somehow Good*, in the well-known lines of the same poet's *Locksley Hall*:—

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill."

THE QUESTION.

SHE was looking at me pensively, gently, sadly. It was easy to see there was something on her mind. In a faint and far-off voice, her eyes fixed earnestly on mine, she said, "Do you ever wonder, is it really worth it? I do."

"If you mean your hat," I answered thoughtfully, "I should say that chiefly depends on how much you paid for it."

"I don't mean my hat," she answered with some heat, "and I haven't paid for it at all."

"Oh, naturally," I said; "I was only using the word 'paid' in an honorary sense. What I mean is, how much they have it charged at in your account."

"And what I mean," she retorted, "is that it isn't charged at all, cash or credit."

"It grew?" I asked, quite excited.

"I won it," she answered simply.

"Good!" I cried. "I remember in the War I often won things too. Once on the Somme I won three bottles of whisky and a pound of bacon. You ought to have heard the man who lost them—an education in itself. And he couldn't prove a thing, because no one can swear to an empty bottle or to bacon when it 's in the frying-pan."

"I don't mean that kind of winning," she said haughtily. "I won mine honestly."

"Me too," I murmured; "everyone said he had no right to leave things like that lying about."

"Honestly and openly," she repeated. "From Tom," she added, daring me to have misunderstood.

"When it 's a husband," I pointed out, "the technical expression 'won' is not used; the correct word is 'levied.'"

"Not with Tom," she asserted. "He said if I would promise quite faithfully not to be more than ten minutes late next day when we were going to a matinée he would give me a new hat. So of course I promised ever so faithfully, and that 's how I won it. And I think I deserved it too, because, if you haven't a maid and everything to think of, from gloves to scarf, for yourself, and your hair to get just so—well, there you are, aren't you?"

"But not at the appointed time, perhaps," I murmured, and, since I was not altogether without experience, I added, "By the way, if it 's not a rude question, how late were you?"

"It 's a very rude question indeed," she answered severely, "and quite unnecessary; and besides I don't know, but I 'm sure it can't possibly have been twenty-five minutes. Tom's watch must have been wrong."

"Or perhaps," I suggested, "he exaggerated. Some men do."

"It 's more the fault of their sex than of themselves," she said generously.

"Only," I went on, trying to see to the depths of things, "that being so—twenty-five minutes or less—why the victory? Why, I mean, the hat?"

"I promised, didn't I?" she demanded indignantly. "That 's all he asked me to do, and I did at once, so of course he gave me the hat the same day; and everyone knows a new hat can't be hurried, so there was nothing to be surprised at."

"Nothing," I echoed; "and so that was that."

"And so," she corrected gently, "that was the hat. Do you like it?"

"It was well worth winning," I assured her. "What made you wonder if it was really worth it?"

"Oh, I didn't," she asserted, her voice growing faint and far off again. "When I said, 'Is it really worth it?' I meant"—(her parasol described a sweeping movement from right to left and back)—"everything," she said comprehensively. "Everywhere," she added, so as to be sure of overlooking nothing.

"And I answer," I cried with enthusiasm, "No—not even at the summer sales. But I am thinking," I added, "more particularly of the income-tax."

"Don't you think," she mused, "that people are often very ungrateful to the income-tax? I can always make Tom quite lively and chatty, even after dinner, by saying 'Income-tax!' to him, like 'Rats!' to Teaser."

"Or me," I said gloomily, "either before dinner or after."

"But what I mean," she went on in the same distant far-off voice, like listening over the telephone when you can't quite hear, "is the—the Altogether. Is that worth while—the Altogether?"

"Hush," I said, looking round nervously; "someone from Chelsea might hear you."

"I don't understand you," she said coldly; "often extremely nice people live in Chelsea now."

"I do," I pointed out.

"I wasn't thinking of you," she said kindly. Then she looked at me suspiciously. "But I thought you were Battersea?" she said.

"I always call it Chelsea," I explained, "so as not to seem proud."

"That," she said with decision, "is no excuse whatever."

"None was intended," I answered, "as the lady who cleans for me said when she drank the beer of the lady who cleans for the next flat."

"What happened?"

"Ten shillings or seven days. She said that was worth it, anyhow."

"Perhaps it was," my friend conceded; "but you keep the subject on so low a plane. What I mean is, is it worth while to struggle, to yearn, to strive, or is it perhaps better and wiser to give up all effort at once?"

"I often feel like that too," I said; "but don't you think that it is really for one's creditors to decide?"

"Have you creditors?" she asked in astonishment. "We heard your account was closed practically everywhere."

"A gross libel," I declared with heat. "Why, the driver of the very taxi that brought me here is still trusting me for his tip."

"Poor, poor fellow," she murmured; "he too will soon feel the hollowness of all existence—the emptiness, the void."

"Ah!" I cried, "luncheon, you mean. How about the Ritz? And that same taxi 's still waiting over there, so if we take it I can owe him for another tip."

E. R. P.

THE KRISHEN FEELING.

[Among the latest features of the B.B.C.'s programmes is a concert given by the Imperial Vocal Quartet in conjunction with the Modern Trio—MELZAK (violin), MANUCCI ('cello) and KRISH (piano).]

THOUGH prophets are grousing and glooming,
Though trade is not all we could wish,
The B.B.C.'s programmes are booming
With MELZAK, MANUCCI and KRISH.

I'm only a doggerel rhymer,
But were I a judge or a bish,
I shouldn't be any sublimer
Than MELZAK, MANUCCI or KRISH.

For the sound of their surnames is sweeter
Than even the flavour of squish,
And they lend themselves kindly to metre,
Do MELZAK, MANUCCI and KRISH.

The petulant tribe of pooh-poohers
May doubtless ejaculate "Pish!"
Or belittle the friendly reviewers
Of MELZAK, MANUCCI and KRISH.

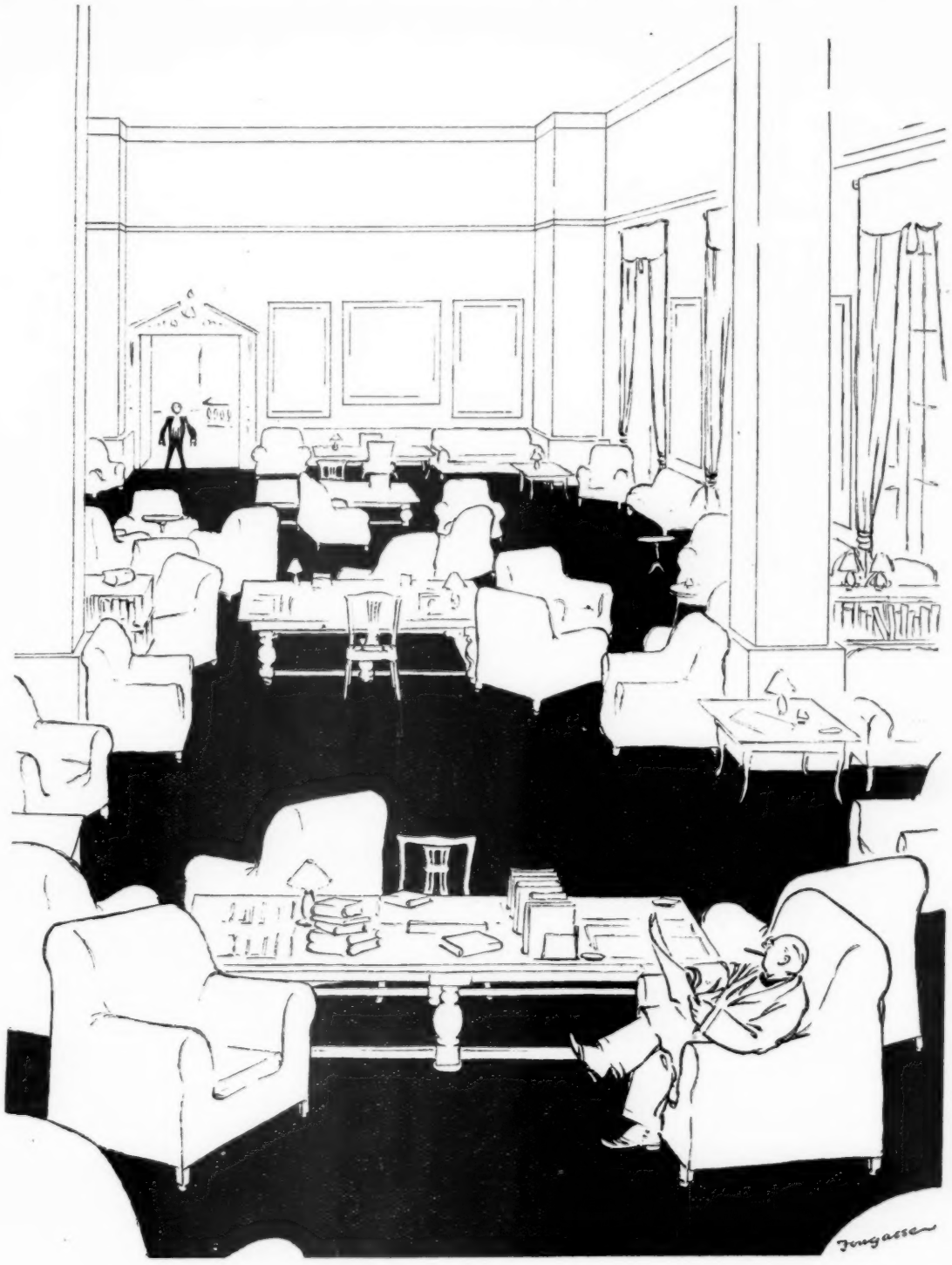
My envy is not for the anglers,
Who shine in the capture of fish;
My envy is not for high wranglers,
But MELZAK, MANUCCI and KRISH.

And you 'll find, though you travel from Rio
To Frisco, from Norwich to Nish,
Nothing like so euphonious a trio
As MELZAK, MANUCCI and KRISH.

So I cannot help feeling with sadness
That SAUL, the mad scion of KISH,
Might well have been cured of his madness
By MELZAK, MANUCCI and KRISH.

"She looked up with a wan little simile."
Extract from recent novel.

We fear she must have overstrained her imagery.



"DID YOU RING, SIR?"
"YES; THERE'S A WASP IN THE ROOM."



First Novice. "HOW MANY SHOTS HAVE YOU HAD, OLD MAN?"
Second Novice. "ELEVEN."
First Novice. "SO HAVE I. BY JOVE, THIS IS DING-DONG!"

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Plage-Frivole.

Eh bien! Nous revoici! The same merry crowd that foregathered at Folleville last year. Folleville's become impossible. Our dear compatriots of the outsider variety that's absolutely unfit for human food had begun to swarm there because *We* were there, so *We* had to move on to another summer playground.

Of all people whom should I meet in the surf the other day but my cousin, Sarah Delamont? "My dear Sarah," I said, "you're one of the monsters of the deep in that bathing-dress. It dates from the old legendary days of bathing-machines and professional dippers. You're terribly out of the picture at Plage-Frivole."

"Best compliment you could pay me," said Sarah; "I'm only here because Willoughby wanted to come and I couldn't trust him here alone. You *ought* to be out of the picture too, Sylvia—a dowager with a comparatively limited income—at a place like this."

That's just like Sarah. Later, on the Terrace, she expressed positively *violent* views about the dear merry people strolling there. "Now that I'm in Parliament again," she said, "I shall try to introduce a Bill regarding extravagant dress and luxury on the lines of the Prohibition Bill in the U.S.A. It's a great idea."

"Why did you cut Lord Easthampton?" I asked her.

"Because of the company he's in," she answered; "trying to show how tired he is of his blonde handsome wife and parading that copper-coloured gipsy about everywhere."

"Why, you stupid woman," I said, "the copper-coloured gipsy is Delia herself with the correct Plage-Frivole complexion."

The great rivals here in dress and *tout ce qui attire les regards* are Mrs. Bonderbosch, the South African diamond man's wife, and Madame Guzman-Gonzalez of Argentina. There's been betting as to which of them will wear most frocks in one day. At present, Guzman-Gonzalez is one up on Bonderbosch. As far on in the day as the *apéritif* frock, the lunch frock and the strolling frock, they were neck and neck, and then, between the tea creation and the sunset frock, Guzman-Gonzalez burst upon us in the dernierest cri of the Maison Dernier Cri, the chatting frock, shell-pink satin-muslin, the skirts short and full, like a ballet-girl's, with black velvet notes of admiration and question marks, and sentences and half-sentences embroidered in black round the hem: "*Viens me faire la causette;*" "*On m'a raconté que. . . .;*" "*Quelle belle histoire touchant . . .!*" "*As-tu entendu dire que . . .?*" and so on. As she strolled about everyone was reading her frock; she was a *succès fou*, and Bonderbosch crumpled up.

But next morning the latter got back a bit of her own in a ravishing bathing-dress of green satin fish-scales, a tiny emerald on each scale. Only the strongest eyes could look at her lounging about in the sunshine!

They both play pretty high, and one night, saying she'd no more ready money about her, Bonderbosch threw down a necklet of diamonds as big as knuckles. Not to be outdone, Guzman-Gonzalez next night, after a run of ill-luck, staked a pair of *honi-soits* set with enormous rubies.

Cassandra Vandollarbilt, otherwise Sandy Van, the little Yankee millionairess, runs the South African and the Argentine close as a sensation. Indeed, one afternoon on the Terrace, dressed in a parasol, a scarf and three immense tassels, she fairly left them down the course. Then her engagement to the Duke of Wessex, who's here too, gives her a *cachet*. We all think it quite a

nice match. Sandy's millions will buy back Wessex Castle from the Lazarus-Leviticus people, and she 'll be a jolly little duchess. Wessex is small and far from good-looking and perhaps a little feeble in character, but he has *charm*. Some people say he 's bandy, which is very unfair. Only *one* of his legs is bandy, the other is quite nice and straight. (Chatterton Soames says his legs are one more indication of his shilly-shally undecided character, and that he 'd respect him more if they were *both* bandy.)

There 's a novel feature about Plage-Frivole this season. People are conscious that the *sea* is here. And quite a number *really swim!* There are others who don't go beyond the shallow water, where they ride races on their rubber horses and play with the huge rubber bathing-dolls that are so much the rage here that the popular greeting among us English is, "Are you real or rubber?"—a question to be decided by a pinch. The French have caught it up and reproduce it as "*Es-tu en chair ou en élastique?*" In one tongue or the other one hears it on all sides.

But about the swimmers. Whether a swimming-instructor was appointed because there were so many swimmers, or the swimmers were attracted by the swimming-instructor, one can't say; but there he is—Théophile, *maître de nage*, pronounced by *nous autres Anglaises* "adorable," and by his own countrywomen "*enchanteur*"! One of the most enthusiastic of those learning all the different strokes—the herring-run, the haddock-glide and the *saut de saumon*—is Sandy Van. She and the *maître de nage* sometimes swim out so far that the other pupils complain of neglect. Little Wessex also has been heard to say in his little meek voice: "It isn't kind of you, Sandy dear, to swim so much when you know I never go into the sea."

The elders of the House of Vandollarbilt, who 've come across for the wedding, which is to be at Westminster Abbey, have arrived here and are keeping a sharp eye on Sandy. They know their Sandy, *sans doute*, and don't mean her to imperil by any of her *fredaines* the ducal coronet that 's to shed a lustre on them all.

At the Fancy-Dress Ball at the Cirque last night, Chatty Soames and I went together as NELSON and Lady HAMILTON. I was made-up to look *wonderfully* like ROMNEY's "Bacchante," and managed to keep the pose and expression quite *wonderfully*. My dear Nelson was utterly devoted to his Emma. It was sheer cattiness of Delia Easthampton and some others to ask wonderingly *what I was supposed to be*. And as for that horrid little Jimmy Foljambe asking if Chatty was *meant for a Chelsea pensioner*, I cut him for the rest of the evening.

The sensation of the night was the fascinating Théophile, *maître de nage*, as a merman. The mermaid to match was Princess Asterisky, in whose party he came. But the Princess-mermaid was not left in undisputed possession of her merman, for, the rumour of Théophile's intended get-up having taken wind, the room was half full of mermaids! "I 'd no idea," said Chatty as he looked at the throng of mermaids, "that a merman was such a very polygamous creature. Only see how atrociously some of these *mer*women manage their temporary long hair, their mirrors and their fish-tails. *Mer*women indeed! Let them put an 'e' between the 'r' and the 'w.' As for that fellow Théophile, I can't imagine what you women see in him."

"Oh, my dearest Nelson," I cried, "it hurts your Emma to hear you say anything so *usual*. That 's what all the *ordinary* men say of a charmer of their own sex. Emma's Nelson should be more original and magnanimous."

* * * * *

A sensation before which all previous sensations crumble up! Cassandra Vandollarbilt has eloped with Théophile, *maître de nage!* True to her colours she has set a fashion in elopements, and the *run*away match has been superseded by the *swim*away match. It was no use the Vandollarbilt elders keeping a sharp eye on their Sandy; "their control," as one of the poets sings, "stopped at the shore."



Valet (to lordly being). "AT WHAT HOUR WILL YOU TAKE THE SEA, SIR?"



American (to friend just come out of National Gallery). "WAAL, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF IT?"
Friend. "MY—IT 'S REAL FINE! DID THE WHOLE SHOW IN THIRTY MINUTES. AND IF I 'D HAD NAILS IN MY SHOES I 'D A-DONE IT IN HEF THE TIME."

In the course of the morning swim Sandy and her Théophile swam out to a motor-launch that was waiting in the offing—and the next thing her relations heard was that she was Madame Théophile!

We 're all very angry with her. The air is full of lamentations in English and French: "What a beastly shame!" "How horribly we shall miss him!" "*Cette petite coquine des Etats-Unis qui nous a arraché Théophile!*" "*Comment nager sans Théophile?*"

Sandy's letter to her relatives is quite a little *chef-d'œuvre*: "Don't be mad with me, folks. Théophile is just the most wonderful boy that ever happened. But I promise you here and now that sooner or later you shall have a duchess in the family crowd, and that when Théophile and I conclude to get a divorce I'll take little Wessex next. Tell him so, with my love."

"The bride wore a dress of white crêpe-de-chine with veal and wreath of orange blossom."
Provincial Paper.

Lemon really goes better with veal.

THINGS SEEN.

Belfry House,
Little Battington.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As the subject of prehistoric animals is again to the fore I am sure that your readers will be interested in a little experience that befell me about three years ago while stalking markhor in the island of Mull. I had come upon the slots of a fine bull and was cutting my way cautiously through the brush with my machete, not wishing to disturb the quarry, which at that time of the day was probably feeding as it moved, when about fifty yards ahead of me I heard a weird moaning sound followed by a chorus of gruntings and chucklings. Approaching noiselessly I found myself on the edge of a clearing, in the centre of which lay a dead hippopotamus, and around it hopped and scrambled about a dozen queer creatures such as I had never seen before. They had very long necks, were covered with what looked from the distance to be feathers, and ever and anon they made a barking sound indistinguishable from that of a dog. I was not at that time a student of natural history, having taken the Classical Tripos at Cambridge, and assumed that the creatures belonged to a species with which the zoologists were familiar. Moreover, I wished to secure a portion of the hippopotamus meat, of which the gillies or native bearers of the island are inordinately fond. I therefore attempted to shoo the creatures away by waving my flask at them, but, instead of taking to flight, they crowded round me wriggling their long ungainly necks and making a noise that I can only liken to water running out of a bath. Just then however a shot fired, as I afterwards learned, by one of my gillies, who had become nervous at my protracted absence, rang out and the whole herd of strange creatures took to its heels. I never saw them again, for on the following day I was taken seriously ill, as the result of getting my feet wet, and have been confined to the house ever since. The incident had almost passed from my mind when I read the accounts of Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, Major RUDKIN

and many others of the prehistoric animals they have come across from time to time. I am now satisfied that the creatures I encountered that day on the island of Usquebaugh were *Phytosauri*, which, according to Professor ARTHUR KEITH, inhabited the Triassic conglomerate lying in the neighbourhood of Glenlivet and the mountain mass of Uam Var between the third and fourth glacial epochs.

Believe me, etc.

(Major) A. YARNAT CLUBBERTON.

ALGOL.

THE TERRIBLE FLAPPER.

["The male mosquito is a vegetarian—it is only the female that feeds upon flesh."
Daily Paper.]

KINDLY and calm of feature,
The old mosquito feeds,
An unassuming creature,
On turnip-tops and weeds.

He loves the stagnant water
That fills his homely swamp,
He sees his youngest daughter
Commence to smile and romp.

Scant traces of the sinner!
Her cheek is like the rose,
But ah! that taint within her
Too well, too well he knows.

There is no ban, no veto,
No drug, no charm designed
To check the girl mosquito
From following mankind.

Scarce weaned, the merest larva,
With fangs too frail to bite,
She keeps on saying, "Farver,
I must go out to-night.

"I must go to the pictures,
I hate our poisonous fen;"
She flouts the old man's strictures,
This young mosquito hen.

The lure of lighted casements!
The drone of fluttering wings!
The sudden swift effacements!
The rapture of the stings!

What wonder that those pinions
Are fain to fly the pool
For more superb dominions—
My forehead as a rule.

'Twas ever thus with misses,
They leave the ancient home
To plant their Judas kisses
Upon some manly dome.

Yet ere to-night is over,
So I can aim but well,
Of one false fleeting rover
There 'll be a tale to tell—

Of one light wanton reveller
On human blood to whom
Came Death, the awful leveller,
To swat her in her bloom.

She shall not feed much longer
Upon this glorious brow;
My pace, my aim grow stronger;
Now then, you flirt—now, *now!*



Very New Member (bursting in). "I SAY—I WONDER IF YOU COULD TELL ME—I 'M LOOKING FOR MY FRIEND BROWN—IS HE IN THE CLUB?"
Very Old Member. "NOT IN THIS CLUB, I TRUST."

Another Impending Apology.

"George —— will lead the attack in his benefit match. I trust Greenockians will rally round their unfortunate centre-forward, who has had a leg broken twice in the service—he deserves it."—*Scots Paper.*

"It is the Custom-house, as such, that is the bostacle much more than the tariff as such. There was a time when English people knew that and thrived by it."—*Manchester Paper.*

Nowadays of course there are few, even among convinced Free-Traders, who have ever heard the word.

There was an old man of Dunoon
Who always ate soup with a fork;
When they asked, "Ain't it slow?"
He answered "Oh, yes,
But I find it a positive blessing."

"INSECT THAT DESTROYS PRICKLY PEER."
Headline in South African Paper.

Somebody ought to warn the Duke of ——.

From a brush-manufacturer's trade-circular:—

"Owing to the turbulent state of affairs in China all Bristles are on the rise."

We are prepared to believe this.

IF——

If A. J. COOK
Would take his hook
To Yucatan or Scandinavia,
He 'd leave glad hearts
In all the parts
Around Park Lane and North Belgravia.



Small Boy. "OH, MUMMY, WHY *didn't* WE BRING BABY?"

SAM II.

OBIIT 23. 8. 1925.

SOME years ago I bade you weep
For Sam, our one-time Polar pride,
Who, struck all over of a heap
By England's piercing summer, died.
The world goes round; and here, begad, I am
Mourning the finish of the second Sam.

Called in that melancholy time,
He came to heal a people's loss,
And waxed apace, and reached his prime;
You would not soon have come across
A sight more comely than his baggy form
With that great rug of his to keep him warm.

And o'er his den the seasons rolled;
A generation passed, and boys
Who 'd fed him shouting, and been told
Not to make that infernal noise,
Grew up to see him nourished by their sons
With reeking bulls'-eyes and marmoreal buns.

His was a calm and level life,
Save that, without the power to choose,
He had one Barbara to wife,
A creature of restricted views,
In whom he found small pleasure and less tact,
And, if she loved him, she disguised the fact.

She ruled him both in pond and den;
She gave herself unpleasing airs;
Her converse was a growl; and when
He grew to pine for little bears,
As they arrived, new troubles would begin,
For she invariably did them in.

Widowed, he got the bouncing Liz;
But their relations were but cool;
She bored him with her coquetries,
Until he shoved her in the pool,
And sat down strongly on her head, and bowed
Serenely to a not unkindly crowd.

And so they hastily withdrew
His gasping bride, and he remained
To pass his later years (but few)
In a fair solitude, unstrained
By females that he had not asked for and
Seemed, with some colour, to misunderstand.

And men admired him still. But change
Grew onward, as it surely will;
He suffered—not to say, from mange—
But some obscure cutaneous ill;
The bull's-eye flung its notice on the air,
The bun appealed, in vain; he didn't care.

And, waxing fainter yet, he took
More quickly to the downward path;
He stopped all exercise, forsook
The purging comfort of his bath;
He grew morose; his eye appeared to strike
Men with a portent that they didn't like.

We will not dwell upon his close;
'Twas age alone that brought him down;
No one can dodge it; goodness knows,
It comes to monarch and to clown.

* * * * * *

A shot rang out one morning. All is said.
Weep, you that loved him, weep, for he is dead.

DUM-DUM.



TWO'S COMPANY.

JOHN BULL TO M. CAILLAUX. "I ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR PERSONAL COURTESY, BUT THE NEXT TIME YOU APPEAL TO MY LOYALTY AND GOOD NATURE PERHAPS IT MIGHT BE AS WELL TO CONTROL THE LANGUAGE OF THAT BIRD OF YOURS."



FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PRESS.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING GROUP.

ON A GREY AFTERNOON.

THERE was such a high wind blowing from the north along the cliff-tops and along the sands that a word spoken flew instantly with a loud flap a mile behind, and no one could hear it at all. A cap dropped or an india-rubber ball thrown did not fly quite so quickly as that, but they flew a very long way indeed. One could scarcely stagger against the wind. Conversely, going the other way, one walked with great gaiety and speed.

The sky all the morning had been so clouded and boisterous and the sea so rough that the three children had not wanted to go out in the afternoon, and had indeed begun to play merrily together in the dining-room after their wont. Charles, that is to say, who was twelve, was inscribing cricket matches in a note-book according to some mysterious formula of his own, and was occupying the whole of the sofa in doing so. The cricket matches were played at odd intervals against the side of the house with an india-rubber ball, but when translated afterwards on to paper they became a series of county games in which Middlesex always triumphed and HENDREN always made the highest score. Charles covered this sibylline book with his hand when anyone came too near.

Posh, whose real name was something quite different, had not been initiated into the finer secrets of county cricket, but he played three kinds of patience, Fan, Irish and Clock, with considerable assiduity. He used the table and knelt up on a chair. Nobody was permitted to help him, and he cheated vigorously. He was called Posh because it was one of his words, the others being "*topping*," "*expert*" and "wonky." His ambition in life was to become an executioner. He thought it would be *topping* to be an executioner, and smiled so engagingly when he said so that one felt it must be true.

Clare, lying on the floor, had just written on the back of a piece of paper, the front of which was covered with type-script:—

"It had been an unsuccessful afternoon, half drizzle and half sickly sun, Sylvia and Kennith put on thick jerseys and tried to swing on the old apple-tree, then they quarreled, and Kennith sulkily stroad indoors, so Sylvia was left alone in the bows of the *White-Winged Swan*, the small fishing boat. She covered her brown legs with a yet browner mackingtosh, for there was a sharp north-west wind that brort a smart pepering of thick dust on to the bare skin."

Clare, being only eight and a girl at that, could neither play patience on wet days nor perceive the importance of Middlesex, so she was left to the milder consolations of literature.

It was decided, however, by those in



ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF THE OBVIOUS.

Sailor. "SHE 'S ROLLING, SIR."

authority that in spite of the weather tea should be held out-of-doors. The car was to take them to the sea, and they were then to walk along the sands and come back by the cliff. Everyone groaned with indignation, which was forgotten in fighting for the outside places in the car.

The sand as a matter of fact was pure joy, but aunt Mary had under-estimated the violence of the wind along the cliff edge. All the sea-pools were carefully trodden into going along the sand, and Clare managed to sit down in one. The boys climbed half-way up the cliff into a cave, and covered their sweaters and trousers quite all over with yellow clay in coming down. But the cliff-top was really quite terrible, because in some places where the land curved out seawards one might have been blown right over. None of the children paid any attention to the warnings that were declared to them. Charles, of course, attempted to play catch with Posh, the result being that they were both snatched at the last moment from destruction, and Posh's hat was actually whipped away, apparently to Cromer. Nobody ever saw it again. Clare broke down after a few minutes and began to cry, saying that she couldn't possibly go a yard further. Posh admitted long before the end that he was feeling a little wonky, and even Charles began to grow pale under a deep mahogany tan.

It was then that Uncle James came out so strong. Walking right in front of the party and leaning back against the wind he shouted in a loud voice: "Buck up! While we're having tea I'll tell you the extraordinary thing that happened to your great-grandfather and great-grandmother on this very cliff in a wind just like there is now."

It spurred them on. Half-dragged, breathless and exhausted, they reached the car, and a hollow was found where the curiously-tasting tea out of the thermos-flask could be spilt in safety, and Charles and Posh could bet whether there would be any jam inside the dough-nuts. They were rationed rather severely to four apiece. This was the story that Uncle James told when the quiet sticky period had set in:—

"You must know, children, that your great-grandfather Edward had been in love for a very long time with your great-grandmother, Caroline, but had never dared to tell her so. And one day they were walking along the cliffs just where we were walking to-day, in a very high wind. Both of them had been talking about trifling matters, but neither of them had heard a word the other had said. Then suddenly your great-grandfather Edward grew desperate and felt that whatever happened he must make her understand what was in his mind. So he dashed forward about ten yards ahead of your great-grandmother and shouted loudly:—

"'You must long have been sensible, Miss Caroline, when we held conversation together, of the repression under which my true feelings have been so laboriously concealed.'

"Then he stood still and silent and waited till your great-grandmother had passed about five yards beyond him, when she turned round with a little smile and cried:—

"'It would ill become me, Sir, to entertain any opinion with regard to sentiments which a gentleman did not see fit to express.'

"At that your great-grandfather, who was a very strong man indeed, groaned and plunged forward into the gale again with his whiskers streaming behind him (did I say that he wore whiskers?), and having got in front once more for the required distance, which was this time



Boy (jealous of train-bearer). "MUMMY, NEXT TIME COUSIN ALICE COMES HERE TO BE MARRIED, MAY I DRIVE HER?"

about twenty-five yards, faced round and roared:—

"'Must I make it plain to you then, Miss Caroline, that esteem for you has been gradually increasing in my bosom until it has reached a pitch when I am forced to dignify it by the name of affection, nay, rather of love.'

"Then he stood stock still once more till your great-grandmother, passing him again, smiled a little shyly back at him and called shrilly:—

"'Really, Sir, this demonstration of ardour is so unexpected that I am at loss to know in what words I may answer it.'

"'Your great-grandfather Edward then took courage and, pounding forward with clenched fists for the third time, fell upon his knees and bellowed:—

"'Miss Caroline, I love you. Pray accept my heart and hand.'

"Struggling against the tempest, she passed him with a blush upon her face, and whether she would have accepted him or not we shall perhaps never know, for just at this moment the terrible wind caught her crinoline (did I say she was wearing a crinoline?) with such violence that she was hurled over the edge of the cliff, and would have fallen to the bottom had not your great-grandfather managed to lay hold of the ring of the last hoop and by his great strength drag her up to the top again. So of course he had saved her life, and very soon afterwards, as was only fitting, they were married. But had it not been for your great-grandfather's presence of mind in that very high wind on that very same day none of you children would be here now, eating dough-nuts for tea and covering your faces with jam."

* * * * *

"Oh, stick it, Uncle Jem!" said Charles gruffly. "What a perfectly rotten story! I vote we go behind that mound over there and play catch."

"Top*ping*," cried Posh. "E*xpert*, I call it. I do wish you had whiskers, Uncle Jem; you *would* look posh;" and he gave his usual disarming smile.

But a loud wail broke suddenly from Clare, who had been thinking deeply, and was proposing to bring an old-fashioned love-romance into the story of Kenneth and Sylvia. Alas, the high wind which had carried away Posh's hat had deprived her also of the piece of paper on which that masterpiece had been begun. She had only just become sensible of her loss. EVOE.

AN EXHIBITION GOLF-LESSON.

IT was a sultry August evening when at Thompson's request I went round to the Golf Club with him and gave him a lesson. I took him on to the sixteenth tee, which is conveniently near the Club-house and provides an ideal spot for practice, there being a nice wide stretch of fairway in front of it and a good-sized cross-bunker just a reasonable distance away. With us we took twenty balls, which Thompson had acquired for the purpose of practising, and a caddie, whom we sent on in front.

"Well," I said, "let 's have a look at your swing."

Thompson swung. It was a most horrible sight; a parody of all the vices known to the golfer.

"Ah," I said, "that 'll never do. You 'll have to start from the very beginning and learn the swing bit by bit."

I showed him the grip, stance, back-swing, down-swing, follow-through—all very carefully and slowly, telling him to imitate me as I did so. And then I showed him the whole swing in one. I teed up a ball and drove it over the cross-bunker.

"Like that, you see," I said; and I



Governess. "BUT I KNEW MY A, B, C LONG BEFORE I WAS YOUR AGE, PETER."
Peter. "OH, I EXPECT IT 'S CHANGED A LOT SINCE YOU WERE YOUNG, MISS SMITH."

did it again. Both shots were perfect, and Thompson was of course deeply impressed.

"My word!" he exclaimed, "I wish I could do that."

"You will," I said, "in time. It 's just a matter of getting accustomed to swinging the right way. Like this——" and I started to show him again. But Thompson had got out of his place, and the head of my driver caught him on the shin as I was swinging back, and he went hopping round the tee muttering angrily and holding on to his leg.

"I 'm awfully sorry," I said, "but I hadn't the slightest idea you were standing there;" and I explained to him the proper place to stand when anyone was making a shot. "In front," I said, "always in front; and, when you 're on a tee, always the other side of the tee-box."

Thompson went the other side of the tee-box. I then showed him some more drives, and when I had hit all the twenty balls and we were waiting for the caddie to bring them back I had a chat with him about the iron shot, explaining the need for a shorter and slightly compacter swing. But he took no interest in the iron. All he wanted was to begin slogging away with a driver; and when the boy returned he teed a ball up with the idea of making a drive.

"One moment," I said; "first let 's see how you 're going to swing at it."

He showed me. It was absolutely hopeless.

"No good at all," I said. "You can't possibly hope to do any good like that. You simply must get away from that horrible scything action before you attempt to hit a ball."

I took him off the tee again and pointed him out a dandelion to swing at.

"Now," I said, "measure your distance from that dandelion, swing slowly back, keeping your head stock-still and your shoulders on the same level right through the swing; and be sure you 've got your eye on the dandelion at the moment when your club-head meets it."

I addressed the ball which he had teed up.

"Watch me before each stroke," I said. "We will drive alternately."

My first drive was a real beauty. Thompson's was as bad as ever. He hit the air some inches above the dandelion, and, without waiting for me to play my next one, he had another shot, this time thumping the ground behind it. He really did not appear to be making any serious effort.

I drove again—and again—all beauties. Then I topped one; but this was because Thompson was swishing about too close to me just as I was driving. I told him to keep a little further away.

"But," he said, "I 've ruined that dandelion and there aren't any more over there."

"Anything 'll do," I told him. "Find a weed or a worm-cast or something. It 's only a matter of having something to swing at, so as to get the feeling of the proper swing."

He moved a little further away.

I made another shot. My swing was feeling simply fine, and I was conscious of a sense of complete freedom and confidence. I was putting more "snap" into the shots than I could remember ever to have done before, and almost every drive went sailing far over the bunker and straight as a dart. I am certain that anyone watching would



THE ONLY WAY; OR, THE HAPPY ENDING.

have said I was as good a model as the beginner could want. Out of the twenty shots there was only that one that didn't carry the bunker (not counting the one I duffed through Thompson putting me off) and only two that weren't on the fairway. It was a jolly good performance for me and I was particularly glad to bring it off for the benefit of a pupil.

"There!" I said, as my twentieth shot went fizzing through the air; and I looked up to where Thompson was standing. But Thompson was not there. He had disappeared. I looked all round for him; he was nowhere to be seen.

Exhausted with so much effort and disappointed at the strange behaviour of Thompson, I walked back to the Club-house, and there, believe me, lying full-length on a sofa, was Thompson; beside him a whisky-and-soda and in his hands a book, *How to Play Golf*, by HARRY VARDON. L. B. G.

Longevity in Cornwall.

"—— ——. Died at the age of 98. Buried by his father and mother."—*From an epitaph in a Cornish churchyard.*

"The Commissioners of H.M. Works, etc., are prepared to receive Tenners," etc.
So are we. *Trade Paper.*

"CRICKET.—A match was played here between eleven of the men employed by the firm of —— Bros. and eleven of the employees of Mr. C. ——. The tailors were beaten by three innings."—*Local Paper.*
There seems to have been an effort to compensate the tailors for the fact that it takes nine of them to make a man.

"Deryk stood watching her, his hands in his pockets—a rather splendid specimen of English manhood, in his white flannels, his tennis racket in his strong brown hands."—*Story in Church Paper.*
We can't get our tailor to make us pockets like these.

"Sir Joseph Duveen has purchased a portrait of himself by Rembrandt for £50,000."—*Australian Paper.*
We have the highest opinion of Sir JOSEPH'S connoisseurship, but cannot help thinking that on this occasion he has been done.

From a review of *One Increasing Purpose*:—

"There is great power in this remarkably clever novel by the gifted aunt of 'If Winter Comes.'"—*Church Paper.*
We congratulate Mr. HUTCHINSON on the possession of this accomplished relative.

"Young Woman (elderly girl leaving school might do) Wanted, for shop."
Local Paper.
But are there any elderly girls nowadays?

AT THE PLAY.

"HAMLET" (KINGSWAY).

HAVING lightly toyed with the idea that it would be perhaps as well to attend in doublet and hose Sir BARRY



Hamlet (*Mr. COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON*). "'TWAS CAVIARE TO THE GENERAL."

JACKSON'S production of *Hamlet*, I resolutely put such flippant thoughts from me and assumed a receptive mood for this intriguing business. It is pleasant to record that the experiment, seemingly full of deadly hazards, has been abundantly and most surprisingly justified.



Gertrude, Queen of Denmark (*Miss DOROTHY MASSINGHAM*) *to Ophelia* (*Miss MURIEL HEWITT*). "THIS COSTUME MAY NOT SUGGEST ROYALTY, BUT YOURS LOOKS LIKE A TYPIST'S."

The producer chose to have the opening scene on the castle platform played in a Cimmerian gloom. For all we could see the players might have been clothed in goat-skins, though we did gather that *Francisco* challenged *Horatio* with the bayonet. This was, no doubt, designed to keep us on tenter-hooks of expectation, a somewhat distracting but perhaps legitimate device, as he was reserving the full shock of surprise for the state-room scene which was to follow. He was also tactfully concealing from us the fact that the platform "set" was to appear later as the graveyard scene. It was astonishingly against our expectations to find how relatively easy it was to accept the *King* and his courtiers in modern morning-dress, the *Queen* and her ladies with their shingled heads and abbreviated skirts. The players, moreover, adopted a break-neck speed of speech, *Polonius* of course excepted, with the idea of glossing over the frequent incongruities, so far as that was possible.

One supposes that this experiment was suggested by the practice in many periods of history of unsophisticated or de-sophisticated painters presenting a solemn or sacred theme, such, say, as an episode in the life of CHRIST, and garnishing it with the costumes and properties of their own day, thus achieving an unconventional and arresting presentation of their hackneyed subject. But pictures are silent. It is more disconcerting to hear a young man habited in his customary lounge suit of solemn brown debating whether a broken man should his quietus make with a bare bodkin. And "most humbly do I take my leave, m'lord," doesn't seem to come very plausibly from the lips of a typical youngster of to-day saying good-bye to his rather tedious father. Also it is difficult to lose your wits with dignity in a tight short skirt of black georgette; and one could not help expecting our new *Ophelia* to break forth into "I Want to be Happy," or one of Mr. ROBEY'S less polite lyrics, in order to remain in the picture. Indeed, one cannot help feeling that Sir BARRY has not gone quite far enough, and that it would be possible to make a few modifications in the work-a-day part of the dialogue, leaving the great soliloquies untouched to carry conviction by their inherent beauty and power. And it was certainly better business for *Laertes* to break in upon the *King*, revolver in hand, than it was for *Hamlet*, instead of whipping out his rapier, to unhook a presumably blunt sword from the gauntlets of one of the two suits of mediæval

armour which, with a *prie-dieu* and a soda-water syphon, made the chief furnishings of what I took to be *King Claudius's* dressing-room.

As the new convention became established, however, it seemed natural enough to accept our old friends *Guildenstern* and *Rosencrantz* in the guise of two typical dancing partners of to-day. And how clear it was that SHAKESPEARE'S *Osric* would have been one of the very first to burst into Oxford trouserings, if that plague had visited Denmark a few centuries ago! And there can be no question that *Polonius*, looking very much like a certain much-respected ambassador, counselling his son against the dangers of Paris (omitting all reference to the Exhibition), gave an added freshness to that eternally fresh piece of wit and wisdom. Though it must be frankly confessed that the questionable taste of his tedious disquisition on the madness of *Hamlet* was emphasised uncomfortably. The "very like a whale" exchange was cut altogether, with many another difficult passage.

As might perhaps have been expected the first part of the graveyard scene, with that admirably deliberate comedian, Mr. CEDRIC HARDWICKE, as the *First Gravedigger*, in a bowler hat that completely justified itself, brought out the rich undying humour of that boldly interpolated piece of comedy. It seemed a little unlikely that *Hamlet*, who strolled for the first time in history into the graveyard in his plus-fours with *Horatio*, should not have seen in the papers some announcement of the death of the daughter of a considerable house, or have heard some gossip about *Laertes'* noisy escapade at the palace and its cause. I have never been honestly able to stomach the horrific bombast at the graveside and the incredible wrestling in the grave itself, to be so shortly followed by that equally incredible friendly bout of fencing. In the present version all the incongruities and absurdities of the situation are heightened tenfold, though we all pulled ourselves together a little at the dignified entrance of *Fortinbras* and his staff.

The players were extraordinarily well drilled to fit the frame chosen, which imposed many obvious limitations upon them. Mr. COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON'S *Hamlet*, a modern moody intellectual and doubtless a Socialist, was perhaps a little over-vehement and truculent for *Horatio's* "sweet prince"; but as a *tour de force* of transposition this was a brilliant performance. We hope he will later give us a *Hamlet* in the traditional setting that he may do his interpretation full justice. Mr. FRANK VOSPER as the *King*, looking very little like a "mildewed ear," admirably sustained the agreed illusion. Miss DOROTHY MASSINGHAM used her inherited brains to make of *Queen Gertrude* a plausible, even a sympathetic figure. One could not well over-praise Mr. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT'S *Polonius*, though to him, as to the *First Gravedigger*, was dealt one of the two easiest hands. I thought Miss MURIEL HEWITT'S *Ophelia* a little over-tearful, but the part was intelligently played, and it was an ingenious idea to break into dancing in the modern manner in her poignant scene.

The performance, in short, proved in an unnecessary but striking manner what it set out to prove—that *Hamlet* has the qualities of immortality and universality. It showed too what a piece of work is modern man with his nether limbs covered with striped cloth tubes, from the ends of which coyly peep that strange product of Savile Row idealism, the snow-white spat. From the sartorial point of view the officers of *Claudius* and *Fortinbras* alone passed the test that had been applied to the play, and passed it very creditably.

T.



The First Player (*Mr.* TERENCE O'BRIEN) GIVES *HAMLET* A LESSON—NOT IN GOLF AS YOU MIGHT EXPECT, BUT IN THE ART OF ELOCUTION.



Claudius, King of Denmark (*Mr.* FRANK VOSPER) BRACES HIMSELF UP WITH AN "OLD ELSINORE."

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"We think of the telegraph, which really only means 'quick writing' . . ."
Evening Paper.

If we were to accept this statement, it would lead us to the conclusion that "te'ephone" meant "quick speaking," which is contrary to experience.

From a newspaper account of a French naval revolt:—

"The sailors alleged that the food on board the cruiser was bad and refused to obey orders."
Evening Paper.

The gorgonzola, we understand, was particularly unruly.

"Witness had that morning informed the Governor of the gaol that the inquest was being held, and asked if the deceased man wished to attend. The official said he would see him and inquire, but witness had heard nothing further of the matter."
Provincial Paper.

It is of course just possible that the deceased man had lost interest in the proceedings.

From an article on "Disappearing Islands":—

"There is, however, a difference between sudden volcanic action and gradual coast erosion. Luckily, the Wight's enemy is only the former."—*Southampton Paper.*

And so far on our many visits we have never come in for an eruption.

CURIOS FROM CANADA.

III.—AT THE WALLACEBURG.

"I'M going to eat here," said Charles bravely, "no matter what the place is like. My Ford for a mess of pottage!"

At the beginning of the village we came across a man sawing up an ancient apple-tree. In answer to our inquiries he directed us to the Wallaceburg House.

"You cain't miss it," he said. "George will be right glad to have you."

The Wallaceburg House had an ominous sound to it. Village hotels in Canada are usually trying places. To sleep in one is an ordeal. It is a little less dreadful to eat there, but only a little. Spurred, however, by hunger, we were prepared to face almost anything.

We drew up before a tall, gaunt, red-brick box of a building. It looked forbidding enough; still, it was that or nothing, so in we went.

The proprietor was sitting, coatless and collarless, his feet on a chair, reading a newspaper. A glass-case containing faded dusty packets of chewing-gum and peanut bars stood on the counter that separated us from him. The rest of the furniture in the hall consisted of a row of hard wooden arm-chairs arranged in front of an enormous plate-glass window, and a formidable supply of big brass spittoons.

The proprietor put down his paper and his glasses, untwisted his long legs and slowly rose as we approached.

"Howdy do?" he said. "You folks lookin' fer dinner?"

We intimated in a subdued manner that we were.

He scratched his head. "Guess there's some of that cold leg of pork left," he said. "If youse 'll go into the dinin'-room I 'll send the girl along."

He indicated a dingy yellow door, over which was a notice ordering us, in large letters, not to swear, and we entered a small dark room full of a dish-watery smell. There were only two tables in it, one laid for four people and the other for eight. At each a man was sitting, and, as the cloths were equally spotty, we chose the larger of the two.

The table was plentifully sprinkled with indifferent knives and forks. At either end was a tumbler containing half-a-dozen battered grey-green teaspoons, and between these, in a row, was a dish of gherkins, a plate piled high with pale soda crackers, and a bowl of sliced tomatoes.

The tomatoes and biscuits, at any rate, looked eatable.

"Howdy," said a little round button of a man pleasantly as we drew near the far end of his table. "Set right down and make yourselves at home." He champed for a moment, beaming at us. "Ain't this the dandy weather? Makes ye relish yer vittles, don't it? My, I 'll say it does!"

He flung a large piece of pork into his mouth to emphasize his words.

We agreed for the sake of politeness, but despite Charles's boldness nothing could make us relish what we knew from past experience was in store for us. I clung mentally to the tomatoes and crackers.

"This pork is great," said our opposite neighbour appreciatively; "I ain't tasted such a piece in years—though I'm kinda sorry to eat it too, in a ways. Maybe you 'll think I 'm crazy talkin' like this, but the fact is this piece of pork come off 'n the cutest little pig you ever set eyes on. My, but he was cunnin'!"

He flung again.

"Is this a peach-growing district?" asked Charles quickly.

"Nope. We ain't got a peach between us round heres. You gotta go Niagary way fer them." Here the little man almost emptied the gherkin dish. "But I was tellin' ye 'bout that there Porky. Say, Porky was the greatest ever! When we held our church picnic if Bessie Winnett didn't bring Porky 'long with her, with a blue sat'n ribbon around his neck and another bit on his tail. Bill took a picksher of 'm settin' up together, and, doggone it, if it didn't git into the T'ronta papers! Yessir!" He appealed for confirmation to the man at the other table. "You seen that, Ed, didn't ye?"

Ed nodded slowly, sucking his teeth. "Sure, I seen it all right."

Our friend, well into his stride, continued. "Course, after a bit, Porky kinda got big, and Mis' Winnett she jest nachrally kicked at Bessie havin' him in the house, clutterin' the place up and knockin' over the furnichy, but he used to go down the street with Bill or Bessie, picking his steps and actin' real human. You seen it, Ed, didn't ye?"

Ed sucked again. "Sure," he said, "I seen it."

Our tormentor champed steadily for a few moments. From a small door at the back of the room the "girl" emerged. She banged down a plate of thinly sliced pork and a dolls'-house dishful of sloppy mashed potato in front of each of us and then vanished.

"I don't think I want any pork," said Charles, avoiding my eyes.

"Neither do I," I said.

"No *pork*?" The little man stared, genuinely concerned. "Gee, that 's too bad! It 's the dandiest piece I 've had fer years. Can't touch pork, eh? Well, if that ain't a shame. My, I 'm right sorry 'bout that."

"I 'm not very fond of meat," I explained. "I think I 'll just have some tomatoes and biscuits."

"Well, maybe you won't be goin' far wrong, neether," admitted our friend consolingly. "As I tell Minty, there 's nothin' like a termayty fer givin' ye a *clean* taste in the mouth." He lifted up his voice. "Oh, Wil-ma! Couple more plates here!" No sooner had he spoken than he rapidly cleaned his fork in his still full mouth and—horror of horrors!—lightheartedly plunged it into the very middle of the sliced tomatoes.

Petrified, we watched him. The first two or three pieces that came his way he scornfully rejected, but, finding at length a slice to his fancy, he sloshed it into his cavernous mouth and proceeded to angle for a second piece. As Wilma entered with the plates he pushed the bowl hospitably across the table.

"Help yourself, Ma'am, help yourself. They 's real good, them termayties."

"Charles," I said hurriedly, "have you forgotten? We promised to have luncheon with poor Mr. Black in Woodfield. He 'll be waiting for us."

"Good heavens," said Charles, "so we did! We shall have to go."

"Well, if that ain't too bad!" exclaimed the little man sympathetically as we retired. "Youse folks ain't travellin' in any sort of luck. You 'll be right hungry 'fore ye git to Woodfield."

But somehow hunger had left us. It was seven o'clock before we ate again.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"GRIM HISTORY RECALLED BY RE-OPENING OF CITY CHURCH.

St. Michael's Church, College Hill, London, is closely associated with Dick Whittington, who built the church, which was destroyed in the Great Fire, and was himself burned within the precincts."—*Provincial Paper.*

They never mention this tragedy in the pantomimes.

"Their train was in. —— walked to the front part; he seemed to breathe more freely once in the compartment, with the blinds drawn, but his nerves were evidently on the rack."—*Story in Evening Paper.*

Much better than leaving them in the guard's van, of course.

From the programme of a horticultural show:—

"Silver Challenge Trophy for Groups of Horses, any variety."—*Liverpool Paper.*

But bays or chestnuts preferred, no doubt.



Mother (to flighty daughter). "I ADVISE YOU FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, MY GIRL. AS YOU MAKE YOUR LIFE, SO YOU MUST LIE ON IT."

POETIC REFUSALS.

(*Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD refuses to go to sea again.*)

I'LL not go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
For I'd rather have the sporting news and know my feet are dry;
A horse's kick, a jockey's shout and a big field running,
A grey look on a trainer's face and a tipster's cunning.

I'll not go down to the seas again, there's the call of the course for me,
It's the race call and the ring's call; and what's a horse at sea?
Now all I ask is a friendly tip from a well-known stable,
And the vain hopes and the wild fears and the bookies' babel.

I'll not go down to the seas again, but the horse shall be my song,
And the grand stand and the cheap stand where the men of the street may throng;
Of these I shall make a merry yarn of a maiden brave and loyal,
A gallant man and a swift horse I shall call "Right Royal."

From a police-court report:—

"He was waving a bottle of beer in the air and stouting."
Local Paper.

Suiting the word to the action.

"Artificial Teeth (Old) Wanted. 3/- each: owner moving; size 15ft. x 11ft.; cost £24 10s.; what offers?"—*Irish Paper.*

Home Rule appears to have had a wonderful effect in developing the Irish jaw.



"TRUTH IN ADVERTISING."

"GROUSE SHOOTING. 6,000 ACRES. RENT £800. LIMIT 1,000 BRACE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT would be instructive, I feel, as well as amusing to take Mr. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON and Mrs. HENRY WOOD, *One Increasing Purpose* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) and *The Channings* or *East Lynne*, and measure the gulf which fifty years or so have opened between two highly popular novelists of much the same calibre. Perhaps you have forgotten *The Channings?* Re-read it and you will be surprised at its unaffected decorum and its controlling though seldom expansive sense of humour. With Mr. HUTCHINSON virtue is as rackety as vice, technique more rackety than either, and the sense of humour peculiarly lacking in vigilance. What Victorian would have committed himself to the statement "that nurture on dripping and re-made frocks may cause an atrophy of sense of value"?—which is Mr. HUTCHINSON'S way of saying that *Linda Paris* was extravagant as *Andrew Paris's* wife because she was stinted as a child. The *Parises'* love affairs are all rather unlucky. *Andrew's* brother *Charles* is wedded to *Alice*, who plans an elopement with a medical lay-figure; he is also wedded (poor *Charles!*) to a vast suburban house while he prefers a cottage. *Sim*, the third brother, is in love with a secretarial young woman who has dedicated her life to the repayment of misappropriated trust-money; and his happiness is further frustrated by a mysterious supernatural mission gradually revealed to him as the story proceeds. Somewhat loosely linked to these problems are the miseries endured by a "super-famous novelist" at the hands of certain metropolitan critics known as "the Bodyguard"; a generous but I am afraid only partial diagnosis of disagreements between *Palefaces* (Capital) and *Redskins* (Labour), and an oddly literal account of a theme full of Dickensian or Zolaesque possibilities—the development of a great London shopping block. It is a curious patchwork, quite uniquely representative of the taste—not the best taste nor the worst taste—of to-day. To me the most attractive of its reiterated shreds is *Charles*, whose *Ugly Duckling* fortunes are handled to far greater effect than those of Mr. HUTCHINSON'S palpable swans.

There is an unpleasing sameness about the recurrent outbursts of savage rebellion that Irish historians, in a conspiracy of euphemism, habitually designate as "the troubles." The particular mess of trouble with which Lord ERNEST HAMILTON concerns himself in *Tales of the Troubles* (FISHER UNWIN) is the rising or risings of 1641 and the years subsequent thereto, risings that led up to—and, if the records on which his stories are founded are even half true, even justified—the merciless severity which CROMWELL visited on the natives. The English and Scots settlers were only a small minority in those days in North-East Ulster and were massacred with comparative ease by the Hibernians, who even then had precisely the same happy knack that they exhibited in 1921 of touching their hats to the "gentry" one day and murdering them the next. On the other hand the rebel leaders of 1641 really did raise armed forces and take the field according to the military practice of the period. They ran away, to be sure, on most occasions, the leaders being the first to retire, but they did at least go through the motions of making war in the open.



Nervous Youth (by way of opening conversation). "DO YOU LIKE BOBBED HAIR?"
Old Lady. "I DON'T REMEMBER TO HAVE TASTED IT."

Lord ERNEST HAMILTON has not the story-teller's art at his fingers' ends and his "tales" have only a small fraction of the emotional value that a trained novelist would impart to them. On the other hand they stick closely to the records on which they are founded and have in consequence some historical vitality. The British reading public is still too "fed up" with the Irish and their ever troublesome activities to ensure a book of this kind a great sale, but its appearance is timely, and, for such as are still interested, should do its share in the work of replacing the Ireland of polite fiction by the Ireland of unpleasant fact.

In any tale in which I find
A peer who 's penniless though swanky,
His daughter, fair and not unkind,
And an immensely wealthy Yankee,
I think it 's fairly safe to guess
That love will beat the trouble-makers,
And final wedded happiness
Will rescue the paternal acres.

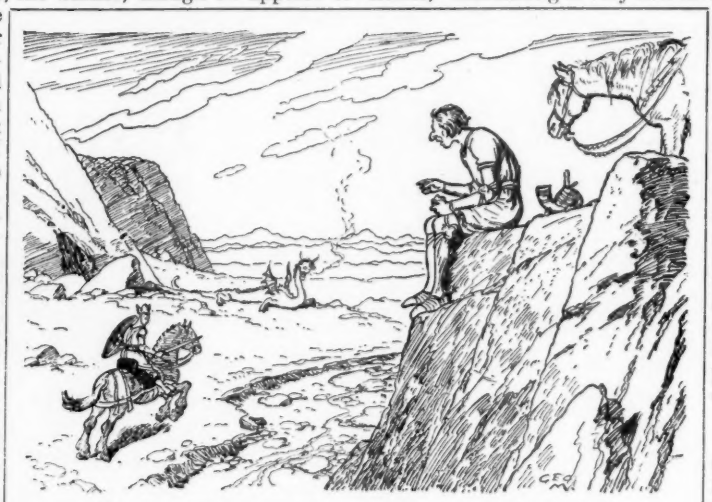
If *Little Peter Vacuum*
(HUTCHINSON) filled my expectations,
That single hit made up my sum
Of accurate anticipations;
Apart from this I never knew,
So full it is of stealthy laughter,
What any character would do,
Or what he 'd say, before or after.

Wherefrom I leave you to surmise
That Mr. GIBBS, who writes it, tackles
His job with adequate supplies
Of stuff that no convention shackles—
A sense of form, a nimble wit,
A joyous love of verbal fitness,
To which I hope he 'll see to it
That further books of his bear witness.

The story of LAFCADIO HEARN is the story of a man who took refuge in Art to evade the just and the unjust claims of life. To be fair to him, it should be said that he seems to have encountered the latter first, for a more mishandled childhood than that sketched by Mr. EDWARD LAROCQUE TINKER as a prelude to *Lafcadio Hearn's American Days* (LANE) it would be hard to imagine. However the grown-up HEARN almost always succeeded in getting the worst out of every civilised person he met; his relations with Creoles, negroes and poor whites, in so far as they were those of decent affection or intellectual curiosity, were more successful. Probably he was most happy when most alone—a solitary figure wandering about a strange town "before" (as he put it with the shrinking pathos of a born pariah) "you have made any rivals, excited any ill-will, incurred anybody's displeasure." The most attractive of the towns thus approached is New Orleans. Mr. TINKER's pleasant woodcuts of HEARN's picturesque haunts alternate with reproductions of the latter's own cuts as they appeared in the New Orleans *Item*. His vigorous text deals with journalistic and literary

exaltations and agonies—the latter preponderating; with friendships creditable and discreditable—all fugitive; with the opening of a cheap eating-house, the formation of an exotic library and the publication of HEARN'S first books. It is written with, I think, quite legitimate candour, but with a preposterous air of condolence, as though it were too much to expect a man of HEARN'S mixed antecedents (shiftless Anglo-Irish and mongrel Greek) to make any attempt at clean living. HEARN'S own verdict, "my soul I have soiled by neglect," is probably nearer the mark, though he chose to embed it in a casual poem.

At this time of year, for those who are spending their time sensibly lying on the beach and reading light fiction, I cannot think of any more suitable book to buy or borrow from the local bookstall or library than *Sea Lavender* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Curiously enough, in spite of an acquaintance with modern novels extending over several decades, I have never before come across the name of Mr. SIDNEY FLOYD GOWING, the author, though he appears to have been responsible for at least two other books. But I am prepared to bet that I shall hear a good deal of him in the future. This book will have a sale, and I assure you in advance that it will deserve it. It is delightfully done—and it might so easily have been spoiled. Think of a young lady of a certain age coming suddenly into a little property and paying her first visit to the sea, meeting there, within an hour or so, a young man who had escaped from Lexdown gaol, screening him from police and warders, joining with him a Pierrot troupe of ex-officers and making a tremendous success on the pier at Blixmouth—and you may imagine you know the sort of story here told. But I fancy you will admit your mistake when you have finished it. The thing is done with tremendous *gusto*, but it is something more than a farcical extravaganza. The author has put sentiment into it, and pathos, and a dash of real poetical spirit. Most of his characters are well worth meeting. The charming heroine, who captures every male heart in the book, from the local doctor to the Mayor of Blixmouth, from *Mr. Bert T. Love*, pugilist and publican, to *Vice-Admiral Dunster*, otherwise known as *Cast-Iron Bill*, will capture her readers' hearts with equal ease. But, good as she is, I think Mr. GOWING is even more successful with his men. They say just the right thing every time. And he can turn a topical song for a Pierrot troupe with anybody.



HARD-WORKED KNIGHT-ERRANT ENJOYS A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY.

That confirmed vagabond, Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM, tells in *Russia in Division* (MACMILLAN) how he has been trying to discover what has actually become of the Russia that he knew and loved before the War. He has found fragments in Paris and elsewhere, among the men who had made a great name in science or art or finance under the old *régime*, whom he sought out in that exile that is lightened by the unfailing expectation of some day getting back home; but more especially he has sought for tidings while travelling through the line of little republics—the "Cordon Sanitaire"—established by the Treaty of Versailles between "Sessera," as it seems we should now call the country of the Bolsheviks, and more civilised neighbours. From actual Soviet territory he was debarred entry, but merely to follow in his pages his itinerary from Finland to the Black Sea is a lesson in the most modern geography—a lesson illuminated by admirable estimates of the stability and characteristics of the cheery little new states that are growing up, working and squabbling and for the most part greatly flourishing, like butterflies of a day, between the hungry beaks of Moscow and Berlin. Mr. GRAHAM being the most retiring of narrators and vastly more concerned to obtain material for a considered judgment than to write a story of pretty journeyings, his chapters make but little of the adventures and amenities of travel, yet he does give one new conceptions of some of Earth's curious corners that he visited. Incidentally he throws new light on the notorious "Zinovief Letter," associating it very definitely with the intrigues for ever raging between the different wings of the Moscow gang. In regard to affairs as they stand in "darkest Europe" to-day he has but a gloomy account to render, yet for the future he is hopeful of an early change and envisages a time when a new and strong and peaceful United States of Russia shall come to life, to welcome back her exiles and take her place in the councils of the world.

In *Monday Morning* (CONSTABLE) Mr. PATRICK HAMILTON has taken a boy very fresh from Westminsteras his hero and quite good-naturedly makes some pretty fun with him. But sound sense lurks behind this fun and also a clear sense of values. *Anthony Charteris Forster* was a clean-minded boy with a strong tendency to self-deception. In turn he imagined himself a great novelist, a soul-disturbing actor, a hero who put an end to wars by his incomparable bravery, a poet whose tragic utterances bathed the world in tears. It was however as a lover that he really believed in himself; but here he was a little difficult, because he insisted upon the difference between loving and being in love. "'But you must remember,' he said, 'I'm not in love. I love.'" It was a distinction which a girl might be forgiven for not grasping. Mr. HAMILTON has performed a none too easy task with considerable credit; he has at once made *Anthony* a figure of fun and a character that claims your sympathy and affection. You can't help laughing at *Anthony*, but at the same time you can laugh with him. And that is rare.

Major F. OSWALD LANGLEY, writer of "The Watch Dogs" and other contributions that have appeared in *Punch*, requests us to state that he is not the author of *The Island of Romance* reviewed in these columns last week.

"MARRIAGE. Bryant—May."—*Daily Paper*.
This should make a good match.

CHARIVARIA.

RECENT incursions of the sea in Northern Ireland have suggested to a scientist that in another ten thousand years' time Ulster may be cut off from the rest. So perhaps this is why the Boundary Commission is not in any hurry.

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"The notion that red wine makes red blood is false," says Dr. C. W. SALEEBY. Some red wine, however, makes excellent red ink.

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The latest Labour dispute is reported to be an unofficial strike against the authority of the unofficial strikers.

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A crusty old gentleman who spends most of his time near the Round Pond is hoping that the strike of seamen will spread to model yachtsmen.

* * *

Sir ARTHUR KEITH informed the British Association that the prehistoric man whose skull was found in Palestine recently must have had enormous eyebrows. Probably a prehistoric comedian.

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A Hindu who appeared before a commissioner at Los Angeles was asked to sing a song, after which the official ordered him to be sent back to India. We merely observe that we too have heard that kind of singer.

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A news message states that a few days ago hundreds of fish fell from the sky in the State of Chihuahua, in Mexico. British anglers, please exaggerate.

* * *

Now that HENRY FORD has taken an interest in dancing the only thing that will make the modern ballroom safe is a white line down the centre.

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BABE RUTH, the crack baseball player, has been suspended, and yet there are people who say that nothing really serious ever happens to America.

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Attention has been called to the case of a man who stopped suddenly in the middle of the road where men were at work, and then climbed down the steps of a culvert into a sewer. One theory is that he is a young dramatist searching for material for a new play.

We hear of a dustman who is a good cricketer. He should be just the man to fetch home those Ashes.

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The Director of a firm of glass-bottle manufacturers prophesies an increased demand for his goods in the future. Perhaps he's heard of the activities of our race-course gangs.

* * *

A correspondent writes to *The Evening News* to say that a birthday card posted to his wife in the afternoon was delivered that evening, instead of the next day. Accidents will happen in the best regulated G.P.O.'s.

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Dr. VIZETELLY has suggested that we need an alphabet of forty-eight letters. The Welsh method when spelling their railway stations is to use the ordinary alphabet and then go back for a second helping.

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We have just heard of a pedestrian who has had the distinction of being knocked down by a horse-drawn vehicle.

* * *

One good thing about the modern novel is that so many fiction writers are employed writing the eulogies on the paper cover that they haven't time to write novels of their own.

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Perhaps the most distressing point about the American debt is the number of films they send us picturing the extravagant way they spend our money.

* * *

Burglars at Putney have taken a C.B.E. Order. We don't think they deserved it.

A recent headline ran, "Blessed are the Rich, at the Vaudeville Theatre." But not if they come in half-way through the First Act.

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Thousand of bees that invaded Wembley drove the attendants from a kiosk and attacked people in the crowd. It is believed too that they got in without paying for admission.

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An exhibit at the Fashion Exhibition was a sleeveless dress with a heart embroidered on the left breast. Modern modes of course make it impossible for the heart to be worn upon the sleeve.

* * *

A concert party in Savoy has climbed to the top of a mountain 10,200 feet high to give a performance. Few concert parties are so considerate.

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At a Yorkshire show a shepherd caught a pickpocket with his crook. There's nothing like a crook to catch a crook.

* * *

Notts County Asylum reports that all patients' suits are made by the inmates themselves. It is a hopeful sign that no patient has made himself Oxford trousers.

* * *

One good way to tell mushrooms from poisonous fungi is to eat them. If nothing happens they are mushrooms.

* * *

In Camden Town a case containing pepper dropped from a van and spilt its contents on the road. Several women who turned very pale were found to have sneezed their complexions off.

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The CENSOR has banned a comedy. We understand that the First Act flouted all modern dramatic conventions by not beginning with a parlourmaid answering the telephone.

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"Romantic young people often become very prosaic later on," says a writer. It's saddening to think that a couple married at Gretna Green may settle down in Golder's.

* * *

A report comes that quantities of Communist literature from Russia have been thrown into the sea. This is doubtless an attempt to keep up the supply of red herrings.



Caddie. "YE 'RE WEEL OOT O' HELL BUNKER."
Player. "I CAN TELL MY FRIENDS I GOT INTO HELL AND OUT IN ONE."
Caddie. "I WAD ADVISE YE TO HAE THAT NIBLICK NAILED TO YOUR COFFIN."

EVERY LITTLE VIRTUE HELPS.

THERE was once a Sailor who Retired and Lived in a Little House at the Seaside, where he Amused himself with a Flagstaff and a Telescope. But After a Time he Grew very Tired of These, and as he had Not Much Else to Do he Thought he would Jump Over the Cliff and Put an End to himself. So he Hauled the Flag Down to Half-Mast, and Opened his Little Gate and Went Out. He had Not Gone Many Steps before he Met a Stranger, who Nodded his Head towards the Half-Mast Flag and said, "I'm Sorry about That. Friend of yours?" "He is," said the Sailor. "You Mean he Was. He Ain't Now," said the Stranger. "Oh, Ain't he?" said the Sailor, Knowingly. But he Began to Think. And, when he had Scratched his Chin for Two Minutes, he said, "I Don't Know as you Ain't About Right." And he Changed his Mind, and Went Back, and Hauled the Flag up to the Top again.

Moral: It is a Good Idea to Do the Mourning Before the Crime.

* * *

There was once a Dustman who Wished to Appear to Better Advantage in the Eyes of a Housemaid who Did Not Reciprocate his Admiration. Wherefore he Went on Duty in his Best Clothes, and Thereby Won her to Walk Out with him on Sunday. But when Sunday Came, she was Disappointed in him because his Suit was Too Dusty, and Turned him Down for the Sweep.

Moral: Keep a Little in Hand for the Big Effort.

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There was once a Man who was Far from Sober. And though People Kindly Let him Have All the Pavement he Still had Difficulty in Remaining upon it. It seemed to him that Every Time he Strayed into the Gutter a Car Dashed Maliciously at him. So he Pulled himself Together and Walked with the Utmost Care until he Bumped his Head on the Corner of a House. And as he Sank to the Ground he Called Out to the Nearest Man, "Take the Number of that House, Quick!"

Moral: Guilt is Generally Ready to Suspect Innocence.

* * *

There was once an Idler Sitting on a Gate Watching a Pedestrian Toiling Along the Dusty Road towards him. And the Pedestrian Asked, when he Came Near, whether he was Right for Little Peddlington. "Yes, if you're Going Round the World to it," said the Idler. The Traveller Looked Puzzled and said with Great Distinctness, "Am I Right for Little Peddlington?" "Yes, if you Walk Backwards," said the Idler. "And there is Even a Third Way to Get there, which is Briefly: Right About Turn. Quick March." The Traveller Looked at him More in Pity than in Scorn, and said, "I have Walked Far and am Very Tired. I am in No Mood for Flippancy. Where is Little Peddlington?" "A Mile Behind you," said the Idler. "What!" cried the Traveller. "Do you Mean to Tell me I have Walked a Mile Past my Destination?" "I Do Not," said the Idler, "for I Don't Know Where you Came from, beyond that Bend in the Road. Neither am I Fully Informed about your Destination." "You are a Mere Buffoon," said the Traveller, "and I Do Not Trust you. I am Going On to Little Peddlington." "You are Not," said the Idler. "You will Go No Further than That Hedge-Cutter near the Top of the Hill. Him you will Believe, because he Never Made a Joke in his Life." So the Miserable Traveller Plodded On Up the Hill, to be Sent Back by the Miserable Hedge-Cutter.

Moral: We can Sometimes Get More Useful Advice from the Nearest Man than from One of Our Own Party.

* * *

There was once a Junior Clerk who was Devoted to his Employer's Business and his Own Pleasure. And his Own Pleasure was Being a Light Heavyweight in the Evenings. He was So Fond of This that he Went In for a Competition. And he was Just Going to Hit the Other Light Heavyweight when he Knew No More. And when he Found himself Lying on his Back, and Heard Someone Say "Eight" in a Warning Voice, he said, "I shall Have to Go Without Shaving," and Tried to Jump Out of Bed. And Such was his Briskness in the Action that Not Only did he Avoid Being Counted Out, but he Avoided Being Beaten, and Eventually Won a Valuable Trophy.

Moral: Whether you are at Work or at Play, Be Punctual.

* * *

There was once a Novelist who was Dictating such a Painful Passage that At Last he said to his Amanuensis, "Leave me. I can Bear no More." But he Had to Push her Out, because she was Asleep.

Moral: When you are Heart-Broken Over the Imaginary, Take a Look at the Real.

From a house-agent's advertisement:

"FLATS

Within a stone's-throw of the Houses of Parliament."—*Daily Paper.*

In these Bolshevist days such an incitement to violence is, we think, to be deprecated.

SENEX ON SEPTEMBER.

Now summer lingers to her close,
Once more the golden pomps decline,
Crowned with the pale autumnal rose,
September gives the parting sign.
We quit our fig-tree and our vine,
Admonished by the swallows' flitting,
In quest of quarters more benign
For after-dinner sitting.

Still, though the snug-lit window-pane
Invites with rosy-shaded lamps,
We 'll saunter round the walks again,
Immune as yet from dews and damps.
No omen of rheumatic cramps
Haunts the mild hour, no horrid vision
Of mackintosh or dripping gamps
Confounds the scene Elysian.

In softest yellows, misty mauves,
The borders veil their August fires;
The starworts meet in serried groves
The hollyhocks' down-drooping spires;
Or, if the wayward fancy tires
Of outward shows, and frailty teaches
Some less ethereal desires,
Let 's look for plums and peaches.

There 's daylight yet for prowling thieves
To pry along the southern wall,
And spot amid the dusking leaves
A Noblesse mellowing to the fall,
A Claude de Bavay's candied ball,
Brown figs by summer's genial bastings
Done to a turn, the best of all
For such *al-fresco* tastings.

While mists of eve are shot with pearl,
Slow-wreathed about the folding-star,
Our little incense-wreaths shall curl
From simple pipe or proud cigar;
And, when the utmost sunset-bar
Fades ashen, we 'll perchance remember
It takes old fellows as we are
To understand September.

With loves and doves let April play,
And June with flaunting paramours,
September rounds the working-day,
And in our laps her largesse pours.
Far from the wild world's stunts and stours,
We 'll quote by turns *Beatus ille*
Qui procul . . . Right! We 'll go indoors;
It *is* a trifle chilly.

From a cinema advertisement:—

"Continued success of 'The Ten Commandments.'"—*Scots Paper.*

We congratulate Scotland and wish the same could be said of England.

Our Female Athletes.

"Gent's 3-speed Bicycle, also Two Ladies, for Sale; in good running order."
Provincial Paper.

"Two ladies will run smoothly home for one gentleman."—*Daily Paper.*

And may the best woman win!



TWO SPEEDS.

ATALANTA. "SO I'M STILL THE FASTEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD."
MODERN GIRL. "THEN YOU DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT ME."

[Professor HILL at the British Association stated that the maximum speed of a woman was about eighty per cent. of that of a man running for the same time.]



"DO YOU COME HERE OFTEN?"
"WELL, I CAN'T SAY I EXACTLY MAKES A 'ABIT OF IT, BUT I DOES COME EVERY TIME THIS PARTICULAR LADY GETS MARRIED."

PATIENCE.

THE wise man going on a holiday, whatever else he may leave behind, will provide himself with Patience cards. They are useful at any odd time, and particularly valuable when he ought to be writing letters or happens to jib at the serious literature he has taken with him for study in his spare moments. They should be of medium size, not so small as to be a nuisance to handle—I have seen some like stamps—and not too large to be laid out comfortably on one's bed.

Patience is badly named. That is the one thing wrong with it. There are pastimes the devotees of which have the choice of cultivating patience under tribulation or becoming cracked. Diabolo, for instance, once popular—that was the devil's own business. Then there are jig-saw puzzles. I have seen a man labouring at a jig-saw puzzle suddenly rise up and with a well-directed kick under the table's stomach send the whole bag of tricks flying. What's more, I have done it myself; and I tell you it was a great moment. Patience is not like that. I remember one form that demanded the laying out with nice exactness of two entire packs, and after doing that for a bit one did feel the need of a caddy. But in general its effect is bland and soothing.

It can be stimulating too, especially for a writer. After a lot of vain fishing for the right word the mere dealing out of the cards will often bring the elusive thing to the hook. And in time of sickness its action is gentle but lovely. Look at an invalid—a patient, one might say—propped up on his pillows and playing Patience on his little table, and you will note that he is wearing a sweet and patient—bother!—that he is wearing a sweet smile; put him back and take away his cards and he will pretty soon start reflecting that he has jolly little to grin about. And to those serious persons who sneer at it as a waste of precious moments one need only say that QUEEN VICTORIA and JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN were confirmed players. They were not renowned for idleness, nor, as a detail, were they given to throwing things about. JOHN ROBERTS too, I believe, steadied his nerve by the exercise.

There must be hundreds of ways of playing, though I never met a man who had invented one. But it seems to be a provision of nature that the human system can hold only two kinds at a time—one for one pack and one for two—and that when a new form is taken on an old form goes. Some players have names for their favourites. But this is deceptive; you will find that, though half-a-dozen people speak of, say, "The Demon," they really mean as many different games, and where two people have one method each has his own name for it. Of course every rule has its exception. I am a member of a party of about a dozen men that assembles yearly for a fortnight. We are of varying ages, ways of life, points of view and incomes. Some are Scotsmen, an engaging but disputatious race. You would bet that there would be an occasional breeze, a sharp word at golf, an argument at bridge, a dispute on Free Trade. And you would lose. Our harmony is so lovely that the wives of the other members, when told of it, hold up their hands. Now it is a striking fact that we all play the same Patience. When two phenomena are connected one is pretty sure to be

the result of the other. Plainly, it isn't our united agreeableness that makes us play the same Patience; it must therefore be the same Patience that makes us so unitedly agreeable. This is a great tribute both to Patience itself and to our particular form of it.

Shall I explain it? You take the cards and—— However, never mind.

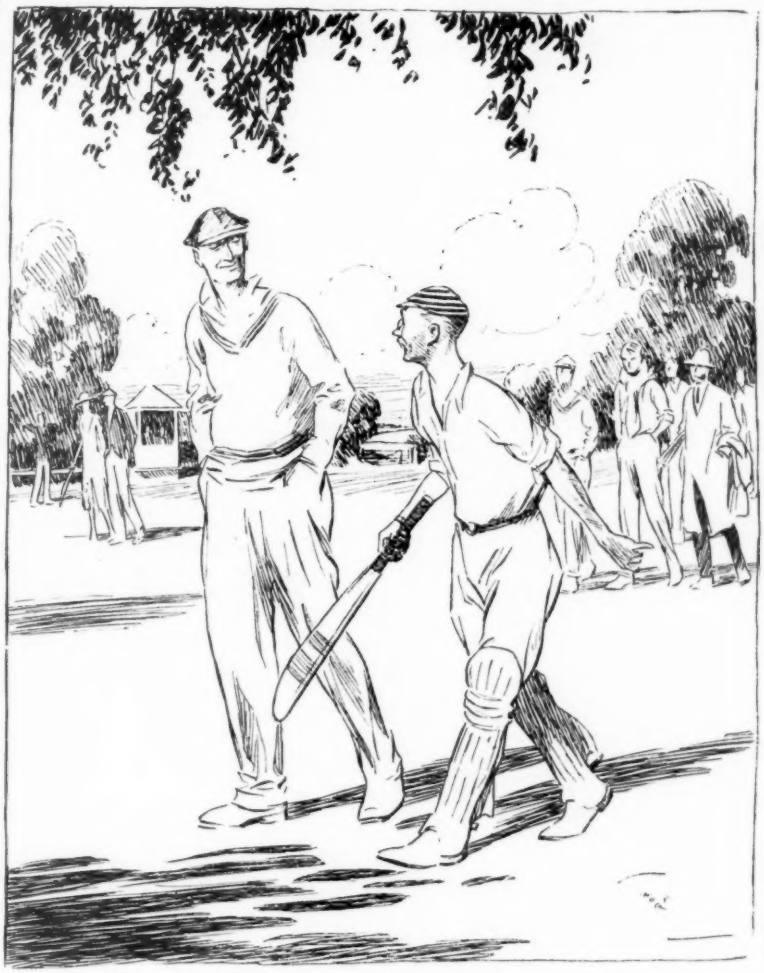
The only maddening things about the game are the well-intended help of by-standers—an infernal nuisance it shares with others—and the habits of some packs. I remember doing a jig-saw puzzle at an hotel one wet afternoon. Two great American girls stood over me, one on each side. They knew the thing backwards, and as soon as I got interested in some corner a large white paw would appear in the air before my face bearing the piece I was looking for. I didn't even know the girls, and had to go for a long walk in the rain to restore my wonted calm.

For packs, they are queer things. Take my blue one. It is as intractable as a camel; it submits to being handled because it has to, but it won't help. When you want a queen you'd swear that the whole pack contained nothing higher than a beggarly lousy knave, look you. Now my pink cards are all that could be wished, amenable, decent. New cards seldom play well. Again, even the best packs, like putters and poets, get stale; the remedy for this is rest, as with poets and putters.

We come to cheating. This at cards is held in disfavour; others are interested, and there is money on the result. Even so it all depends. I know a man who sat down to piquet in one of our far-flung corners. His opponent put it to him squarely. "Shall we play fair," he asked as he shuffled the cards, "*or go as you please?*" My friend, realising that his education had been neglected, thought luck would do him better than skill. He chose fairness, and—mark the honesty of the fellow—his opponent stuck to it. But even for the purist Patience is not as other games. It is no contest with mortal adversaries or earthly forces. One is slap up against fate, and as fate doesn't give twopence for human ethics they work out as a lop-sided business. Mind you, I don't ask you to cheat. I merely suggest that when sometimes a slight adjustment is all that is needed to do a hostile fate in the eye—well, there you are. After all, Patience is hardly a game. It is about the only form of unarguable symmetry attainable by man. That and trying to get a whole kernel out of a new Brazil nut—if that is attainable.

It is sad to reflect that the name of the great inventor of Patience is lost to us. He has no memorial. Still, even without his name something might be done. It should be emblematic. I would suggest a statue representing a human figure seated on a monument, playing Patience, and smiling at grief.

DUM-DUM.



THE LAST MATCH.

No. XI. (not out, 0). "AND THE BEST OF IT IS I'M NOT OUT FOR EIGHT MONTHS."

Our Sea-Dogs.

"Canada is to be visited this summer by a small naval fleet. During the visit it is probable that the Admiral of the Fleet will go to Ottawa to yap his respects to the Governor-General."—*Canadian Paper.*

Another Impending Apology.

From an appreciation of a comic actor:—

"Every word he speaks and every movement he makes is always a thrilling thing. Heaven will be incomplete without him when he dies."—*Weekly Paper.*

GOLFING RHYMES.

I.—THE RAILWAY.

THE railway lands you on the links.
I know a man who thinks he thinks
It is a blessed thing to be
Transported almost to the tee
By what they call the Golfers' Train,
And then transported home again
After the match is lost or won.
I find his ardour overdone.
The railway is no use to Me;
I loathe its close proximity.
My cheap excursions on the line
Cost never less than one-and-nine
(The price of my repainted ball),
And there is no "return" at all.

The New Mythology.

"When Achilles was born . . . his mother, wishing him to be immortal, dipped him into the River Styx."—*Scottish Paper.*

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

VI.—We Strike a Blow for Civilisation.

In the narrative which follows I shall again adopt the editorial "we."

No one has a deeper admiration for the American people than we, and few, we think, have more American friends; but, glory! some of their customs!

Over and above that barbarous enactment the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, they have at balls and dances a practice known as "cutting-in." If a gentleman, A, is stepping it with a lady, B, another gentleman, C, is entitled at any moment in the dance to approach the revolving couple and "cut-in." That is, he taps A on the shoulder or otherwise indicates his presence and his aims, and A is thereupon required to surrender the charmer, B, and retire gracefully to the "stag-line." The stag-line is the line of males at any given moment without partners. At *débutantes'* balls and grand Society functions, we understand, the stags may be massed in the middle of the room ready to pounce upon the revolving does. A very popular doe may have as many as seven or eight partners in a single circuit of the room, while we met an Englishman who told us that at one of these routs it frequently happened that he had scarce passed his arm about his lady's frame before some merciless stag removed her from him. Who benefits by this practice, unless it be the vainer kind of doe, is not clear to us; for to a self-respecting man there can be little satisfaction in a dance of thirty seconds' duration, however fascinating the partner; indeed the more beautiful the lady the more detestable the custom must appear to him. And there is, it seems, this awful corollary: that if by chance a man becomes entangled with an unalluring maiden no man cuts in upon their union and they remain together for the evening.



Club Bore. "CONFOUND IT! MY WATCH HAS STOPPED. HAVE I BEEN TALKING LONG?"
Bored Clubman. "THERE 'S A CALENDAR IN THE HALL."

We have never seen this odious system in operation, but we have always sworn that Haddock would never be a party to it. With this preamble we will proceed to the ball at Lake Louise.

At Lake Louise—than which, we fancy, there is no more beautiful sight, in Europe or elsewhere—at Lake Louise, in the Rocky Mountains, the dance was raging. Parties, Missions, and whatnots had flooded the lake all day, and seethed and bubbled now upon the ballroom floor, which was as slippery as the local glacier. Our Mission was there. And some hundred-and-fifty of the Knights Templars Beauseant of the United States (where titles and orders are not known) were present as well, in a charming dark blue uniform, combining the attractions of the Salvation Army and of the commissionaires in Kensington High Street. The whole hotel was pirouetting madly; and what with one thing and another there were more women than men.

In these circumstances and the rarefied altitude of the Rocky Mountains, the local rule is that a gentleman may introduce himself to a lady and not lose caste. George for a long time had been whirling lightheartedly with an utter stranger from Arizona, and it occurred to the deserted Haddock that by hook or crook he too should join the rout.

This having been decided, our eye lighted on a lonely fair from Texas (as it later appeared), with a mamma (from the same state) but no swain. She sat pathetically by the wall and wistfully watched the revellers. We approached; we bowed gracefully; we said, "May we introduce ourselves? Our name is Haddock. May we have this dance?" She smiled, her mother beamed; we took the floor.

For some minutes there was no conversation; we bounced from one Knight Templar to another, not saying a word.

Then we said, "Where do you come from?"

"Texas," the maiden answered. "Where do you?"

"London," we replied.

"My!" said she; and we danced on in silence. We understood each other perfectly.

A young man then approached us, threading his way between the Templars, and tapped us on the shoulder.

"Pardon me," he said.

Just at first we did not get him. Then in a flash we understood. The wretched interloper was "cutting-in."

The blood of the Haddocks warmed within our veins. Here upon British soil, here in the far-flung mountains of the Empire the civilisation of our forefathers was assailed; a man was seeking to impose upon us a foul and barbarous ritual. We thrilled to the challenge.

"Sorry," we said as courteously as is compatible with the state of mind described above; "we don't have that custom in England—or in Canada either," we added, hoping that this was correct; and we danced on. The young man returned to the stag-line, obviously surprised, not to say infuriated.

The dream from Texas, on the other hand, was clearly delighted. This warmed us considerably. She agreed with us that cutting-in was vile. "When I have a dance," she said sweetly, "I like to have a dance," and we doubt if the thing can be more admirably put than that.

Then she said, expanding, "I always like the English. I think they are the most cultured and refined nation we have."

We need not say that we thrilled again; we danced on in an ecstasy.

And just then (we had scarce completed another circuit of the room) we again observed the tenacious but detestable youth approaching us. We ignored him.

"Will you be polite, Sir?" he said, tight-lipped.

This seemed to us a strange remark. The blood of the Haddocks *boiled* in our veins. The dream from Texas was no longer the issue. It was civilisation against savagery, light against darkness, the British Empire against the world. We felt to that young man as one might feel towards a pirate, a slave-trader, a snake or total abstainer.



Mrs. Gubbins (to new Vicar). "YOU 'LL ALWAYS FIND ME MOST SYMPATHETIC, SIR, I 'M NEVER HAPPY UNLESS I 'M FEELING SORRY FOR SOMEONE."

"Go to hell!" we said.

We regret the force of the expression; we regret still more the necessity which forces us to reproduce it here. But that was what we meant, and that, in fact, was what we said.

He went.

Black-browed, thunderous but pale, he went; the man was in a weak position! For, short of an open struggle for the body of the maiden, there was nothing he could do. The prize was in our arms and we did not cease to dance. We continued, we say, to go round and round, and for a few paces he followed us, walking. Few men we know could have done this with dignity, and he was quite incapable. A Knight Templar cannoned into him; he stammered at us an unintelligible but angry curse; we uttered an inarticulate but furious reply; he looked most frightfully ridiculous and went. And to any American spark who shares our views we recommend the same simple but effective line of action—a steely glance over the shoulder and a firm hand round the waist.

He went. And the dream from Texas crowed her satisfaction; not, we are sure, for any personal reason, but on the ground of principle and in selfless love of Right.

We too. The band was playing a most voluptuous waltz; but our heart was full of sterner things, of battle and victory and the traditions of our race. We had struck a blow for Britain.

But let us add that when the dance was ended we approached the discomfited one and rounded off the episode with a fair word or two. The dream from Texas was most tactful. For some minutes, to curb our righteous wrath (we think she feared a duel), she had been murmuring in our ear that "he didn't understand." She now murmured in the other's ear that "he didn't understand"—meaning us. We added kindly that no offence was intended, but none the less these lunacies must not be on British soil. The two combatants then shook hands, with warm expressions of sympathy and goodwill, and Haddock departed.

So flourishes the Right. A. P. H.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"The case was thereupon adjourned *sine die*, without any mention being made of the date of the adjourned hearing."—*Provincial Paper.*

"Country Girl Wants Place . . . wash cook."
Advt. in Evening Paper.

We should like to know what cook thinks about this.

"Nashimura, the Japanese, to-day started on his attempt to swim the English Channel. He wore no giggles."—*Provincial Paper.*

Swimming the Channel, we understand, is no laughing matter.

POETIC REFUSALS.

(Miss EDITH SITWELL refuses an invitation to tea.)

METALLIC teapot brewing tea
That leaves a blue tang like high C.
Cosy, a splash of violet light,
Coruscating, shrill and bright.
A silver spoon, E double-sharp,
Twangs in my brain like Israel's harp,
The convex marked with tail of rat,
Concave, a lady in a hat.
Plates, cups and knives, cream-jug and saucers,
All intermixed with lines of CHAUCER'S,
Make me a picture when I think
Patterned in green and splotched with pink.
The tablecloth a chattering white
Strikes loud staccato notes of light.
Your face floats there, a moony disc
With steel-loud eyes of basilisk;
No, I won't come. I won't—you hear?
For if I came you 'd press on me
Your syncopated Indian tea;
Cream, thick like beating of a drum.
Hullo! You hear me? I won't come.
(Chromatic purple sounds I hear!
This telephone is out of gear.)
Jade-green my mood to-day, C minor.
The only tea I drink is China.

From a publisher's advertisement:—
"BROKEN LIGHTS (Just Out)."—*Daily Paper.*
Naturally.

LATEST SCRATCHINGS.

(Straight from our Course.)

EVERY autumn our secretary goes on his holiday. I forget the name for it, but it 's one of those holidays which you spend doing what you always do before you want a holiday because of. That is, he is spending his time golfing and five shillings a day on balls. In his absence I am the secretary, and as a rule there is little enough to do. A friendly word here or a little worm-killer there is child's play to one of my administrative ability.

But this year a bombshell has burst upon us—that is, upon me. We have received an ultimatum from a Board of Tyrants (upon which our Club was not represented) to the effect that we must fill up an income-handicap-tax form correctly and at once or cease to be recognised as a Golf Club. That in itself is nothing new. We have been mistaken at different times for a corner house and a lifeboat office. It is the stigma, the disgrace . . .

We immediately summoned an Extraordinary General Meeting, at which it was decided by four votes to nil that what was required was action. An extraordinary sub-committee was appointed to take it. We have been taking it ever since. Every time we fill up the form it comes different. We are beginning to despair. We believe that our course is so designed that it has no fixed pars or bogeys. The scratch score depends entirely on whether your opponent gives you the short putts.

Now, would you believe that a jolly little affair like our Club could be anything but Grade A? The sub-committee was unanimous on this point, but on page 2 of the ultimatum we found that this is not a mere matter of opinion; it is to be decided by experiments. A local scratch player has got to drive off a lot of drives and we are to guess how far they go. If they go 230 yards our course is Grade A, if they don't then it 's Grade B, and so on. Apparently no scratch player ever drives less than 190 yards, even on a Grade E course. Grade E courses must be horrid. The ultimatum says they are up-hill and very boggy.

We held an emergency meeting of the handicapping committee, as a result of which we were able to produce one local scratch player. We took him down to our flattest hole to watch him drive. Everyone felt that the honour of the Club was at stake. Were we to be Grade C or even Grade D?

The local scratch player drove three drives. We decided not to count the first because he was very nervous, although he said himself that it was a practice swing. The second was straight but rather low. The local scratch player said it was a wind-cheater. We decided not to count it because the long grass on the front of the tee took all the wind out of it. We started to measure the third, but the president decided that, as the ball had been handled by an agency outside the match (the owner of the potato-field at cover-point having thrown it back on to the course), we could not in honour bound count it as a fair drive.

After lunch the scratch player found his game and drove three balls on to the fairway. The sub-commitee decided that the average length was 250 yards. One member, an experienced fisherman, recorded a minority vote in favour of 300. The scratch player thought that 275 would be a fair estimate, as one ball was only quite a short distance from the green. As this scarcely agreed with the surveyed length of the hole—174 yards—it was obvious that we should have to begin again.

We have begun again several times. We have had three extraordinary meetings of the handicapping committee and three local scratch players have driven several extraordinary drives. We have found that a fair average is 105 yards. That would only make us Grade H, but as the ground was very soft the sub-committee has decided to call it "HB." We have written to the Tyrants in strong terms. We shall probably be disestablished. No matter; I have been a scratch player (local) for one glorious day, and the secretary returns to-morrow.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

There was a fog one night during the visit of the United States Fleet to Melbourne—

"And the sailors found, with the nightingale of Keats, 'the world is left to darkness and to me.'"—*Sydney Paper.*

This hardly does justice to a GRAY evening.

From a summary of a paper delivered before the Botany Section of the British Association:—

"This apomixis may be by apogamous development of an embryo from any cell of a haploid gametophyte (haploid apogamy), by similar formation from a cell of a diploid embryo-sac (diploid apogamy), or by vegetative budding from the nucellus or integument."

Our gardener (jobbing) will be pleased to know this.

"We do not in this country pay enough attention to mosquitoes.—Sir Ronald Ross."
Daily Paper.

We assure Sir RONALD that he is wrong. No mosquito ever called upon us and was turned empty away.

THE QUALM OF LIFE.

(To H. P. M.)

TELL us not, in accents mellow,
(Not of clarion or of fife,)
Bland and amiable LONGFELLOW,
Of the strenuous joys of life.

Your morality is splendid
In its praise of noble deeds,
But it has to be amended
In the light of modern needs.

For your system sinks to zero
In its failure to evoke
Courage in the modern hero
To control his women-folk.

Wives of great men all remind us,
In this limelight-loving time,
Of the crippling bonds that bind us
As to eminence we climb.

Women, indiscreetly butting
In with panegyric pen
Or fantastically strutting,
Paralyse the wisest men.

Time its course is ever winging;
Wives and daughters cannot wait
Or refrain from freely slinging
Ink about the good and great.

Very few, and daily fewer,
Are the women who say No
To the wily interviewer
With a camera in tow.

Candid friends are very trying,
But no greater plague exists
Than the energy undying
Of domestic eulogists.

Charity may cloak or cover
Quite a multitude of sins,
But Publicity 's the shover
Who invariably wins.

Ministering angels, yielding
To the strain of modern tests,
Privacy no longer shielding,
Turn to ministerial pests.

Open foes can be detected
Or "knocked out" CARPENTIER-wise;
Deadlier are the blows directed
By these fond effusive spies.

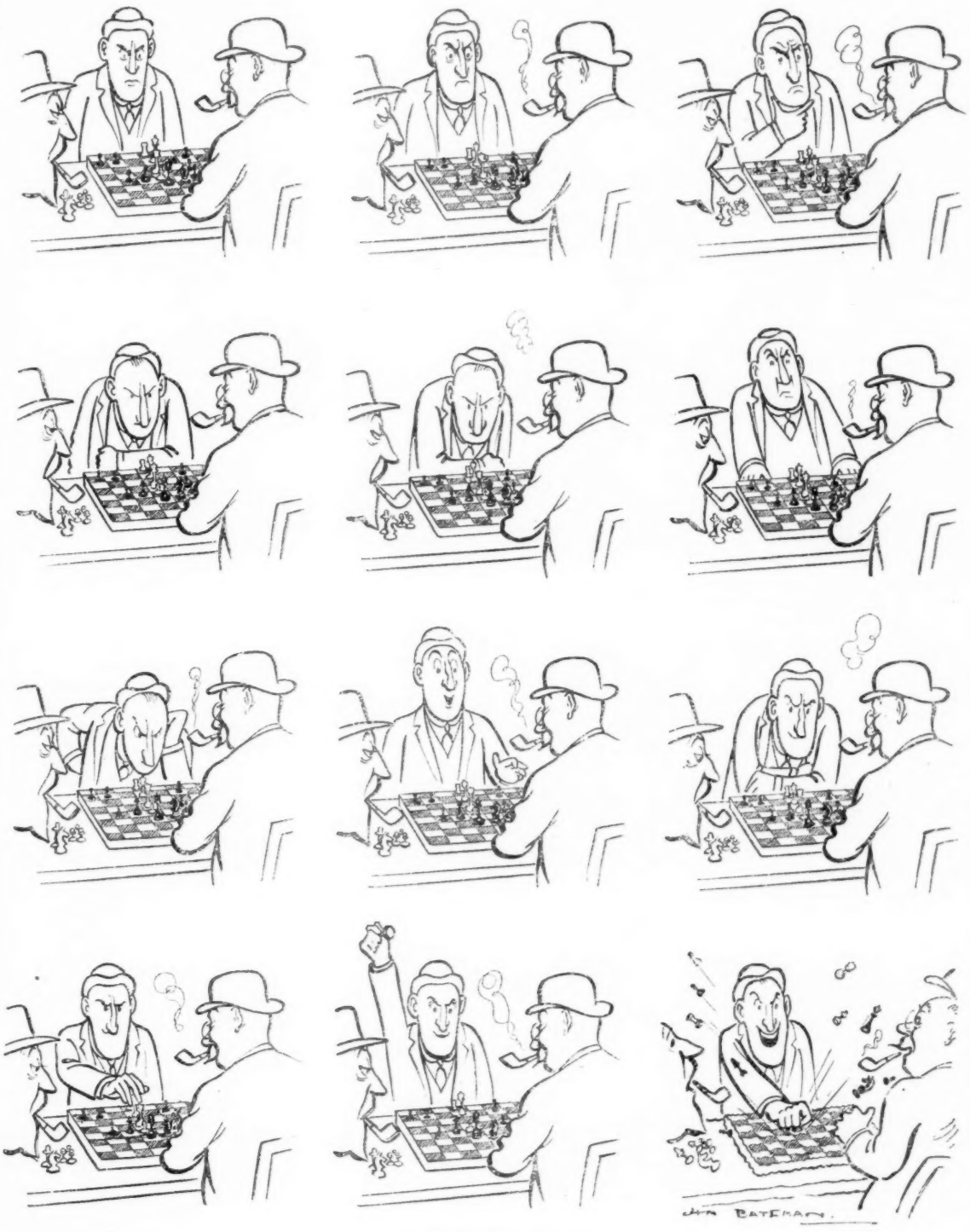
Only can we solve the puzzle
And emancipate our lives
By discovering a muzzle
For our daughters and our wives.

Our Ruthless Advertisers.

"SAVE TROUBLE AND TIREDNESS.—Put the Baby in a —— Baby Car, which folds up flat in a second and can be carried as easily as an attaché case."—*Morning Paper.*

"Quiet Couple Wanted share Fat with other couple and daughter."—*Provincial Paper.*

A fine chance for the *Jack Sprats*, if *Mrs. S.* will put in a bit of overtime.



A STRONG MOVE.

"DUSTER."

I AM fond of dogs; of my own especially, but not exclusively; I like most dogs. And generally I like the human animal also tolerably well. But when a human family which never had a dog before acquires a dog, I shall in future avoid it, if possible, for a period of at least six months.

I am staying with the Satterthwaites. They have a puppy, the first dog they ever had, and it's an Aberdeen. Quite a charming puppy, called Duster; but he has hopelessly demoralised them. It is tragic.

Satterthwaite used to be a well-read man. I suppose he is still. His wife had a caustic pretty wit. She also, as I suppose, has that still, somewhere. But to-day they have no conversation at all. If any interesting topic happens to come up it is immediately dropped.



"'ISN'T HE SWEET?'"

Among nervous or stupid people the presence of a dog often provides matter for the interchange of banal remarks. It would seem that among people of otherwise good manners and general intelligence the presence of a dog may be a bar to all rational converse.

This is the kind of thing one has to deal with; it happened after lunch to-day:—

I. Monsieur CAMMAERTS says that the making of Nonsense Poetry is peculiarly suited to the genius of our race.

Mrs. Satterthwaite. Isn't he sweet?

I. What—CAMMAERTS?

Mrs. S. (*surprised*). No, Duster. Do look at him.

I. (*looking, but sourly*). Humph! (*After a pause*) LEWIS CARROLL and EDWARD LEAR. . . .

Satterthwaite (*absently*). Yes, they were wonderful. (*Brightening*) It's that wistful air that I like.

I. CARROLL'S or LEAR'S?

S. No, no. Duster's. Look at him now.

And so it went on.

I retired in bitterness to the summer-house and began to write a little poem about friendship.

It ran—

Once we were bound in friendship, they and I,
Talked—how we talked!—laughed, ate and drank together;
Over the downs, under the cloud-flecked sky,
We ranged, or by the river's bank together.
Great were those days. Alas, that friendship's lamp
Gutters and dies! Though still we walk together,
There where the early Briton made his camp,
No longer surely may we talk together.
Only of *him* we speak—how swift he runs,
How handsome looks, how eats, how sleeps. . . .

At this moment Mrs. Satterthwaite appeared, walking towards me up the path, accompanied by Duster.

"Duster *darling*, please do not let your ear drop like that," she was saying. Then to me—"Hullo, what are you doing there?"

"I am writing a Farewell to Friendship," I said, passed her the manuscript and buried my head in my hands.

Mrs. Satterthwaite read my poem, though with some difficulty. You will think because it was blurred with my hot tears, but actually more because my writing is not particularly legible.

She laughed softly.

"Monsieur CAMMAERTS was right," she said.

"I do not understand you," said I.



"MY PROPERTY."

"He praised our Nonsense Poetry," said Mrs. Satterthwaite.

"But that is not . . ." I began.

"Not poetry?" she interpolated quickly. "No, but it is Nonsense. Duster darling, this foolish man is jealous of you, I do believe."

She threw herself on the ground beside Duster and embraced him. I walked stiffly past her, intent only on packing my bag and departing.

But Mrs. Satterthwaite followed me in to the house and, as fast as I packed my bag, unpacked it again. And Duster, entering into the spirit of the thing, picked up one of my new bedroom slippers and disappeared with it in the direction of the lawn.

Mrs. Satterthwaite sat on the floor laughing till the tears ran down her cheeks.

Then she rose and went to the window.

"He's eating your slipper," she said. "Isn't he sweet?"

This was the last straw. With an unmannerly ejaculation I rushed out after Duster and my property. But, as Mrs. Satterthwaite took advantage of my temporary absence to replace my belongings in their respective drawers, I am staying on.

But if they do not show a very distinct improvement to-night I shall certainly leave before they are up to-morrow.

AVICULTURAL NOTES.

THOSE who keep pet birds or who feed public pigeons in private squares must have noticed that the moulting season is now approaching.

At this trying time of the year the aviary inmates must be well fed, to help them grow their new feathers. And the hen birds should not be overlooked. It is well known how tedious and indeed costly it is to reclothe any of the female species.

Birds kept in outdoor aviaries must be rigorously protected from cats. In their defeathered state they seem to roost as near to the wire-netting as they can, showing a regrettable disregard of the advice so freely given in the hunting counties—'Ware wire. They thus form an easy prey to the domestic cat.

A simple method, which at the same time gratifies the Englishman's love of sport, is to sit around with a gun. Whenever a cat is seen, shoot a sparrow for it.

A more thrilling scheme is to shoot the cat itself, but this is apt to have distressing after-consequences. For whereas the sparrow belongs to nobody, the cat very often does.

* * *

If your canary does not sing as he should, there are several possibilities to bear in mind.

An extremely likely one, especially

if he was purchased from a street-hawker, is that he is a hen.

A more plausible reason is that he has not learnt to sing. The remedy for this is to buy what is known in the fancy as a schoolmaster. Be very careful not to get landed with a schoolmistress.

The original dealer, if he can be found, would be the most likely person to sell you one. He will probably seem very surprised to be doing business with you again.

Another possibility may disclose itself if you place your canary out in a shower. Strongly suspect the dealer if, on looking into the cage in half-an-hour or so, there is a sparrow on the perch.

Many a tyro has been done brown by a sparrow done yellow.

* * *

Do not rely too much on the dealer's description of his imported stock. I know a disillusioned young fellow who sent a pair of cut-throat finches to his mother-in-law. . . .

The Paradise whydah is a pretty little African bird with a long tail. But its habit of scattering seed out of its cage has turned many a happy home into Paradise Lost.

* * *

For the man of moderate means a very satisfactory way of filling the house with song is to get in a pair of window-cleaners.

SO MANY CÆSARS.

If Jones were dictator of England
(As I think that he ought to be)
He would cut off the heads of the principal Reds
And drown all the rest in the sea.
If Jones were dictator of England
We should all have plenty of coal;
The land would be void of its unemployed
And no one would be on the dole.

If Brown were dictator of England
(And he hasn't refused it yet)
He would levy a tax on these Oxford "slacks"
And pay the American debt.
If Brown were dictator of England
He would stop this shingled hair,
For he thinks that girls ought to keep the curls
That Grandmother used to wear.

If Smith were dictator of England
(As no doubt he will be soon)
He would end this craze for unpleasant plays
That shame the face of the moon.
If Smith were dictator of England
He would lock up the men with kinks,
The critics and writers and smug first-nighters
In a home for missing links.



"MOTHER, WHEN *THAT* CALLS, I 'M OUT!"

If Snooks were dictator of England
(Which he ought to be made at once)
There would be no jams between buses and trams,
Which are simply the work of a dunce.
If Snooks were dictator of England
He would build a road through the sky
And pull up the Strand and have it replanned
And plant it at Peckham Rye.

If Bloggs were dictator of England
(And I think he should have the chance)
The Poles and the Germans would all read sermons
And so would the boys in France.

If Bloggs were dictator of England
The rumours of war would cease,
And the instant dawn would blush like a prawn
With the roseate hues of peace.

But if I were dictator of England,
Though people exist in swarms
Who could remedy things, if we made them kings,
By carrying out reforms—
If I were dictator of England
I 'll tell you what I would do—
I would sell you the job for fifteen bob
And throw in the hat-stand too.

EVOE.



Outraged Parent. "GOOD LORD, BOY! WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE REVUE?"

AUTUMN SPORTS; CLUBBING.

EVERY autumn my club closes for spring-cleaning. I get a nice printed letter from the secretary saying that the members of lots of other clubs want me to honour them, etc., meanwhile. They—the other clubs—get cleaned later, and then their members honour us, etc. This year I honoured the United Nonagenarians, but I could have honoured the Primitive Services or the Sports and General.

I like the U.N. because it is so quiet. No unnecessary noise is allowed. If you say Good-morning to the hall-porter he stares at you, dives under the counter, regains the surface rapidly, shakes his head and stares at the next-please. If you sneeze in the library all those members who can move without help go out; the others write illegibly to the Committee.

That is not my idea of hospitality. When *my* club entertains spring-cleaned members I shall talk to them, befriend them, make them feel at home.

* * * * *

"Good day," I said cheerily to my next-at-lunch. He stopped mixing his salad-dressing, upset it, put both hands funnel-wise to his ear and made as if to listen intently. "Good day," I said again in a higher key but not so cheerily. "Mumble louder," he growled, producing an outsize ear-trumpet. "A fine day," I shouted, feeling that I was losing ground. He shook his head. "No good," he said, and started to fumble with an electrical appliance. I sent for a page to summon me to the telephone.

* * * * *

"Good evening," I said cheerily to my next-at-dinner. He started, put down his knife and fork, turned half-round in his chair and banged the table with a chubby fist. "Fancy meeting you!" he roared. "Rum world, eh?" I agreed; it was indeed strange that he and I should meet at all, never having done so before. "How are you these days?" I tried. "Mod," he answered, "only fair to mod. Ever see any of the old lot?" "Never," I said truthfully; "I don't seem to run into them somehow." "That's odd," he said; "why, old Thruster is always in and out of here." "Quite," I said, "so am I. No doubt I come in just as he—er—comes in and out again, and then perhaps he and I—er—but it *would* be like old times to see him again."

A stranger strolled up and greeted him noisily. "Ha! there you are, Thruster," said next-at-dinner; "of course you remember old—er—um——"

But I had gone.

* * * * *

"Splendid morning," I said cheerily to my next-at-breakfast.

"Have my paper," he said.

"And what's more," I continued, "this jolly old depression they talk so much about——"

"Quite," he said. "Much too much."

Commercial Candour.

"ONE WEEK SALE OF BLANKETS.
These special bargain lots are rapidly shrinking."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

"Wanted, Good Turret Hands, accustomed to chuck work."—*Advt. in Yorkshire Paper.*
A habit unfortunately not confined to turret hands.

"It is not always a compliment to tell a girl that her face is like a poem."—*Indian Paper.*
She may think you mean to imply that there are many lines in it.

NO EXCUSE FOR THE KID.

WE always take the Kid away rather late in the season for her holiday. This gives Henry and me time to take one beforehand so that we can recuperate and gain added strength to face the Kid's enthusiasms; to battle—I mean, to cope—with her energetic pursuit of pleasure.

We seek on these occasions the seclusion of the private hotel which usually advertises its advantages in such cryptic terms as "gd. ckg., el. lt., sep. tables, 5 min. sea, mod.," and sometimes objects to children.

The Belgrave Hotel, where we were at last installed, objected to children. This objection was waived, the proprietress explained to us, not, as I dimly suspected, on account of the slackness of the season, but because the Kid "looked so quiet and well-behaved and good."

Now, it is a remarkable thing that the Kid often *does* look good; she *does* give an impression to the unimpassioned and casual onlooker that she is quiet. There is at times a mild cherubic expression on her face that causes elderly ladies to pause in the street and pat her.

The Kid seemed to be in one of these gentle retrospective moods on the day of our arrival at the Belgrave Hotel. She at once leapt into popularity, and at tea—an informal meal taken in the drawing-room, where sep. tables were abandoned—she became the centre of attraction.

It was beautiful to hear her respond shyly and politely to the questions showered upon her: Yes, thank you, she *did* like school very much—of course holidays were very jolly. It was true she did like chocolate—that is, just a little chocolate sometimes.

Nevertheless Henry and I exchanged anxious glances; the Kid is always most polite when she is planning mischief.

The following day we took her for a trip into the country, where her unbounded energy once more asserted itself. She calmed down again, however, by the time we returned to the hotel, and, when she came into the drawing-room for tea, meekness had descended on her again like a mantle. The elderly ladies and middle-aged matrons beamed on her as she took a seat in their midst.

"The Kid is certainly improving," Henry whispered to me. "I often think, my dear, that we don't make enough allowance for the high spirits of youth, we are at times out of sympathy with the adventurous——"

The remainder of Henry's sentence was drowned in a mighty shriek so wild, so far-reaching, so piercing that the room seemed to vibrate under the sound. Every middle-aged matron, every elderly lady had leapt to her feet with amazing agility and was shrieking as she surged towards the door. One or two of them swept over the tea-tray in their progress: truly it was an awful scene. The room was cleared as if by magic, only the Kid being left, a pained look on her cherubic face as she faced a wrathful and accusing Henry.

"B-but I didn't do anything this time, Daddy—I swear I didn't; I only brought down the box of frogs I collected in the country to-day. The lid flew open—you know how frogs jump, and——" Here the Kid had the temerity to look aggrieved: "I expect I've lost half of them now."

Yes, we had to look for another private hotel the next day—annoying, too, because the advertisement had been right about the gd. ckg.

FROEBEL can say what he likes about it being better for a child's natural impulses to be unrestrained; I only wish FROEBEL could have taken the Kid away for a holiday, that's all.



Nervous Servant (to noble Duke). "GRACE, YOUR GROUSE?"



Grand-daughter. "I DO BELIEVE YOU TWO DEARS HAVE BEEN QUARRELLING. NOW, WHAT 'S IT ALL ABOUT?"
Granny. "YOUR GRANDFATHER COMPLAINS THAT I AM NOT A MODERN."

THE DENUNCIAD.

AWAY with "linkéd sweetness long drawn out!"
The poet's task is not to sing but shout.
Not HERRICK's lute nor MILTON's organ roll
Is music meet for Bang's stentorian soul.
His blatant Muse out-dins the rumbling bus
And bawls astride a roaring Pegasus.
Needy in wit but affluent in pretence
He pays in sound for what he owes in sense.
What though the lyre suit not his tuneless lay,
The hollow drum is easier to play.

Away with rhythm and steady swinging beat!
Bung's Muse is drunk and staggers on her feet.
What 's rhyme to him?—a jingling chain for fools;
His lofty soul disdains the common rules.
Bound by no laws his chartless way he goes,
Content to follow his licentious nose,
And rants what is not poetry nor prose.

Dull are the poets who are clear and pure;
All hail to Mugg who 's muddy and obscure!
One of Confusion's mystifying band
Who write what none less mad can understand;
So that, as through the fogs of verse he goes,
The reader, groping, asks but never knows
If Mugg 's a seer whom Jove himself begat,
Or just a humbug talking through his hat.

At Truth and Beauty's shrine let KEATS confess;
Pigg builds his altars to rank rottenness,
And deems the scum upon the pig-trough swills
More lovely far than "dancing daffodils."
His Muse, strong-stomached, boldly stoops to pluck,
Not flowers of speech but metaphors of muck.
To Heaven's far blue the adventurous lark may wing,
Pigg and the dung-fly to the dunghill cling.
A modern Orpheus, he, whose brazen lyre
Sets, not the Thames, but all the drains on fire.
Ah, lest his works perchance outlive his time,
Preserve them, reader, not in calf but lime.

* * * * * *

And yet, my soul, why shouldest thou take hurt
From all this discord, decadence and dirt?
Thou may'st with KEATS range faëry lands forlorn,
Hear SHELLEY's skylark herald in the morn,
Watch COLERIDGE build a dome for *Kubla Khan*,
With BROWNING fathom the deep soul of man,
Sail to the isle where SHAKESPEARE's *Ariel* plays,
Or tread with WORDSWORTH Nature's ancient ways.

Sir Boyle Roche Again.

"The steady pulse of moderation . . . has always beaten through the winds of opinion that swept like rolling stones."—*Evening Paper.*

"'Old Bill of the Menin Road,' as the 'bus is called, carries a panel bearing its war record. The King read this when 'Old Bill' went to Buckingham Palace, and took off his hat to it."—*Evening Paper.*

Surely "Old Bill," if he wanted to salute the Palace, should have doffed his bonnet.

From an article on concrete houses to be built in Dublin by a German firm:—

"As to tenants for the houses, when they are ready for occupation there will be no luck."—*Irish Paper.*

This attempt to crab the German-built houses must be due, we fear, to racial prejudice.



THE INTRUDER.

[An attempt is to be made at the forthcoming Labour Party Conference to secure the removal of the restrictions against the admission of Communists.]



PUBLICITY AND PAGEANT.

MR. AND MRS. JONES HAVE SPENT THEIR ANNUAL SUMMER HOLIDAYS AT LITTLE WINKLETON EVER SINCE THEIR WEDDING, THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO. LITTLE WINKLETON SHOWS ITS APPRECIATION OF THEIR FIDELITY BY PRESENTING THEM WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE BOROUGH.

BOYS IN THE CAR.

Aunt Mary thought it would be a nice plan if Uncle James took the two of them to London in the car. The two of them enthusiastically agreed.

It was going to be one of those days when squalls of rain are succeeded by bright sunshine, which meant, as Uncle James knew very well, that he would have to keep stopping to put the hood up and then stopping again to pull it down. The boys would want to help, and they would pinch their fingers in the framework of the hood. But beyond that he had no objection. He knew that the boys were the most delightfully courteous passengers. Neither Charles nor Posh ever stated openly that the motor-car which they had at home was better than Uncle James's. Posh would merely say:—

"Our car has four-wheel brakes. Why hasn't yours, Uncle Jem?" or "Ours is a frightfully posh car. It has balloon tyres. I do think balloon tyres are topping."

And when Uncle James was manfully making thirty-five miles an hour, Charles would murmur, watching the speedometer carefully:—

"Can't you make it get to forty, Uncle James? We always go over fifty in ours."

But if they didn't actually decry his car, they always criticised his driving, especially round corners.

This always made Uncle James feel a humble man, which was no doubt very good for him.

Posh was ensconced amongst the luggage and Charles took the seat by the driver's side. After twenty uneventful miles there was a terrible explosion behind. Uncle James slowed down rapidly.

"Bother it!" he said. "There goes a tyre."

"Nonsense!" said Charles scornfully. "It was only Posh."

"You don't mean to tell me that Posh can make a noise like that?"

"Oh, yes; he often does it at home."

Uncle James went on again. He was troubled rather frequently by the hooting of cars behind which wanted to pass, until Charles explained to him that this was also an item in Posh's motoring repertoire. The villages flashed by in rain and sun.

It was now half-past eleven o'clock.

"When are we going to have lunch?" inquired Charles.

"Not just yet, I think," said Uncle James.

"I *am* so hungry," wailed Posh.

They had lunch in a beautiful open space with a pond where there had been a gipsy encampment. Aunt Mary had seen to it that the menu was substantial, but she had not written out the order on a card, which no doubt explained why Posh's meal was arranged thus:—

Two potted meat sandwiches,
One cream cheese ditto,
One hard-boiled egg,
An apple,
Another cream cheese sandwich,
Four chocolate biscuits,
Another hard-boiled egg,
Two more potted meat sandwiches,
A banana.
Cake. Coffee. Ginger-beer.

Uncle James had to take the shell off the eggs.

"Golly!" exclaimed Charles suddenly when the feast had come to an end, "I've found some mushrooms."

They hunted for mushrooms for nearly half-an-hour and found quite a lot.

"May I start the engine?" asked Posh when they were ready to go on again.

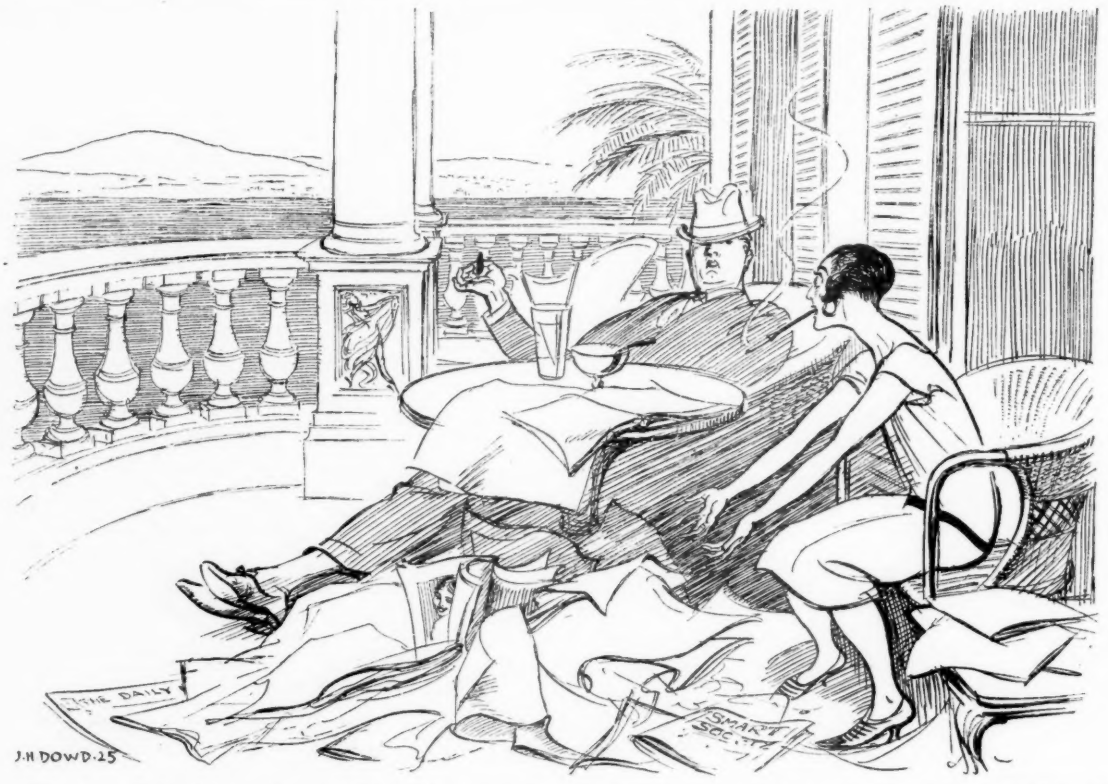
"Well, if you like," said Uncle James.

Posh trod on the self-starter very violently indeed. It made a shrill and very irregular sound.

"Oh, dear me," said Uncle James, "I'm afraid you've broken the spring."

He had. Uncle James got out and began to wind the lever.

"Oh, Uncle James," cried Charles, "your hand's all black. You shouldn't



Film Star (who has been secretly married, to Bridegroom on honeymoon). "THESE BEASTLY PAPERS HAVE GIVEN NO PUBLICITY TO OUR MARRIAGE."

have let Posh enamel the starting-handle yesterday."

"No," said Uncle James, "I shouldn't. I'm rather sorry I did."

His hand was really awfully black.

"I vote we gamble," said Posh suddenly when they got well under way again.

"All right," said Charles; "I've got threepence here. How much have you got?"

"Twopence," said Posh.

They played pitch and toss, which is quite a different game when one of the players is sitting at the back of a car and the other in the front. Fortunately, like most gamblers, they soon lost all that they possessed. It was somewhere amongst the luggage or else in the road. Uncle James refused to stop the car and look for it. Charles was aggrieved and began to rehearse the Middlesex averages in an undertone.

"Aeroplanes!" said Posh, leaping up suddenly near Royston and pointing at the sky. "Oh, I *do* wish we were in an aeroplane! They go two thousand miles an hour."

"Two-thirty-five, that's all," said Charles. "But they don't average more than a hundred-and-ninety, do they, Uncle James?"

"I expect not," said Uncle James, humbly pressing his accelerator.

"Oh, look, *look*, LOOK!" cried Posh. "Look at that one stunting! Just over your head, Uncle James. It's behind you now. Look—look!"

He bobbed ecstatically up and down at the back of the car, but Uncle James resisted the temptation to look behind.

The miles wore on and a certain calm ensued. Uncle James began to congratulate himself that they would be in fair time for tea. The vacillating day had settled down at last into sunshine. The car purred valiantly along the Great North Road towards Stevenage. There would be no need to halt again now.

"Uncle James," said Posh suddenly.

"Yes, my boy," said Uncle James.

"I want to be sick."

Uncle James stopped the car.

"What on earth's the matter with him?" he inquired of Charles when the affair had adjusted itself.

"Dunno," said Charles. "I think it must have been the mushrooms."

"Did he have many?" asked Uncle James with a vivid recollection of the rest of Posh's meal.

"Rather a lot," said Charles. "We both did. And, oh! I say, I'm sorry, Uncle James, I'm afraid I've sat on the rest. Is it any good keeping them?"

He opened the handkerchief in which they had been placed and exhibited the remains.

"No," said Uncle James briefly.

They went on.

"Are you all right now, Posh?" shouted Uncle James over his shoulder after a few minutes.

"Topping," said Posh. "Can I sing?"

"Certainly," said Uncle James.

He sang "Felix Kept on Walking" for several miles.

"You sing now," he said suddenly to Charles.

"Don't know anything," said Charles rather gruffly.

"Oh, yes, sing the song you always sing in your dorm. It's posh—*expert*."

Persuaded at last, Charles turned his eyes till only the whites were visible and, rolling his head from side to side, sang what seemed to Uncle James to be rather a dreary song for a boy to

sing. It ran, as far as he could catch the words, like this:—

He sat under lilac-tree smoking cigar,
Smoking cigar, smoking cigar:
He sat under lilac-tree smoking cigar,
Smo—king cigar.

She sat under lilac-tree playing guitar,
Playing guitar.
(*Repeat as before.*)

He said that he loved her, and oh! how he lied, *etc.*

She said that she loved him, and oh! how she lied, *etc.*

They were going to be married, but both of them died, *etc.*

We went to the funeral, and oh! how we all cried, *etc.*

We went to the funeral just for the ride, *etc.*

She went up to Heaven and flip-flopped she flied, *etc.*

And then there was another verse about what happened to *him*. It lasted till right beyond Hatfield.

"Uncle James," said Charles when he had finished singing.

"Well, what is it?"

"I 'm awfully thirsty."

They stopped for lemonade. When they went on again Posh fell asleep amongst the luggage. He woke up again, however. The car was ascending a fairly steep gradient at the time. Posh leaned over from the back and looked at the dash-board.

"Uncle James," he said.

"Well, Posh?"

"Is this what switches the engine off on your car?"

He pressed a stud.

"Yes," said Uncle James.

The car stopped very suddenly and Uncle James had to jam on both brakes hard.

"Oo!" said Posh. "Top*ping!*"

It was a late large tea. EVOE.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

A DOG TALE.

A SEA-LION was his father,
His mama a garden slug,
And his coat resembled rather
An ancestral carriage rug.

Shapeless as a roly-poly,
Nine long summers was his span,
And he answered (very slowly)
To the common name of Dan.

Those who bought him with indecent
Haste in lieu of one they 'd lost
Found the old love much too recent
And the new love proved a frost.

Soon there came a fine Alsatian
Which was instantly adored,
And the garden slug's relation
Correspondingly ignored.

He was never cross or sulky
When on rambles left behind,
But his figure grew more bulky
As their ways grew more unkind.

Yes, his life was very tragic
Till one day the house was let
And the slug as if by magic
Was transformed into a Pet.

By the tenants loved and sent for,
He was fondled and caressed;
All the pretty walks he went for,
And they fed him on the best.

At their heels he gamely panted,
Soon his walk became a trot,
For they taught him he was wanted
Who had felt that he was not.

And so great the transformation
In two months—or little more—
All beheld with admiration
Dan, a lovely LABRADOR!

There 's a moral: Love your whippet;
ELK-HOUND he may grow with ease;
Pet enough your old fur tippet,
It may end a PEKINESE.



Mother. "COME, BOBBY, FINISH UP YOUR PORRIDGE."
Spoilt Child. "NO; I DON'T LIKE THE PATTERN ON THE BOTTOM OF THESE PLATES."

"Miss Marsden drew from her dress a small perfumed envelope. In the dim flickering light Barnes read the address. A faint whistle escaped his tightly closed lips."
Story in Daily Paper.

A ventriloquist, we suppose.



"TRUTH IN ADVERTISING."

"CAPITAL REQUIRED, TO DEVELOP AN OLD-ESTABLISHED CATERING BUSINESS WITH A GOOD LOCAL CONNECTION."

TORTOISE WEEK.

No garden that is a garden is complete without a tortoise. They give what the French would call an air the most distinguished even to an allotment. The very best gardens sometimes have more than one. We have three. Their names are Titus I. (now in the light of subsequent knowledge rechristened Titania), Titus II. and Nurmi. They live on the tennis-court and surrounding messuage and are absolutely dead-eye on buttercups and dandelions, except Nurmi, whose dandelion has generally turned to seed by the time he has run it down.

They were just ordinary tortoises at first, but after we had taken them in hand they became something rather special. For instance, they now all have an arrow in white paint on their shells denoting direction of motion, and a red triangle at the back for four-leg brakes. Titus II. has his name tastefully imprinted on his back in copper-headed tacks. Titania has a railway-label on her shell with "Fragile. This Side Up." Nurmi had a set of spiked running-shoes made for him, but every time we tried to put them on he refused to "show a leg." Finally we had them all three sent down to the workshop, where they were first turned up a bit on the lathe and then finished off on the emery wheel; and now you couldn't find three more true or polished tortoises in England.

Though at first we thought them slow, I understand that for tortoises they are quite good movers. We had a sort of Tortoise Week and Gymkhana the other day and obtained some surprising results. Nurmi's long-distance trial across the lawn on the evening of August 28th and morning of August 29th will long be remembered in Chelonian Athletic annals. Nurmi also simply walked away with the ten yards' sprint in practically even time—8 minutes $13\frac{3}{5}$ seconds—Titania being a good second, and Titus, who encountered a casual buttercup, finishing later in the day.

Nurmi, however, was not so good over the steeplechase course, of which the fences were lengths of garden hose. It was Titania who proved the dark horse over the "sticks." She had the real jumping action of a tank, crawling up on to the fence and swaying back and forth till she tilted forward on her nose. Nurmi got his near fore crossed over his neck at the first jump and retired hurt into his shell. Titus was a bit too heavy in the forehand to be a real jumper. For "chasing over the sticks," in fact, one needs more of a whippet tortoise.

We had also a Dandelion race and half of a Tug-of-War—Titus' half, to be exact; but the last and most stirring event of the Gymkhana was the Night Obstacle race. All the competitors carried a stump of candle on their backs and we charged an entrance fee to see it. We cleared a lot of money on our Tortoiselight Tattoo.

Tortoises are nice things to have about the grounds and brighten them up. The garden looks quite lively as they whizz about among the flowers. Occasionally they take an involuntary part in a game of bowls, though we found their bias is not to be relied upon. I have further discovered too that they like being petted, though it 's the last thing you would expect of a tortoise. There is nothing Titus loves so much as a little fondling, such as being patted on the back with a sledge-hammer or having his tummy scratched with a mallet and cold chisel.



REJUVENATION.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE PRISONERS OF WAR"
(PLAYHOUSE).

IF any of us during the War comforted ourselves with the thought that those of our countrymen who had been taken prisoners had, after their severe trials in enemy prison-camps, reached a haven of rest when released to the comparative comfort and easier supervision of a neutral country, Mr. ACKERLEY sets out to undeceive us. His sincere and effective piece of work bears evidence of his having actually suffered in essence the experience he describes—an experience that has evidently bitten deep—but he has resisted the temptation to pamphleteering or to making his characters mere mouthpieces of his own ideas.

The five prisoner officers who are set before us in a Mürren hotel overlooking the Jungfrau have very clearly and cleverly defined characters and temperaments, and the tragedy of the conflict of these characters and temperaments in the given environment is worked out with an effect of absolute inevitability. The complete boredom, the enforced and unrelieved companionship, the unfettered opportunity for introspection, the monastic *régime*, produced in four of them entirely morbid reactions. *Captain Conrad* (in whose sitting-room the whole of the action takes place) is a born hyper-sensitive and egotist (with a high ethical standard moreover), in whom the unnatural environment has induced a state of dangerous overstrain; *Captain Rickman*, a boisterously humorous and essentially good-hearted Canadian, a lumberman by trade, is almost broken by the horrible inaction; the two very young R.A.F. subalterns, *Grayle* and *Tetford*, the one a "pretty" boy without character or real heart, and the other a normal decent type, are visibly deteriorating and, like a couple of romantic schoolgirls, are jealous of each other in relation to the attentions and affections of the two older men; the elderly, negligible, quiet, wise *Mr. Adelby* alone keeps the fortress of his soul intact and does something—not much is possible—to ease the situation. Not much is possible, that is, given these actual men. It is part of the author's cleverness to make you realise that, though any other five or four thus circumstanced might have dug holes or cut wood or climbed themselves tired every day in a resolute attempt to keep their end up, not just this four. He might have spared us the extra wrench of the fatal telegram which put an end to the resolute happiness of that fine simple soul, *Adelby*, but we cannot complain that it was an unfair use of his dramatic opportunity. It was clearly written in the stars that *Conrad's* mind would give way, though we should have been glad of a little of the Greek reticence in the presentation of this catastrophe.



Captain Conrad (*Mr. GEORGE HAYES*) AVOIDS THE "*Black Peril*" (*Miss LEAH BATEMAN*).

A notable play, quite admirably interpreted. Mr. GEORGE HAYES gave a most moving performance as *Captain Conrad*; here was a man, you would think, actually suffering not merely pretending; and perhaps the only thing in the play that did not carry conviction was that the little Swiss doctor (cleverly handled by Mr. HECTOR ABBAS) should have failed to realise how near his patient was to complete collapse. If Mr. HAYES ever chose to do a little bit of malingering I would cheerfully back him against the whole of Harley Street any day of the week. Mr. IVOR BARNARD'S *Adelby*, a very well-conceived and well-written part, was a superb study; the sustained quiet deliberation of utterance was in itself no inconsiderable technical achievement. If Mr. RAYMOND MASSEY be by any possibility not a Canadian, I bow very low before him; but even if he be, he deserves the greatest credit for his most natural assumption of the part of the gaunt backwoodsman, *Rickman;* the little of light relief which the author, while never letting it get out of hand, allows us, is supplied through this engaging character. Mr. ROBERT HARRIS did very well indeed with the most difficult and unsympathetic part of the mean young cub, *Grayle*; and Mr. CARLETON HOBBS was excellent as the more normal and likeable *Tetford*. Miss MARIE AULT as a good and Miss LEAH BATEMAN as an obviously bad woman had little importance in the scheme, but quite adequately upheld the standard. Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR had evidently used his great experience as a producer to great advantage upon the team as a team; but the author's own stage directions set forth in the published version of his play show that he thoroughly knows his business. A play very well worth seeing and one that will take its place in the significant literature of the horrors of the Great War. T.



BLANK BLANK DAY FOR "THE PRISONERS OF WAR."
MESSRS. CARLETON HOBBS, ROBERT HARRIS AND RAYMOND MASSEY.

"THE GREEN HAT"
(ADELPHI).

LET's face it. Will the thing do as a play or will it not? I confess

that I have my doubts. I am a keen student of Mr. MICHAEL ARLEN'S quite too wonderful romances in their original form. How then can I say whether Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL (with that tight grip on his so visible shirt-cuffs) as *Sir Maurice Harpenden*, or Mr. LEONARD UPTON as "*Naps*" (he has copied his father's shirt-cuff trick), or Miss TALLULAH BANKHEAD as *Iris*, wearing (in Acts II. and IV.) the titular and notorious piece of millinery, will be able to justify their charming characters to an audience that has not read the book? But is there such an audience? The suburbs are silent. Mayfair shakes its head.

The modified plot goes this way. There was a terrible tragedy at a Deauville hotel. *Boy Fenwick* was found dead, fallen from the window on the first night of his honeymoon with *Iris* (that *Iris* who was *née March*). People wanted to know why. *Gerald March*, her drunken brother, who had been *Boy's* admiring friend, wanted to know why. Everybody came into the room and bothered. *Hilary Townshend*, an avuncular type, *Sir Maurice* himself, and *Napier* his son, who had loved *Iris* as a child, but had been forbidden to marry her by his papa, *Lord de Travest* —they were all there. *Iris* would only say, "Boy died—for purity." That set *Gerald March* gibbering. "He killed himself, you mean, because you told him of your beastly loves." But she had never loved anyone, of course, in the true romantic sense, *Iris* hadn't, except *Napier Harpenden*.

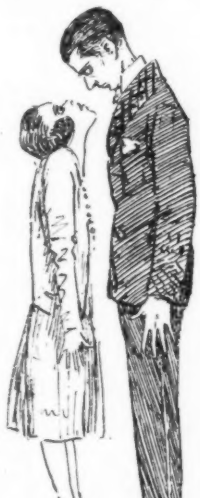
In the next Act the War has intervened. Shirt-cuffs are still worn long. *Napier* is about to marry the very charming *Venice Pollen*. The scene is *Napier's* flat; there is a little dinner-party to celebrate the coming event. When the guests (all but *Hilary*) have departed, *Iris* comes in. Would you believe it, that she was wearing a green hat and came in her big car? *Gerald March*, her brother, is dying, and he won't let her see him because he counts her responsible for *Boy Fenwick's* death. So *Hilary* has to go. That leaves the two playmates of long ago together. When *Hilary* returns the sitting-room is dark and empty, and the light switched on reveals—no—impossible—yes—on the sofa there is a green hat . . . *Napier* and *Iris* presently emerge from the next room—you mustn't be so early-Edwardian—and explain themselves and the beauty of their love to *Hilary*, who proves stern. (I don't know what annoyed him. He was only a guest.) *Iris* goes.

I am sorry to have to tell you—as you persist in being so old-fashioned—that the Third Act takes us to a Parisian Nursing Home, in which *Iris* is lying ill. (But the baby died.) *Hilary* turns up, of course. *Napier* arrives with *Venice*. They have been married for nine months. . . . *Venice* is the least



Major-General Sir Maurice Harpenden, Bart. (MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL), SHOWS THE YOUNGER GENERATION HOW TO STAND AT EASE.

bit irritated at having to come to Paris to see this girl whom she doesn't know, but whom *Napier* (clearly) does. Entering, however, suddenly in her nightrobe *Iris* fills the room with forgiveness, reconciliation and love. The



CAN THIS BE LOVE?
Iris . . . . MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD.
Napier . . MR. LEONARD UPTON

gentleman who has illustrated these remarks of mine (oh, but that was a very sophisticated gentleman!) thought that this must be the end of the play. A quaint idea. *Iris* of course has to appear again (Act IV.) to explain to *Sir Maurice* in his library, with the great windows thrown open to the twilit garden, why she intends to go off with *Napier* and take him away from his bride of but a year. She gives the old man a piece of her mind, but doesn't carry out her intention because *Venice* herself is now going to have a child. Meanwhile it is explained that *Boy Fenwick* killed himself on account of his own failings, not those of *Iris*. *Iris* in the full tide of her magnanimity now mounts to her expensive motor-car and in a few moments—Crash! Bang!

I take it that moral blacks and whites have to be laid on more heavily in a play than in a novel (because of the lack of time), and what are we to make of this *Napier Harpenden*, dramatically speaking? Is he a hound or a hero or just an ordinary young man? (He got a D.S.O., I notice, in the War.) And what kind of a heroine for drama is *Iris* herself, who had spent her time with many lovers as a solace for the loss of *Napier's* love? It is true that she expiated her offence by dashing herself to bits against *Sir Maurice's* best and oldest beech-tree. And yet even so . . .

I think that Miss TALLULAH BANKHEAD played this curious part well, though better as the *Iris* of the green hat than as the *Iris* of Act I. As a typical English landowner and retired Major-General to boot, Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL (for the very first time) did not leave me absolutely content, and I thought that Mr. LEONARD UPTON in the last three Acts was far too impulsively young. Miss BARBARA DILLON as *Venice* made a brief but delightful appearance, and Mr. FREDERICK LEISTER was a doctor in whom one could trust. All the cast played bravely and surely, but not by any means all of Mr. MICHAEL ARLEN'S daring brilliancies were both heard and acclaimed. I did not actually take the time between the starting up of *Iris's* motor-car (heard "off") and the moment when, at seventy miles an hour, it crashed into the ancient beech, but anyone who does so will be able to calculate pretty accurately the length of this part of *Sir Maurice Harpenden's* drive. EVOE.

From an auction-sale advertisement:

"Forty New Rickshas, cooking range, 2,000 volumes assorted books, tennis rackets, perambulators, ice chests, one taxicab pup (female) 4 months old."—*Chinese Paper.*

We note with interest that the demand for a smaller taxi-cab has reached China.

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT HOME.

XIV.

CONEY ISLAND: (*a*) GETTING THERE.

THERE are various ways of relieving the suffering occasioned by a heat-wave, but I think New York's way is the most practical and effective. The method it uses is an application of the famous theory discovered by the Chicago girl, who found that, if she reset the speedometer on her motor-car so that when she was moving at 40 m.p.h. the instrument would show 25 m.p.h. her father could ride beside her in peace and satisfaction—that is, New York puts its official thermometer on the edge of the harbour, facing the ocean breezes, on top of one of the tallest buildings, so that when the temperature is 105° the instrument registers 90°, and many heat prostrations are averted. This is hard on the Weather Man, of course, because he encounters such a drop in temperature as he goes from the street to his office as to make him continually subject to pneumonia; but it is better that one man should run this risk than that seven millions should swelter. Will Newman has suggested, now that flying has become practical, that the official thermometer be taken up in a Government plane and the temperature be recorded at 5,000 feet; this would be more expensive and even harder on the Weather Man's health, but it would make summer in the Great City quite pleasant and would keep us from having to resort to the excitements of Coney Island.

When this thermometer on the edge of the harbour, facing the ocean breezes on top of one of the tallest buildings, registered for the sixth successive afternoon a temperature of 94°, Will declared that there was nothing left to do but go to Coney Island.

"I have a friend," I told him, "who can give us a letter of introduction to the Weather Man; it would be much cooler up there than at Coney Island."

"You miss the point," said Will. "The temperature makes but little difference; the thing that counts is whether or not you think about it. If we went up there the temperature would undoubtedly be the chief topic of conversation and I should prefer forgetting 110° to concentrating on 94°. A little entertainment, a little excitement is what we need. Get your hat; we 'll go down by bus."

We found a bus waiting in Times Square, a tremendous broad-beamed thing, with seven rows of seats, each row accommodating about six passengers, from the point of view of the passengers, and about eight from the point of view of the bus company. It was covered by a big black top, upon which rested a large sign telling the world that the bus went to Coney Island. On the sidewalk was a man in a uniform cap telling the world the same thing, and adding the further information that it went to Coney Island immediately and that one and all had better step lively if they expected to get aboard.

Will and I hastened up and asked him for two tickets.

"Both ways?" said the man.

"One way," said I.

But the man thought it would be better for us if we got round-trip tickets and persuaded Will to agree with him. He gave them to us with great precipitation, looking round every second or two to see if the bus was still there.

We opened the door and leaped into our seats. To all appearances they were going to take us down by ourselves. We were the only people on board, and the driver was putting on his coat and the spieler was dusting off his megaphone.

"It 's a good thing we came right up or we should have missed it," observed Will, and I took off my hat to let the breeze we were about to generate blow on my heated brow.

The driver set the throttles and went round to crank the motor. This caused much excitement to the ticket-seller on the side-walk, who seemed very nervous as to whether he should be able to persuade the man to wait a minute for other passengers or not. The driver climbed into his seat and tested out his accelerator. It seemed to be working all right.

"I hate to see them losing a lot of money like this," said Will; "they won't make expenses unless it is at least half full."

"I suppose we really ought to get out and help him round up a crowd," I said, "but we are likely to get left ourselves if we don't stay in our seats."

The driver set his motor in a roar like an "L" Express Train and worked up a pair of back-fires that must certainly have bent his rear axle; the score of this was a net gain of a family of three and two seamen off the U.S.S. *Montana*, all of whom scrambled quickly into their seats and hurriedly arranged themselves. The spieler loosened the collar of his shirt, pushed his cap to the back of his head and got aboard: this brought in a soda-water clerk and a lady-friend. Will took off his hat and we faced the front.

"They forgot to take the sign off the top," said I.

At that second the motor died. The driver got out and took off his coat; the spieler got out, tightened his collar and straightened his cap; one offered the other a cigarette.

"Just practising," I explained to Will.

The ticket-seller calmed down a bit, but was very aggressive in his salesmanship. After about ten minutes he turned round and waved at the driver.

"All right, Barney," he shouted, as if he had fully determined to do it, no matter if it cost him his job with the bus line. Then, to the pedestrians: "Here goes your last chance, ladies and gentlemen."

Barney went through with it over again; he put on his coat, started the motor, stepped three or four times on the accelerator. The spieler, whose name turned out to be Gus, got into the front seat and put his megaphone to the side of his mouth, holding it between his first two fingers like a cigar.

"My advice to you, boys and girls," said Gus playfully, as if he didn't want the ticket-seller to know he was giving any advice, "is to go out to that ugly-looking mut"—(no laughter)—"on the side-walk and get round-trip tickets."

He then waved his hand as if to show that it was nothing in his life whether they bought round-trip tickets or not.

Six more passengers got aboard. Barney throttled the motor down very low. I told Will I thought we had better get out and take the subway, but he didn't agree.

About fifteen minutes later the problem had come to a deadlock. There were two seats left vacant, one in the middle of the second row, the other in the middle of the seventh. An assistant bank-teller and a blonde stenographer took one look at the seats and passed on.

After four couples had refused to undergo the required separation the ticket-seller asked a large woman if she would mind moving over one place.

"I *would*," said the large woman and examined the windows on the fourth floor of the Times Building.

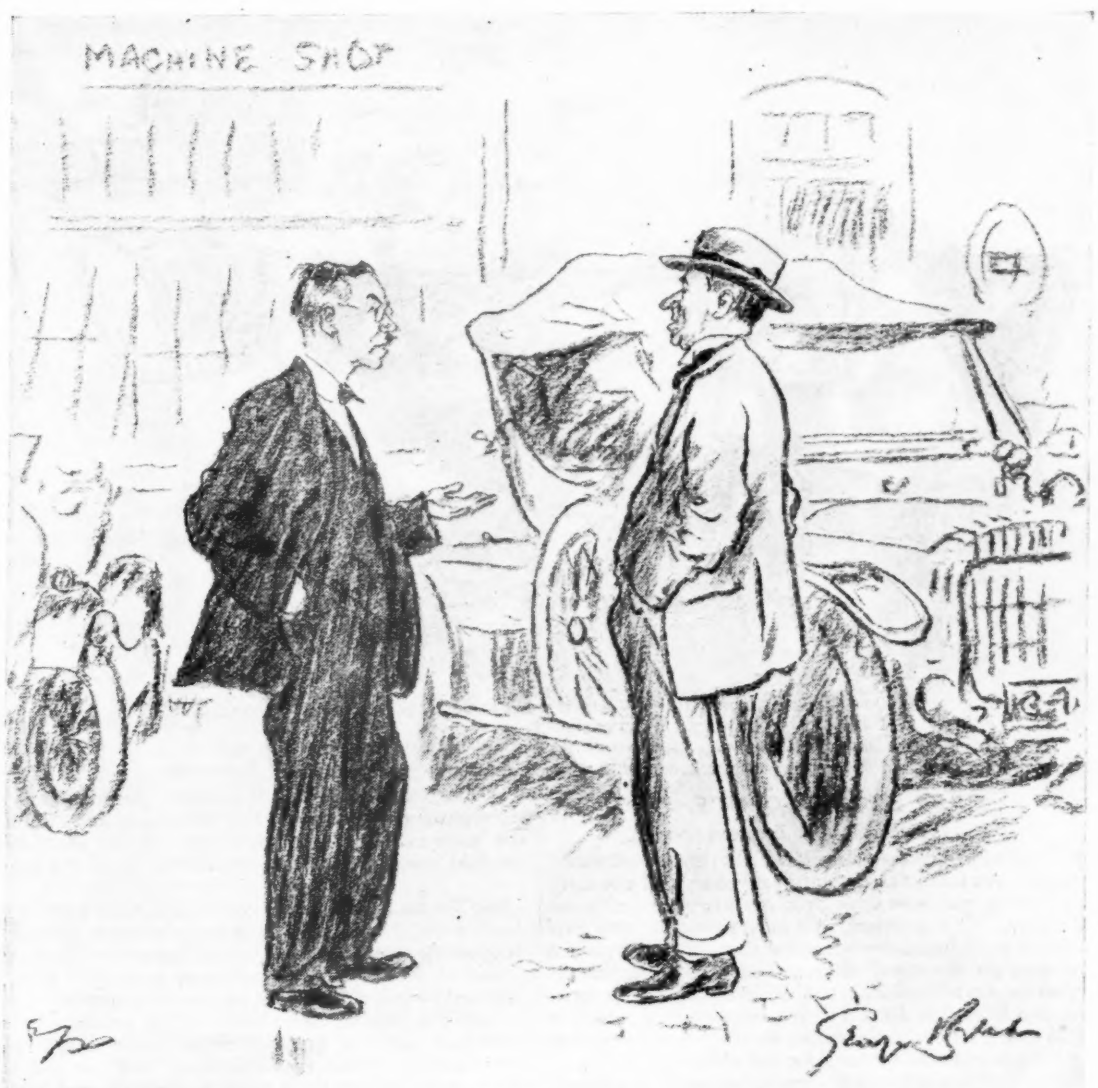
Several more bank-tellers and blonde stenographers examined the seats and turned them down. It began to look as if we should stay there all the evening.

"Will, my dear fellow," said I after a while, "you know how I'd hate to leave you, but if you will take one of those seats I will take the other. Our two seats are together and can be filled more easily."

"Done," said Will, and we called the ticket-seller.

There was a good deal of applause when we told him what we were willing to undergo, and the delegation from the *Montana* showed its approval by whistling through its fingers.

We were just about to climb out when a small man and a tall woman asked the ticket-seller for passage.



Dealer. "THERE'S A REAL BARGAIN FOR YOU, SIR. SHE'LL STILL DO HER THIRTY-FIVE, AND TWENTY TO THE GALLON, ALTHOUGH SHE'S PRE-WAR."
Prospective Purchaser. "WHICH ONE?"
Dealer. "THIS ONE, SIR—WITH THE HOOD UP."
Prospective Purchaser. "YES—I SEE. I MEANT WHICH WAR?"

"Here are two together, Ma'am," said Will politely.

"Keep your seats, gentlemen, please," said the small man. "M'ria, my dear, there is a good seat for you in the second row. I will sit a few rows behind. Do sit down, gentlemen."

This seemed to be an amicable arrangement for everybody. We all took our seats and rolled away.

"I never realised before," said Will philosophically, "the peculiar use of a married couple." U. S. A.

"Ass's Conversation Car for Sale."
Advt. in Irish Paper.

Just the thing for you if you are going to Bray.

"Ten years ago the Black Forest was a favourite playground for many English tourists."—*Daily Paper.*

With cheap excursions from Ruhleben?

"Men are the worst-dressed animals on earth, according to Ernst Freidberger, Professor of Hygiene at the University of Greifswald."—*Welsh Paper.*

What about the elephant?

"The house looked as if it had been struck by a bob, writes an *Evening* —— representative."—*Evening Paper.*

One of those shilling shockers, we suppose.

"Dr. Waldo L. Schmidt, curator of the Invertebrate Section of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, has just sailed for Punta Arenas, in the Straits of Magellan, to make a study of shrimps and crabs."—*Sunday Paper.*

It is hoped that he will find an answer to the intriguing question, "Do shrimps make good mothers?"



Small Scot. "LOOK, FAYTHER—A NEW GOWF-BA' AH FOUND; LOST ON THE LINKS."
Father. "ARE YE SURE IT WAS LOST, ANGUS?"
Small Scot. "OO AY. AH SAW THE MANNIE AN' HIS CADDIE LOOKIN' FOR IT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Two years have passed since Mr. E. F. BENSON published *Colin*, and now *Colin II.* (HUTCHINSON) rounds off the story of the young earl who took over his ancestor's compact with Satan. This compact, you may remember, not only endowed the original *Colin Stanier* with the usual terrestrial advantages on the usual infernal conditions, but granted every eldest son of the family the option of a similar bargain. *Colin*, the Victorian *Lord Yardley*, swallowed the bait in volume one. Its successor shows him in full enjoyment of its privileges and bent on enlisting the allegiance of his son *Dennis*. The modern world having rejected a personal Devil—rather *de jure*, I feel, than *de facto*—Mr. BENSON is presented with exactly the kind of difficulty that a good storyteller enjoys surmounting. He must make *Colin's* possession apparent to an audience which has (doctrinally speaking) no use for the possessor. Well, he goes about it very cleverly. The Devil makes no appearance at all—unless you count ambiguous claps of wind and flashes of lightning as manifestations—but he is continually seen at work in his henchman, who maintains the infernal attitude towards God, his neighbour and himself with unimpeachable correctness and gusto. The most characteristic handling is lavished however on the second of these objectives. The "menagerie" of old relatives, hitherto comfortably harboured at Stanier, whom *Colin* eggs on to vice or turns out of doors, is excellently drawn. *Aunt Hetty*, a sixty-year-old adept at "things which it is easy to say once but impossible to repeat," is a real acquisition, and her facing of the ejectment order a little triumph of tragi-comedy. *Colin's* wife *Violet* and his son *Dennis* are as much too near the angels as the "chaplain" and "acolyte" of his Black Masses are too close to the powers of darkness. But the description of *Dennis's* first steps in life (at fourteen months) is the prettiest and, I should fancy, the most painstaking thing in the book.

Mr. NEVILLE LYTTON has written a most amusing and clever book, *The English Country Gentleman* (HURST AND BLACKETT). I opened it expecting (from the title) an atmosphere of Kirby Gate, shorthorns, homespun and high pheasants—MYTTON, in fact, rather than LYTTON; instead of which an artist and wit, laughing occasionally with whimsical irony at his own order, treats delightfully of Eton, cricket, tennis (not "patters," but the real thing, which must be a glorious game to excel in) and, touching but lightly on field sports, of games generally and the Olympic games in particular. This, however, is all subordinate to the real purpose of the book, which is to expound the relation of the squire to State, Church and home, and to trace his influence on the arts and fashions. Here Mr. LYTTON is at his wittiest and wisest. He has moreover, as you might expect from the grandson of BULWER LYTTON, a fine gift of description. For instance, in approving of the jockey's kit, he says of the snowy Grand National of 1919, "I never saw anything more beautiful than the acid rays of our cruel spring lighting up the silks of the riders against an indigo cloud." On the whole he thinks that male fashions are uninfluenced by the gentry and that, though occasionally a Lord RIBBLESDALE, a MARK NAPIER or a NEVILLE LYTTON strikes out a line of his own, "these distinguished gentlemen are admired but not imitated." The book concludes with two labours of love, both character-sketches of distinction—one of the author's father-in-law, WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT, poet, squire and genius; and the other of his sister,

the late Lady CONSTANCE LYTTON, the Suffragist. The book contains too many irritating printer's errors, but it has a story of TOM EMMETT, brand new (to me, anyhow), for which all is forgiven. The preface and the footnotes repay study.

Books about Greece—the Greece of yore—
Are banned by some of our young lions,
Who, steeped in bio-chemic lore,
Electrons, undramatic *Ions*,
Regard with an impatient deep disdain
All ancient knowledge, sacred or profane.

But here's a book that's fresh and new—
Not like QUEEN ANNE, door-nails or mutton—
Entitled *The Greek Point of View*,
Writ by Professor MAURICE HUTTON
(HODDER AND STOUGHTON), livelier by far
Than most contemporary novels are.

The city-state; virtue and art;
Life (plain, austere or apolaustic)—
On all he's able to impart
Instructions winged with comment caustic,
Ranging from PLATO or from "Pella's stripling"
To NIETZSCHE, BERGSON, HOUSMAN, INGE and KIPLING.

So *Punch*, delighted here to find
Judicious levity and learning,
Wit with high seriousness combined,
Praise that is never undiscerning,
Although *Atlantico divisus ponto*,
Salutes Professor HUTTON of Toronto.



Assistant (having tried a variety of brogues). "HOW ABOUT A PAIR OF OXFORD SHOES, SIR?"
Clarence. "OH, LOR, NO! I WANT THEM TO FIT."

You will usually find, I think, that the rigidest schools of religious thought have produced the greatest mystics, perhaps on the good old kindergarten principle that you must know how to bound your conception by a tidy outline before you are allowed to "go on to colour." Exciting effects have of course been produced by going over the edge. But even so there must be an edge to go over, and my quarrel with the popular mysticism of the average mystical novel is that there usually isn't. Take *The Garden of Healing* (METHUEN), for instance. It is one welter of faith, hope and charity, magnetism, astrology and spiritual healing; and nobody knows—least of all, I feel, its writer, Miss MARGUERITE WILLIAMS—where one begins and the other leaves off. Its plot is of the simplest. *Wyn Vaughan* is an heiress, disabled for life by a railway accident; but, her horoscope containing "in the mid-heaven the mystical seventh degree of Libra," she radiates "Messianic" influences from an ideal cottage on the Sussex downs. The cottage is shared by her husband, *Donald*, head of "an ever enlarging Guild of Healing on both sides of the Atlantic," and the couple are served by *Wyn's* companion, *Una*, who is in love with *Donald* but amenable to the spiritual authority of his wife. Here a series of homely episodes bring out the abnormal powers of the two wonder-workers. Picnics, cricket-matches and country sports are permeated by their "serene force;" pieces of ribbon are "magnetised" and exercise the healing power of the magnetiser; a self-centred parson is broken and put together again more harmoniously; and finally a legitimate object of passion is provided for *Una*. The book's main intention is obviously generous and benevolent; but it is hardly likely to attain its evangelistic end, for a good deal of preliminary headwork is essential if an appeal to the heart is to succeed.

Lord HAMPTON quotes the opinion of a scoutmaster friend regarding *Scout Budge*, the hero of one of the first stories in his volume of *Scouting Sketches* (PEARSON), to the effect that he can see that erstwhile bad hat among boys developing into a really first-class prig. I must confess to having shared his qualms about *Scout Budge*, but I hasten to add that this *soupçon* of smugness is happily absent from the rest of the book. The keynote of these somewhat ingenuous little sketches of scout life in town and country is one of enthusiasm and earnestness, showing that their author has had no hesitation about following his own advice and taking the scouting game seriously. He writes with an eye to the seniors in the movement rather than the boys themselves; and it is refreshing to find in these days, when middle-age is little less unfashionable in man than in woman, a good word spoken for that discredited phase of existence. Briefly, Lord HAMPTON's view is that youngsters of nine can be much better handled by a middle-aged man than by one in the early twenties, whose newly-fledged dignity and exaggerated self-consciousness will probably prevent him from

letting himself go sufficiently to win the confidence of the elusive small boy; and that retired generals, admirals and civil servants are the very men for the scoutmaster's and cubmaster's job. I hope, by the way, that the author's rather alarming picture of a cubmaster's duties will not scare them off. However great their willingness to descend from their high-horses in the cause of instructing the nation's youth, they might not unnaturally shrink from submitting to such vigorous manhandling as that in which the *Reverend Thomas Maybrick* positively revels.

I believe it to be a true saying, if a hard one, that a writer's first seventy books are probably his best. *The Lord of Little Langton* (HUTCHINSON) is Mr. G. B. BURGIN's seventy-second novel and seventy-sixth published work, and it would not therefore be surprising if some decline in his inventive faculties began to grow apparent. Actually, however, the falling off is slight. So experienced a writer as Mr. BURGIN should not, of course, have deferred the entry of his villain until page 167, when his readers, half drowned in syrup, are almost beyond recovery. And he should have brought his exiled princess from some Ruritania of his own rather than from modern Greece, where so dazzling a creature, "the most wonderful of human beings upon this wonderful earth," seems wholly out of place. But then most of his characters are like that—a little too good to be true. Nevertheless we may be thankful for Mr. BURGIN. His aim is not a high one, but he does take tired people to the Islands of the Blest, and not less surely in this new version of "The Squire's Love-Story" than in any of his previous books. *Majores majora sonent.* Perhaps I ought to mention that it is not only the Squire's love-story but the Curate's too. Inscrutably and almost invariably the Curate is referred to as "the Rev. Arthur." He is really quite a decent fellow of the name of *Giles*.



Diner. "THIS COD ISN'T NEARLY SO NICE AS THAT I HAD A FEW DAYS AGO."
Absent-minded Waiter. "IT OUGHT TO BE, SIR; IT 'S OFF THE VERY SAME FISH."

IN a preface to *Unknown Cornwall* (LANE), Mr. C. E. VULLIAMY states that his book is not intended to be a guide, and in an epilogue he writes, "I have seen vaster ruins in wilder places, but I have never felt the same intimacy with the primitive and the prehistoric that I have felt in Cornwall." So it will be clear, even to those of us who do not know this admirable "County Series," that Mr. VULLIAMY is not writing for tourists in the ordinary sense of the words, but for readers who wish to improve their knowledge of Cornwall's history. In short he is more concerned with the past than with the present; the Druids and the dolmens arouse his keenest interest, but he dismisses Newquay in one sentence, and calls it "a place strangely compounded of the picturesque and the pompous"—which it is. If I complain that Mr. VULLIAMY has not devoted enough space to the Lizard peninsula, it is the only fault I can find with this delightful volume. And the pleasure of studying it has been more than doubled by its illustrations. Mr. SIMPSON, who did them, was the right man for this work, for, quite apart from his ability as an artist, he has real appreciation of Cornwall's strange beauty and mystery.

Each of the eight tales that Miss ELEANOR FARJEON has collected in *Faithful Jenny Dove* (COLLINS) has a distinction and delicacy which give the impression that it is something uncommon and precious. The ghost story, which gives its name to the book, is a charming fancy, but to let the ghost herself tell it was a mistake—at least it spoiled the illusion for me. The atmosphere of "And a Perle in the Myddes," which is another ghost story (I beg Miss FARJEON to forgive this crude description, but there seems to be no prettier way of saying it), is something to wonder at, and the ghost of the boy bishop the jolliest little fellow one could want to meet. But when, towards the end, he was taken ill and his friend, *Tom*, threw his newly recovered "owche" down a well instead of returning it to the Dean and Chapter and so laying him, it all became rather confusing. Of the other tales four are exceedingly good, and "The Red Apples" the best of all. "The Shepheard's Gyrlond" has some excellently faked Elizabethan verse in it, and the publishers assure us that when it first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* even Dr. BRIDGES doubted whether it was biography or fiction.

I embarked upon *Matilda* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH) with my feathers considerably ruffled, for I had been informed on the jacket that "if De Morgan had written with a lighter hand, a more sparkling humour and less verbosity, this is a tale he might have told." Personally I have no fault to find with DE MORGAN's humour, and as for his verbosity, Miss SOPHIA CLEUGH herself takes over 470 pages to tell her story. But in spite of my irritation over this gratuitous caption I admit that she tells her tale so well that both her manner and matter remind me of DE MORGAN. This is romance on a big scale; old-fashioned romance, but none the worse for that. Here and there her humour is rather obvious, but she is always alive to the real comedy of life. Her story concerns the middle of last century, and its scenes are laid mainly in the household of a ducal family, to which *Matilda* was introduced as a nursery governess, emerging as the bride of a noble marquis. Miss CLEUGH is apt to give too much play to her skill as a writer of dialogue, but for the rest I commend her book to all lovers of romance as a work of high endeavour and great promise.

"Lightning struck the brass band on the fishing-rod of a holiday-maker in the Rhine, killing him instantly."—*Daily Paper.*
Anglers should dispense with orchestral accompaniment.

CHARIVARIA.

"Ex-Kaiser wants Cook," says a heading. In our opinion the EX-KAISER should be allowed to have him.

* * *

Mr. JOHN BROMLEY warned a meeting of locomotive men that the next strike will be conducted with gloves off. In extreme Labour circles it is felt that strikers in gloves have a very bourgeois appearance.

* * *

The most brilliant red sky seen for many years was witnessed by thousands of visitors at Eastbourne last Wednesday. The fact that it did not appear at Scarborough must have been a severe blow to the Trades Union Congress.

* * *

The impression one gets from the Scarborough speeches is that the Social Revolution, if it ever comes, will be arranged so as not to interfere with the football and racing fixtures.

* * *

A ballot is being run to decide the most popular colour. After this Trades Union Congress it seems to be a faint rose-pink.

* * *

Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN walks too fast for the detectives appointed to look after him. Lord BEAVERBROOK, however, believes that he cannot long elude capture.

* * *

"A society to fight against the fast life of the present day" has been formed in London. The Southern Railway has, we understand, been made an honorary member.

* * *

It is claimed by a West of England newspaper that Bath is a city of good manners. Tramway passengers in that city always raise their hats and say, "Excuse me, Sir, but I 'm standing under your foot."

* * *

We read of a factory which makes forty saxophones a week, yet people are wondering if a certain publicist is right when he says the world is becoming more profane.

* * *

People who live on barges at Peterborough are reported to have said, when describing their conditions, that words failed them. Then what is the use of living on a barge at all?

* * *

Some of the Customs officials who deal with silk smugglers are so keen that a man who brought a female pig over from France had to pay duty on her ears.

* * *

Scientists are still seeking a china that will bend. So apparently are the politicians.

* * *

Sir PHILIP SASSOON says that aviation is as safe as walking across the street. If that 's so, the next thing we shall see is a subway in the Milky Way.

* * *

Experiments in France prove that alcohol has an effect on plants similar to that on human beings. Our florist is wondering whether he can afford to raise a red-nosed daffodil.

* * *

England has beaten Australia at croquet. What is wrong with Australian croquet?

* * *

From investigations conducted by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries it is deduced that fishing has an appreciable effect in reducing the number of fish on a given ground. Then the Ministry can't have watched the same people fishing that we did.

* * *

Burglars recently broke into DEMPSEY'S house, but managed to escape with their lives.

Bees recently invaded a telephone exchange. We doubt if they are cleared out yet. At least we still notice buzzing noises in the receiver.

* * *

A remarkable fact in connection with the prize offered for guessing the next day's attendance at Wembley is that, so far, no telephone operator has given the right number.

* * *

A Highbury resident has found a nest of young mice inside a boxing-glove. In selecting a safe place the parents must have been influenced by what they had heard about contemporary British boxing.

* * *

A French contemporary says that ABD-EL-KRIM will soon get his deserts, but the trouble is that the French seem to want them as well.

* * *

Mr. WILLIAM MARK of Llanelly can speak six languages fluently. When he speaks all six at the same time that is Welsh.

* * *

The American film-writer who has opened a grocery store in Detroit is to be congratulated upon his heroic attempt to drift into some useful occupation.

* * *

"The italics are mine," said Mr. EDWARD SHORTT, K.C., in an article in *The Weekly Dispatch*. We only hope Mr. LOVAT FRASER will take his word for it.

* * *

We are asked to contradict the rumour that the inspiration of Mr. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON'S latest book, *One Increasing Porpoise*, came to him in the Brighton Aquarium.

* * *

With reference to the expected tango vogue we read that the tango shoe, with pieces of bone let into the heel to produce a rhythmical tapping, is not to be revived. The modern young woman doesn't believe in heel-taps.

* * *

Wall-paper ornamented with bars of music has appeared. We sincerely trust it will never be used for bathrooms.

* * *

A sporting writer says that racehorses should be given appropriate names. This is often done by men who have backed losers.

* * *

We read of a quarryman who is a fine natural golfer. Many golfers, on the other hand, are fine natural quarrymen.



Sportsman (who has rented his first grouse-moor). "I 'M AFRAID, MCPHERSON, THAT WE HAVEN'T GOT A VERY GOOD BAG."

Keeper (meaning well). "MEBBE YE WAD DAE BETTER AT YER MOTORIN'."

VERBAL INADEQUACIES.

YOU remember the impressive Mahometan who had amused a traveller in the East by the importance of his bearing and the dignity of his utterance as he drew attention to his merchandise by sonorously exclaiming, "In the name of the Prophet!" and then adding—"figs." I thought of him when in a book-shop in Fleet Street on Thursday, September 3rd. I asked for a manual on dominoes, and the assistant, after searching for one in vain, advised me to go a little further down the same side, where I should find one at HOBBS'S.

"But I thought HOBBS played cricket?" I replied—and as a matter of fact he was at that very moment engaged at Scarborough in compiling the highest score of his career in the match against the Gentlemen of England—nothing less than 265, not out.

"Yes," said the assistant; "but he keeps books on other games too."

HOBBS for dominoes. "In the name of the Prophet—figs!"

The incident reminded me of a similarly surprising reply which I encountered in America this summer, and of which I was reminded again as I walked through the racing stable of one of the trainers at Newmarket and was led from box to box to admire the clean limbs and silky coats of his darlings.

Exactly what their remote ancestors looked like—the famous Godolphin Barb, Byerly Turk and Darley Arabian, the three sires who in the first half of the eighteenth century began the whole astounding business of thorough-bred horse-racing—we shall never know; but probably they were thicker and not so nervous and far less lustrous and soothing to the touch. Slower too, although one of the great-great-grandsons of the Darley Arabian was the most wonderful performer in the story of the Turf—Eclipse himself, the undefeatable, with whom originated the saying, "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere." Well, little can those three historic sires, whose blood is to be found in every classic animal today, have thought of what was to follow them—the whole complicated machinery of racing, the frenzied cult of the Turf.

Little can they have thought of our vast establishments, under the shrewd eyes of sagacious silent trainers; the luxurious motor-vans for the transport of the precious capricious cargoes; the pompously important Stewards of the Jockey Club; the Captain Knowabits and Major Spotems and Colonel Hawk-eyes and other Press tipsters, all usually wrong; Lord LONSDALE'S cigars; the clamour and flushed faces of Tattersall's Ring; the shouting newsboys in the streets; Sir WALTER GILBEY'S hat; the Blower syndicate; the furtive men with eyes in the back of their heads standing near corner public-houses; the special trains with four-and-twenty sportsmen where only twelve should be; the "Come-on-Stevishness" (or otherwise) of DONOGHUE; the "absolutely certain information" in sealed envelopes in the little newsagents'; OLD KATE; the complicated and costly legislation whose aim is to regularise betting; the advertisements of commission agents; the floods of hope and disappointment, elation and despair that pass over the country from the result of the Two-o'clock onwards.

Of this those three first sires recked nothing. Nor could they have foreseen what lovely and fêted progeny was to be theirs, such as, to name no others, the glorious Blair Athol, the superb Ormonde, each winner of both the Derby and the St. Leger, or even the winner of the St. Leger last week, Solario, son of Gainsborough.

"Well," you ask, "and what did the American say?"

"In a minute," I reply. "No hurry. You must allow me, as our lawyers are in the habit of remarking when we dare to offer an opinion as to the conduct of the case—you must allow me to do this in my own way." For all that preliminary matter about the glories of the Turf, whether equine or human, has a purpose; it was inserted to make what the American said sound even better.

It was on Derby Day this year, when I was in one of the cities of the Middle West. Talking with an American friend, I mentioned the excitement which at that moment was agitating all England and said something of the seething concourse on Epsom Downs, and so forth.

I then asked him if he had ever been to the Derby, or the St. Leger, or to Ascot.

"No," he said; "I've never played the ponies in England."

The ponies! Shade of MATTHEW DAWSON!

E. V. L.

"Saxophonist at liberty."
Advt. in Liverpool Paper.

Where are the police?

"WANTED—Sharemilking by two thoroughly experienced men; 50 to 60 cows. One married."—*New Zealand Paper.*

Then we fear there won't be much milk to share.

"The Mayor, Aldermen and Burgesses of Wallasey were fined 20s. at Liverpool to-day for allowing an excessive omission of smoke from the ferry steamer *Royal Iris*."
Liverpool Paper.

In our view such sins of omission should be encouraged.

THE LAMENT OF A FRUITARIAN.

I ATE a plum in Portman Square;
Now what was wrong in that,
I wonder?
It did no harm: why should I care?
I ate a plum in Portman Square;
But Phyllis, she was walking there
And looked at me like clouds of thunder.
I ate a plum in Portman Square;
Now what was wrong in that,
I wonder?

I ate an orange in the pit;
Now what was wrong in that,
I wonder?
It wouldn't worry me a bit.
I ate an orange in the pit,
But Phyllis nearly had a fit
And looked at me like clouds of thunder.
I ate an orange in the pit;
Now what was wrong in that,
I wonder?

I ate a strawberry in the Strand;
Now what was wrong in that,
I wonder?
The taste of it was simply grand.
I ate a strawberry in the Strand;
But Phyllis just ignored my hand
And looked at me like clouds of thunder.
I ate a strawberry in the Strand;
Now what was wrong in that,
I wonder?

Alas that Phyllis should be strict,
And I should be so fond of fruit!
Just when I fancied I had clicked,
Alas that Phyllis should be strict!
I'd rather her mamma had kicked
Than she herself refused my suit.
Alas that Phyllis should be strict
And I should be so fond of fruit!

"Spanish gentleman well connected with the grocery trade, speaking English, wishes to represent dried Godfish exporters."
Foreign Trade Circular.

Devil-fish we know, but these are new to us.

"England has just celebrated the 10th anniversary of the birth of Richard Doddridge Blackmore, author of *Lorna Doone*. Blackmore died in 190."—*Canadian Paper.*

Yet, if the dates are correct, he could not be described as a fast liver.

"SIZE.

A paper on 'The Functional Significance of Size' was read on Thursday by Dr. J. B. S. Haldane . . . In order to get the best out of our physiological conditions in combination with the force of gravity, we should grow much smaller . . . There should be measure in all things, and if our distant descendants are to approach perfection by way of belittlement, let not shortness go to too great a length."
Leader in Daily Paper.

Or it would obviously defeat its own ends.



INFANTILE PUBLICITIS.

JOHN BULL. "I'VE CALLED YOU IN, DR. PUNCH, BECAUSE I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL RATHER WORRIED ABOUT MY LITTLE PEOPLE."

DR. PUNCH. "WELL, WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO, KEEP THEM OUT OF THE SPOT-LIGHT."



Small Daughter of the House (*to guest who has put two peaches on his plate*). "OO-HOO-HOO! *YOU* 'LL CATCH IT. YOU 'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO HAVE MORE THAN ONE!"

THE GREAT HAMBONI.

IT is now barely a week since the Great Hamboni gave his farewell performance at one of our larger provincial halls. The world-famous illusionist will go down to posterity as the super-artist who replaced the hollow billiard ball, the duplicate egg, the false pack of cards and the rest of the paraphernalia of the conjurer's art by a veritable menagerie of wild animals, collected personally by him at no little risk to his several assistants.

Prior to his most recent performance, the statement was made that this would be "positively his last appearance," so that there is no doubt that the great man has definitely decided to retire. With ninety-nine farewell performances to his credit, however, it is still hoped that he will consent to complete his century.

As one of the Great Hamboni's most intimate friends, it is a pleasant task that is before me—that of revealing to an expectant public the secrets of some of his most notable feats. It is a tribute I am hopeful he will appreciate.

One of Hamboni's best achievements from the technical point of view was his trick of balancing an elephant on his nose. Let me at once assure my readers that this is by no means so easy as it might appear to be at first sight. To disprove an early suggestion that the elephant used is in reality an inflated bladder of suitable shape and dimensions, Hamboni has of late years commenced his trick by introducing a number of hat-pins into the animal's hide, and there they remain until the end of the performance.

There has latterly been a very persistent belief that the trick is performed by means of an alligator concealed up the conjurer's sleeve, but this is not the case, the real explanation being much simpler. In a word the whole thing is done by employing a false nose. Not one of the thousands who have seen the Great Hamboni perform this trick has noticed that his nose remains rigid throughout, and not flat, as one would expect, for he cleverly conceals this ruse by moving rapidly about the stage, waving his arms wildly and uttering strange cries.

Rather more spectacular than "Balancing the Elephant" is Hamboni's "Disappearing Tiger." The magician appears before the audience and with a wave of the magic wand produces, apparently from his mouth, a full-grown tiger. (This is done in the usual way by a hollowed-out space in the wand and a false cap.) The Great Hamboni, who, apart from his other talents, is a really excellent comedian, then says, "Ladies and gentlemen, here we have a full-grown tiger—quite real;" and to demonstrate the truth of this statement he hands the tiger round to members of the audience for inspection.

Hamboni now borrows a handkerchief from a lady and, returning to the stage, covers the tiger with it, waves the wand and utters the mystic word "Abracadabra" (purely for effect). He then removes the handkerchief and, to the astonishment of the audience, the tiger has completely disappeared!

Now for the explanation. On returning to the stage after showing the tiger to the audience, Hamboni has of course his back to them. Under cover of this position he deftly palms the real tiger and substitutes for it a counterfeit one that has been secreted beneath the lapel of his coat. The real tiger is subsequently disposed of by being dropped into a hat that is casually brought on to the stage by an assistant. The rest of the trick is self-explanatory, the handkerchief being placed on the counterfeit tiger and not on the real one, which is

by this time safely housed behind the scenes. It now only remains for the performer to seize one corner of the handkerchief, roll the counterfeit tiger into a tight ball, remove the handkerchief with a flourish and drop the ball into a convenient pocket—the four operations being carried out in one swift movement.

Although this trick was clearly not designed for the drawing-room, it was once performed privately by a younger brother of Hamboni while the great man was on holiday. The performer was subjected to the closest scrutiny on the part of the small circle of personal friends who formed the audience; Master Jones, whose father was a solicitor, insisting on holding the tiger's tail throughout. Owing to the difficulty thus created the younger Hamboni was unable to exchange tigers as intended, and was forced to return to the improvised platform with this essential part of the trick unaccomplished. He duly placed the handkerchief upon the real tiger, where it remained for some time. When it was at last removed by an impatient spectator the animal was found to be intact—in fact it was licking its chops—whereas it was the younger Hamboni who had completely disappeared!

The great illusionist lost a little prestige over this event, as it was the opinion of those who were fortunate enough to be present that the new version of the famous trick was better than the original. The Great Hamboni, however, could not be prevailed upon to substitute this version for the old one in his programme.

Some of his feats, such as turning a lion inside out, depend on mere dexterity, and it will be unnecessary to discuss them here. The secrets of many, such as "The Multiplying Banknote" and "The Never-Empty Whisky Bottle," are still jealously guarded by the great man.

One, however, deserves further mention. It is that in which Hamboni causes a sparrow to lay an ostrich's egg. For three years I have sought a satisfactory explanation of this illusion and at last believe that I have hit on the truth. It is this: the "illusion" is no illusion. The sparrow really does lay an ostrich's egg, this being made possible by intensive training. I ventured to ask Hamboni if this were correct. He did not reply. The significance of this is obvious and further comment will be unnecessary.

Another Impending Apology.

"LES FEMMES DIPLOMATES.

Une jeune Américaine, miss Fattie Field, vient d'être nommée vice-consul à Amsterdam."—*Belgian Paper.*



THE EGOIST.

"HERE, YOU—COME AND LOOK WHAT YOU 'VE DONE TO MY MUDGUARD!"

POETIC REFUSALS.

(Mr. F. W. HARVEY refuses an invitation to dinner.)

You 've asked me out to dine;
I see you state
You chose a menu carefully—
Most excellent wine,
And on my plate
Green peas and duck;
But then you see—
You 've read that thing of mine
In some anthology
Called "Ducks"?—you see, worse luck!
That dish would grate
Upon my sensibility.

* * * * *

For ducks are valiant things
And soothy, cool and white;
Of course they 're toothsome things
When roast for our delight.
But when a duck says "Quack"
I feel I can't go back
And eat one for my dinner.
For ducks are excellent things, as I have often stated,
Never by Heaven or Earth can ducks be underrated,
And never again must I, who have trumpeted their praises,
Comparing them with stars and coloured suns and daisies—
Never again must I, though growing sadder and thinner,
Look upon duck and peas as a possible dish for dinner.

À propos of the appointment of a woman-registrar:—

"To be married by a woman will soon be no unusual event."—*Daily Paper.*

But was it ever?

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

VII.—We Hit the Trail.

In the local papers to-day you may read of a fine and record-breaking walk across the mountains by some members of our Mission. The true history, however, is not there recorded.

* * * * *

"It is better," said Stevenson (I think), "to travel hopefully than to arrive" (or something of the sort). In the Rocky Mountains it is better still to remain motionless and preserve your skin. There are many modes of transit in these mountains, all dangerous. You may hit the trail on a mountain-pony; you may navigate the icy waters in a canoe; you may "hike" or walk; or you may rush along the precipice in "rubber-neck autos" or char-à-bancs; and in the last case as like as not you will finish the journey flying.

The most popular of these dangers is the mountain pony or horse. The day before our last grand journey across the Yoho Pass, when we were to travel by every means except the bicycle, I determined to practise on the creatures, and George and I set out for the Something glacier. George, of course, was complete with breeches, gaiters and riding-hat. Luckily I too had brought my riding-kit, and I wore grey flannel trousers, black shoes, silk socks and a Panama hat. Few men look better on a horse than Haddock. In the late war I became a mounted officer and rode an officer's charger. Unhappily, though, I have a corrupting influence on the animals. Put my money on a horse and it stops; but put my body on a horse and it becomes a wild beast. The most innocent of the species with Haddock on its back will sooner or later betray some unsuspected idiosyncracy or weakness. The truth is that horses are no more noble than I am, and when they come in contact with a man who sees through them they abandon the pretence.

The guide however, who was raised in the Bad Lands and wore hairy trousers, said that these "ponies" were fool-proof and, I gathered, even Haddock-proof. A Canadian friend said, "These animals can do anything but talk—wonderful instinct, surefooted as a mountain-goat. The last time I hit the trail we were over the Dead Horse canyon and my pony put its foot in a hornets' nest. It never turned a hair."

"Oh," I said cheerfully, "that's capital news," and, giving the animal a violent slap with my hand, I urged it on to the trail. The trail went up and up, covered with rocks and constructed of mud, for it had been raining; and the slope on our left rose into a declivity and rapidly grew into a precipice. I had a Mexican saddle with a high back to it, so I had no fear of sliding off astern; but I was sorry to see that in spite of all dissuasion the horse insisted on walking on the extreme edge of the trail, particularly in those parts where the trail was evidently about to crumble away, as much of it had done already. I mentioned this to George, who was ahead, but George shouted back, "Give him his head!" and added something about the horse's instinct. "Frankly, George," I replied, "I do not believe that this horse can judge by instinct as well as I can by the forces of reason when this confounded trail is about to collapse. In any case, if the horse's instinct is everything you say, it ought to know better than to take these unnecessary risks with my valuable body. A mountain-goat can do what it will, but a horse has responsibilities."

But George was out of earshot. For my horse had now revealed its particular secret sin. It was one of those horses which think of nothing but its stomach. It was continually stopping to eat and drink. Whenever we crossed a mountain torrent fresh from the snows, it perched itself on the four most slippery stones and drank deep, while as it walked it continually tore great chunks of vegetation from the bushes and devoured them.

Now I know very well what happens if you prevent a horse from eating. It walks backwards. The last horse I treated so was the Adjutant's horse. I could not allow it to eat on parade and it walked backwards into the regimental band, mauled a bugler and put one foot into the big drum.

It looks bad, I know, to ride a horse at meal-times, but in that particular place I was not prepared to make it walk backwards for the sake of appearances. George and the Guide in any case were already far ahead; there was no one to see my shame but a whistling marmot on the rocks above, so, as George had advised, I gave the horse its head. It misused it abominably. On we climbed, the glacier coming nearer and nearer, a torrent roaring in the ravine below, the horse eating and drinking in a disgusting manner. Wild and beautiful the mountains soared about us, but the beast paid no attention to them whatever. Neither did I.

At last, in a particularly narrow place, a cliff above to the right and a cliff below to the left, the horse abandoned all pretence and, halting, buried its nose in one of its favourite bushes. I sat there for a few moments patting the patient creature's neck and trying to persuade myself that it was tired with walking and deserved a hearty meal. And then round the corner, mounted on a similar monster, came Mr. Honeybubble.

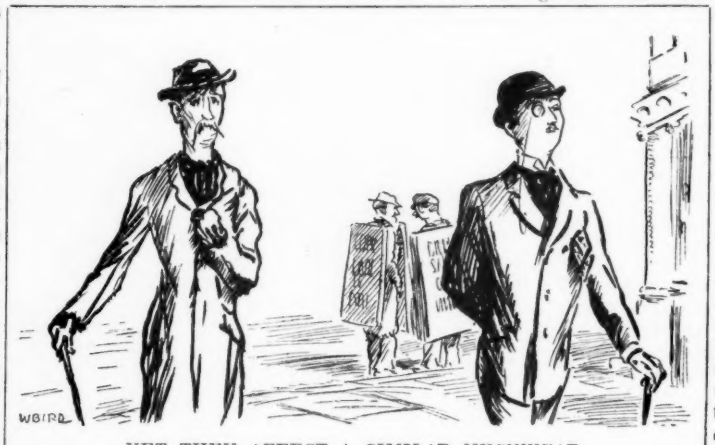
Mr. Honeybubble's horse stopped too; indeed there was scarce room to pass at the best, and my patient beast was all across the trail. His horse shivered and blew through its nostrils menacingly, pricking up its ears.

"Keep cool, Mr. Haddock," said Honeybubble. "The horse will know what to do."

"My horse and I," I replied, "are perfectly calm. It is you two who are making this unnecessary commotion. I was just giving my horse a meal," I went on casually. "He is not well-fed. You won't mind waiting a minute or two?"

"Not at all, Mr. Haddock," said he; "the instinct of these animals is very marvellous. And how sure-footed they are!"

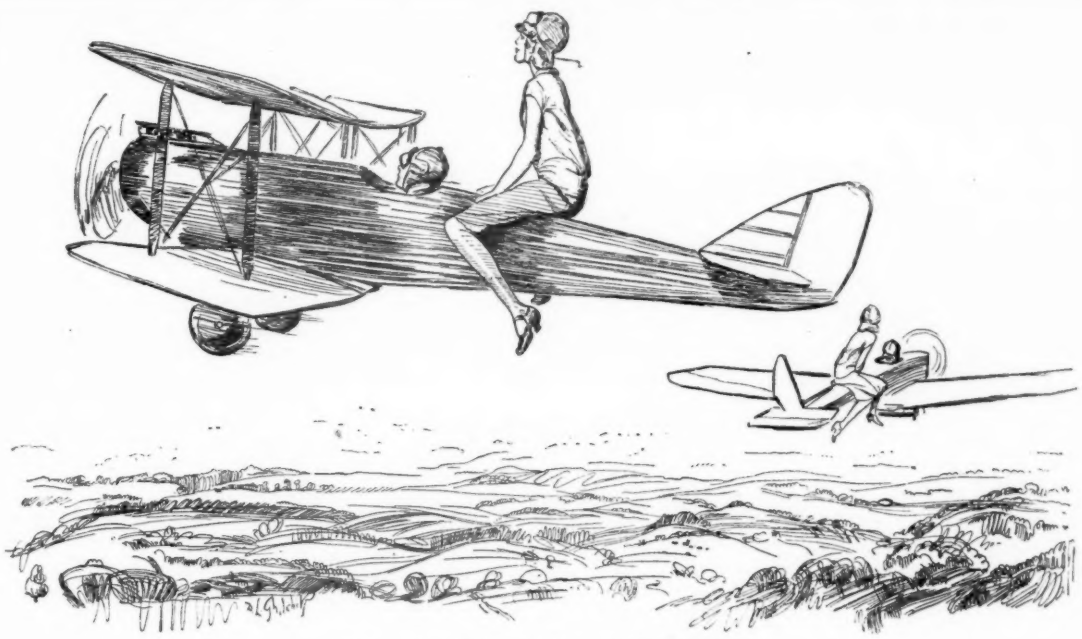
Unmoved by this tribute my horse continued to eat, his horse continued to snort, and we others made pleasant conversation about the scenery, as



YET THEY AFFECT A SIMILAR NECKWEAR.

This gentleman has no shirt and doesn't want anyone to know it.

This gentleman has dozens of shirts and he doesn't care who knows it.



THE PILLION GIRL: NEXT STEP.

though our situation were the most ordinary in the world.

After about five minutes of this I said, "Perhaps you had better go past me, Mr. Honeybubble?"

"Very well, Mr. Haddock."

"Tit click," said he, and kicked his horse gently in the stomach. The horse remained motionless.

"I think perhaps it is too narrow just here," he said then. "But it seems wider behind you, Mr. Haddock."

"And behind *you*, Mr. Honeybubble."

"You are the better horseman, Mr. Haddock."

"Not at all, Mr. Honeybubble."

"I suppose," he said tentatively, "you couldn't make your horse go *back* a little?"

There was a pause.

"I might," I said at last. "It is difficult, but I might."

So saying, relentless, I hauled my horse's head out of the bush; and sure enough, slowly and carefully the sure-footed monster backed down the trail and finally turned round altogether and headed for home.

The admiration of Mr. Honeybubble was boundless.

"Quite simple," I said.

* * * * *

But the char-à-banc next day was a thousand times more terrible. Mile after mile we hustled round the mountain-sides along the naked roads, nothing at all between us and the Dead Horse River three, four, five, six or seven hundred feet below.

Whenever we met another car I noticed that our char-à-banc was always next to the edge; and once I swear our off-wheels were spinning in space. I mentioned this to a Canadian friend, but he replied, "Only one, old boy. You don't have to worry till it's two."

Once the driver stopped and called back through a megaphone, "Folks, this is the Mountain Switchback. We rise three hundred feet in a quarter of a mile. Hold on to your nerve, folks."

We then did three hair-pin bends, so sharp that the car was unable to drive straight up but, stopping at each turn, had to back and sidle and manœuvre in the manner of a taxi emerging from a garage, the only difference being that in each case we backed *towards* a precipice a few feet off.

The next stage of the journey, over the Yoho Pass, could be done by char-à-banc or horse, as the unwilling victims willed. Yet, believe me or not, Mr. Honeybubble and I and one or two others deliberately chose to walk it, eight miles of steep and rocky trail, up one mountain side and down another. This piece of heroism was much applauded by all who heard of it, and to-day our photographs are printed in the papers. But the genuine dare-devils who drove in the motor-car are not so much as mentioned. It is a cruel world.

A. P. H.

THE MOTOR-MOWER.

THE coming of this noisome beast
Creates a general stir
And ruins that refreshing feast,
The scent of lavender;
While blooms of every shape and hue,
In many a clump and truss,
Are one and all reacting to
This powerful stimulus.

Lo, all the upstart hybrid flowers
Which venal florists prize
Make hotter yet the dazzling hours
With drugged and flaming eyes;
They shout to this newcomer, "Bert,
Get all your gears in mesh,
Trot round us with a brisker spurt
And jazz it up afresh."

The rocket and the hollyhock,
The orange marigold,
The pansy and the single stock,
All simple flowers of old,
Distressed by that uproarious din
The hybrids love to hear,
They turn their dainty petals in
And shed a gentle tear.

They say, "The noise this creature makes,
We may conjecture, serves
Some purpose, but it fills with aches
The head and stuns the nerves;
Will no one heed the bitter pain
In which we wilt and writhe,
And shall we never hear again
The music of the scythe?"

E. P. W.

THE UP-TRAIN.

I AND Shot, the black cocker, had walked in to meet the up-train, which was late. We found the tiny country platform crowded almost to overflow with London school-children and shrill with the Cockney clatter of them; while their pastor and his ministering nymphs marshalled, contrived and shoo'd them with the sagacity of sheep-dogs at a "trial," under such cover as the station afforded against a windy August evening and the sprinkle of mild fine rain that had blown up along with it.

On either side the metals swept empty and away into the half-lights, and the smell of damp Sunday-school child, damp clothes and damp leather met you at the booking-office door.

"Autumn," I told myself, and reflected, while a youthful porter spilt shadows of gold on the wet platform by the simple alchemy of lighting the lamps, that it was a typical evening to end a holiday on or a "day out" such as the school-treat from Town had no doubt been enjoying, or in fact for the finish of anything.

As a rule I try not to notice the going of summer (I 'll walk a mile out of my way to see buds on a sallow in February, though), but to-night there was no ignoring the change, no gainsaying departure. "Autumn," I said again.

I heard the sudden jolt and jangle of shaken wire, looked along the shiny metals and saw that the up-signal was down at last, while almost at the same moment I noticed a tall child, a green willow of a girl and older than most of the others, come out of the booking-office and join the chattering crowd under the lamplight, unnoticed and as if she belonged to it.

Her blue eyes looked, I thought, a bit sleepy, and her rosy face, freshened by the damp and wind, had the sunny tan of, I 'd have said, at the very least a month's absence from the smoke, rather than that sensitive and ephemeral redness bestowed on the unaccustomed by "a day in the country."

Her small nose—I noticed it was chiselled and finely straight—was dusted with golden freckles and her yellow hair, unbobbed and noticeable, shone in the windy lamplight vivid as cowslips and vital as March sunshine.

A light foot, healthily tired though she evidently was, carried her with the flippant ease of a roe, and I wondered how it came that the bundle of late summer flowers she had in her brown hands looked both fresh and happy as compared with the drooping and blown plunder clasped by most of her companions.

She was, in short, a pretty child, almost a young woman, and when of a sudden she smiled I thought her prettier still.

"Had a nice holiday?" I asked her.

"Iss, thank 'ee, Sir," she said in a teasing Doric that suggested a daughter of the *Vere de Veres* imitating a dairy-maid and doing it jolly well, and she gave me the swift bob of a curtsey in the grace of which I half-suspected something that was mocking.

"But you 'll be ready for bed?" said I.

"Iss, thank 'ee, Sir," said she again.

"And you 'll sleep the clock around, I 'll bet," said I.

"Cuckoo clock, Sir," said she; "'tis cuckoo 'at wakens me—an' eh, good dog!"

Shot was sniffing at her friendlily. She patted his wet black head.

"Fond of dogs?" I inquired.

"Iss, Sir," she told me.

"Got one of your own perhaps?" I asked her.

"Iss, Sir," she said once more.

"With *three* heads to pat perhaps?" said I.

I did not hear her answer for the train was in and the children packing into it, and for a moment I lost her in the scurry and the shadows. Then I spotted her in a corner-seat by a window. I leant in and "Good-night, Persephone," I said (her eyes twinkled); "pleasant dreams, my dear, and don't let it be too long before——"

But the train had started.

ACCORDING TO THE EVIDENCE.

THE world is suffering from an epidemic of Motoritis, and every morning the Press ghoulishly reports the fatal cases. When the "bag" is a big one the headlines may be seen for miles.

In an earnest endeavour to fight the disease we have made a close study of the available evidence, and have reached the following conclusions:—

(1) That all motorists are potential criminals who should be detained at His Majesty's pleasure, instead of being permitted to endanger the lives of innocent pedestrians.

(2) That all pedestrians are raving lunatics who ought to be confined in an asylum instead of endangering the lives of sober and upright motorists.

(3) That all motorists who do not dim their head-lights when passing another car are callous, selfish and utterly devoid of consideration for others, and ought to be locked up.

(4) That all motorists who dim their head-lights when passing another car are endangering human life and ought to be locked up.

(5) That all motorists who continually sound their horns are making life hideous and breaking the nerves of the public.

(6) That all motorists who do not continually sound their horns are neglecting the principles of Safety First and breaking the nerves of the public.

(7) That all motor vehicles should be preceded by a man carrying a red flag, or in heavy traffic an armoured tank, to clear the road of obstructions.

(8) That all pedestrians wishing to cross the road should carry a bell and ring it, or, alternatively, be accompanied by a cordon of police or a battery of Field Artillery to clear the road of obstructions.

(9) That cross-roads should be prohibited, for no wonder they are cross.

(10) That motorists should be prohibited.

(11) That pedestrians should be prohibited.

Undoubtedly if these simple rules were followed all would be well.

AN OLD SONG RESUNG.

WHO, long before she left her teens,
Gaily deriding gloomy Deans,
Addressed her parents as "old beans"?—
My daughter.

Who, substituting "must" for "mayn't,"
Resentful of the least restraint,
Plasters her cheeks and lips with paint?—
My daughter.

Who smokes some thirty cigarettes
Per day; who keeps two marmosets
And other disconcerting pets?—
My daughter.

Who takes the tickets for the play
From which, although I have to pay,
I find it best to keep away?—
My daughter.

Who on Victorian fiction looks
With deep disdain, but swallows books
That deal in sheikhs and vamps and crooks?—
My daughter.

Who runs, on self-expression bent,
A separate establishment
(We pay all charges, rates and rent)?—
My daughter.

Who, in accordance with the fashion,
Of "pals" secures a liberal ration,
Yet fails to stir the tender passion?—
My daughter.

Who comes to see me when a bill
Is urgent, or to loot my till—
But sometimes comes if I am ill?—
My daughter.

So, since she 's young enough to mend,
And *does* regard me as a friend,
I hope to win her in the end—
My daughter.



Charlady (who has been clearing-up after a small dance). "I SUPPOSE YOU DANCE A LOT, DON'T YOU, MISS?"
Lady-Help. "NO, NOT NOW, BUT I SOMETIMES TAKE A YOUNG FRIEND TO DANCE."
Charlady. "I SUPPOSE YOU GO TO SHAMPOON HER?"

A VERY DIFFICULT WORD.

"WHAT 's ornerly?" said Clare.

"Or-din-ar-i-ly," corrected Aunt Mary.

"Ordrily," repeated Clare.

"It *is* rather a difficult word," Aunt Mary agreed. "Your Uncle James says that no one pronounces it properly except himself. When he was staying with your Cousin Hilary——"

"Has anybody seen my golf-ball?" interrupted Charles. "I want to play golf with Posh."

"Please don't interrupt me, Charles. Are you sure it isn't in your blazer pocket?"

"Yes; I 've looked twice, Aunt Mary, and there 's nothing in there but Mars and Aphrodite and two spanners and my bicycle oil."

For Charles was collecting, amongst other things, the gods and goddesses of ancient Greece as represented on brightly-coloured cigarette cards.

"Couldn't you and Posh play golf with the same ball for once?" suggested Aunt Mary, not very helpfully. And before Charles had time to recover from his indignation, she went on:—

"When your Uncle James was staying with your Cousin Hilary—and he says he 's never going to stay there again, though of course they are very nice indeed—the very first evening they took him up to the top of the hill above the village, although it was so damp and cold, and made him stand by a stile in the wet grass, and your Cousin Hilary said:—

"'Ordinarily, of course, from here one gets a tremendous view right over the



Supercilious House-Agent. "DO YOU IMAGINE HOUSES *breed*?"

downs. You can just see the top of the spire of Barmiston church. But to-day, of course, you can see nothing at all.'

"'No,' said your Uncle James in a sad voice, 'of course you can't. I quite see that.'

"'Oh, no, but surely you're wrong, Hilary,' said Mrs. Hilary. 'It's not from here that you see the top of Barmiston church on a fine day. It is from the mound in that field there to the right. If you remember, you can *nearly* see it from here, but not quite see it.'

"'Upon my soul, Ann, I believe you are right,' said Cousin Hilary. 'It *is* from that mound over there.'

"And so they got over the stile and went through the long grass and climbed up on to the top of the mound. And when they got there your Cousin Hilary said:—

"'Yes, that's right. This is the place. I'm so glad you corrected me, Ann. Now then,' and he turned to your Uncle James again, 'ordinarily on a fine day you can just see the top of Barmiston church from this mound. Not to-day, of course, but ordinarily.'

"'Oh, yes!' said your Uncle James, looking at the grey mist on the hills. 'That must be awfully jolly, awfully jolly indeed.'

"Well, then, the next morning they took him down to the sea. Ordinarily, of course, they told him, they would have taken him down in their car, only the brake was being relined. So they tramped along the road, and it was rather a long way, and still very unpleasant weather. And when they got to the shore your Cousin Joyce (your Cousin Hilary's daughter) pointed to the sea (she is very artistic, you know) and said:—

"'Ordinarily, of course, the lights on the sea are simply wonderful here. On a fine day you see nothing but bands of green and violet and silver and blue, and the way that the white cliffs stand out is simply astonishing. Just now, of course, they look all brown and dull. It is the greatest pity in the world.'

"And your Uncle James agreed very humbly that it was. And then when they got back to the house the same thing happened again. Whilst they were walking through the orchard Mrs. Hilary said to Uncle James:—

"'You see that big apple-tree over there?'

"Well, of course the orchard was full of apple-trees of one kind and another, and your Uncle James obediently turned his head towards the one he thought she was pointing at.

"'Oh, yes,' he said, 'I see.'

"'Oh, no, not *that* one,' said Mrs. Hilary. 'You're not looking in the right direction at all. You must turn your head more round.'

"Your Uncle James turned his head a little farther.

"'No, no, you're not right now,' said Mrs. Hilary. 'That's a Winesap you're looking at. It's a Scarlet Pearmain that I mean. Isn't it funny, Hilary, he was looking at the Winesap and thinking that I meant *that*?'

"Your Uncle James blushed deeply and turned his head again till there was quite a crick in his neck.

"'I think I see the one you mean now, Ann,' he said.

"'Well, ordinarily,' said Mrs. Hilary, 'in September that tree would be simply loaded with fruit, but this year, of course, there isn't an apple upon it. Not one. It does seem a pity that you

should have come when there isn't a single apple on that tree. And how strange your thinking I meant the Winesap, because that hardly ever has any apples upon it at all even in the best of years.'

"'I'm so sorry, Ann,' said your Uncle James.

"And the next morning, which was the morning upon which your Uncle James was going away, it was still wet, and when he came down in the morning the first thing your Cousin Hilary said was:—

"'Ordinarily, of course, we never think of having three wet days together here on the Downs. It is the first time in my life I ever remember having three consecutive wet days in this part of the world.'

"And it seemed to your Uncle James that your Cousin Hilary looked at him terribly sternly as he said this, and somehow your Uncle James couldn't help feeling so guilty that he could scarcely eat his egg; it seemed to him as if the sea would have been streaked all over with beautiful colours and the Scarlet Pearmain would have been covered with apples, and perhaps even the top of Barmiston church would have been visible from the mound in the field, supposing that he had never come to stay; and he packed his bag with a very heavy heart indeed. But what worried him most through the whole of that visit, he declares, was that not one of them pronounced the word 'ordinarily' as it ought to have been pronounced. Your Cousin Hilary kept saying 'ornerly,' and Mrs. Hilary kept saying 'ornrilly,' and your Cousin Joyce always said something in between the two. So that when your Uncle James went away (he had to take the omnibus because the car wasn't ready yet), he couldn't resist murmuring to Mrs. Hilary:—

"'Thank you ever so much for the ex-tra-or-di-nar-i-ly jolly three days I've spent with you.' And he is still very particular about that word."

"Posh has been stung by a wasp," shouted Charles, leaning excitedly out of the window.

And so Posh had; and it was not much wonder, for as a special treat he had been allowed to make a wasp-trap in the garden with a glass jar containing a little treacle and a piece of paper with a hole in it over the top. He put this on a wooden seat, and, standing near, executed the wasps that didn't go in or that staggered away by squashing them with a tablespoon. The worst of it was that in bringing out the treacle he had laid a long thin golden trail right away from the kitchen, through the hall and out at the garden door, including one fairly big pool, in which Clare had sat down when she put on her outdoor shoes; and of course a lot of the chairs had been made sticky since then.

When Posh had been comforted and ammonia had been put on the place and he said that he felt *topping*, Charles looked at him doubtfully.

"Can he play golf now, Aunt Mary?" he inquired.

Just then Uncle James came in.

"Uncle James," said Charles, "can Posh play golf with a wasp-sting?"

"Ordinarily," said Uncle James, "one plays golf with——"

But Charles began to shout with laughter, and Uncle James could not make out why.

"Why did you want to know about that word?" said Aunt Mary to Clare when Posh and Charles had departed.

"Because of a story I am putting it in," said Clare. "It begins, 'Ordrily the three children lived very quietly with their father and mother in a wood. Richard and John were just five years old, but Margaret was born a few weeks later——"

"Ordinarily——" began Uncle James.

"Please, *please*," said Aunt Mary, "don't interrupt the child." EVOE.



Impatient Ticket-Collector (to returning holiday-maker who cannot find his ticket). "LOST YER BUCKET AN' SPADE TOO, *I* BET!"

GOLFING RHYMES.

II.—THE SECRETARY.

THE Secretary seldom is
A man of energy and whizz,
Conspicuous for repartee
And courage in emergency.

Too often he's a hopeless serf,
Replacing breakages and turf,
Striving to suit each member's taste
Lest he himself should be replaced.

More Commercial Candour.

"——'s prices stand alone—Highest in the Kingdom."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

"POULTRY.

Gentleman (54), bachelor, hard worker, but with income under £250, quiet tastes, would be glad to correspond with lady with qualities of heart and mind who is interested in religion and philanthropy."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

But why under that heading? The advertiser is evidently no chicken.

ON STRIKE.

Aunt Julia is a little deaf—a dear old thing, you understand, but just a little deaf. And, after all, a slight deafness is both natural and becoming at her age, for Aunt Julia is a period aunt, and the period is about 1880. She would look comfortable with a parrot.

So Angela and I always raise our voices discreetly and lean confidentially towards her when we speak to her. She likes it.

We have always believed in Aunt Julia's deafness until her last visit to us; indeed we have always—but you shall have the story with all its murky atmosphere of midnight horror.

At about ten-thirty on the first evening of her stay with us the old lady gathered up her various belongings and prepared to bid her nephew and niece good-night. I abandoned for a moment a determined but ill-rewarded effort to find anywhere in the world a town which had to be called "Psajl" (we were just then at the critical stage of the Cross-word mania), and saw her to the other side of the door. Angela took her up to her room. Peace reigned.

It was a minute or two after eleven when the distant tinkling of a bell caused us to look at one another in surprise, but as yet without misgiving.

"That's the bell in Aunt Julia's room," said Angela and disappeared.

I re-lighted my pipe and turned again to the grim task of hunting down a prehistoric quadruped of fifteen letters and (until cross-word puzzles were invented) no known usefulness to mankind.

I was hot upon its trail when Angela returned a few minutes later, but I roused myself to take an interest in Aunt Julia's welfare and raised a questioning eyebrow.

"It was a clock," said Angela in a whisper, so as not to disturb the quadruped. Angela is the perfect wife.

Perhaps the strain of a cross-word winter was beginning to tell upon me, but I cannot face two enigmas at one and the same time. The prehistoric quadruped took advantage of the fact to give me the slip just when I was on the point of tracking him to his lair.

"What was?" I asked.

Angela perched herself precariously upon three volumes of encyclopædia and dictionary.

"It was that clock in Aunt Julia's room. It struck eleven, and Aunt Julia said it would disturb her. So I stopped it."

I nodded and returned to the chase, which must already have cost prehistoric man so much time and ingenuity. On the whole I envied him; his job was simpler than mine.

At 11.16 the bell rang again, and again Angela answered the summons, this time with a puzzled frown wrinkling her brow.

I had barely time to disinter a mythical goddess from a well-deserved and wholly desirable obscurity before she was back again.



First Water-Baby. "I-ISN'T THE W-WATER T-TERRIBLY C-COLD, TO-DAY?"
Second Water-Baby. "YES, I W-WOULDN'T HAVE G-GONE IN, ONLY M-MOTHER T-TOLD ME N-NOT TO!"

"That grandfather clock on the landing," she said. "Aunt Julia heard it chiming the quarter."

A sudden horrible thought occurred to me. Angela's latest hobby, one contracted since Aunt Julia last stayed with us, is collecting clocks. There are eight of them in the house, and they all strike the hours. Three of them chime the quarters as well.

I didn't mention this, of course, because I didn't want to alarm Angela unnecessarily. But somehow I couldn't concentrate on the job of finding (or inventing) a river in Central Africa of six letters, the second of which had to be Q. I kept thinking of the whole houseful of clocks, all working themselves up for their next concerted strike, like a sort of alliance of Trade Unions. Angela was thinking of the same thing, but she didn't mention it because she didn't want to alarm me.

"Well," I said, as the clock on the mantel-piece chimed the half-hour. "What about turning——"

Then the bell tinkled.

I tiptoed up on the landing behind my wife.

"I'm awfully sorry, my dear," I heard Aunt Julia say, "but the clock you so kindly stopped can't have been the right one. I distinctly heard one chiming half-past. So, if you *don't* mind just looking——"

"Of course not, Aunt Julia," said Angela sweetly.

"Look here," I said, when she joined me again—"there's only one thing to do. We must stop the lot."

"I suppose so," said Angela.

It is a funny business going round your own house at dead of night stopping all the clocks. The change to Summer Time isn't in it; besides, one usually forgets that until next morning. But we managed it at last, except in the case of the hall clock. There didn't seem to be any way of stopping that one short of a pick-axe, so I wrapped one of my socks round the little hammer. I am like that; always ready to sacrifice myself for others.

And peace descended once more upon our harassed household.

It must have been a minute or two after midnight when I was roused by a gentle tapping from a jolly dream of a Zulu chieftain (decapitated and reversed) who was pursuing me with forty-seven letters across Central Africa.

"What's that?" said Angela.

I jumped out of bed and opened the door.

Aunt Julia is an impressive sight in the daytime, but at midnight, clad in an ample dressing gown, with a row of mid-Victorian curling pins disposed in a sort of halo round a pink night-cap, she is overwhelming. Coming on top of the Zulu chieftain it was too much. I gasped.

"I'm so sorry," she said, "but I distinctly heard a clock strike twelve, and it will be quite impossible for me to sleep unless——"

"But we've stopped them all."

"But I'm sure——"

"There's only one thing to be done," said Angela, who had joined us. "Johnny-boy must sit up and listen for it."



Muriel. "THE PROGRAMME SAYS HE 'S A COMEDIAN."
Aunty. "AH! I HAD MY SUSPICIONS FROM THE FIRST."

At moments like this *I* am Johnny-boy.

* * * * *

It was very peaceful sitting in my study wrapped in a dressing-gown. There was even a sort of excitement about it, and I managed to put in an awful lot of really useful work. Tailless birds from New Zealand, rivers in Montenegro, streets in Pimlico and abstract things like "make up deficiencies" or "look inquisitively" became as clear as daylight. I had even nearly got "perplexity of dilemma" when the single stroke of a clock striking one fortunately brought me back to the present.

I sprang to my feet as the truth dawned upon me. It was the parish church clock.

I tiptoed nervously up to Aunt Julia's door, but a gentle breathing told me that the dear old thing was asleep. It was perhaps as well. The vicar is my friend, but I don't know what he would have said if I had gone out and stopped the church clock.

* * * * *

There were no serious consequences, except that, in the excitement of stopping so many clocks, I naturally forgot to wind up my watch, and as a result next morning I missed three trains to the office running—the third one running hard. But we have lost sympathy with strikers, and Angela has promised that before Aunt Julia comes again she will get a non-union clock. L. DU G.

SHIP, AHOY!

(*With apologies to the shade of W. M. THACKERAY.*)

KEEN is the air;
Down comes the rain,
Stinging amain;
Macs must be donned,
Little we care,
Though the breeze nips,
Sailing our ships
Round the Round Pond.

Cutter or yawl,
Shake the jib out;
Send her about;
Watch her respond.
Admirals all,
See to your craft
When the wind 's aft
Round the Round Pond.

Skipper, ahoy!
'Ware that small tug;
See that all 's snug;
Ships must be conned.
Steer round that buoy;
Think of the cost;
Boats have been lost
Round the Round Pond.

When we are men,
Bound for some port,
Some far resort,
Back o' Beyond,
In the R. N.,
Dreams shall bring back
Days when we 'd tack
Round the Round Pond.

Marriage à la mode.

"A reception was held at —— Hotel, and later the bride left for South Devon."
Sunday Paper.

"PARIS, Sunday.—Alarm was caused in the Rue Marcadet this morning by the actions of a Communist—a man who is reputed to be half-witted."—*Daily Paper.*

Is this a definition?

Heading to a book-review:—

"'THE GEORGE AND THE DRAGON,' by Sheila Kaye-Smith."—*Natal Paper.*

Since it emanates from such a loyal province we may be sure that no slight to the "Crown" was intended.

"A Japanese merchant therefore has this advantage that he can read most any Chinese document. But the spoken lanfuafe is buite a different matter and it is a fact that may not be generally known that the Japanese as a class (meaning those who trv to speak Chinese) cannot who try to speak Chinese cannot the majority of European and American missionaries do."—*Chinese Paper.*

We didn't know it anyhow.



Gentleman of the Road (*to fellow-traveller*). "DO YOU REALISE WHAT IT 'UD MEAN T' YOU AN' ME IF THIS 'ERE COUNTRY WENT RED?—*RUIN!*"

CHINKS AND COOLERS.

THE poet's—taken broadly—is a lamentable lot,
But still it has its moments; and he happens now and then
To strike upon a subject which, if tackled fresh and hot,
Uplifts him as a blessing to his patient fellow-men;
And such a chance has come to me at last,
Who learn from the most accurate advices
That, rising like a phœnix from the ashes of his past,
The Chinaman has started eating ices.

For many a weary decade he has casually ignored
The civilised improvements that have issued from the West;
Our obvious advantages have merely left him bored;
We couldn't stir him up, although we always did our best;
We coaxed him, but he didn't care a cuss;
We larned him, but he wouldn't give a d——;
He even had the cheek to talk, I'll trouble you, of us—
Us, mind you—as barbarians; you and me.

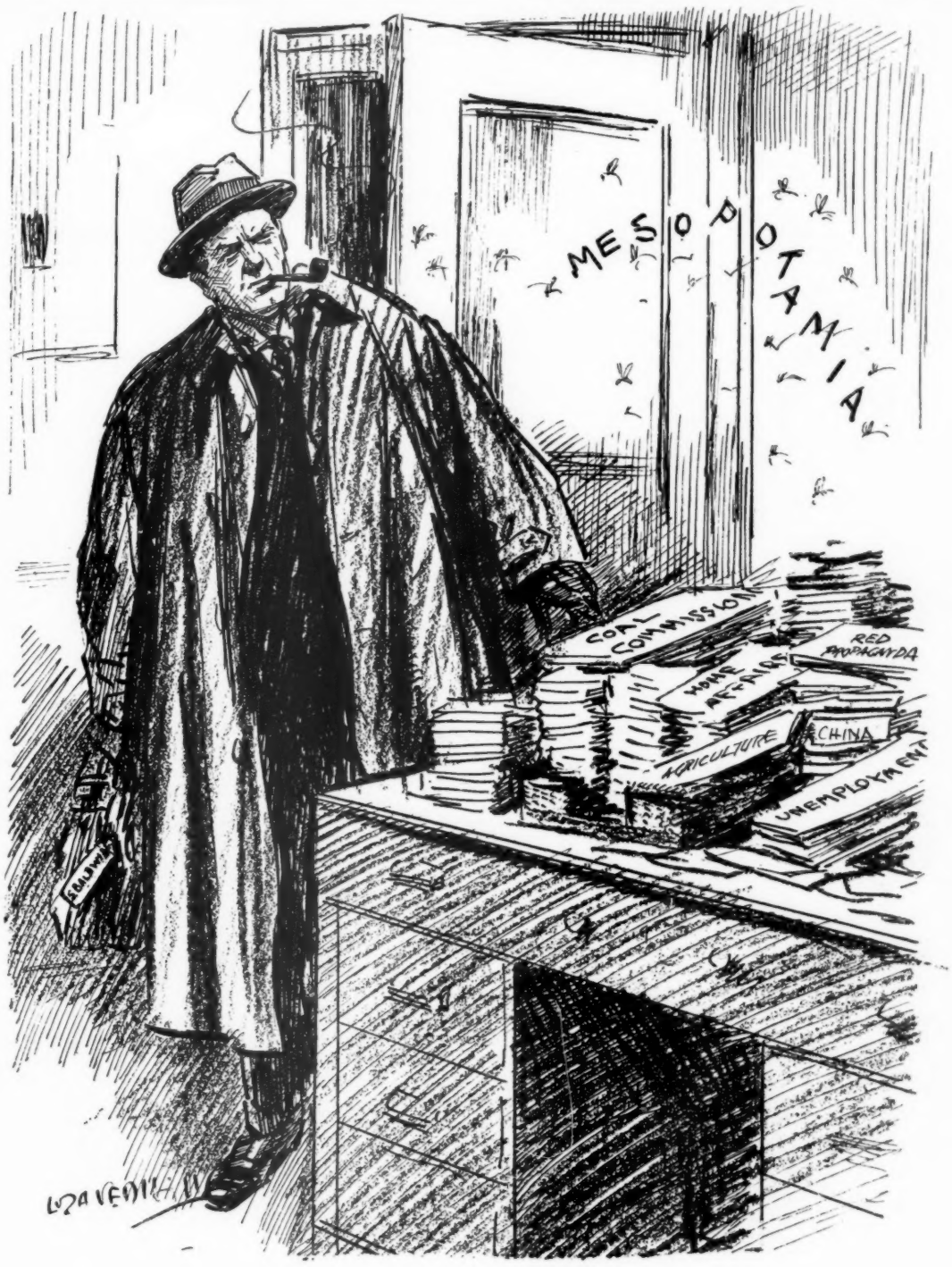
And when at last his rotting ship went bang upon a rock
And naturally foundered, we were very much dismayed;
We wept for him, but mainly for the monetary shock
We suffered in the damage to our Oriental trade;
We looked on chaos, with no light beyond;
The marts were bare, and we had goods to sell;
But really, now the creature's waking up and getting fond
Of ices, all, we hope, may yet be well.

Yes, here indeed is permanence; an onward step that soon
Will lead him to enlightenment and sharpen up his wit,
And teach him, as he dallies not with chopsticks but a spoon,
That here at least the foreign devils seem to know a bit;
And tearfully he'll mourn (at least, I should)
The ways he stuck to at such bitter cost,
His long-enduring ignorance of what was really good,
And all the time—and ices—that he's lost.

And then the warring leaders that have brought him to this pass
Will meet as friendly rivals in an ice-absorbing match;
The armies, as they amicably lick a mutual glass,
Will pat a freezy stomach in a happier dispatch;
And not a blow will evermore be struck;
And freedom, born of ices, will begin;
Prosperity will follow; and with any sort of luck
We, in our simple fashion, stand to win.

Then bless you, gentle Chinaman! And, now you've made a start,
I beg for your attention to the bond 'twixt us and you;
Apply to it in your turn your incomparable art;
There's room for your invention; for example, something blue;—
A novel touch of fragrance, shall we say?
A flavouring of Oriental spices?
That all may have an added cause to bless the happy day
When Chinamen embarked on eating ices.

DUM-DUM.



THE HOME-COMING.

THE PRIME MINISTER. "I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE A LIVELY TIME WITH MY CORRESPONDENCE, BUT I NEVER BARGAINED FOR THESE DEADLY MOSQUITOES."



THINGS THEY DO MORE PICTURESQUELY ABROAD.

A TYROLEAN FAMILY MAKES THE ASCENT TO THE LOCAL POINT OF VIEW.

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT HOME.

XV.—CONEY ISLAND: (*b*) THE SEARCH FOR EXCITEMENT.

"THIS looks fairly exciting," said Will, and we paused on the outside of a large crowd gathered round a platform built in front of a curtain bearing illustrations of the rotund figure of Martha, the World's Largest Pianist, a man in a dress suit standing nonchalantly with knives stuck profusely into his body in the manner of the spikes on a telephone pole, and a young chap with extremely curtailed legs operating a typewriter with his feet. On the platform the proprietor was passing a lighted match in front of the eyelashes of another man in a dress-suit, trying to convince the crowd, for some reason not apparent, that this man was made of wax.

"Palpably a fake," said I; "if he were made of wax the match would melt him. Come on; I can't bear to think of the flame of a match, anyhow."

"Do you suppose they really have a woman in there who swallows snakes?" said Will.

I told him it wouldn't surprise me if they had, but I didn't want to see her do it.

"It might be rather exciting," said Will.

"Come on; I'll give you an Orange Drink," I told him, not being able to think of any cheaper way of moving him on.

We ordered two Orange Drinks and were presented with a pair of paper cups full of a tepid mixture, very sweet and coloured with the same pigment that is used in making Parker Fountain Pens. Will drank a swallow of his, then asked the girl across the counter if she had ever drunk a cupful herself, or was she merely a tool in the hands of the men higher up?

"Say, what's eating you?" said the girl. "I'm not a tool in no man's hands."

This looked serious, so I told the girl in an aside that he didn't mean anything and tapped my forehead suggestively.

"That don't make any difference," said she; "he's got no business coming round here insulting me. I'm not that kind of a girl."

"Come on, Cæsar," I said to Will, pulling him away and flinging a final pacifying wink at the girl.

Not far away was a tremendous wooden tube about ten feet in diameter and twice as long, lying on its side and revolving gently. People so inclined could run in one end, be upset by the revolutions and dragged out of the other end by an attendant in a red cap. Not being one of those so inclined I steered Will round the instrument and we listened for a while to a man announcing through a megaphone the advantages of riding a mile and a-half through the "rocky gorges." The principal advantage seemed to be that one rode free—that is, one paid the fifteen cents after the ride was over.

"We'd better go on it," I said to Will. "We've been here quite a time and haven't done anything yet."

"But that's a roller-coaster," said Will. "You surely aren't seriously proposing to ride on a roller-coaster?"

"We've got to do something," I said. "We came down here to be diverted from the heat and I am hotter than ever."

"Let's go to 'A Night in Cairo,'" he suggested, and we wandered to the establishment next door.

On the platform outside a man in a turban was playing an Oriental tune in a very minor key, as if we were all cobras to be charmed, and round him were half-a-dozen females draped in Spanish shawls.

"That's a fake too," I said to Will. "Those women have never been closer to Cairo than Coney Island; look at the two with yellow bobbed hair."

"Don't be cynical," said Will. "This looks as if it might be a pretty snappy show. Have you got fifteen cents?"

At this moment the Oriental tune was drowned by the blast of a band which came marching down upon us. We got hurriedly out of the way, for the musicians were dressed like Swiss mountaineers and I had always heard that Swiss mountaineers were not people to be trifled with. Behind the band came three elephants about as large as horses, though they sloped towards the rear and were rounder.

"How about going to the circus?" I asked Will, getting a bit discouraged about finding a piece of excitement that would suit both of us.

"And see men with whips balance themselves on the elephants' heads?" said Will with some disgust.

"Well, my dear fellow," I said, "we came down here to be diver——"

"Come over here," said he, "and let's try out our strength with the sledge-hammer."

We drew near the throng surrounding the base of the usual pole with the usual bell at the top. The pole was marked off in numbers, and each number was named; if a man swung the mallet and sent the little rubber cylinder up to 24, for example, when he might have rung the bell by sending it to 100, he was hissed by the spectators as a "cake-eater," that being the name of number 24. If one knocked the marker to 30, one was supposed to be a "lounge-lizard"; if one knocked it to 90, one was supposed to be a "blacksmith." The numbers graded in opprobrium from 10, a "milk-fed chicken," to 98, a "piano-mover."

I told Will that I saw nothing in the list I considered worth shooting at, and guided him away to a large circular floor, depressed in the middle like a shallow funnel. Half-a-dozen round cars, with vacillating wheels on the bottom which would allow the car to move in any direction its slightest fancy dictated, sat in the centre and were rapidly filled with people. Shortly the floor began to revolve very fast, the centrifugal force pushing the cars away from the middle and crashing them into each other. After about two minutes of this neck-popping diversion the floor became stationary again.

I looked at Will. We turned away unanimously.

"Now, really, old timer," I said, "this is getting serious. Here we are surrounded by excitement and diversion and we are neither excited nor diverted; We *must* take part. What shall it be? I am agreeable to anything."

"There's a Wild West show," said Will without much enthusiasm, nodding towards half-a-dozen Indian braves, decked out with feathers and war paint, playing cornets and trombones in the cadence usually required for the performing horse to count to seven with his off fore-foot; "would you like to see a man in a two-gallon hat throw a lariat?"

"I think I should rather go on the 'Honeymoon Express,'" I said.

"Let's have an Orange Drink," said Will.

We went to a different girl and had an Orange Drink.

"Surely we can find something here with a thrill in it," I said and looked round the Park. "'The Sky Mile Chaser' would at least cool us off."

Will, who had been looking about the place too, suddenly put down his paper cup. He beckoned to me and hurried off through the crowd.

"What do you see?" I asked, hastening after him.

"Come on," said he; "I've found it."

We arrived at a low counter with chairs along the outside and two men standing in the enclosure behind it. A large sign above it read: "15 CENTS IF YOU LOSE; FREE GAME IF YOU WIN."

"Good Lord!" said I. "Chess?"

"There's a chair," said Will. "Take a board; he'll play both of us at once." I sat down.

"Queens to colour," said I, "if I remember right."

"Yes," said Will; "the Pawns go in front. Too bad we didn't see this earlier in the evening."

I told him I wished we had seen it before the second Orange Drink. But there was no use to worry about that then, and I modestly advanced my Pawn to King 3. U. S. A.



THE TARGET.

WARNING TO HOLIDAY-MAKERS. WHEN PICNICKING ON THE BEACH NEVER PLACE THE CONDENSED MILK TIN ON THE BREAKWATER.

"'How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away,' says Macbeth."
Advt. in Irish Paper.

Not in our edition. Only one *Lady Macbeth* is mentioned there.

"Wanted, Young Girl to help cut up and assist forelady."—*Local Paper.*

We trust the "forelady" approves the idea and won't be unduly "cut up."



Yeomanry Colonel (*in parade for inspection of newly-arrived horses*). "WELL, TROOPER SMITH, I HEAR YOU HAVE A GRIEVANCE. TROT IT OUT."

Trooper Smith. "TROT, SIR? IT CAN'T 'ARDLY WALK!"

TO GWENDOLINE, OUR ORPINGTON.

["Hens came from South-East Asia by way of Persia and Greece, reaching Europe in the first century B.C."—*Extract from paper.*]

I DID not think that I had kept in you
An alien friend, for I have ever looked
Upon your race as British through and through,
Whether producing eggs or whether cooked;
And now they say you come from South-East Asia,
Just like a bloated mandarin or geisha.

I understood, of course, the turkey came
From other lands, a stranger to our shore,
Some centuries ago; but that the same
Remark applied to you, my old barn-door
Frequenter, I had never dreamt. Our Gwen!
Our long-respected, staid domestic hen!

And through these long, long years have you usurped
A place in this my patriotic heart,
E'en while I fed you and you gently chirped
Your gratitude to me for doing my part.
I gave you food, a soft warm nest and drink,
And did you never of *my* feelings think?

But tell me, Gwendoline, about that trip
From somewhere in the purlieus of Malay,
For surely you could not have come by ship
At that romantic unprogressive day;
For ocean travelling was never done
In those old-fashioned times, viz. B.C. 1.

So did you walk until you reached the hobs
Of Europe, travel-stained, with tired-out legs?
Or did you work your way by doing odd jobs
Like catching insect pests or hatching eggs?
(Of course this exercise shows clear enough
Just why my share, the drumstick, 's always tough.)

Also this Eastern source of origin
Explains your husband's unconventional ways,
I do not mean that early morning din,
But the unfaithfulness which he displays;
For no one in this country ever dreams
Of quite so many matrimonial schemes.

"About 8 P.M. yesterday there was some excitement at the Post Office corner, Durban, when Constable ——, who was on point duty at the time, was faced with a proposition in the form of a snake that was crossing the road. He drew his baton and succeeded in killing it with a blow on the head. It proved to be a very healthy specimen of puff adder, about 18 inches in length, and how it came to be three, and abroad on so cold a night, is a mystery."—*Local Paper.*

The theory that the gallant constable had been taking something "to keep out the cold" is clearly inadmissible.

"Citizens of Nelson and residents of the country are invited to attend the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new Cathedral on his Excellency the Governor-General on Sunday afternoon at 2.30."—*New Zealand Paper.*

We should have thought the burdens of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL were sufficiently heavy without this additional load.



The Unhappy One (to himself). "HOW CAN A MAN UNDERSTAND GOLF AND A WOMAN?"

HOLMAN CLARK.

THE stage has suffered a heavy loss by the death of HOLMAN CLARK, for, though he was not an actor of the first prominence, he was a very sound one, with an individual sense of drollery and a voice of his own that remained in the memory long after the curtain had fallen, and returned to one's mind with a pleasant assurance of mirth to come whenever one saw his name in the programme. I think of all our comedians he was the most trustworthy. "If HOLMAN CLARK is in it," we would say, "it doesn't matter how poor the play is we shall be certain of some amusement." This was not only because of his native humour, but because he brought to every part, no matter how slight, a careful artistic conscience. His voice and his mannerisms he could not alter, but he did his best every time to make the character real. I use the word trustworthy with peculiar satisfaction, because it gives the opportunity to remark that whatever may be said—and very likely unjustly—against actors in private, I believe that no other profession in the world draws from those that follow it such trustworthiness in public; and of all our trustworthy actors none was more to be relied upon than HOLMAN CLARK.

When an actor dies or retires, we compete with each other in remembering those parts which gave us most delight, and everyone has been recalling HOLMAN CLARK in this or that piece. I think my own choicest memories of him are as the "property man" in *The Yellow Jacket*, in which his face became astonishingly Chinese; and as an elderly man with a white beard in an American farce in which CHARLES HAWTREY, as the hero, had only a year to live. I forget its title, but HOLMAN CLARK was irresistibly funny—a foolish phrase, for no one wants to resist fun, but let it stand—and never more so than when he announced that he had been to see "mother fly." And his *Captain Hook* was, of course, a masterpiece of comic acting and an annual joy.

Off the stage, HOLMAN CLARK was one of the best of companions, and every one that one meets has a new story of his kindness. But as he never seemed to be out of an engagement, and latterly had added producing to acting, one saw him in private life far too little. E. V. L.

"Mr. John —— will, Lord willing, give Bible readings on the Epistle to the Philistines, on Tuesday evenings."—*Scots Paper.*

But not, we trust, with the weapon employed by SAMSON.

"It was stated that Scotland Yard had since cancelled his licence for dangerous driving."
Daily Paper.

In our opinion it should never have been issued.

"Strong Youth wanted for Newsagents; about 17; tail, nice talker, pet."
Manchester Paper.

Nothing is said about horns, or we should infer that the advertiser required a sort of printer's devil.

From a programme of a rural fête:—

"Bowling for Pig, also Bowling for Ladies and Children."—*Berkshire Paper.*

It reminds us of the old seaside announcement:—"Tea with shrimps ninepence; ditto with children a shilling."

At the Trades Union Congress:—

"Mr. A. Henderson (Transport Workers), on a resolution requiring driving tests from holders of motor licences, said no one under 2 should be allowed to drive a heavy lorry, a charabanc or a bus."—*Evening Paper.*

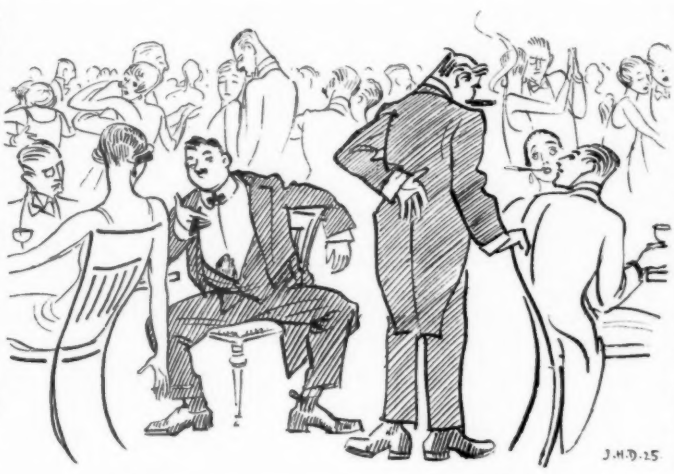
We agree.

THE LAY FIGURE.

IF you have followed Howard Bultimo's light articles and stories at all you will remember the series which first brought him into notice—sunny little sketches revealing two buoyant and charming personalities at the motor-show, or lunching at Savidge's, or perhaps watching polo or baseball. Well, I was "James" in those articles. It was quite enjoyable going round town with him and afterwards seeing myself in print, considerably brightened up, it is true, but still quite recognisable.

The thing got round, of course, starting with the local tennis-club and spreading generally over our select little hamlet in the Surrey hills. Hostesses whispered the interesting tit-bit of literary information as I was introduced; my views on literature were for the first time listened to, and it was all very pleasant and soothing to a diffident personality with an inferiority complex.

But when that series came to an end Bultimo, encouraged by success, went further afield, still, however, keeping "James" by his side. It is true that the name was changed and the characteristics altered in various stories, but anyone could see that I was still the bones of it. And here it commenced to become embarrassing. In the process of what Bultimo termed "broadening-out," "James" had developed into a thorough man of the world, a seeker after pleasure, sometimes of a rather daring kind. A mere butterfly in the earlier sketches, he now tended to become a bit of a mosquito, seeking the red blood of life.



"DISGUISED AS POLICEMEN DISGUISED AS MEMBERS."

Now Bultimo is one of those writers who professes to found his work on the thing seen and experienced. I say "professes," but it is quite sincere in his case and also, though he will never see this, entirely at variance with the facts. What his public enjoy most is the fantastic structure which he erects generally upon the smallest foundation of fact, and that often obtained at second-hand.

Apart from this you can guess how the ordinary reader, once having learnt to identify me with "James," would simply refuse to make any allowances for the play of imagination. Denials were useless. Most readers don't think anyone really invents things. But suppose that, instead of the ordinary reader, one has to deal with someone with an inclination to be unduly suspicious, a very near relation by marriage, for instance. It is, as you will readily appreciate, impossible to get him—and still more her—to believe that certain rather dubious incidents are not taken straight from life. The fact is that these stories of Bultimo's are bringing discord into the home.

It is all very well for him. Miss Bellamy will, at present, believe anything he chooses to tell her and, in fact, rather admires his implied boldness in searching for "copy." But Edith is not like that; not now. It is waste of time to try to convince her that the details of the mannequin-parade were obtained second-hand; that Bultimo interviewed the thirty-nine Puffman Girls without assistance, or that the story of our adventure in the night-club (disguised as policemen disguised as members) was not a record of actual experience. And now Bultimo has started a Limehouse series, "Seeing through the Chink," that has brought the matter to a head. The thing has got to stop.

Anyone who has ever been submerged in Bultimo's torrent of fluency knows that remonstrance is useless. He won't hear of dropping me out. He says that people have grown to know and love me; assures me that Edith is at heart tremendously impressed at my blossoming into a bit of a lad; suggests that, instead of this ingratitude on my part, some substantial recognition of the dashing reputation he has made for me is called for; points out that I am recognised and honoured in my lifetime instead of being a mere footnote in his collected works. ("'James' has been identified as John Daniel Finnacle, a companion of the author's early days. Nothing further is known of him. One of those pathetic, forlorn figures that flit across the pages of literature.") Argument is clearly useless. Nothing but superior force will move him, and, luckily, this is available.

Howard Bultimo has a middle name. You see at once the possibilities. In America, of course, the middle name has passed into current proverbial epigram, as who should say, "I'd have you know my middle name is Lightning," or "Drinkwater." But here it is the one personal detail which is often most carefully concealed. It is a fact that Bultimo's early work was signed "H. E. Bultimo." *What does that "E" stand for?*

Very few people know; certainly not Miss Bellamy, who thinks him, as most people do, at least ten years younger than he really is. (I have sometimes remonstrated with him on this very point, but he says the time to tell her is not yet—the little seedling must be allowed to grow a bit stronger.) Now, that "E" stands for the second name of a very distinguished Victorian statesman. Bultimo was, indeed, not the only child who was associated with that eminent man in this permanent way. You see the point? *It dates.* Dropped carelessly at the tennis-club in the hearing of—well, any of the ladies . . . Of course, I should hate to have to do it, but where is this "James" business going to end? Perhaps if this should catch his eye he will realise at last that this is a serious matter for me. My silence may be bought on one condition—his next story shall include the absolutely fatal and final death of "James."

New Proverbs While You Wait.

"He was listening—a pipe in his hand to while away the tedium of waiting . . ."
Serial in Local Paper.

A pipe in the mouth is worth two in the hand.

"As far as we are concerned I feel the most pressing task is to get on with our work for a new Parochial Hell."
Vicar's Letter in Parish Magazine.

And give it to the printer?

"Good, strong General wanted for Officers' Training School."—*Provincial Paper.*

We hope they 'll get him.

AT THE PLAY.

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES" (BARNES).

I SUPPOSE that *Tess* for the generation that grew up with her, if one may so speak, is the most pitiful and lovable of all modern heroines, and one recalls vividly across the thirty odd years how deeply the desperate fate in which her remorseless creator entangled this gentle, staunch and splendid girl moved those of us who were then still at the romantic age. Mr. HARDY seemed to us then little better than a wanton murderer, challenged only but not equalled by that other eminent Victorian who threw away young *Feverel's* life in that last exasperating chapter.

It is inevitable, I think, that the performance of the dramatised version of *Tess* should be something of a disappointment, and I cannot but think that the genuine enthusiasm which was expressed at the fall of the curtain in the pleasant little Barnes theatre was, very properly and naturally, tribute to a great name, to the memory of a superb book and to the popularity of a distinguished young actress rather than to a great play. It was interesting to note that not even a master hand can make an entirely satisfactory stage-play out of even a great dramatic novel. There was not enough room in the frame plausibly to develop the characters and the action, especially as an undue proportion of the time was consumed and the balance of the whole scheme upset by the amiable rustic passages of humour and oddity. It was, of course, necessary that eccentric old *John Durbeyfield's* babble of his ancestry—comic in itself, but the real begetter of the tragedy of *Tess*—should be emphasised. But the time taken to do this left little for the more important development of the character of the unhappy heroine. We saw nothing of her before her seduction by young *D'Urberville*. We saw nothing of what had happened to her between her miserable parting with that romantic prig *Angel* on her wedding-night and her appearance as the accepted mistress of the unspeakable *Alec*; while her killing of that crude villain seemed rather the result of a momentary fit of exasperation than the resolute, fated action which the novel has leisure and scope to prove it to be. In a word, the catastrophe, which in the book is made to seem fatalistically inevitable, in the play appears somewhat accidental and arbitrary. One scene alone seemed to fulfil one's perhaps exaggerated expectations—the last moments of *Tess* with *Angel* among the monoliths of Stonehenge



"Sir" John, with a little D'Urbervilles' blood to the head (MR. STANLEY LATHBURY).

before the net of the law closed about her—a passage played with exquisite tenderness by both Miss FFRANGÇON DAVIES and Mr. ION SWINLEY.

We have been told that Mr. HARDY warmly approved Miss FFRANGÇON DAVIES for his *Tess* and it would therefore be grossly impertinent to challenge this approval. Unless indeed one might argue that so supremely beautiful a creation—builded better than any author could possibly know—had passed somewhat out of its creator's possession into ours. Miss DAVIES most beautifully presented the tender and pathetic side of the character. But did we not miss something of the strength, of the nobility, of what I dare call the greatness of this lovely girl, broken by the accumulated disasters which the author, accepted philosopher and exponent of the tragic irony of circumstance, knows so well how to marshal? It was easier to believe in the existence of an *Angel Clare* thirty years ago than it is to-day—though it wasn't altogether easy then—and we couldn't indeed help thinking what the younger generation made of it all. Mr. ION SWINLEY handled the difficult part with great intelligence and some subtlety. Mr. STANLEY LATHBURY made an understandable character of old *John Durbeyfield*; and I liked very much *Miss Drusilla Wills'* playing of a rustic wife. Mr. AUSTIN TREVOR'S *Alec D'Urberville* was, I could not help thinking, too desperate a cad and too little of a real man for him ever to have made any headway with *Tess*. *Mr. John Le Hay* gave us a superb little study of an old countryman which richly deserved the enthusiastic applause that rewarded it.

Mr. AUBREY HAMMOND'S scenery was in quite the right key, and Mr. A. E. FILMER, the producer, had used his knowledge of his craft and his intelligence to great advantage . . . A memorable and instructive performance for any serious student of the English stage. But I shall always obstinately prefer my own *Tess* to this of Miss FFRANGÇON DAVIES. T.

"THE EMPEROR JONES" (AMBASSADORS).

MR. VACHEL LINDSAY has a poem which says:—

"Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room,
Barrel-house kings with feet unstable
Sagged and reeled and pounded on the table,
Pounded on the table,
Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom.
. . . ."

And—

"THEN I SAW THE CONGO CREEPING THROUGH THE BLACK,
CUTTING THROUGH THE FOREST WITH A GOLDEN TRACK."

And—

"A negro fairyland swung into view
A minstrel river
Where dreams come true.
The ebony palace soared on high
Through the blossoming trees to the evening sky."



LOVE-MAKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Tess . . . . . MISS FFRANGÇON-DAVIES.
Angel Clare . . . . . MR. ION SWINLEY.

And—

"Walk with care, walk with care,
O Mumbo-Jumbo, God of the Congo,
And all of the other
Gods of the Congo,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoodoo you."

The whole motive of *The Emperor Jones* is to be found in this poem. A coloured Pullman car attendant who had murdered a man or two, *Brutus Jones* became the self-imposed Emperor of a savage African tribe, not for the sake of glory, but in order to collect the loot. We see him magnificently attired in his palace talking to *Smithers*, one of those inevitable Cockneys of drama who in white drill and placed amidst Oriental or barbaric surroundings must find us very fastidious if we fail to be amused. But the palace is now deserted. The bodyguard has fled. The *Emperor's* lease of omnipotence has come to an end. He must fly through the forest. His people have rebelled against him, *and* the tom-tom begins to sound . . .

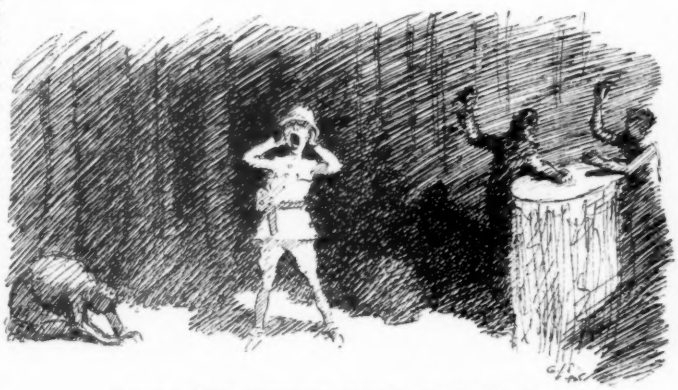
It continues to sound as a matter of fact for the whole of the rest of the piece, for seven short scenes, that is to say, of bewilderment and dread. One cannot have too much of a tom-tom, I suppose. The *Emperor Jones* is now being bewitched in the terrible wood. He passes from fear to fear. Eyes shine, scenes of his lurid past come back to him, and he beholds the chain-gang and the warder whom he murdered when a convict; and we noted at this point that an American convict-warder is apparently armed not only with a rifle but with a heavy long-lashed whip. How delightfully Occidental!

Jones sees also a vision of his people's past, ladies and gentlemen in tall-hats and crinolines, himself on a tree-stump being sold as a slave. These ghost pictures are enacted as ballet dances to the tom-tom's sound. The *Emperor Jones* disperses each horror by firing a revolver-bullet at it, until he has only one bullet left—silver—because he had told the tribe that nothing except a silver bullet could slay him, and had had one made as a kind of mysterious talisman.

The next delirium shows him the river, the witch-doctor and the open jaws of a crocodile (personally, because I could not help remembering *Smee*, I should have preferred a hippopotamus), and by this time the *Emperor Jones* has cast off and strewn the stage with the trappings of his brief artificial royalty and is a naked terrified nigger once more. He fires the silver bullet . . . The final scene introduces us to the tom-tom itself being pounded with terrific intensity. A horde of savages, a magic-man and *Smithers* (who is apparently a traitor) are all present, but we cannot quite hear what *Smithers* says because the tom-tom is so loud. The dead body of the *Emperor Jones* is dragged out on to the stage. Mumbo-Jumbo has hoodooed *him*.



JONES AND SMITHERS;
OR, THE BLACK AND WHITE OF IT.



SCENE 8—THE DRUMMING IN THE EARS INCREASES.

Mr. PAUL ROBESON, who of course carries the whole play, is a splendid figure of a man and a marvellously fine actor; and the ravings with which he has been supplied by Mr. EUGENE O'NEILL are painfully moving and intense. And if I have a slight grouch against the tom-tom as a dramatic property it is only fair to admit that I have never heard it so terrifyingly employed before. The ghost pictures are good too, though there is a certain danger in materialising so many subjective fantasies on the stage. Some day we shall have a play in which a man simply walks on and sits down and thinks. The theatre-going public has a crude and vulgar habit of getting confused and inquiring whether the crocodiles or the pink rats are really there.

Never mind. *The Emperor Jones* is a thrilling if almost too rayless piece of tragic gloom. The main play was preceded by *The Long Voyage Home*, in which Mr. EUGENE O'NEILL gives us a chance of seeing a larger number of actors in a clearer though by no means less depressing light. Here Mr. MILTON ROSMER, as a paid-off Swedish sailorman longing to settle down on his native farm, who is doped, robbed and Shanghaied in a low public-house, and Miss MARY NEWNHAM-DAVIS as *Freda*, whose profession is not stated, acted excellently well. Mr. A. G. POULTON also as *Fat Joe*, the proprietor of the public-house, was so realistically abominable that one would have just loved to stamp upon his face. The *milieu* is that described by Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING in the poem which tells how *Hans*, the blue-eyed *Dane*, was knifed by *Salem Hardieker*.

"But Anne of Austria looted first
The maid Ultruda's charm,
The little silver crucifix
That keepeth her from harm."

We have three drunken men, one drunken barmaid, a crimp, a bully (not to mention the two other ladies), all in one short Act. If your system suffers from a lack of pity and terror, it is not the fault of Mr. EUGENE O'NEILL.

EVOE.

"A Course at ——'s puts the premier trade at your finger tips."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

No doubt would-be successors of Mr. BALDWIN have duly noted this.

"M. Caillaux stated that the Moroccan rouble had hitherto cost France 200 million francs."—*Rhodesian Paper.*

But the Russian rouble has cost France even more.

"The first winter snow fell in the Alps last night from 5,000 feet upwards."—*Daily Paper.*

Something must have upset its gravity.

FOOTBALL.

LONDON *v.* MANCHESTER.

(By our Special Reporter.)

INASMUCH as London was head of the British League and Manchester was second, the meeting of these two teams naturally aroused tremendous interest and a gate of fully £6,000 was expected to assemble on the Manchester ground. One hour before the start fully £3,000 had entered the ground. The turnstiles were still clicking merrily at the rate of £10 per minute, and there was every prospect of the record for the ground being broken.

The home supporters were somewhat disheartened by the fact that the cash value of their team, owing to injuries, would not amount to more than £46,583, while the value of the London team, as certified by the companies' auditors, excluding goodwill but including depreciation, amounted to fully £60,000. The Mancunian supporters were, however, considerably heartened by the news, passed round just before the commencement of play, that the transfer of Jock McTavish at a fee of £6,000 had been effected in time for him to play in the match. A rumour also gained ground that Ali Baba, the London £10,000 centre, had developed a cold. The consequent diminution in the value of the London team, coupled with the increase in the value of the home side, therefore gave every prospect of an exciting struggle. Interest in the match was considerably increased when it became known that one of the terms of the transfer was that Jock's old club was to be paid £5 every time he kicked into touch in his own half, and considerable speculation arose as to what extent and in what manner the value of the Manchester team was affected thereby. The game started quietly, and the only event worthy of remark during the first ten minutes was that Hans Winkelheim (of Manchester) collided with Van op Zoom and received injuries to the extent of £100. After this, however, the play livened up, and the spectators were rewarded by a brilliant run down the field by Dai Llewelyn, valued at fully £10. The movement was, however, brought to nought by a £12 save on the part of Shaugh O'Hennessy, the Manchester goal-keeper, and the home supporters, being £2 up on the balance, began to feel more jubilant.

Manchester now began to press, and play for some time went on in front of the Londoner's goal, and the first goal was scored when McNab (London), in attempting to clear, put the ball through the Londoner's goal. This incident occasioned a heated argument between Isaac Boodlestein, the London Club's Managing Director, and Bill Huggins, the representative of Sheffield Athletic, from which club McNab had been transferred, as to how the transfer agreement was affected by a player putting the ball through his own goal.

Isaac Boodlestein contended that Sheffield Athletic was to be paid £200 for every goal McNab scored for London, and that McNab, through scoring a goal for Manchester, had caused a breach of the agreement, and that they would be entitled to be paid £200 by Sheffield. Bill Huggins replied to the effect that the agreement was quite clear. Sheffield Athletic were to be paid £200 for every goal scored by McNab. It was unfortunate for the London club that McNab had scored through his own goal, and he fully sympathized; at the same time it was no concern of theirs how he scored his goals. A goal was a goal, and McNab had scored one; Sheffield Athletic would therefore claim to be paid £200.

The matter might have come to blows but that the London director suddenly remembered that he had not yet received a note of the total amount of the gate and hurried off to obtain it.

Play continued evenly for a time, when Dai Llewelyn made another fine run, which, however, again proved abortive as his shot at goal only succeeded in knocking three penn'orth of paint off the Mancunian cross-bar.

At this point the whistle for half-time sounded, the score being then :—

	Goals.	Value.	Total Value of Teams.
Manchester	1	£1,060	£85,000
London	0	—	£96,000

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"'Pons Asinorum,' i.e. 'Asses' Bridge,' is the nickname of Euclid's proposition about the angles at the base of a hypotenuse triangle being equal."—*Evening Paper.*

From a scholastic advertisement :—

"Absolutely Inclusive, £60 a year, ages 7-141."—*Daily Paper.*

A good chance for some of our centenarians to improve their education.

"Machinist Wanted, first-class Four-headed Man."—*Australian Paper.*

The worst of this type of man is that he is likely—almost certain—to be double-faced.

"It is doubtful whether, even with modern arms of precision, some of the old partridge shooting records are often beaten in these days. One of the most famous was that of Coke, of Norfolk, on October 7th, 1797, when he bagged forty brace of partridges to his own gun in eighty hours."—*Morning Paper.*

The weapons may have been inferior, but the days seem to have been longer.

THE FINANCIER.

I CANNOT number many financiers among my acquaintances. Therefore, when on his first visit to London one of them asked me to accompany him to Kensington Gardens to see the Serpentine and Peter Pan, I agreed with pleasure and pride.

It was a glorious morning and he was in great spirits, expatiating with charming *naïveté* on his wealth as we walked down the street together to our bus.

"I've eight and three-pence on me," he said gleefully.

Judging by the freedom and rapidity with which it was handled and transferred from one pocket to another, it did not seem destined to remain long upon his person, and I congratulated myself on having set out not altogether unprovided for the journey.

His agility was astonishing. Barely had I boarded the bus before he was aloft, and as I swayed up the staircase in pursuit he hailed me cheerfully from the front seat, "I'll pay for both!"

I reflected, panting, that this was not altogether unexpected in the circumstances and dropped into the nearest seat with a sense of exhilaration which is usually lacking on my ordinary bus rides.

A rattle of buckles, accompanied by a sibilant sound, announced the conductor, and I looked across the intervening seats at my friend.

He had produced a brown-leather purse and was bending anxiously over it. His face was almost hidden by a floppy grey flannel hat, so that only a small portion of very red cheek and ear were visible.

The conductor drew nearer and the purse became violently agitated as the owner ransacked its interior. Finally with a jerk he shook out the contents on to his diminutive lap, and I saw they were no common coin, but large pieces of brightly burnished copper.

Then he turned and looked at me—just one agonised glance before he had squeezed past the conductor and reached my side.

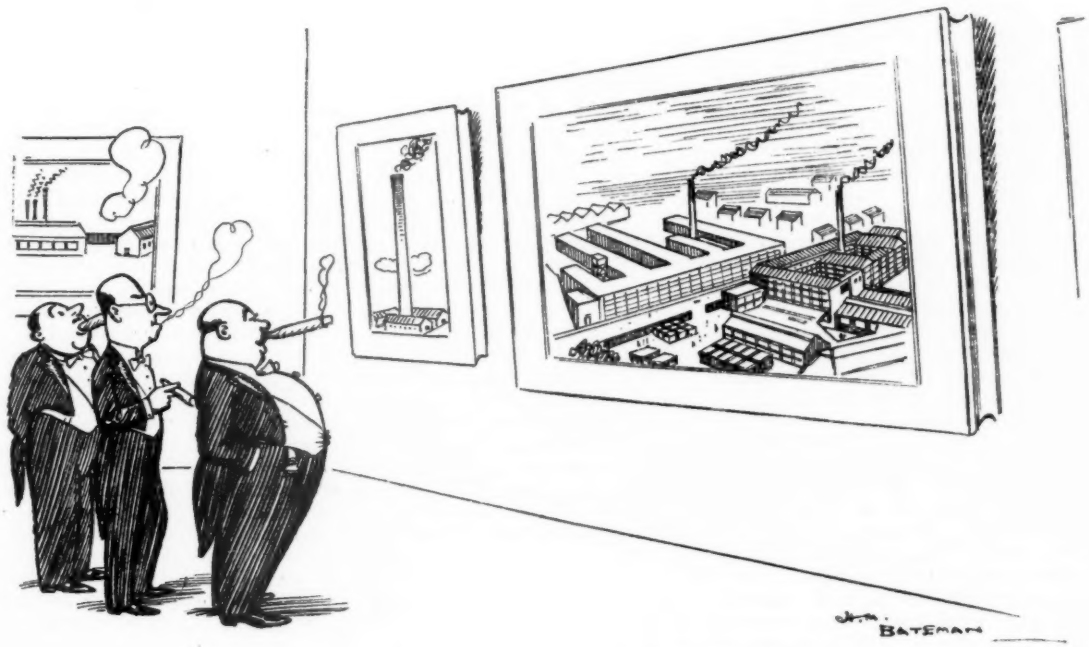
He bent so low that his hot breath dimmed my spectacles, and said in a hurried whisper, "Oh, Uncle, I polished all my pennies when cook did the brass this morning, and I *can't* let the man have them. Can you lend me some dirty ones?"

Fortunately I could. The transaction was the work of a moment, and with a gasp of relief he regained his seat.

The amount was duly refunded later, but for one brief moment I, a humble second-class clerk, had financed a Financier.



IN BYGONE DAYS OUR PICTURES WERE OF "THE PARK" AND OTHER PLEASING ASPECTS OF THE DOMAIN.



TO-DAY THEY ARE MORE LIKELY TO BE OF "THE WORKS."



Short-sighted Old Lady (at boarding-house). "EXCUSE ME—DID YOU SAY YOU WERE GOING UP TO TRINITY OR GIRTON NEXT TERM?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I CANNOT believe that a couple of well-conducted American lovers stranded for the night in a French inn in the level-headed days before the War would take advantage of the conjugal aspect of their arrival and detention to forestall the intimacies of what might otherwise have been a happy marriage. But I can see that Mr. FREDERICK PALMER would have been hard put to it to eke out *Invisible Wounds* (LANE) in any other fashion; for if *Billy Morrow* had been allowed to marry *Irene Darcourt* at this point of the story the game would have been over at half-time. Obviously there was no intrinsic obstacle to stop him. *Billy* was charming and wealthy, brought up, as paternal crudity put it, to "power"; *Irene*, charming and well-born, educated, according to her father the aristocrat, for "influence." True *Morrow père* would probably have protested against a daughter-in-law who had once been a professional nurse; and *Billy* himself had expressed certain romantic prejudices in favour of being married *incognito*. But neither of these factors really indicate pre-matrimonial house-keeping in an old *château*, with a casual jaunt to Paris to buy a wedding-ring when you (*Billy*) happen to feel like it, as their only possible solution. From this slightly absurd point the story proceeds on conventional lines, "in fact not a bus but a tram," ill-wishers and the War combining to prevent *Billy's* re-appearance with the ring. But the stages leading up to it show far more independence and considerable constructive imagination. They portray the education of *Irene* and *Billy* (in an old colonial house and a brand-new mansion respectively) and chronicle *Irene's* Latin Quarter friendship with a middle-aged artist and his middle-aged "inspiration." Perhaps their most captivating and certainly their most sterling passage describes *Irene's* interview with the pioneer uncle who finances her nurse's career. On the lines of this homely and vigorous piece of American *genre*-painting I can imagine Mr. PALMER producing far more memorable work than *Invisible Wounds*.

For a meditative volume of real worldly wisdom (worldly only in the sense that it is avowedly not other-worldly) let me recommend *Healthy, Wealthy and Wise* (METHUEN), by Mr. ARNOLD F. GRAVES. Athlete, dramatist, barrister and civil servant, Mr. GRAVES has played many parts in his time; but I gather from his pleasant pages that his maturest *rôle* is to be approached rather in a Ciceronian than in a Shakespearean spirit, and that CATO with a sense of humour comes closest to his notion of an enviable old age. There is a good deal to be said for CATO thus qualified, and personally I found "Old Age" the happiest of Mr. GRAVES's three sections. From "Failings" to "Food," from "Exercise" to "Hobbies," from "Sleep" to "Death," he goes over that traditionally unalluring ground, routing so many bugbears and bringing to light so many amenities that it would be a poor heart that could not regard the prospect with something more enthusiastic than resignation. "Youth" will well repay youth's perusal; for Mr. GRAVES copes in an unconventional spirit with the poignant question of careers. A public school and university education he considers a drawback to success in the Colonies, if only because a colonial life should be embarked on before character and manners are set in English moulds. But he infinitely prefers "the man of life upright" to the money-grubber, and

one of his most convincing chapters enlarges on the disadvantages of great wealth. The difficulty here, however, is that few of us have the chance of a thoroughly beneficent job *plus* a competence. The equally unpleasant alternatives of dishonest affluence and (sometimes equally dishonest) indigence are those more frequently presented by the world we live in. However, I believe the highest educational tides are setting towards more temperate ideals; and on this count (as on many others) Mr. GRAVES'S book should not only find sympathisers but sympathisers who will be worth having.

Students of Captain KIDD'S career
Are ranged, I think, in rival factions;
By one he 's deemed a privateer
Distinguished by his noble actions;
These are the more romantic set;
The other lot dissent politely,
Dub him a pirate and regret
That hanging let him off too lightly.

E. B. and A. A. KNIPE maintain
The tenets of the first-named party,
And in *The Shadow Captain* (LANE)
Present him, debonair and hearty,
Ready to act at duty's call,
And even kill his man; moreover
They say he wasn't hanged at all,
The sly (and innocent) old rover!

They indicate how, having dodged
The noose, he sped across the water
To where he had discreetly lodged
The millions earned by honest slaughter;
And there so many villains die,
And he performs so many antics
Fitting a gentleman that I
Have joined the side of the romantics.

In reading Mr. LEWIS MELVILLE'S eighteenth-century study, *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu: Her Life and Letters* (HUTCHINSON), one seems to trace to its source the Victorian abhorrence for ladies of learning, since the subject of this memoir, a brilliant pioneer in her way, proficient not only in "polite literature" but in many languages and in mathematics, besides being an expert in practical politics and an advocate of woman's rights, left behind her such an unsavoury reputation for sharp-edged malice as generations of Girtonians have found it hard to efface. She is now best remembered for her introduction into this country of the practice of inoculation, which she had accurately observed while residing in Turkey, where her none too fortunate husband was for a time ambassador; but in her own day she was known more for the remarkably rude things she said and the remarkably rude things that were said about her. The author makes little attempt to excuse her on the familiar plea that she lived in an age of imperfect manners, but admits frankly that many of her epistles are not only unprintable, but of so terrific a character that they have been destroyed wholesale by self-respecting persons who simply dared not, dead or alive, be found possessing them. None the less it remains that her powers of shrewd and original observation were matched by a compact precision of phrasing that has rarely been equalled, so that her letters, presented under Mr. MELVILLE'S perfectly discreet editorship, have a quite unmistakable fascination; while the pictures, incidentally introduced, of the social life of the period—a subject the writer has made particularly his own—are drawn with vividness and insight.



Rustic (purchasing hat). "THIS 'ERE BE A BIT TIGHT. SIZE SIX-SEVEN-EIGHT. RECKON I BETTER 'AVE ONE NINE-TEN-ELEVEN."

Daughter of an English peer, himself not all unknown in the world of letters, and consort of our only White Rajah, H.H. the Ranee of SARAWAK must have been early assured of a certain success—at all events from the trade point of view—in stories dealing with her adopted territory. *The*

Cauldron (NASH AND GRAYSON) is, I believe, her fourth book, and in it she sets out with the amiable intention of making our flesh creep. If she does not altogether succeed it is not because she has failed to choose suitable themes or to follow the best models. This collection of a dozen stories is designed, to use the words of HER HIGHNESS's preface, to show how the Cauldron of the East "burns out ambition and the rudiments of etiquette and leaves but the empty shells of men upon these tropical shores." Without these two essentials what indeed is likely to be left of us? Traces of the influence of Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING are discernible in the book, and one or two of the stories have a certain power. "The Law Irrevocable," which deals with love in a Leper Camp, and "The Solitary Fort," which emphasizes the unwisdom of including Dyak heads in your personal luggage, are the best of the collection. The rest are calculated to induce melancholy rather than terror, and the author's illustrations, one of which is reproduced on the wrapper, are rather amateurish.

In *The Polyglots* (COBDEN-SANDERSON) Mr. WILLIAM GERHARDI cleverly pursues his Tchehovian way. His hero, *George Diabologh*, is a curious young man of mixed ancestry who finds himself, after the armistice, attached to one of those odd little White expeditions on the Russian front. It is not likely that it was as odd as it appeared to our *George*, who sees, I think, with Mr. GERHARDI's eyes and has a keen eye for incongruities and pomposities and not enough sympathy to see anything in war but a rash conspiracy of the stupid old to make a holocaust of the wise young; the clear inference being that, if the latter had been invited to the council-boards, they would have run the world much more sanely and safely. This wisdom after the event will, I fear, irritate the average reader and mitigate the satisfaction he might otherwise feel in the exceedingly skilful presentation of a queer and entertaining collection of human beings—*Aunt Teresa Vanderflint*, the masterful hypochondriac; *Uncle Emmanuel*, the ineffectual; their strangely sophisticated convent-trained daughter, *Sylvia*, so engaging and unexpected a correspondent; that crude Englishman, *Major Beastly*, who could not shave but "made a stink" with some infamous depilatory every few days; the docket-loving *Sir Hugo Culpit*; the bloodthirsty imbecile, *Pshemóvitch-Pshevitski*, who had made himself a general when no one was looking; the unhappy *Captain Negodyaev*, suffering from persecution mania, and (just to show that the author can when he likes see life through thoroughly human lenses) his darling *Natasha*, whose strange little life and mournful death are beautifully told. A most interesting medley of wit, malice, perversity, inconsequence and clever observation.



AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.
THE PATH TO THE OFFICE.

The jacket of *Bab of the Backwoods* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) will persuade you that the heroine of JACKSON GREGORY's "Romance of the Californian wilderness" was as fearless a damsel as you are likely to meet in California or elsewhere. And *Bab* required to be courageous, for she was mightily attractive to the eyes of bad men. To escape from their attentions she fled to the back of beyond, and there she met *Monte Baron*, who was "healthy and young and naturally happy." *Monte* was as great a revelation to *Bab* as she was to him, and very pretty love did they make to each other. But danger hovered over *Bab*; the bad men were tracking her down and accusing her of murder. *Monte* indeed was hard put to it to guard her, and had it not been for his second in command, a glorious reprobate called *Sin-Badger*, she could scarcely have been rescued from the critical situations in which circumstances and her own impetuosity placed her. Thanks in no small measure to *Sin-Badger*, to whom I raise my hat, we leave *Bab* weeping tears of happiness, "and *Monte* himself was very near tears—glad, glad tears."

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is a strange rumour current that a captain of industry has been discovered who hasn't written to the papers saying that the country is going to the dogs.

* * *

Owing to a good sugar beet crop East Anglian farmers are said to be quite happy. It is felt that some artist should paint a picture of a British farmer in the throes of happiness.

* * *

A speaker said recently that Labour needs discipline, but it seems to us to be still marching by the Left.

* * *

The Russian who was charged before a magistrate and expressed a wish to return to Moscow was quite naturally put back for the state of his mind to be examined.

* * *

The suggestion has been made in a daily paper that comedians ought to have statues erected to them in Hyde Park. In our opinion it would serve them right.

* * *

An American visitor, who is described as a real estate king, has expressed the opinion that London might be made the greatest and most talked-of city in the world. We trust that nothing will be done to disturb the seclusion of our little burg.

* * *

The same gentleman wishes they had London in the United States. Unfortunately we are using it at the moment.

* * *

The bursting of a huge water-conduit in New York held up the traffic and disorganised business. Anti-Prohibitionists point to this as another instance of the danger of the stuff.

* * *

Owing to the difference between summer-time in Northern Ireland and the Free State, some trains crossing the border arrive earlier than they start. Truth is stranger than *Bradshaw*.

* * *

During a wedding in London the other day a black cat walked into the church. This has led to the hope that cats are beginning to take marriage much more seriously.

A new cocktail in Paris is called "Tiger's Milk." It is said that after one dose you fill up your Income-tax form under the impression that you are entering for the guessing competition at Wembley.

* * *

Sometimes it 's the last step which counts, if you make it on the accelerator instead of on the brake.

* * *

Owing to the small size of the latest fashionable dog many large kennels would be absolutely useless if it wasn't for these two-seater cars.

* * *

Highland Games in Aberdeenshire were marred by wet weather. Further discomfort was experienced by the spectators when the bagpipers insisted on blowing the rain about.

* * *

A storm swept four hundred deck-chairs away from the Bridlington beach. This raises an interesting question: Can mermaids sit down?

* * *

"It is roast beef," says a centenarian, "that has made England what it is." We have never heard a more powerful plea for vegetarianism.

* * *

A four-pound apple has been grown. We should probably know nothing of the laws of gravitation if a fruit like this had fallen on Sir ISAAC NEWTON'S head.

* * *

Despite the example of an English dahlia-grower in naming a prize blossom after JACK HOBBS, no Welsh horticulturist has produced a new leek and lovingly called it "Caradoc Evans."

A missing bank cashier is described by the police as having a CHARLIE CHAPLIN moustache. We hear that a perfectly innocent gentleman enjoying a ramble in Epping Forest came under suspicion but cleared himself by explaining that he had been eating blackberries.

* * *

"Revue audiences always wonder what is coming next," says a writer. And when it does they wonder why.

* * *

It has been decided that silk duties must be paid on dolls' eyelashes. Yet there are people who say the Government is doing nothing.

* * *

Omnibuses are now being used as residences in the Thames Valley. In London, passengers have long learnt to regard them as such.

* * *

In consequence of complaints the L.G.O.C. has appealed to bus conductors not to sing or whistle when on duty. It is expected that, on behalf of the men, the Transport Workers' Union will demand the provision of adequate bathroom accommodation for this purpose.

* * *

Birmingham police on traffic duty are equipped with white helmets, white overalls and white gloves. We hear that a stricken pedestrian on opening his eyes weakly inquired where the harps and haloes were.

* * *

Owing to the excellent hop harvest it is rumoured that there will be beer next year.

* * *

"Every comedian believes in gags," says a writer. Unfortunately, however, very few wear them.

* * *

Ten thousand pigeons flew from the Wembley Stadium to Cardiff. It is said that the birds can tell when they are in Wales by the length of the name-boards on the railway stations.

We regret that in our ignorance of the fact that a specific named "Uzit" is actually on the market, though designed for a wholly different purpose, the name appeared in the pictorial series "Rejuvenation" which appeared in our issue of September 9th.



Returning Schoolboy (after exhaustive farewells). "THE FACT IS, BROWN, I DON'T THINK I 'M CUT OUT FOR FAMILY LIFE."

WHAT I BELIEVE.

(With acknowledgments to "The Daily Express.")

ALTHOUGH occasionally tempted to think that the surest and most satisfactory method of ascertaining anybody's religion is to ask him what church he attends, and if he answers "None," not to worry about it, Mr. Punch cannot be behind his enterprising contemporaries in securing any sort of information that may help his readers to mould their lives and characters. To this end he has himself circularised a number of the most prominent writers of the day, demanding a confession of their faith and keeping his list clear, so far as is possible, of those who have expressed their opinions with similar lucidity elsewhere. He has received the following replies:—

Mr. STEPHEN DONOGHUE.

How justly did not SPINOZA, rejecting the unreconciled dualism of spirit and matter which had contented DESCARTES, substitute for it a pure Monism, of which the sole foundation is Substance, going on to point out that Extension is visible Thought; Thought is invisible Extension! I have always been conscious (especially at the finish of a race) that Nature is a unity in which all varieties merge again; that good and evil are relative notions, and that sin is a mere negative. Nevertheless there are mysteries which we cannot probe, and very often (whilst weighing-in) I repeat to myself a variant which I have composed to one of the best known little poems of a former Laureate, ALFRED, Lord TENNYSON:—

"Horse in the trainer's stall,
I plucked you out as a winner:
I hold you here, reins and all, in my hand,
Little horse, but if I could understand
Who you are, reins and all, and all in all,
I should scarcely earn my dinner."

JOHN BERRY HOBBS.

Inclined during my early teens to a mere esoteric Zoroastrianism, I have latterly come to believe that, through all that objective chaos which we designate by the title of Matter, there is to be perceived something, at any rate, in the nature of a Design which we are able in some part to comprehend and with which we may in some measure co-operate. For this reason I place the foundation of my creed in Works rather than in Grace. Never attracted by the narrower tenets of Antinomianism, for the simple reason that I have not the faintest idea what it means, I have at the same time put aside all temptations to the hedonistic oology that satisfies so many of our amateurs. There are however limits to mere mortal capabilities.

"We shall not be missed,"

I often hum softly to myself when returning to the pavilion,

"if another succeed us
To reap down the fields which in Spring we have sown;
He who ploughs and who sows is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done."

And I could not help remarking to HENDREN only a week or two ago, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, PATSY," to which he replied rather inadequately perhaps, "Stow it, JACK." HENDREN's resolute aversion from discussing eschatology has always been a little joke between STRUDDY and myself.

Mr. C. J. B. TOLLEY.

My earnest advice to beginners, in whatever game they may be taking part, wheresoever and in whatsover circumstances they find themselves, whether it be tennis, cricket or golf, is to give the ball a thundering good clump behind.

[Mr. TOLLEY seems to have misunderstood to a large extent the purport of our inquiry.—ED. *Punch.*]

Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN.

Qu'est ce que RENAN a dit? Évidemment les vieux gens croient qu'il ne peut pas pleuvoir encore, mais je ne sais pas comment les vieux gens sachent qu'il ne peut pas pleuvoir encore. Messieurs, le jeu est fait. Néanmoins, où sont les neiges d'antan? Nolo episcopari, *hein*? J'y suis, j'y reste. Et voilà!

Sir HARRY LAUDER (cabling from somewhere or other, but the office-boy has mislaid the telegraph form.)

A man 's a man for a' that.

Lord BIRKENHEAD.

There is such a thing as being too proud to write. EVOE.

"In accordance with the ordinances of the Presbytery of Bristol, the Rev. W. M. McMillan, minister of the Presbyterian Church in Plymouth, having been translated to a charge in Newcastle-on-Tyne area, Rev. —— preached the church vacant at the forenoon service yesterday."—*West-Country Paper.*

Ordinances or no ordinances, we have known this done in other churches.

"The pelican in St. James's Park swallowed a live pigeon yesterday afternoon. The pelican struggled a little as the pigeon was passing through his windpipe, but eventually completed his victory and, calmly entering the water, glided away. The bird, however, will be examined to see if there are any evil results."—*Manchester Paper.*

This practice of inhaling pigeons is of course risky, even for pelicans.

TO A LOST GRILSE.

FISH,
If I 'd my wish
You 'd now be lying grilled on yonder dish.

But no,
It is not so;
You still lurk snugly in the stream below.

Great fat lout!
You just looked out
And wagged at me a very knowing snout;

And then you rose
Beneath my nose
Just off the channel where the bind-weed grows.

Greedily you took
My dangled hook
And fled, nor waited for a second look.

With fell intent to flout
You took straight out
Full forty yards of line, then turned about.

Swiftly on the other tack
You shot straight back,
And round a bunch of weeds you wound the slack.

In you came, for ever in,
On wayward fin,
And rubbed your nasty face against my shin.

Then something snapped! Tut, tut!
My cursèd gut
Caught round my brogues and let itself be cut!

Blighter, you 've still got
My best Jock Scott,
A fly I love. I hope it hurts a lot!

Well, well; 'twas thus
Fate parted us,
Left you to nurse your jaw, and me to cuss.

Ah, but zounds!
You weighed six pounds,
And now you 're lost you 'll grow by leaps and bounds.

Why, yes,
You 'll be, I guess,
A salmon of surprising heaviness.

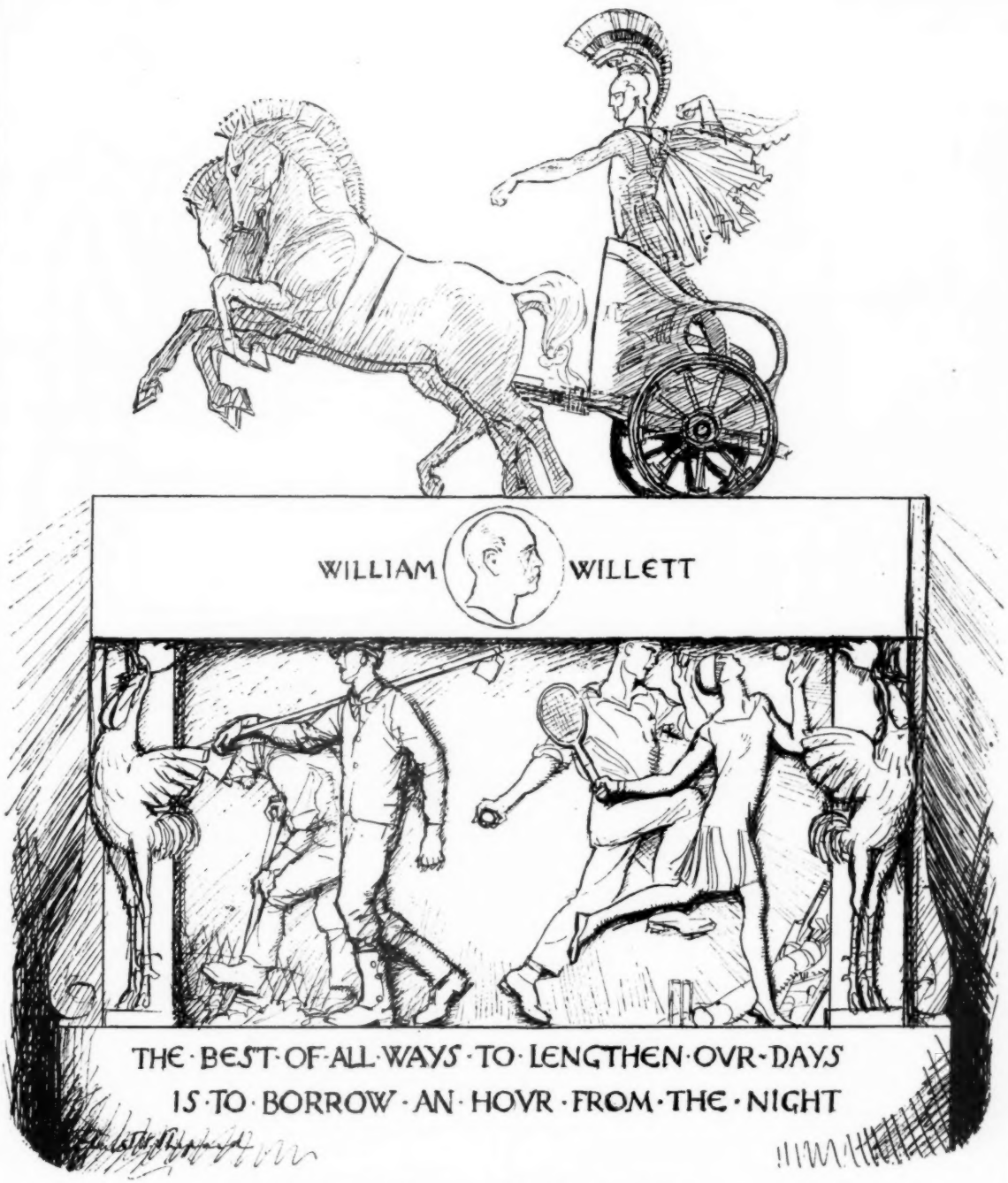
Still,
If I 'd my will,
A grilse you would remain—nay, more—a grill!

Another Sex Problem.

"Two good Red He Cows, home bred."
Advt. in Lincolnshire Paper.

Our Ambiguous Advertisers.

"Locum Tenens Wanted from September 7-28. Offered Vicarage, vegetables, maid for small party. Pretty, bracing."
Church Paper.



THE SUNLIGHT SAVER.

MR. PUNCH, IN GRATITUDE TO THE LATE MR. WILLETT, VENTURES TO SUGGEST A DESIGN FOR THE PROPOSED MEMORIAL.



Seaside Barber. "I SHALL BE AN HOUR AND A-HALF AT LEAST, SIR."
Customer. "SPLENDID! ER, I MEAN—ER—I 'LL WAIT."

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

VIII.—THE FEAST OF BISONS.

George has put his foot in it again. I need not say that our Mission has been royally entertained and we have cemented the Empire at many admirable meals. At this particular feast, a very numerous gathering, including all the leading citizens of the town, there were perhaps some five or six too many speeches. Still, all would have been well, I think, if George had not been carried away by seeing the Elks again. George has had Elks on the brain for some time. And so many were the Conventions, Parties and Herds from a neighbouring nation in the hotel that night that our banquet had to be held under the same ceiling as some commemorative orgy of the Elks of Ohio the other side of a mere curtain. George, impudent as ever, went so far as to peep behind the curtain and witnessed some of the rites; but my finer taste forbids me to record what he saw.

Judging by the manly and fraternal laughter we heard, the show was pretty cute and quite adequately inspired with alcohol. Our own affair, on the other hand, was frankly serious, Imperial and dry, and during the last half-hour of the second official speech George wearied slightly. "Give me the Elks," he murmured at one moment, and from his mischievous glance I feared some devilry. Sure enough, when the third speech was over, but two or three were still to come, I was horrified to see George rise to his feet and utter loudly the word "Canadians!" A few people clapped, supposing George to be the next official speaker; but consternation filled the high table. The chairman rose, but thought it best to take no action, for George already was well away.

"Canadians!" he roared again, and speaking with a most strange accent, "on behalf of the United Bisons of Great Britain I salute you."

I feared the worst. The Elks had turned his brain.

"As Past-Grand Bison Button has so eloquently remarked" (by this awful title he referred to a distinguished member of our Mission, a Member of Parliament), "we bring from the Old Land a cargo of ideals. The Old Country, ladies and gentlemen, is just vibrating with new ideals; ideals are our life-blood, ideals are our eat and drink. Brothers, we are selling ideals, and Liberty is the top commodity in our sample-box. In this great new democracy you have some dim ideas of Liberty, but not many. You have even toyed for a time with the odious tyrannies which have corrupted and enslaved the life of the late democracy to the south of you. Brothers, the attitude of the United Bisons of Great Britain to the eighteenth amendment to the American constitution has never been in doubt. Our Government, brothers, have paltered with this horror. They have called it a great moral experiment, loathing it in their hearts, and they have even supported these hypocrisies

with the substantial assistance of the British laws. Ladies and gentlemen, that is not a policy to which the United Bisons will ever lend their countenance."

The audience, a little astonished but frankly intrigued, cheered loudly.

"The Bisons," continued George, now warming to his work—"the Bisons have said from the beginning that, on the contrary, this thing is an offence against nature, a crime against humanity comparable in character to piracy or the slave-trade; we have said that a nation guilty of such an act should be outlawed from the Society of Nations as *hostes humani generis;* and in a resolution, Brothers, of some five hundred words at the Fourteenth Triennial Round-up of the United Bisons we called upon the British Government to come out flat-footed for ideals and give a yell with us for hundred-per-cent. Liberty."

At this point the more responsible members of our Mission rose up and left the room.

"We had a precedent, Brothers," continued George, undaunted, "in our relations with Russia. For many years the British Government, proclaiming its affection for the great heart of the Russian people, declined all dealings with their rulers so long as their infamies should continue. Let us embrace then, as Bisons do embrace, with warm fraternal sympathy and admiration, the oppressed American people; but let us have no truck with their oppressors till they have put away this iniquity. Such, Brothers, was the general sense of and tendency of the resolution which was despatched from the Fourteenth Triennial Round-up of the United Bisons to the PRIME MINISTER and the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE. Brothers, you will scarce believe me when I tell you that up to date we have received no promise of action from either of these gentlemen. Indeed, it is not too much to say that so far we have not even enjoyed the favour of a reply. Gentlemen, I do not wish to use the language of hyperbole, but between these four walls I say to you that I have done with the Board of Trade! (Loud cheers.)

"Meanwhile, Brothers, it remains for honest individuals to act where Governments and politicians refuse or fear. The people of your country and mine, Canadians, may not in everything see eye to eye; but I am proud to know that from the very first, ladies and gentlemen, the men of our two countries have stood shoulder to shoulder in this affair and, regardless of self, careless of danger and undeterred by the open discouragements of their own Governments, have never ceased to supply the suffering American people with those necessities which they so grievously require."



Magnificent Shopman. "NOW, SIR, I THINK YOU MUST ADMIT THAT THIS TIE COMPARES FAVOURABLY EVEN WITH THE ONE I AM WEARING."

At this noble tribute to the heroic smugglers of the Empire the entire company rose to their feet and cheered for several minutes, some in their enthusiasm picking up the jugs of water on their tables and casting them contemptuously to the ground. From behind the curtain came an answering roar of revelry.

"Is it not a strange thing, Brothers?" cried George indignantly, pointing at the curtain. "Behind that curtain sit the citizens of another nation, I am glad to think, enjoying themselves. They are welcome, I know, in your country and in mine." (Loud cheers.) "But, Brothers, why do they come here? Do they come for the scenery? To study Canadian literature? To watch the gopher on his native plain, or photograph the wild black bear? Brothers, they swarm across the border at this the season of their annual celebrations because under the tyrannical law of their own country they cannot fittingly commemorate the fine ideals and purposes of their Orders. These sons of a nation which is showing to the world a great moral example—do they make a long stay in those of your provinces which have made the same uplifting experiment? Do they flock to Nova Scotia, do they mass in Ontario?



"TELL ME, MISS NEWNHAM, WAS IT CABOT OR COLUMBUS THAT NOTICED AMERICA FIRST?"

No, Brothers. They find most beauty, culture and interest in those parts of your country where the heavenly gift of wine is still (with limitations) enjoyed by man.

"They are welcome, I know, to your privileges. But is it not a hard thing, Brothers, that by I know not what strange freak of your laws, while yonder strangers sit there and revel unconfined in private, we here, assisting at a public function of no mean importance to the future of the British peoples—we here, condemned to listen to speeches or to make them, and in either case in special need of artificial stimulus and gaiety—we here, the helpless play of oratory, have sat already for several hours completely and abominably dry? Brothers, by your laws it is a more blessed thing to soak in secret in the home than to drink in public a convivial toast to a friend. You encourage drinking on an empty stomach, you countenance speaking on a dry one. Both these things are unnatural and wrong, but of the two the latter is the more detestable. Let us therefore eschew the latter and embrace the former. Bisons and friends, I move that we omit and cancel the remaining speeches on the programme and, repairing to some private place, do what we can to fortify our friendships and cement the Empire in the spirit of your laws."

George then sat down, the company rose, and I regret to say that his motion was seconded, carried and executed instantly. A. P. H.

POETIC REFUSALS.

(Mr. RALPH HODGSON refuses a bull's-eye.)

CHILD, though you have squandered pence
On two ounces of bull's-eyes
And my angry looks surprise
Your kind heart, yet take them hence!
You who think them beautiful
Have not ever read "The Bull."

Once to me a bull's-eye meant
Suction, thoughtful, sweet and strong;
I could silently prolong
Those rapt moments of content,
Turning it upon my tongue;
But "The Bull" was then unsung.

Now this bull's-eye white and brown
Brings to mind the tropic scene,
Gaudy parrots luscious green,
And the old bull, stricken down,
Never more to lead the herd,
Prey to every carrion bird.

You may buy me chocolate,
Cream or milk or nut or plain;
Toffee I shall not disdain,
Caramels that quickly sate,
Nougat, fudge or acid drops,
Jujubes, mints or lollipops.

Sugar-sticks of varied hue
Bring no mournful thoughts to me;
Sugared almonds disagree,
But they do not dim the view
With the sorrows of my bull
In the forest beautiful.

Dreaming of him I grow sad;
But, if you should leave in sight
Scented lumps of Turks' delight,
Presently I might be glad—
Only, child, if you are wise
Never offer me bull's-eyes.

"Councillor —— . . . who died suddenly after attending a band performance . . . was a jam and pickle manufacturer."
Evening Paper.

There must be some moral in this, but it has eluded us so far.

"What a woman wears reveals more than what she says."—*Draper's Catalogue.*

And suggests that, whether in costume or conversation, she is still determined to have "the last word."

CRITICAL CANDOUR.

From Eustace Trenchant, musical critic of "The Weekly Yelp," to his friend Jeremy Nutt, musician.

DEAR JERRY,—A violent cold has descended upon me and life is one long sneeze. I am due for a short notice of Clara Throstle's recital at the Wigolian to-night. Can I count on you to go instead and to let me have a few notes to write up? Don't leave it too late.

Yours, E. TRENCHANT.

From Jeremy Nutt to Eustace Trenchant.

Right. Count on me.

From Alfresco Minham, musical critic of "The Sunday Screech," to his friend Jeremy Nutt, musician.

DEAR JERRY,—I simply can't face Clara Throstle again, but the old man insists upon a few lines on her recital to-night. Be a good fellow and do the listening part of it for me.

Yours, ALF. MINHAM.

From Jeremy Nutt to Alfresco Minham.

Right. Count on me.

Identical telegrams received by Messrs. Eustace Trenchant and Alfresco Minham from Mr. Jeremy Nutt.

Throstle wigolian inadequate programme fine atmosphere appalling low notes excellent accompanist smith very moderate encores nutt.

Notice in "The Weekly Yelp."

Once again the Wigolian Hall has proved quite inadequate for a recital such as Miss Clara Throstle gave last night. Her programme was unquestionably a fine one, but the appalling atmosphere in the Hall had a distressing effect upon her hearers. Miss Throstle was in excellent voice, particularly as regards her low notes. She would have scored an even greater success but for some very moderate assistance from her accompanist, Miss Smith. There were encores, of course.

Notice in "The Sunday Screech."

Miss Clara Throstle gave a recital in the Wigolian Hall last night. The programme selected was completely inadequate, for it gave Miss Throstle few opportunities for displaying her fine sense of atmosphere. Frankly, her low notes are appalling. Mr. Smith's accompanying was excellent, but we were not surprised when the singer obliged with some very moderate encores.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"It was the gabble of the geese, according to Greek tradition, that saved the City of Troy from being sacked."—*Financial Paper.*



TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE.

French Lady (to cabin companion). "YOU SAIL WELL, MADEMOISELLE?"
English Girl. "YES, I 'M A PRETTY GOOD SAILOR."
French Lady. "BIEN! BY MYSELF I AM WELL; I ONLY GET SEECK IF YOU WILL."

GOLFING RHYMES.

III.—THE STEWARD.

PRESIDING at the bar,
This man is popular;
He hears a lot
Of tommy-rot,
Like "Did the eighth in par."

He never says "Oh, fie!"
Or "What a beastly lie!"
He simply grins
And mixes gins
And puts a little by.

"At the opening of the —— golf course recently a Green Street resident won the prize, doing the round in four."—*Local Paper.*

Or should it be "in plus fours"?

More of the New Mythology.

"Whenever Atalanta saw that her pursuer was overtaking her, she threw a gilded apple on the ground. He stooped for the golden apple—while she ran ahead—and so she won the race."—*Daily Paper.*

Our Cautious Prophets.

From a forecast of the Stockport by-election:—

"At any rate, no one assumes that any one candidate will be able to poll sufficient votes to obtain a majority over the whole of the votes cast."—*Scots Paper.*

"'KONIGSMARK'
Featuring Comedie Francais, the Great French Actress."—*Cinema Advt. in Scots Paper.*

Her name seems familiar, but we always thought she was feminine.

THE BUTTON GAME.

IT was the buttons that gave me inspiration.

During our strenuous mountain climbs I had noticed that the steepest tracks were strewn with them, and the higher one climbed the richer the harvest of buttons. At certain spots where runnels must be jumped or giant boulders surmounted one inevitably found a button, telling its tale of lofty aspirations and high endeavour.

The Historian, the Philosopher and I (the Woman) had fled to the heart of the Black Forest. The Historian had been recording bloody wars and was in a mood to appreciate peace; the Philosopher, who had been lecturing on Reality and Truth for many months, wished to seek them far from the life of towns; and I had longed passionately to discover some primitive place where reading and writing were seldom practised.

We had found such a spot, and for some time had enjoyed ourselves each in his own way. The men, having drunk too deeply of the wells of Wisdom, quenched their thirst with German beer; and I, somewhat sickened with humanity, revelled in the wild scenery until I noticed signs of demoralisation in my companions. I remarked that neither the Historian nor the Philosopher ever opened a book; that they left newspapers untouched and threw letters pettishly aside. The sole exercise of their minds during each succeeding day was to speculate as to whether we should have *Kalb-schnitzel* again for dinner.

I decided that their minds must somehow be stimulated before they became like those fat kine they devoured daily, and when one day the Historian blandly announced that he had put on three pounds of weight in a week, and the Philosopher boasted that his gaiters wouldn't meet, I realised that the moment had come to take action.

It was then that the buttons came to my aid. I decided that we should collect them and that marks should be given—

(1) For the largest quantity.
(2) For classification.
(3) For identification of owner.

I thought that I, being a woman, should be an easy winner in the classification class; for, whereas very few types of buttons are used on the clothing of men, billions of buttons of every size, shape and colour are sewn upon the various garments of women; and, as there are myriads of superfluous women in the world, there must be a considerably larger quantity of female than of male buttons.

So I argued. But the Historian and the Philosopher beat me hollow in the identification class. The former was very strong on Army buttons and scored heavily when he discovered one from a French uniform and eventually traced it to an Alsatian conscript from the French Army of Occupation who had come to visit his brother, the boots of our little hotel. A really clever bit of detective work this.

The Philosopher had an uncanny knack of finding sober-looking buttons, which he presented sympathetically to stout bespectacled Professors, who clapped their hands instinctively to the region whence buttons most readily spring, bowed politely, pocketed them and expressed their thanks with guttural gratitude. The Philosopher was never wrong.

The only type of button which defeated both my competitors was the female one. The Historian, being a married man, had hoped great things, yet it was the Philosopher, a bachelor, who in the end triumphed. He came to me one evening and solemnly tendered me a button which had obviously strayed from the waist of one of those pleated skirts that women wear for hill-climbing.

"Very clever," I mocked; "but now find the woman who is bursting her bounds."

"I have," he replied with quiet assurance.

"Then whose is it?" I asked incredulously.

"Yours," he answered with an odious twinkle.

It was.

The competition was closed that evening.

A REFLECTION AT—

THE people in the motor-brakes
Have come for many a mile
To where the loud Atlantic shakes
Britannia's sea-girt isle.
Above the slopes of beetling crags
This sunlit hour they pass,
Then leave behind their paper-bags
For memory—on the grass.

A Problem for Einstein.

"Defendant said he had been driving for seven years without complaint. According to his speedometer he was travelling from 12 to 15 years an hour."—*Welsh Paper.*

Referring to Mr. SAKLATVALA'S original inclusion in the British delegation of the Inter-Parliamentary Union:—

"I gather that the selection of members to be invited to attend functions like that at Washington is done by ballet."
Provincial Paper.

And the Member for Battersea has often led his colleagues a dance.

THE GOSLINGS AND THE CONSTABLE.

To the many stories redounding to the credit of the police for kindness and resource may be added this one, told by the lady who saw the incident.

It was a few Sundays ago, as she lay in bed after a tiring dance, in a delightful morning sleep. But through that sleep a disturbing element slowly and persistently asserted itself. In fact there was a devil of a row going on in what should be a quiet street off Regent's Park. Slowly my lady realised that to sleep on was impossible, and something ought to be done about it.

She rose reluctant and went in some anger to the window, standing there in a pink silk garment, pretty but indignant, and there was not a soul to see. Opposite some more houses, all silent. To the right a paved passage, up which, about nine of the clock, the Horse Guards Blue were wont to come clattering, taking their horses to exercise. It was early yet for any such sight, if indeed they did take their horses to exercise on Sunday. Not a soul was in sight as she threw open the window and drank in the smell of Sunday morning. Milk-cans hung on the railings, but the milkman had gone and no one stirred, yet still the noise continued, and then she saw an old goose with her neck through the railings calling down the wrath of heaven, mingling with that her prayers for their safety, on a bunch of goslings who had got out under the garden railings and were disporting themselves right in the fairway of the cobbled passage where very shortly the horses of HIS MAJESTY'S Horse Guards might come a-clattering.

Something would have to be done if more sleep was to be obtained. Was it better to risk notice by summoning a maid? Would it be wiser to go down oneself? Would it be safe to rouse a husband from a neighbouring room? Then of a sudden *le bon Dieu* attended to His own Sunday morning, for round the corner, crunch, crunch, came an enormous London policeman, almost a policeman of fable, with his waterproof cape rolled under his arm. He saw, he heard and he understood. Up went his arm in historic style, "Now pass along, please. Pass along!" And now with his right hand, now with his left grasping his cape, he waved and shepherded those goslings back into their mother's garden and closed a board through which they had got loose. The mother gave one cluck of satisfaction, the policeman crunched on and my lady alone seemed to be awake in the street. And she went back to bed to dream of—

"The policeman with uplifted hand
Conducting the Orchestral Strand."



Visitor at hotel in France, newly arrived. "NOUS SOMMES MONSIEUR ET MADAME—— (*Aside, to wife*) WHAT 'S THE FRENCH FOR 'JONES'?"

SPOON MUSIC.

SOME earn an ample fortune by the knife—
The surgeons who excite the Shavian rage;
The fork to those who lead a rustic life,
E.g. haymakers, brings a modest wage
Sufficient to maintain a home, a wife
And family, and their harvest thirst assuage;
But I have found a blessing and a boon
In the manipulation of the spoon.

Not on the flute, nor on the violin,
Harp or harmonium, is my prowess shown,
Nor do I rake the scanty shekels in
By warbling in a fruity baritone,
Or vie with the road-pickers' shattering din
By blasts upon the cornet or trombone;
No melody I make, no song, no tune;
I hold my audience with a simple spoon.

The queues that wait outside the "early doors,"
The crowds that gather at the starting place
Of char-à-bancs, whether 'tis fine or pours—
These are my patrons as I prance and pace,
These proffer pence, small silver and *encores*,
Appreciative of the agile grace
With which I play the rhythmical buffoon
Spanking my person with the flickering spoon,

Till in my supple hands the thing becomes—
If not a trumpet and still less a lute—
For castanets and tambourine and drums
A highly efficacious substitute.
It tinkles on my head, it almost hums,
Its *moto* is *perpetuo*—never mute;
And I, who owe it lodging, clothing, shoon,
Inscribe my grateful homage to the spoon.

UNCLE JAMES AND THE LAMB.

NOBODY knew how the lamb came into the garden, but Aunt Mary thought it must have strayed out of Bellamy's farm. It was lying near the garden door quietly nibbling at a clump of montbretias when Posh discovered it. An old rather wonky-looking lamb he said it was, and it certainly had a bad place on its back where the wool had come off. But Clare wanted to keep it, and Charles would have liked to put a poultice on it, for he was always deeply distressed by any trouble to animals, though very unsentimental over human affairs. When Clare shouted from her bedroom, as she sometimes did in the morning when it was a fine day—

"Cheer, boys, cheer,
My sins are all forgiven
And I 'm going up to Heaven
Where there 's cheer, boys, cheer."

Charles used to bellow from *his* room—

"Rot-*ten!* Rot-*ten!*"

and he never would believe that Posh had a headache or had taken two bits of skin off his right foot on the beach; but when the dog hurt one of its front paws he carried it all the way home, comforting it. So he was seriously worried about the lamb.

Aunt Mary said that if Uncle James had finally decided not to go to church she must really ask him to get rid of the lamb during the course of the morning.

"Though I think you ought to come to church," she said, "because it 's the Harvest Festival."

"Should I be able to get any of my old golf-balls again?" inquired Uncle James.

"I don't know what on earth you mean," Aunt Mary replied.

Uncle James said that he supposed that the gathering in of his old golf-balls from the rough at the seventeenth must be the principal harvest in these parts, and he wondered whether a row of them might not have been put round the top of the pulpit or on the lectern steps. Aunt Mary told him not to be profane.

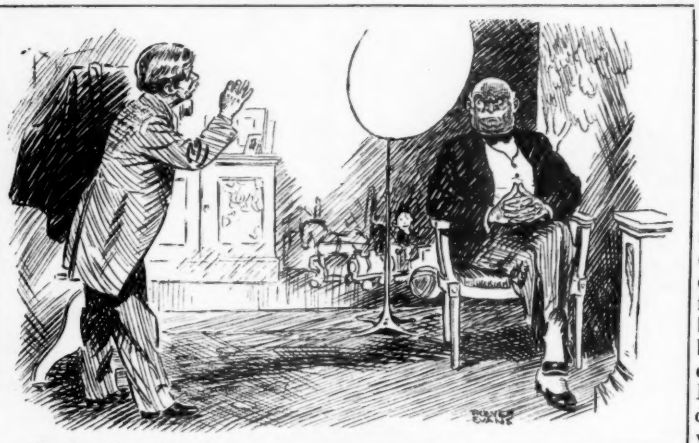
"But as a matter of fact," he went on, "I want to do a little quiet reading this morning. In a small house like this you children make such a din that one seldom has a moment for meditation. When you 're not shouting you 're laughing, and when you 're not laughing you 're asking me questions——"

"And getting the most idiotic replies," interrupted Aunt Mary. "Fancy telling Posh that dogs in the village barked on these cloudless nights because they were terrified of the Great Bear!"

"But isn't that *really* true?" asked Posh, opening his eyes very wide and pretending to look serious. "I thought that was *quite* true, Auntie Mary."

"And when you 're not asking questions," went on Uncle James without taking any notice, "you 're crying, and when you 're not crying you 're gargling——"

"Really, really! Just because the poor things happen to have relaxed throats."



Photographer. "THAT EXPRESSION IS VERY NICE, BUT COULD YOU DILUTE IT JUST A SPOT?"

"Oh, I 'm not objecting," said Uncle James; "I only say that in a small house like this it adds to the volume of the uproar. Charles gargles like the Atlantic beating on a rock-bound shore, and Clare like the wind rushing through a forest of pines. And Posh——"

"Oh, tell me how I gargle; do tell me how I gargle!" cried Posh, jumping about in great excitement.

"Like an engine knocking," said Uncle James, knowing that this would please Posh, to whom he was always particularly kind.

"Top-*ping*," cried Posh, clapping his hands—"top-*ping*! Isn't he funny, Auntie Mary?"

"And now," concluded Uncle James, "when I hoped to get a little peace and quiet for my work you leave me to look after a dilapidated sheep."

All the same they left him sitting alone by the open garden-door with his book, the wonky-looking lamb lying making a munching noise a few yards away. When they came back from church Uncle James was still sitting there, but the lamb had gone.

"So you *have* got rid of it," said Aunt Mary. "What did you do?"

"Well, if you must know," said Uncle James, yawning a little, "I drove it down to Bellamy's farm. With a putter," he added. "It only took me three strokes."

"Nonsense," said Aunt Mary. "You couldn't possibly have driven it down the road like that. It would be mutton by this time."

And it certainly did seem likely, because the road has steep banks on either side and there are always hundreds of motor-cars.

"Very well, then, I didn't," said Uncle James. "I fastened a dog-collar round its neck and tied a lead to it and dragged it down to the farm."

"And was it theirs?" asked Charles anxiously.

"I don't know," said Uncle James. "There was no one at Bellamy's farm. There never is anybody, in my experience, at any farm. If you go and knock at the front-door nobody answers it, and if you go and knock at the back-door nobody answers it either. The only difference is that at the back-door a dog tries to bite you. So when I couldn't find anybody at Bellamy's farm I wandered through the farmyard and out through the open gate at the end of the open down, every now and then feeding the lamb."

"What on?" asked Clare, who never allowed a point like this to be left out of *her* stories.

"Cake," said Uncle James; "and when it was thirsty leading it to a dew-pond to drink. At last I found Bellamy's shepherd and asked him whether it was his lamb. He put his hand up to his ear.

"'Eh?' he said.

"'I want to know whether this is your lamb?'" I said.

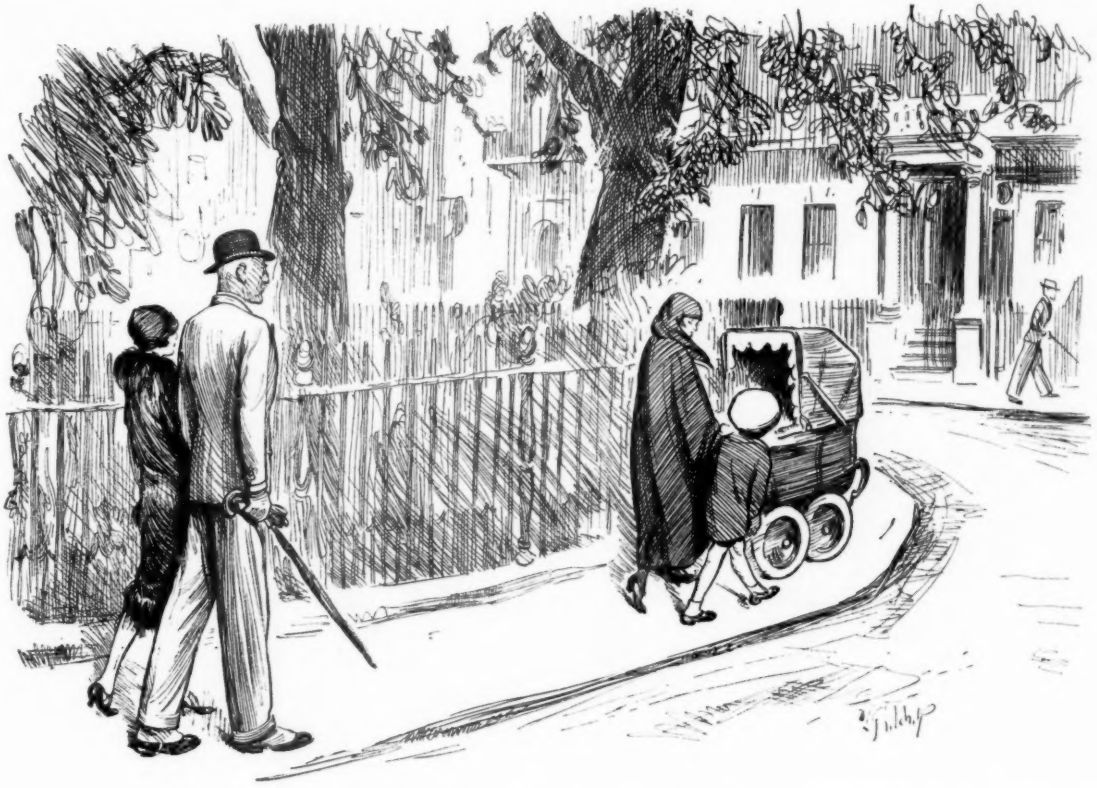
"'Eh?' he said.

"I said that I had accidentally found a spare lamb about my garden, and was it his?

"'Eh?' he said.

"Well, I couldn't go on all the morning like that, because the shepherd seemed to be having all the most amusing part of the conversation. So I just took the collar off and left the lamb there, and came away."

"Why, I do believe," said Aunt Mary, "that you are reading the same page



Tender Young Mother. "I SO HOPE DEREK WILL LIKE HIS SCHOOL."
Grandfather (a disciplinarian of the Old School). "IT'LL BE BETTER FOR HIM IF HE DOESN'T."

of the book as you were when we left."

"Of course I am," said Uncle James. "Haven't I been the whole blessed morning rounding up live-stock? I'd only just sat down again when you came back from church."

Just then Clare, who had gone into the house, gave a little shriek.

"Oh!" she cried—"oh, boys, do come and look here!"

They all went in. The lamb was lying in the middle of the drawing-room floor eating a Michaelmas-daisy.

"That's very extraordinary," said Uncle James, putting on his glasses—"very extraordinary indeed. It must have followed me back from the farm without my seeing it."

"I don't believe you ever got up out of your chair," said Aunt Mary. "You just fell asleep."

"Hurrah, hurrah! Uncle James has told a whopper," sang Charles as he shepherded the lamb out of the house. "Don't poke it, Clare; it's going quite straight."

"What sort of sermon did the Vicar give you?" said Uncle James, turning rather red and trying to change the subject.

"I *do* think——" began Aunt Mary.

"Is it worse," inquired Posh very earnestly, "Auntie Mary, to tell a whopper on Sundays than on ordnery days?"

"Yes, Posh, I really think it is."

"The lamb's gone through our fence into the next garden," shouted Charles.

"And it's eaten up nearly all of our asters," cried Clare.

"I'm very sorry indeed, but you can't expect me to attend to everything," said Uncle James, "when I'm trying to work. I never let it go upstairs into the bedrooms, anyhow."

Nobody ever heard what became of the lamb after that. EVOE.

From the report of a sports gala:—

"The greasy pig escaped on the County Stand, and prominent citizens joined in the chase, during which a respected member of the —— Bowling Club was bitten by the pig. Shortly afterwards the pig was taken seriously ill. The pig later died."—*Provincial Paper.*

GOLDSMITH amended:—

The man recovered of the bite,
The pig it was that died.

THE HAPPY DAY.

WE'd promised he should have a gun,
So Bates and I went up to choose it;
We thought, besides, it might be fun
To teach young Michael how to use it.

Bright dew on every blade and bush
When we set out across the clover;
And Michael shot a missel-thrush
Because he thought it was a plover.

We walked the fields and stubble bare
More slowly as the hill grew steeper;
I got a partridge, Bates a hare,
And Michael peppered Joe the keeper.

A rabbit started from the fern
Too near the dog for me to pot him;
Bates spared old Bramble in his turn,
But Michael blazed away and got him.

The sport indeed was not too bad,
Six brace of partridge and some plover;
"Oh, what a gorgeous time I've had!"
Said Michael when the day was over.

Oddly it seemed to Bates and me
The best we'd had throughout September;
Bramble and Joe could but agree
It was a day they should remember.

A DEAL IN DREAMS.

IF you know the upper Thames you will know the village of Horning, and if you know Horning you will almost certainly know "The Miller of Romance-field." It is a hostelry that could only have come out of a CALDECOTT picture-book. You know what I mean—solid comfort, old silver and white fantails perennially and, when you might expect them, fires, hot mulled claret, roses, strawberries and cream, and pretty young ladies. The "Miller" has moved with the times sufficiently to have a garage, but there is stabling too—stabling in which I should never be altogether surprised to find Pegasus, his great wings a-fold and (for the grass of Parnassus becomes tasteless at times) his muzzle in a manger of Oxfordshire oats—Pegasus, who awaits the pleasure, let's suppose, of Mr. Anon (you've read his poetry?), the well-known bard from Boar's Hill, who even now takes his stoup of ale in the bar-parlour, just as though he wet the most work-a-day of clay.

All sorts of men haunt there, lovers, for the most part, of the two Horses of the hills, "The White Horse" of Helicon and (for if you love one you love the other) "The White Horse" of the high chalk at neighbourly Uffington; all sorts of men, caravanners, artists, anglers, campers and all. Vagrom folk these of the byways of down and river, but born, if not with the bridle arm that controls, and makes handy as a guardsman's charger, the winged steed of the Muses (see him bend to the hand of Mr. Anon when he mounts him presently!) yet with the ear to hear, I think, the rush of his pinions overhead on a fine morning and with the un-ageing heart of youth to be uplift at the sound of them.

Well, as I was going to say, it was about dinner-time of a cold evening in early March when I came, in good appetite, to "The Miller of Romance-field."

The dining-room is small, as you may know, but it was fairly empty and I got a corner table to myself near the fire. I think it says volumes for the "Miller's" atmosphere of good fellowship, its milkiness of human kindness, to say that when presently I looked up from my soup to find a stranger, a futile and undecided-looking fellow of middle-age, seating himself opposite to me, I was not half so annoyed as I should have been anywhere else.

He wished me good evening and made a remark on the weather, and, as I did not repulse him, he drifted into an aimless conversation, a one-sided affair which demanded few replies and but little attention.

His voice was monotonous but not displeasing, at least not when taken conjointly with food and a silver tankard of cool old ale.

I gathered that he was an angler down for one last day of the "coarse" season; I also gathered that he was in some unsuccessful way connected with letters. By the end of dinner our acquaintance had advanced sufficiently for me to accept, yes, cheerfully to accept, his suggestion that we should share the cost of a bottle of port. Half-way through the bottle my attention, which had wandered a little, returned to him with the *clop* of a billiard-ball entering a pocket. He was saying, "It was certainly an extraordinary occurrence" (I love extraordinary occurrences) "for, from Lechlade to Chertsey, I have during the last twenty years dreamt of, but failed to catch, just such a Thames trout as the one I got to-day when jacking; he weighed fourteen pounds out of condition, and he *will* weigh seventeen in June, for of course I had to put him back."

"Why?" I asked.

Because, he told me, Thames trout are not in season till 1st of April and this was but March; also (cryptically and as an afterthought) that the lock-keeper had in this instance helped with the landing-net.

The fish was none the worse, he said, for its experience, but what the chances were of its ever taking a spinning bait again he left to my judgment.

I asked in some disappointment if he considered it an extraordinary occurrence for a trout to take a pike spoon, and he replied that it was unusual but that such things *did* happen. He spoke, however, as though the subject was not exhausted, and presently he continued. "I feel, Sir," he said, "the need of guidance—of a confessor, so to speak; and, as you seem both sympathetic and of much understanding and as there is yet half-an-hour before I need start for the station, perhaps you will oblige me?" He took my consent as given and embarked forthwith on the following story.

"I am of very moderate income," he began, "and of a weak nature; and I am, alas! prone to yield to any sudden temptation; but I am not, I hope, altogether bad. Before coming down here yesterday I visited Messrs. Floatcap and Hackle's old-established fishing shop near Monument Station in the City. I know it well. It was the lunch-hour and only one assistant was in charge. A polite but cocksure and slapdash young man.

"While completing my modest purchases I saw two handsome cabinets which I had never previously noticed there. One was built of the shine of moonbeams and was labelled 'DAY DREAMS.' The other was of Dead Sea apple-wood and was similarly labelled 'TRUE DREAMS.' I asked for an explanation of these, and my young friend explained them with a superior smile. They were, he told me confidentially and as one of little faith in them, 'a fad of the guv'nor's,' Mr. Floatcap having recently bought them and their contents at the bankruptcy of a dealer in dreams.

"My cicerone said that their late owner had attributed his insolvency to speculation in these articles, both sorts of which had proved to be, for practical purposes, unsaleable.

"Day-dreams were, he informed me, so easily and cheaply manufactured that most people made their own; whereas the *true* variety was, or had been, prohibitive in price and not always satisfactory in results. He quoted a case where a racing man, anxious to win the Derby, had purchased from a dream



"THAT 'LL MEAN MORE WORK FOR 'IS POOR WIFE."
"BUT 'E WAS OUT OF A JOB AFORE 'E 'URT 'IS 'AND."
"YUS; BUT 'OO'S GOIN' TO FILL UP 'IS FOOTBALL COUPONS?"



Wealthy Aunt. "NOW REMEMBER, HUGH, YOU ARE TO BE ONE OF MY EXECUTORS."
Nervous Nephew. "ER—CERTAINLY, AUNT—ER—ANY TIME YOU LIKE."

dealer a true dream to that end. His colt certainly did pass the post first, but it was afterwards disqualified for bumping. An action against the seller of the dream was settled privately. Possibly a rumour current at the time, that the horse had been dishonestly entered, that it was, in fact, a four-year-old, had something to do with the case not coming into court.

"Mr. Floatcap hoped, however, that a market might be found for both these brands of dreams among his many clients, the less imaginative of whom, it was predicted, would in the off season like to be able to indulge in an occasional day-dream of the coming one—water-meadows, may-fly, swallows, king-cups; but you know the sort of thing. Others, it was considered, might even care to buy a true dream of a great happening; of the capture, for instance, of a seventy-pound salmon on rod and line; or of the taking of a fifteen-pound Thames trout; or perhaps of the undoing of some gigantic and wily carp. Owing to the low price at which Mr. Floatcap had secured this bankrupt stock, these true dreams could now be supplied at only twenty-five pounds each. A purchaser had but to pay his money and take his dream home and dream it and it would duly come true. But no responsibility was accepted by the vendors. The price of a *day-dream?* Oh, that was threepence; might he put me up a dozen? I told him *one*, to try, would suffice.

"Mark what followed. My slap-dash young friend, his eyes on the clock for the return of his senior, which would make him free of the next-door Mecca, opened the wrong cabinet and sold me a true twenty-five-pound dream for three coppers. *And* I did not point out his mistake.

"It was presumably open to me to have used this dream to obtain (I wonder, by the way, if that horse was *really* four years old?)—to obtain, I say, any aggrandisement or advantage I chose. But I did not so use it; I used it as a good fisherman would—I used it for the capture of a fish—a record Thames trout to wit. I had always wanted one.

"But I naturally supposed such a capture would be achieved between the first of April and the eleventh of September—during the Thames trout season that is; and I had quite intended on its achievement to take my trophy to Messrs. Floatcap's to be set up, and also to pay the £24 19*s.* 9*d.* due on my purchase; to pay perhaps in instalments, but still to *pay*.

"You have heard the sequel. I am at a loss to know *what* to do; but I am inclined to say nothing about a piece of carelessness which would possibly get Messrs. Floatcap's young *employé* into trouble. Don't you agree?"

"It makes a good story," I said non-committingly.

"Oh, do you really think so?" said he; "then perhaps I will try to write it some day."

I fancy I have tried first; and may I not be considered unsportsmanlike for so doing! You see I have not the name of my dinner acquaintance so I cannot write to him for his permission, and he will certainly have forgotten all about his intention of having a shot at it himself. Why? Because he forgot to pay for his share of the port, and a man who 'd forget *that* would forget anything.

And it would be a thousand pities, don't you think, if his story and its moral were to be lost?



Father and Friend having heated discussion over the doings of the Government.

Child. "MUMMY, OUGHTN'T WE TO TELL THE POLICE ABOUT THE GUV'MENT?"

SHIPMATES.

(*Clipper Ship "Mary Ambree."*)

VIII.—MIKE.

Mike 's a Jonah, an out-and-outer
As ever signed in a Hebrew spouter;
All the makes of misfortune trail
After Mike like a comet's tail.
Ships on fire at sea, or drifting
On a lee shore with the cargo shifting,
Ships dismasted and ships aground,
Water failing and watches drowned,
Rocks uncharted, wreckage and floes,
All the worries and all the woes
Ever a ship fell foul of yet—
Mike 's been into 'em all, you bet.

His life 's packed full of troubles and knocks,
Like a blooming What-you-may-call-her's box;
Stowed in his old sea-chest he 's got 'em,
With Hope there somewhere at the bottom,
For, come what may and come what will,
Old Mike he turns up smiling still!

Same old, game old split-face grin
You could shove a baked potato in,
Same old wrinkling twinkling eyes
With the same old look of mild surprise
As if he was thinking, "Why in thunder
Does things go wrong with me, I wonder?"
And, for all he brings you the darnedest luck
Of any poor blighter ever you struck,
It 's rum, a feller can't help but like
Mike!

IX.—JOE.

Joe makes models, beauties too,
Not much that way Joe can't do;
Any ship you like to name,
Say the word, it 's all the same,
Joe 'll do her true as life
With nothing but his sailor's knife—
Blocks and deadeyes, masts and spars,
Wheel and compass, capstan bars,
To the last belaying-pin;
Cut out little sails of tin,
Paint her house-flag blue-and-red,
Carve a little figure-head,
Tinker with her half a year,
Then, the first pub he gets near,
Sell her for a pint of beer.

C. F. S.

"Governess requires teaching."—*Local Paper.*

Lots of governesses do; but not many are so frank about it.

From a paragraph on "The Unknown Great":—

"Even Augustus Birrell went along Fleet Street a few days ago on the arm of his advanced-views son. No one knew him."
Sunday Paper.

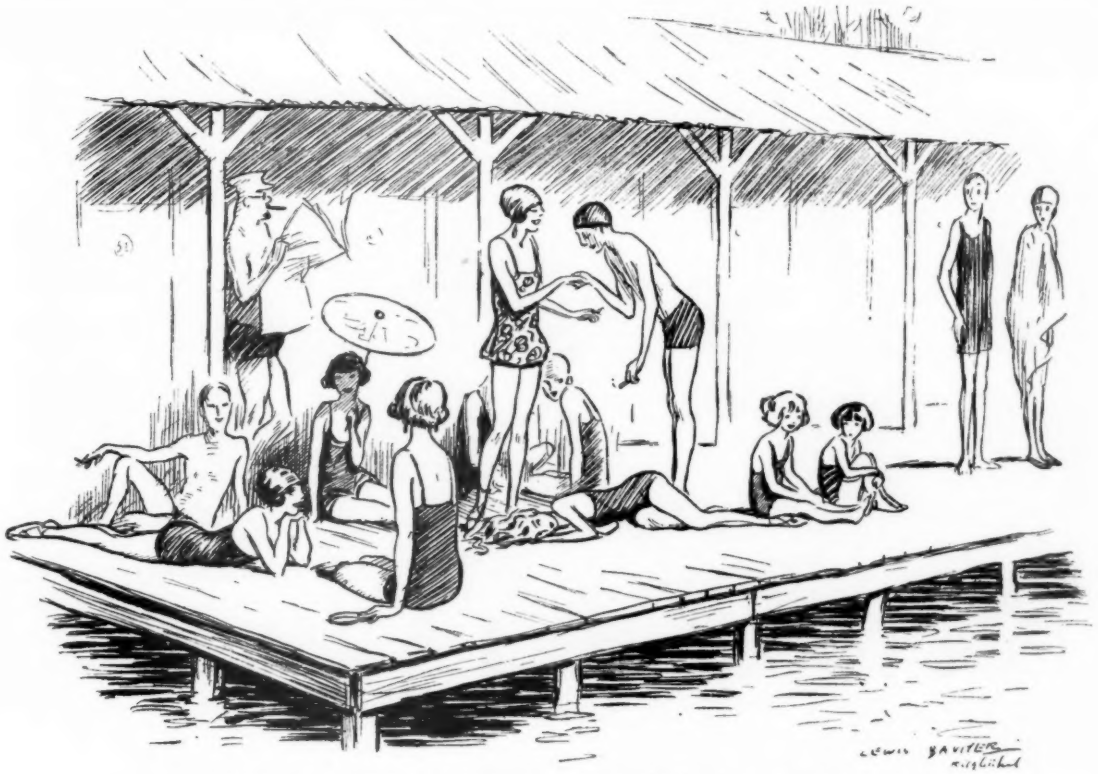
Presumably he would have been more easily recognisable if he had boldly labelled himself AUGUSTINE.



"THE GOLD RUSH."

M. CAILLAUX. "*DIS DONC*, CHARLOT! HOW DID YOU, A FOREIGNER, MANAGE TO GET SUCH WONDERFUL TERMS OUT OF THE AMERICANS?"

CHARLIE CHAPLIN. "I MADE THEM LAUGH—YOU MUST TOUCH THEM."



THINGS THEY DO MORE PICTURESQUELY ABROAD.

AN AL-FRESCO PARTY IN TYROL.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF MAN; OR, "CHARLEY SAYS——"

IT was the first time the Dowager had consented to visit Agatha's club, and now it was with a somewhat frowning brow that she surveyed that scene of busy innocence and mirth, where all were drinking, if not cocktails, at any rate tea much too strong and too hot, and where many were entertaining their (presumably) nearer masculine relatives.

"Never," said the Dowager at last, breaking her heavy silence, "have I striven to oppose the what-d'ye-call-it of Woman, but all the same I always knew what it would end in."

"What?" asked Agatha indulgently, and even the Very Youngest Member of All, who was sitting near by, looked mildly interested.

"Independence of woman," said the Dowager moodily, "was bound to end in one thing only—the independence of man."

"Is that all?" asked Agatha negligently, and the V. Y. M. of All looked positively bored as she carelessly powdered the end of her nose.

"My nephew Charley," continued the Dowager, "came to lunch with me last Monday. When I was your age, my dears, a boy like Charley could scarcely have stirred a step without the supervision of one woman or another—only his mother would have known where his collars were, his sister would have had to see that his tie was straight, his landlady would have expected him back punctually to meals and so on. In those days even a charwoman had an importance and an influence all her own in a young man's life. To-day Charley's mother is a member of this club and calls him 'Old Thing' if they meet; his sister is absorbed by her new motor-cycle; for him neither landladies nor charwomen exist."

"Because," said Agatha proudly, "we all live our own lives;" and the V. Y. M. of All applauded vigorously in dumb show.

"And the result is," said the Dowager, "that so does he—most undesirable."

"Well, of course——" agreed Agatha, and even the V. Y. M. of All looked grave for a moment or two.

"Charley," the Dowager went on, "occupies two rooms and a cupboard he calls a kitchen. He 'batches' there, as he calls it, and he says no woman ever crosses his threshold."

"I suppose," said Agatha, brightening up, "his rooms are just awful;" and it was evident the V. Y. M. of All did not know whether to look triumphant or sympathetic.

"On the contrary," said the Dowager, "most comfortable and perfectly tidy. Charley says the problem of keeping house is in reality extremely simple, but that woman through the ages has made of it a mystery in order to conserve her influence."

"What about," asked Agatha, "cleaning and dusting?"

"What about," said the V. Y. M. of All, who had sometimes tried to do it herself, "lighting fires?"

"What about," asked Agatha with triumph, "cooking?"

"What about," asked the V. Y. M. of All, though this indeed she had never attempted, "mending?"

"What about," they added in chorus, "everything?" and then simultaneously they paused for a reply.

"Charley says," answered the Dow-



Captain of Village Fire Brigade (to Owner of blazing house). "THERE—I'M GLAD TO KNOW IT'S A REAL FIRE, ZUR. WE 'AVE 'AD SO MANY OF THEM FALSE ALARMS LATELY."

ager, "that the answer to all that is—Elimination. He eliminates fire-lighting by turning on an electric heater."

"But the expense," cried Agatha, horrified.

"Charley says ten shillings a week covers light and heat. He would have to pay a maid forty pounds a year. The fourteen pounds he saves Charley says he puts in the Post-Office, and the electric company never stays away or answers back or gives him a week's notice."

"But cooking?" asked Agatha, a little uneasily now.

"Charley says," explained the Dowager, "that cooking is really two. There is the cooking that is an art, of which women know nothing, and there is the ordinary cooking, of which they know less. Charley says he gravely suspects Woman of having invented the frying-pan, the laziest and most inefficient of all the instruments of the kitchen. For breakfast Charley says he has fruit, which needs no cooking, toast, which his little electric toaster does as he needs it, and sometimes an egg or sardines, or ham he buys ready cooked. The morning rasher and fried egg he has laid, he says, a glad sacrifice on the altar of his bachelorhood. He lunches out. Tea, he says, no woman ever makes properly. It seems he uses two tea-pots. Dinner he divides into two classes, with or without a capital. If he wants it with a capital he goes to his club or some restaurant where there is a man who understands cooking. If he wants it with a small letter, he cooks it himself. Charley says this is quite easy if one uses closed vessels of fire-proof glass or china. In these he places whatever he wants to cook and leaves it in the oven till he is ready. Sauces, soups, puddings and so on he eliminates. Charley says they are for Dinner with a capital."

"But what about keeping the place clean?" urged Agatha, who had become quite pale, while as for the V. Y. M. of All she in her agitation had just powdered her nose all over again.

"Charley says," explained the Dowager, "that he eliminates. A woman, he says, would clutter up the whole place with ornaments and then wear herself to death cleaning them. He has none. On his walls he hangs one good engraving or water-colour which he changes at times for another. He says it takes him two minutes to make his bed and five on Fridays, when he turns the mattress. He runs an electric vacuum-cleaner over his rooms on Friday evenings when he stays in for his weekly spring clean, and he goes over the floors, which are covered with linoleum, with a polish mop he shakes out of the window after dark."

"But his mending?" urged Agatha, almost with despair.

"Charley says," replied the Dowager, "that he eliminates mending. I gather he wears what, if he were a girl, would be his undies until they fall to pieces, and then he gathers up the fragments that remain and sends them to the Salvation Army. He admits this is hard on the Salvation Army, but he says they exist to help their fellow-creatures, and he argues that he also is, all said and done, a fellow-creature. It appears that someone—no doubt a man—has even invented a button you put on with the aid of a gimlet or some such tool. His washing, of course, he sends to the laundry, and Charley says that the man who would admit a woman to his rooms, save in the way of courtesy or friendliness, is unworthy of the name of British Bachelor."

"Yes," cried viciously the V. Y. M. of All, "but what about washing up?"

"Charley says," answered the Dowager, "that he admits the weak point is there. He has failed to eliminate washing up. He tried using only paper cups and plates and burning them after each meal. He thinks that will be the ultimate way out, but at present he finds them both expensive and tending to

leak. He says he accepts the necessity of washing up each night before going to bed as he accepts the necessity of shaving each morning on getting up. Both are bores which the march of progress will eliminate in time. But Charley says that if he has failed so far to eliminate shaving or washing up, he has at least eliminated Woman and achieved independence—for the first time in the history of his sex."

The Dowager ceased. Agatha sniffed, but a half-hearted sniff, without character or conviction. The V. Y. M. of All was so agitated she powdered her nose all over again, and then there appeared a page-boy with a telegram for the Dowager.

"From Charley," the Dowager said as she opened it. "Dear me, he says he has just got engaged to Louie Gilchrist—you know, that nice girl with the big chin. The wedding is to be quite soon, and Charley says he is the luckiest, happiest man alive." E. R. P.

OLD PEOPLES' PLACES.

WHO in lone Eastern lands afar
Wanders the Districts round,
He knows where the Ancient Peoples are
And where their homes are found;
Far, wildly far, from your To-day,
Where times and tides grow dim,
Old Places lodge him on his way,
Old Peoples tryst with him.

Oft will his wandering camp be pitched
By ancient stone and lime,
In hill and plain bestrewn, bewitched
By traces of old time;
Pillar and arch around him sprawl,
Rent roofs are overhead;
And echo and the four winds call
Old People long, long dead.

Old Peoples' Places! Not for you
For whom To-day was made;
But here's a land where friends are few
And life's a lonesome trade,
And modern man is, first and last,
An alien distant thing,
And so one wanders to the past
And finds it comforting.

Whoso keeps house with the remains
Of temple, tope and cave,
Reading the rune the suns and rains
Of centuries engrave;
Or habits vast bat-haunted halls
Where through the night wind croons
Old warfares to the riven walls,
Old unremembered moons;

Whoso in shattered fort has kept,
In broken palace lain,
That the long years have smoothed and swept
And jungle claimed again—
That man descries through smothering thorn,
Rank weed and strangling vine
A Presence saying, "Newly-born,
Be welcome. This is mine."

Ghosts? Very likely such are these
That whisper down the night
When the wind goes through the temple-trees
And the bathing-pools alight,
And the years are lifted like a sheet
And the stricken stone is free . . .
Old Peoples' Places! Might one meet
Old People there? Maybe.

H. B.



Villager (to Visitor). "IF SO BE AS YOU 'D LIKE TO SHOOT A RABBIT ANYWHEN, YOU CAN TAKE MY OLD GUN. SHE BE A RARE GOOD 'UN, BUT YOU DON'T WANT TO SHAKE HER OR SHE GOES OFF; 'AIR-TRIGGER THEY CALLS IT. AN' IF YOU PUT A BIT OF BROWN PAPER ROUND THE CARTRIDGES THEY WUNT SLIP THROUGH."

"At Newry Rural Council yesterday the clerk reported that owing to the drinking of so much whisky and water on the fair day at the village of Camlough, Co. Armagh, the water supply had failed."—*Daily Paper.*

Since when have Irish farmers taken to "drowning the crathur" like this?

"Paying Guests taken by clergyman's daughter. Very moderate terms. Very moderate fishing."—*Advt. in Irish Paper.*

What more could they expect?

At a political meeting:—

"They got their member tin he last time."
Local Paper.

A delicate reference to the £400 per annum, we suppose.

From a draper's price-list:—

"Illustrated herewith is a Stylish Knitted Coat in Fancy Wool with clipped wool collar, cuffs and border. In two ton effects of Brown, etc."

Rather heavy wear for autumn.

"The foundation-stone of the —— Hospital was laid to-day by the Minister for Health, in the presence of a representative gathering. It is expected that the hospital will be completed in about eight minutes."
New Zealand Paper.

British builders, please note.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PAPACY.

IT was entirely by accident that I learned the truth about the Papacy. First of all I took a piece of chalk and wrote on the blackboard a sentence of preposterous dimensions and, I should think, quite unparalleled banality. It was about Volumnius—a purely hypothetical character. For some reason or other I always seem to be writing sentences on the blackboard about Volumnius. As a rule I employ him to illustrate Latin constructions, and in such cases he generally "advances three miles in order to throw darts at the Catuvellauni," or something of that sort. His behaviour is rather incalculable. On the occasion in question he was in a more pensive mood. I wrote:

"*Volumnius a man of parts well aware as he was that the journey . . .*"

No stops? That was the idea. I had had authentic, in fact orthographic, evidence that the rising generation was becoming a little too unconventional in the matter of punctuation—as my colleague Coppley says, just another example of this Bolshevism—and so I had decided that Lower Remove B should punctuate Volumnius, who, *well aware as I was saying*—no; as you were, I should say—*well aware as he was that the journey was one which in spite of their long and arduous training the troops who not only . . .* I stopped when I got to the bottom of the board and glanced at Bobbie Ingoldsbie's paper.

Now there was a time when I thought Bobbie Ingoldsbie intelligent. During the MACDONALD Ministry, when Coppley broke a blood-vessel, I happened to take his form in Scripture, and on my asking who said, "Absalom, my son, my son," Bobbie suggested without a moment's hesitation, "ABSALOM'S father." That was why I thought him intelligent. Unfortunately I told Coppley so. Coppley, I thought, is just the sort of stupid chap who wouldn't see a thing like that. At the end of the year I found he had engineered a "charity promotion" for Bobbie into my form. It appears I had misjudged them both.

Bobbie had written, "*Volumnius (a man) of parts well aware, as he was that, the journey . . .*"

And yet, if I have explained about punctuation once . . . It is a curious fact that, about schoolmasters; sometimes they have not explained a thing at all (there is always that possibility); but, if they have explained it once, very well then, it follows inevitably that they have explained it a hundred times. Anomalous logic, perhaps, but first-rate economy.

After looking over some twenty-eight papers, all punctuated on the Ingoldsbie or Bolshevist system, I decided that Volumnius was to blame; he seemed to hypnotise them somehow. I determined to dispense with his services, or at any rate to place him temporarily on the retired list. Meanwhile, I thought, someone more popular with the rising generation . . .

Now, as Coppley has often pointed out with indignation, the only historical personage who is really popular with the rising generation is HENRY THE EIGHTH. So I took from my shelves that evening a volume devoted to this attractive monarch and opened it at random.

"*Henry*," the passage ran, "*understood his subjects, and they him. So far he had no quarrel with the Pope. But Henry had no deep-grounded respect for the Papacy. Were Popes complaisant, Henry was correspondingly gracious . . .*"

In due time twenty-eight unpunctuated copies of this were distributed. Full of hope I went to watch Bobbie Ingoldsbie. He and HENRY, I knew, were on good terms. Even my presence at his shoulder did not disturb him. He wrote confidently:—

"*Henry understood his subjects and they him, so far. He had no quarrel with the Pope. But Henry had no deep-grounded respect. For the Papacy were Popes complaisant. Henry . . .*"

"Now do you really think——?" I began. (I always begin like that; it is one of the technicalities of my profession.)

Hastily Bobbie scratched it out and wrote:—

"*But Henry had no deep-grounded respect; for the Papacy were Popes.*"

I gazed at him open-mouthed.

"*Complaisant Henry*——" he was proceeding happily.

After all! Why? should one punctuate in the conventional manner! Original methods sometimes bring to light (!*!) remarkable hidden truths, don't they;

"I read an account of the wrecks at —— of the week previous, and the melancholy fate of the brave coatguardsman."—*Local Paper.*

We also have noticed the fate of intrepid cloak-room attendants who have handed the wrong hats to choleric colonels.

"Young General Maid required; previous experience essential, but not necessary; homely people."—*Provincial Paper.*

But just a wee bit pedantic, we fear.

"Scolt Head, which is now the property of the National Trust and is maintained as a bird sanctuary, is a favourite haunt of the ringed plover, the oyster catcher, the red shank, the shellduck and the common little sandwich."—*Daily Paper.*

The last-named having grown tired, we suppose, of the railway-buffet.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM

(*As It is Sometimes Done Nowadays*).

How the new slim figure has caught on! There were hundreds of pretty shingled girls with the new line at the first night of *The Clean Mat* at the Impossible Theatre last night.

Everybody who is anybody was there, of course. I noticed Mr. Teddie Fenn, who *never* misses a first night, complete with monocle. Lady Washbank-Twilkington was with a party in a box, including Count Grabitz, who is engaged to her daughter Lavia.

In the stalls was Lydia Mornington and her inseparable companion, Lucy Titer. They are just back from the Lido and looking very brown. Just near them was Hermia Snout with her husband. She was a vision in green, and told me she had been rusticating in the country.

The dresses on the stage were just too marvellous. April Mooning wore a creation that made us all gasp during the First Act. She got a great reception from the crowded house, who were obviously glad to see her back. Arthur Adonis, who played her lover, seems to get better-looking every month, and looked adorable in his pyjamas in the Second Act.

The scenery was exquisite. During the second interval everybody was talking and raving about the beautiful bedspread in the Second Act. I hear that it was specially made in France and sent over. Poor April was in an awful way before the show that it wouldn't arrive in time. Happily it did, and there can be no doubt that the play was greatly improved by its inclusion.

There were loud calls for the author at the final curtain, but the manager, Mr. Hector Macdonald, announced that he was away taking a Turkish bath.

A rude man in the gallery shouted "Rotten!" but after all even authors must be clean personally. Altogether a most enjoyable evening.

China Waking Up.

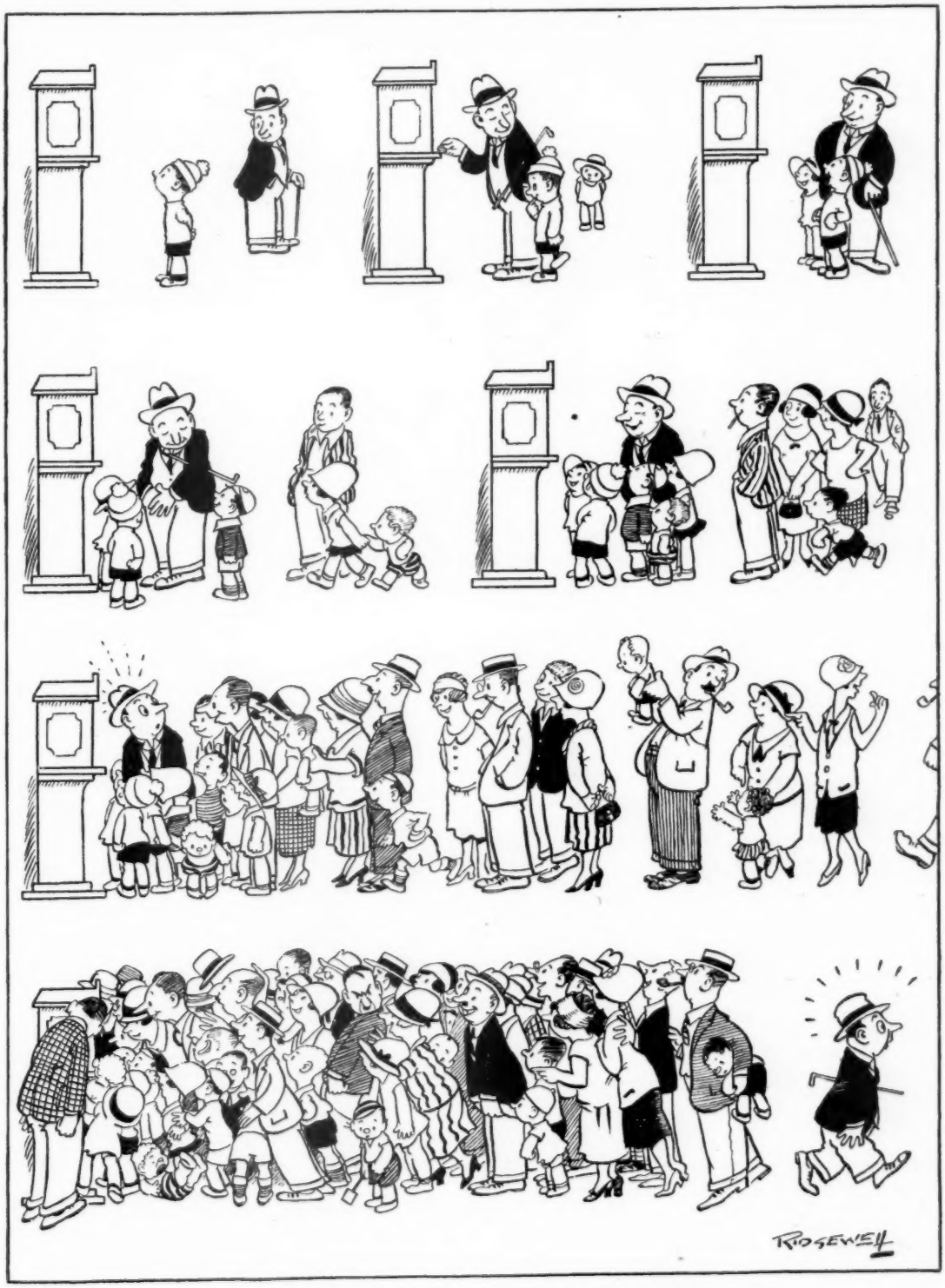
"Owing to the renewal of sleepers on our track from Wuchang to Changsha, we are able to increase our speed and, on and from 16th July, shall travel at the speed of 15 miles per hour."—*Railway Notice in Chinese Paper.*

Now then, Southern!

From a fruit-grower's description of a new variety:—

"Five years ago the fruit was sent to a jam manufacturer, who found that it was good, and from that time we have been corefully propagating the plant."—*Evening Paper.*

That's a pity. Why not try to develop one in which "there ain't going to be no core"?



THE PHILANTHROPIST AND THE PEEP-SHOW.

AT THE PLAY.

"AND THAT 'S THE TRUTH"
(LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

THE lively and accomplished Signor PIRANDELLO offers us here a parable. He should have rather labelled it a puzzle; a puzzle without solution—always rather an exasperating affair; and a puzzle so complicated as to be almost impossible to restate succinctly in a coherent manner.

One *Ponza*, a minor municipal official recently come to a small Italian township, has a wife *Julia*, whom he immures at the top of a squalid five-storey tenement, and a mother-in-law, *Signora Frola*, whom he has installed or imprisoned in a comfortable flat adjoining that of his official chief, *Commendatore Agazzi*.

The whole town is agog to know the reasons for this eccentric or (is it?) immoral conduct. The gossip centres in the *Agazzi* flat. The gossips are restrained by no sensitivenesses or elementary decencies, and in the inquisition which they contrive they are presented with two conflicting statements. *Signor Ponza*, suffering desperately under this exposure of his tragic private griefs, tells them that *Lena Frola*, his first wife, is now four years dead; that her unhappy mother lost her reason owing to the shock of the beloved daughter's death; but two years later, catching sight of the new *Signora Ponza*, *Julia*, the poor lady assumes her to be her dead daughter, *Lena*.

She recovers her spirits though not her reason, and the compassionate *Ponza*, in order to prevent a lapse into her former despair, behaves in her presence like a madman in order that she may assume that it is he who has lost his wits. Nor, of course, can he possibly let the two women meet. Hence the two establishments and the apparently arbitrary superveillance he exercises over them both.

"There you are! there 's the truth for you all," says the detached *Laudisi*, who assumes throughout what we take to be the author's standpoint.

The *Signora's* version, however, is that poor *Ponza* was rendered distraught by his wife's illness. She was removed to a sanatorium, and on her return he loved her but refused to recognise her as the wife he believes to be dead. To appease him a form of marriage was gone through. . . . The explanation of his shutting his wife up is his dread of her being taken away from him.



EXPONENT OF PHILOSOPHIC DOUBT.
Lamberto Laudisi . . MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR.

"There you are," says *Laudisi* triumphantly; "there 's the truth again for you. I wish you joy of it!"

But, say the *Commendatore* and the others, both versions can't be true—with reason, it seems to the plain man. And, having gone so far and being so dead to the suffering of their victims, it is natural for them to want to find the real solution. "You never will find out," says *Laudisi*, "you can't in the nature of things find out."

Whereupon the gossips, invoking the aid of the *Prefect*, drag *Signora Ponza* into it. She, a veiled strange figure (she might quite easily be out of her wits herself), gives an answer that implies that both versions are true—which to the person whose brain works in the ordinary slow way is manifestly impossible. But that 's all the answer you 're going to get out of Signor PIRANDELLO.

Upon all of which one is tempted to observe that, if the thesis of the unattainability of truth and the unreliability of evidence is to be demonstrated, it is unreasonable to take the doings and sayings of three highly abnormal people, one at least of whom is quite incapable of sound judgment on the facts or accurate relation of them.

Signor PIRANDELLO is obviously too quick-witted not to see all that, and is on the published evidence a serious person incapable of a mere stunt to astonish the unhappy bourgeois. What he probably has more in his mind is the demonstration of the fact that, if the three unhappy actors in this tragedy are left alone by their inquisitors, they can be happy in their illusions and what they assume to be the truth can be the truth for them. Which is a very different order of thesis. So that I think we have some reason for complaint that most of his argument is directed towards the discussion of the other, a discussion invalidated by the fact that the witnesses, being abnormal, are not competent witnesses for the proof or disproof of any set of alleged facts.

I feel pretty sure that the playing of this queer play as a broad farce, with slabs of real and very moving tragedy uncomfortably embedded in it, must be contrary to the author's intention. These preposterous provincials were not merely vulgar, they were too inhumanly callous and impossible to be of the slightest real interest or significance. The two moods, the tragic and the farcical, jostled each other much too rudely throughout. One cannot deny



RIVAL ALIENISTS.
Signor Ponza . . . . . MR. CLAUDE RAINS.
Signora Frola . . . . . MISS NANCY PRICE.

that the text sets a difficult problem to the producer. But this surely cannot be the solution.

Mr. CLAUDE RAINS as *Signor Ponza* and Miss NANCY PRICE as *Signora Frola* gave most distinguished and subtle performances, even allowing for the fact that "mad" parts are, one suspects, relatively easy to make effective. Mr. FRANK ALLANBY'S *Prefect* was an excellent piece of work, as was the *Manservant* of Mr. ALFRED HARRIS. MARGARET SCUDAMORE as the kindly wife of the pompous *Agazzi* was nearer to the proper key of the piece than the rest of the morbidly inquisitive group, whose interpreters did well enough something that seemed to have been fundamentally ill conceived. The reception was enthusiastic. T.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" (OLD VIC).

It is always a pleasant thing to journey down to that romantically old-fashioned theatre in the Waterloo Road, where the audience of *habitués* is so well instructed and so well versed in decent theatre manners, where the programme-sellers refuse tips and will chat freely and intelligently with you about Old Vic plans and departed Old Vic heroes and heroines, and where the austerely plain seating makes, one supposes, for high thinking and clear vision.

The Merchant of Venice as now presented is, it must be confessed, a rather uneven performance. It might be fairly urged that the play itself is an uneven performance, so much pains having been lavished on the *Shylock* and the *Portia* and so little upon the rather confused and confusing assortment of gentlemen, *Antonio, Bassanio, Solanio, Salarino, Gratiano and Salerio*—but perhaps this is heresy.

It is no great matter that certain parts should fall to novices, as these must learn their business somewhere, and here is a good and sincere school. Getting much for little money we of the audience are all content to make allowance. But it was disappointing that the young player's first lesson, effective enunciation, should have been so ill-learnt. And if the producer *will* cut a neat square hole in his set and allow some of his less experienced folk to speak well into it, he naturally finds he has contrived a very effective device for destroying the carrying power of the human voice.

But there was nothing to apologise for in the *Shylock* and the *Portia*. Mr. BALIOL HOLLOWAY, by keeping the part in a quiet key, with admirable restraint, made the most of his occasional well-managed *crescendos*. I doubt if this was *Shylock* as the younger BURBAGE would have played him. He was almost too decent and likeable a fellow until his obsession took fair hold of him. But the effect of much power with little noise was an excellent object-lesson to students and a delight to the audience.



THE THREE-CASKET TRICK.
Spotting the winner.
Bassanio . . MR. GEOFFREY WARDWELL.

I confess to now always looking at the performances of Miss EDITH EVANS through a mist of prejudice. Her *Portia* was to me a sheer delight; looking like one of TITIAN'S full-flowered Venetian women, she seemed entirely capable of the unlikely escapade in the *Duke's* Court or of any other gay or grave adventure, and she gave you the full flavour of *Portia's* lively and occasionally naughty wit. The "Quality of mercy" speech, most difficult because too familiar and too oft desecrated by the budding elocutionist, was delivered with supreme art, and there was a beautiful tenderness in the "I pray you tarry" passage to *Bassanio*, debating his choice of casket. Nor was a word lost to us.

I have known very tiresome *Launcelots*. Mr. JOHN GARSIDE kept the part in check and made his clowning points seem less obscure and archaic than is usual. A good performance. *Old Gobbo* too (Mr. HORACE SEQUEIRA) seemed to me excellent in an admirable make-up. Mr. NEIL PORTER as *Antonio*, that mournful and unbusinesslike merchant who was so delightfully easy to borrow from, was interesting enough; but it is no good pretending that it is a supremely well-written part. Mr. JOHN WYSE gave us the liveliness of the flamboyant *Gratiano*, and we owe him gratitude for the clearness of his elocution. But I found the other gentlemen of the troupe somewhat colourless; nor did the *Nerissa* and *Jessica* seem quite to have made the most of surely not unattractive parts. However, I think that probably nervousness had something to do with all this, a factor which time should happily diminish. Mr. ALLEN DOUGLAS made a good *Duke*, and Mr. DUNCAN YARROW'S decadent *Prince of Arragon* was an amusing study.



THE DOCTOR DISCOURAGES AN OPERATION.
Shylock . . . . . MR. BALIOL HOLLOWAY.
Portia . . . . . MISS EDITH EVANS.
Antonio . . . . . MR. NEIL PORTER.

The stage was dressed in a simple unpretentious way, and the wardrobe mistress had done her work well. But why did so many of these gay Venetians affect a black shoe which reminded me of nothing so much as the mournful Victorian elastic-sided boot, or "Jemima," which was for so long time a joke after it had happily ceased to be a fashion? T.

BOSWELL THE OPTIMIST.

I HAD a mind to visit the horse-races in company with Mr. BEAUCLERK. However, I did not dare to endure the possible strictures of my illustrious friend in the enterprise and thought it wiser to introduce the more general topick. Finding him at the Mitre with a small company, I mentioned that I had observed many of the nobility and gentry setting forth for Goodwood, and questioned whether morality was served by such devotion to horseflesh.

JOHNSON: Sir, you are not to suppose that they are animated solely by care for the horses. They hope to get money by *biting into* their patrimony. They are baiting a trap with a piece of cheese in hopes of capturing an entire Stilton.

BOSWELL: But, Sir, you have often said that circulation of money is advantageous, by whatsoever means it be achieved.

JOHNSON: No, Sir. I can regard without disfavour the spending of money in vicariously equestrian pursuits by persons of noble birth whose equinal interests compel them to maintain their positions by an affectation of zeal; but when I find their example emulated by the offscourings of the Fleet Ditch I am not in the least edified. And those persons who abet them, where they should admonish, I would treat as rascals and set to cool their heels in the stocks.

GOLDSMITH: I should like to see a horse which I have chosen arrive first at the post, and I should be glad of the money he secured me.

BOSWELL: It would be a great satisfaction for a man of quality to hob and nob with other genteel persons in the enclosure.

JOHNSON: Sir, you may be in civil company in church as well as in playing at chuck-farthing on the Piazza. Thrale was disposed, a sennight since, to visit Newmarket and stake some wealth on the doubtful issue of competing quadrupeds, but I dissuaded him. Sir, said I, consider how, when you brew a vat of ale, you have at your service the knowledge and experience of a lifetime. But when you seek to brew the gainer in an horse-race you are setting your prentice wits against those of the master-brewers.

BOSWELL: Thrale, Sir, would be in the position of a Member of the House of Commons who attempted to bandy arguments with Dr. Johnson.

JOHNSON: Sir, that is justly observed.

Here Mr. LANGTON, who was also present, suggested that horse-racing was an healthy and even improving pastime, since it induced numerous persons to pass a day amid rural scenes in place of idling in fœtid and ill-aired taverns.

JOHNSON: Come, Sir, let us have none of this foppish talk. Should you desire rural scenes, you may go to St. James's Park and have your bellyful of nature; and as to the air of a tavern, if it be sweetened with elegant and informed conversation, there is no purer to be found this side Paradise. I beseech you, Sir, to think before you utter sentiments which can have no effect save to lower your reputation in the eyes of the company.

GOLDSMITH: But may not a man enjoy himself well on a day at Goodwood? Consider, Sir; there would be wine and wenches on the coach and we should find good taverns by the way.

JOHNSON: Sir, what has this to do with Goodwood? A man may find these on any journey; and you, Sir, I warrant, will find them when you travel to Tyburn.

Such was the great lexicographer's instant rebuke to one whose levity of mind often led him to talk profanely of the great issues of morals and conduct.

A GENTLEMAN: But, Sir, if a man found himself at Goodwood, would he not be innocently employed in hazarding some guineas with the intention of distributing in alms whatever he might gain?

JOHNSON: No, Sir. If a man found himself in Bedlam, he need not imitate the antics of the inmates. The receivers of alms would reap a more certain gain from the free gift of the original guineas than from this conjectural benefaction. Depend upon it, Sir, the motive is not sound and (looking sternly at the gentleman) can only serve a rogue for an excuse to undermine his own morality and to favour his own *gust* for low pleasures. A man who throws his guineas into the Thames from London Bridge may be supposed to rob the publick of that amount of wealth, but he may perhaps defend himself by the undeniable assertion that he is not enriching the makers of books. Both they and their customers are rogues and there 's an end on 't.

I soon experienced the soundness of my illustrious friend's judgment in regard to this worldly pastime, for, having gone, according to intention, in Mr. BEAUCLERK's company to the Downs, I failed to predict the gainer in any single event of the day.

E. P. W.

Post equitem sedet Atra Cura.

"For Sale a Tandem Cycle, lady at the back, in good condition, no reasonable offer refused."—*Local Paper.*

The advertiser is apparently in a great hurry to get rid of her.

"The Allies' invitation to Germany to take part in a gathering for the purpose of agreeing upon a Pact of Security . . . proposes as a period for the meeting some time between the end of September and the beginning of October."—*Daily Paper.*

We fear, then, it will have to be adjourned *sine die.*

"FLYING-MACHINES."

BY THE LITTLE STINT.

WHEN BLERIOT the Channel flew
The people made a great to-do;
They came in thousands just to stare
At the great Conqueror of the Air
Who crossed from France to England's shore,
A flight of twenty miles or more.
"How great an aeroplane!" they said;
"And what a noise the engine made!"
"And how could BLERIOT know that he
Would find his way across the sea,
Which none had ever flown before?"
And so they wonder more and more,
Until at last their hats they raise
And cheer to their great hero's praise.
Yet I, when called to make my flight,
Have slipped off in an Arctic night
And lightly flown o'er land and sea,
The only engine carrying me
My heart, no bigger than a shilling,
Which for twelve thousand miles is willing.
Less than two ounces is my weight,
No petrol-cans increase my freight;
No chart nor compass 'neath my eyes
To mark the track through trackless skies—
And still untiring to the verge
Of Australasian ocean's surge
From North Siberia's coast I fly,
Spanning the globe unerringly.
No cheering thousands when I land,
No startling posters in the Strand;
No wondering word, no praise is heard,
But then—I only am a bird.

"A bride of 72 summers and a bridegroom of 70 plighted their troth at Manchester yesterday, and thereby reached the fulfilment of a love story extending over half a century.

Mrs. Jane ——, a widow with seven children, and Mr. Robert ——, a widower, first met when he was 18 and she 16."—*Daily Paper.*

She seems to have aged much more rapidly than he has.

"God Seiv aua greichas Kin
Long liv aua nobel Kin
God Seiv di Kin
Send jim victorias
Japi and glorias
Long tu rein over as
God Seiv di Kin.

Dai choisest guiifts in stor
On jim bi plisd tu por
Long mei ji rein.
Mei ji defend aua locs
And ever guiv as cos
Tu siin wit jart and vois
God Seiv di Kin."

Argentine Paper.

No, this is not Esperanto, but the phonetically printed version of the National Anthem, which enabled the school-children of Buenos Aires during the PRINCE OF WALES's visit to sing it (so a correspondent informs us) "with as much fervour and correctness as one would expect from British school-children."

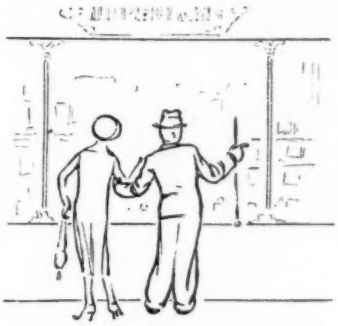
OUR TRIP ABROAD.



WE SHOULD HAVE ENJOYED OUR TRIP ABROAD IMMENSELY—



IF WE HADN'T KNOWN THAT AUNT SOPHIA WOULD EXPECT SOME SLIGHT SOUVENIR ON OUR RETURN—



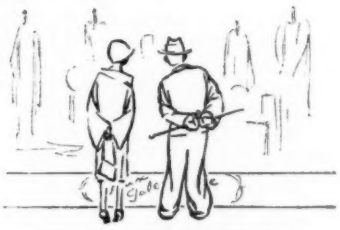
THAT UNCLE JOHN WOULD LOOK FOR SOME LITTLE REMEMBRANCE—



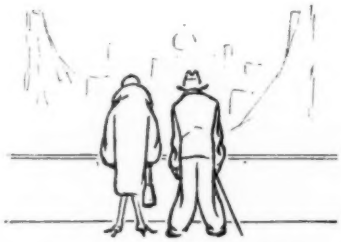
THAT COUSIN AGATHA WOULD BE MUCH HURT IF SHE WAS OVERLOOKED—



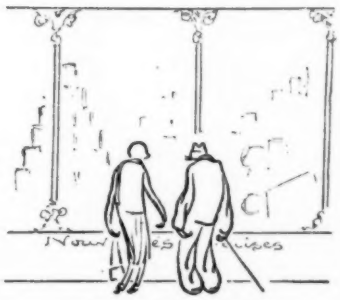
AND SO WOULD HORACE AND LITTLE AGAMEMNON AND BABY AND NURSE—



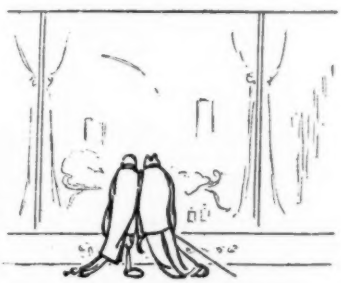
AND COOK AND ALL THE MAIDS AND THE GARDENER'S BOY—



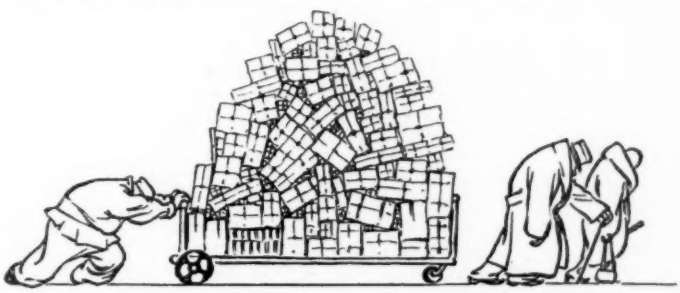
AND THE MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S GUILD AND THE VILLAGE BOYS' CLUB—



AND THE ALMSHOUSES—



AND THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.



OF COURSE NEXT TIME WE REALLY MUST TAKE THEM ALL WITH US, AND THEN PERHAPS WE MIGHT GET A LITTLE TIME TO SEE SOME OF THE SIGHTS WE CAME OVER FOR.



"MUMMY, HOW *DO* THE HENS KNOW THE SIZE OF MY EGG-CUP?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I FANCY some of Mr. H. G. WELLS's more robust admirers may find *Christina Alberta's Father* (CAPE) rather flimsy fare; but to me it is to be commended for possessing a more delicate and even texture, a more sensitive and modulated *timbre* than any of its author's previous ventures in the same vein. Here you have the old tragi-comic encounter and interaction of the outer and inner suburbs; *Mr. Preemby* (who marries into a laundry) maintaining the tradition of the parish of St. Simon Unawares, near Woodford Wells in Essex, and his daughter *Christina Alberta* aspiring and attaining to that lack of tradition which is Chelsea. It is mainly *Mr. Preemby's* story—and that is all to the good, for *Mr. Preemby* commands that willing suspension of disbelief which we usually keep for good poetry, good rhetoric and the characters of DICKENS. "Carried over his marriage as a man might be carried over a weir," dressed by his masterful wife "more like a golf champion than he would have done himself if he had had any say in the matter," inveigled by his daughter into æsthetic living in a Chelsea mews, embarking on spiritualistic ventures in a Tunbridge Wells boarding-house, issuing forth as the reincarnation of *Sargon, King of Kings*, placed in a pauper lunatic asylum, suffering, escaping and dying—*Mr. Preemby* is from first to last a masterpiece. Moreover he teaches the highest lesson that Mr. WELLS has ever been known to impart: that "the world will never learn anything until it will learn from ridiculous people." On the other hand *Christina Alberta* and her set are poor things beside *Mr. Preemby* and his fancies. She herself is not even a clever transcript from reality. What there is of her is *Ann Veronica* with bobbed hair, a conventionally unconventional young woman straining after personality. And as no amount of straining will add one cubit to personality—rather the contrary—I could have wished the case for self-discipline better handled in the extremely interesting symposium with which the story ends.

Did some young person call to-day, a cadger
For books to read, I'd not look very far then,
I'd say, "Here's *The Life Story of a Badger*,
A new book written by J. G. TREGARTHEN
And published by JOHN MURRAY;" and indeed
I think that I could recommend no better,
For I have read it, and it's been to read
A jolly book in every line and letter.

The scene is laid in Cornwall; 'tis the history
Of *Brock* (our hero's name), a brock to notice;
He walks the woods, an animal of mystery,
Because, instead of grey, moon-white his coat is.
We meet him in the cairn, a little cub,
A baby in a silver dress and hoar hood;
We watch him play, and feast on root and grub,
And grow at length to great and splendid boarhood.

His adult doings I have found unfailing
In interest, and many a thrill's provided;
Men "dig him out" at last, and, when his "tailing"
Makes him a prisoner, gladly then, as I did,
You'll hear of his escape to live his score
Of days, secure (read how) from man ungentle.
I've liked this story of a badger boar;
'Tis possible and 'tisn't sentimental.

The scene of *This Mad Ideal* (LANE) is for the most part set in a New England town for which Mr. FLOYD DELL has chosen the name of Pompton. This unfortunate name proved almost too much for a resolution I have recently formed, which is never to laugh at the cultural aspirations of the smaller American townships while remembering the frank Philistinism of our own. The idealism which gives the book its title is that of *Judith Valentine*, who declines happiness through marriage with her lover, *Roy Sopwith*, because she feels that the interests of their careers, hers in literature and his in art, demand that they shall remain separated. She had a splendid chance of relenting, with *Roy* lying on a sick bed on the last page but one; but conventional happy endings are not for Mr. FLOYD DELL, and she goes her way alone. It is a sincere and well-written book, and those who can accept *Judith* at her own valuation will no doubt find it convincing. To me her actions seemed to owe much less to reason than to caprice. If *Roy*, I felt, had had a little of the cave-man about him it would have done her a world of good. No beatings, of course, but a shaking now and then. But whether Mr. DELL under any other name would have aroused these brutal thoughts in me I cannot say.

The most interesting point of view developed in Mr. OWEN RUTTER'S book on *The New Baltic States* (METHUEN) is, to my mind, the economic one. No account of such recondite territories as Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia could fail of a certain picturesqueness; and full justice has been done by both text and illustration to outward and visible allurements. Vast plains of forest alternating with grazing-ground and crops, timber-built homesteads, tawny rivers bearing rafts of logs to the old ports of the Hanseatic League, fishermen dredging for amber, Jews drilling it into beads, peasant proprietors living comfortably on the land, dispossessed princes living uncomfortably off it—all are pleasant, curious or pathetic things to encounter. Yet these themes do not make the book. It is chiefly valuable for the light it sheds on problems common to us all. These three little states, robbed of national identity about the time of Magna Carta, reconstructed as republics after the War, have already found satisfactory leaders and a satisfactory land system. The typical Lithuanian, Lett or Estonian was always a peasant. He is now a peasant proprietor. Even the artist and musician are frequently "home-crofters" and do part-time work on their own holdings. Everyone, administrators included, is called upon to labour and live simply. "In an old and prosperous country like yours," said the Lettish Minister of Finance to the author, "a farmer may be able to afford to work only a few hours a day if he chooses. In a young country like ours it is otherwise. Our people should work unceasingly." But then, of course, they are working for themselves. No wonder budgets are balanced and Communist propaganda derided.



STOUT BUT CONSCIENTIOUS MEMBER OF ANTI-SUPERSTITION CLUB FINDS A DIFFICULTY IN LIVING UP TO HIS PRINCIPLES.

It is sad to reflect that the British Army can hardly hope in the future to enlist many of those gay and gallant Irish soldiers of fortune who so frequently both in fact and in fiction were wont to brighten our past. A sporting race, perennially hard up and generally in hot water over some trifling infraction of discipline, they were all the more ready to take on any impossible job at a moment's notice. And they had the habit of pulling through all right somehow, or if they chanced to fail it was a comical sort of failure that told very well against themselves afterwards over the dinner-table or even in book form. Here, for example, is Major H. L. GRIFFIN, D.S.O., late R.A., born in Dublin of Kerry and Limerick stock, who was educated at Harrow, got into the "shop" at the third time of asking, went through the South African War, and then finding himself at a loose end accepted a subordinate post under the Administrator of British New Guinea. *An Official in British New Guinea* (PALMER) is the result—a scrappy but highly amusing piece of work, illustrated profusely with a large number of borrowed photographs, selected apparently in the same spirit of Irish irresponsibility with which the letterpress has been written. I confess that personally I found the reminiscences of Harrow, Woolwich and the South African

War the most interesting part of the book, but the author's flair for picking up good stories never deserts him altogether, even when he disembarks at Port Moresby. And it is only in the last few pages that he suddenly feels himself constrained to furnish his readers with a little solid information on such matters as fauna, language and religion.

When *Hood Thoresby*, a wealthy young manufacturer, effected a temporary exchange of identities with his (perhaps excusably) disagreeable clerk, *Sidney Elphick*, in an early chapter of Miss JANE CARDINAL'S *Swift Adventure* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), I for one, despite the title of the book and the fat policeman on its jacket, thought it was going to develop along more or less sociological lines—the employer finding out by personal experience just where the shoe pinches in the case of what Labour orators call the "black-coated worker," the clerk on his part discovering that the lot even of an employer is not all beer and skittles. As a matter of fact it does so develop for another couple of chapters; after which it loses itself—together with one or two quite promising characters—in a wild and bewildering whirl of crooks, "vamps," jewel thieves, coiners, blackmailers and kidnappers. The author has an undoubted turn for narrative, but it is all very crude and improbable, without enough of the wine of excitement to wash the improbabilities down. And just how, I wonder, does one perform that feat, so often accomplished by the villain of blood-and-thunder fiction, of "hissing 'Let go'"?



THE LAST OF THE VISITORS.

In his day Mr. S. M. J. WOODS was one of the world's greatest cricket and football players, and at the present time I know of no athlete of whom more anecdotes are told. In *My Reminiscences* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) he has many stories to tell, but he would have been glad to tell more. Referring to this book he writes, "I may say at once that there should be two copies, one for my men pals and one for the general public. The latter will have to do." I share his regret, but at the same time am glad to say that in what I may call an expurgated form this volume is very good to read. Mr. WOODS writes as he used to play; he gets down to the work at once and without any frills gives of his best. To cricketers this straightforward record of the greatest of all games will be sheer delight; Somerset naturally looms largely in it, but Mr. WOODS has played cricket all over the world and he writes of these tours with an enthusiasm that is infectious. One thinks of Mr. WOODS as an unusually brilliant game-player; but he was more than that. He was a very great sportsman, to whom an umpire was always a man to uphold and not to cavil at. By his example in the field he did more for the games he loved than he, in his modesty, will ever allow.

The *Ballastons* of *Stolen Idols* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) were an old county family with expensive tastes that promised bankruptcy. *Sir Bertram Ballaston* was by no means exaggerating when he said "my ethical sense in the question of meum and tuum has always been a little elastic," and this elasticity allowed him to send his son to China on an errand which to ordinary honest men might seem to demand a gift for larceny. In bald language *Gregory Ballaston* went to China to steal two idols, called "The Body" and "The Soul." These images were believed to contain jewels of great worth, and *Gregory* succeeded in purloining one of them. Unfortunately, however, he looted "The Body," a very evil-looking image which exercised a devastating effect upon the morals of anyone who studied it closely. Curious people these *Ballastons*, but they provide Mr. OPPENHEIM with the material for an adventureful story.

Lovers of the drama will rejoice to hear that a new edition (the fifth) of Mr. JOHN PARKER'S *Who's Who in the Theatre* has been published by Sir ISAAC PITMAN AND SONS. It contains all the features which have made it an indispensable work of reference, including a synopsis of the playbills of recent productions, many hundreds of biographies of actors, authors and other persons connected with the theatre—a few of these might perhaps have been condensed with advantage—and the remarkable pedigrees of theatrical families supplied by Dr. J. M. BULLOCH.

CHARIVARIA.

SURPRISE is expressed that during the recent war with Mercia the Wessex Army received no message of encouragement from Mr. THOMAS HARDY.

* * *

Motor-cars are not allowed on the roads in Sark. A rupture of diplomatic relations between that island and Mr. HENRY FORD is feared.

* * *

We understand that a Sunday newspaper is trying to arrange for a lull in the Moroccan War, thus enabling ABDEL KRIM to write his memoirs for publication.

* * *

In his speech on agriculture at Inverness next week Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is expected to deal with the matter of sporting estates. It is the old question—ptarmigan or pturnip?

* * *

Lady OXFORD AND ASQUITH'S contribution to a book of recipes by famous women is a description of the making of a haggis. The process is very much like the making of an autobiography.

* * *

The skulls unearthed in Oxford Street are believed to be relics of the Great Sales.

* * *

A resident of Penarth owns an umbrella which has been in his family for over a hundred years. On the other hand most of us own umbrellas which have been in other people's families for years.

* * *

"I am the reddest of the Reds," says Mr. TOM MANN. This will make Mr. COOK madder.

* * *

In the House of Lords amplifiers are to be provided to enable peers who are hard of hearing to listen to the speeches. It should be pointed out, however, that their use will not be compulsory.

* * *

A gull perched for half an hour on the head of an angler off the Kent coast. Our theory is that the bird had some idea of hatching it.

* * *

A Bradford magistrate suggests that offenders should be sent to prison for week-ends. We're afraid that such a scheme would only encourage crime, owing to the absolute immunity from being run over by Sunday char-à-bancs.

The first omnibus made its appearance in Nantes in 1825. We presume it went round that way to avoid a possible traffic-block at Waterloo Bridge.

* * *

A resident of Cheshire has won nearly one thousand cups at flower-shows. This is the sort of thing that makes burglars wake up in the middle of the day and moan.

* * *

The Maoris of New Zealand believe that a chief while fishing pulled up a large island. But there is nothing in the story that COLUMBUS, while becalmed in the Atlantic, baited a hook with a piece of chewing-gum and immediately landed America.

* * *

It seems a pity that we can't persuade France to exchange one or two of her wars for our trouble in West Ham.

* * *

Britain was once the workshop of the world, but if our Communist guardians had their way she would soon be the workhouse.

* * *

The recent strike among pianoforte workers would have had our cordial sympathy if it had spread to the little girl next door.

* * *

"It is time we actors began to show our teeth," said a speaker at a recent Labour meeting. Quite so; actresses realised the advantage of this procedure years ago.

* * *

It appears from the Press that crime is practically unknown in Denham, Bucks. There is some talk of trying to coax some City desperado to go down there and give them a bit of a shock by buying cigarettes after eight o'clock at night.

* * *

We wonder if it is true that a circus sword-swallower who suffers from dyspepsia has been ordered by his doctor to go on a diet and confine himself to daggers.

* * *

A fisherman of Nova Scotia who fell out of his boat stepped on a big fish and jumped back into the boat again. We are glad to know that this report is receiving the serious attention of the Society for the Propagation of Truth Amongst Anglers.

* * *

The Arctic is said to have had an English summer this year. We wondered where it had gone.

* * *

The report that an old lady of one-hundred-and-two goes shopping every day makes one wonder at what age they eventually grow out of it.

* * *

Four hundred miles west of England the Atlantic is said to be 46,321 feet deep. An ideal place to drop one's old razor-blades.

* * *

Now that it is the fashion to insure any part of the body that is essential in one's profession, we hear that a well-known politician is making inquiries about his cheek.

* * *

One good thing about Prohibition is that it has taught the Americans that some good can come out of the rest of the world.

* * *

One of the Oxford debating team that will discuss the subject of Prohibition with Harvard is hereditary standard-bearer for Scotland. The standard of the Scotch over there is of course deplorably low.



Epicure. "HOW'S THE GAME TO-DAY, WAITER?"
Waiter (absently). "THE VILLA 'AVE WON AGAIN, SIR."

SONG AND BOOT.

I LOVE to hear the bus-conductor sing,
Filling the intervals of giving change
And punching tickets with some broken thing,
Not always rich, but generally strange—
Some untaught emanation like the lark's;
A fragment of some too familiar ditty—
To cheer one at the point where one embarks
And brighten up one's passage to the City.

His unpremeditated airy strains
Gush for a landscape mostly made of shops;
He hails the sun, if any; when it rains,
He sings with equal relish till it stops;
Even in winter, when his hands are blue,
He comes aloft and, though the blast be bitter,
Gives us, for luck, a warming bar or two
When not a sparrow would be found to twitter.

And yet to-day that grateful voice is hushed;
His challenge—dauntless, if a trifle flat—
Is silent, and the man himself looks crushed,
Which cannot on the whole be wondered at.
The public have complained, and he is heard
No longer; that engaging noise is bottled
Up in his breast, and he will get the bird
Unless henceforward his exhaust is throttled.

Conductor, if they fail to find a charm
About your song to soothe their savage breast,
Dash it, at all events it does no harm,
Or, surely, not enough to be suppressed;
They may, of course, be music-hating boors,
Or, maybe, the reverse; it makes no matter;
One thing is certain, that they can't stand yours;
But others can, and I am of the latter.

This then becomes a crisis when we ask
If we are slaves, and answer, we are not;
And, with that settled, contemplate the task
Of, broadly speaking, showing them what 's what;
For instance, it would be a nasty jar
If I proposed, instead of being muted,
That all conductors—would this go too far?—
Be made to sing, on pain of being booted.

Not that? Then let us wait for some fierce night
When the hail lashes and the wild winds moan,
And, when the last "outside" has taken flight,
We two foregather on the roof, alone;
Then, as the bus swerves on through clod and wet,
Triumphant at the last, we two will warble
Defiant song and undeterred duet,
Till we are tired and hoarser than the corbel.

DUM-DUM.

"A motor-cyclist was thrown off his machine yesterday while attempting to pass a bus. The machine skidded on to the tram- of his own works, including a sonata in the style of Handel, serenata in A, and scherzo in B."—*North-Country Paper.*

We should advise him to make the *tempo* a little more *moderato* in his next cycle.

"If the Bailiff's Daughter of Islington had been passing the Agricultural Hall yesterday she would have had no need to say to her fiancé: 'Young man, I think you 're dying,' as she did in the song; she could have stepped inside and revived him with stacks of bacon, gallons of pickles and unknown quantities of cheese ranged in profusion there at the Grocers' Exhibition."—*Sunday Paper.*

What a difference between this heartlessness and the constancy of *Barbara Allen*, who waited "seven long years for the squire's son"!

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

I.—REPARATION.

THERE are certain blunders which the world does not willingly let die, and among these is VICTOR HUGO's famous description of a lobster as "the cardinal of the sea"—a lobster still living, I mean. The fine impetuous fellow, full of poetry and much preferring red to black, did not allow himself to be bothered by science, but, thinking of the crustacean as he was in the habit of seeing it on the table, dashed down his periphrasis and passed on to the next sentence thoroughly well pleased with himself. Then came the critics and the storm burst. I forget who it was—very likely JULES JANIN—who made the discovery and first lifted the finger of derision, and for a while everyone laughed, even those who, like the poet, had never realised that the lobster is black until he emerges from the saucepan.

Well, it is a good thing that they laughed when they did, because, if you go to the Aquarium in the Zoo, you will find a lobster that is red while still in his native element. VICTOR HUGO is justified: he is no longer *un misérable de la mer*; and JULES JANIN becomes too clever by half. But, alas! justice, as often happens, is done too late.

II.—THE PEDESTRIAN'S PLAINT.

(*After* J. K. S.)

Will there never come a season
Which shall rid us from the curse
Of a speed which knows no reason,
And the too contiguous hearse;
When no longer shall we tremble
As the motors leave their lair;
Meekly by the kerb assemble
While the klaxon rends the air—

When the gladsome news will nerve us
That the petrol-wells are dry
And the horse again must serve us,
Safe and sure and stepping high?
That will be a day for fiddling,
Fun and festival galore,
When the Armstrongs cease from siddling
And the Royces roll no more!

III.—INSULT.

In England and America poets are in the habit, or so says tradition, of emerging in the spring. But in Holland they are an autumnal phenomenon. The Dutch poet, however, deals less in rhyme than in adjectives, and he confines his ecstasies solely to the bulb. Every autumn these rhapsodists (who make a pretence of growing tulips for a living but cultivate them really for the pleasure of getting into print) send out their glowing catalogues, and one from a Hillegom firm now lies before me which contains one of the most cunningly blended mixtures of compliment and insult (by innuendo) that I ever met with. WORDSWORTH has had his eulogists and his detractors more than most, but never both together as they can be fused in Hillegom.

I ask you to read this passage to the end:—

"The Narcissus is one of the most classical of flowers, its glory having been sung by Homer, Sophocles, Shakespeare and Wordsworth in imperishable strains; it seems to have inspired the great poets of all ages with imagery of the most beautiful and memorable kind. The immortal tribute of him who has been called, not without expressiveness, 'the High Priest of Nature,' to the queen of vernal flowers, is simplicity itself; yet who that has ever read them can forget such exquisite lines as these:

'THEY FLASH UPON THAT INWARD EYE,
WHICH IS THE BLISH OF SOLITUDE'?"

——Now was inebriety ever so skilfully and cunningly imputed to a Lake Poet?

E. V. L.



FAREWELL AND HAIL.

JOHN BULL. "I HATE TO THINK OF ALL THESE MASTERPIECES GOING OVER TO YOU IN BULK."
UNCLE SAM. "OH, IT'S FIFTY-FIFTY! THINK OF ALL THE MARVELLOUS PICTURES I SEND ACROSS TO YOU."



Disturbed Colonel (on French golf-links where only girl caddies are employed). "I SAY, YOU KNOW, LITTLE BEASTS OF BOYS DON'T MATTER—BUT THESE GIRLS! WHAT I MEAN TO SAY—*YOU'VE HEARD ME!*"

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

IX.—THE PROPERTY MAN.

I HAVE seen many less amusing shows than the Chinese Theatre at Vancouver, but none more noisy. It was difficult at first to find the theatre in the multitude of Ong Wongs and Li Pees and other vendors of Chop Suey in Chinatown. But at length, down an alley some fifty yards away, there came a great donging and crashing like the banging of a thousand cymbals or the washing-up of a million saucepans. "There!" said one with us who knew the Chinese ways, "that will be the incidental music."

And so it was. We paid about eighteenpence and went in. And would that the dramatic critics of London, would that the Expressionist School of Drama, and the Modern-This and the Neo-That had gone with us! I went in excited, eager to see for the first time the drama of an ageless civilisation still flowering bravely in a dingy modern slum; but in about two minutes I began to feel that this was about the most "modern" show I had ever beheld. I mentioned my suspicions to George, and he confirmed them. "Quite right, old boy," he said, "it 's high-brow."

For one thing there was no tiresome bother about scenery and the like, no foolish artificial efforts after illusion. Everything was open, and everything was on the stage. The actors stood about in front by the footlights, made-up and dressed-up, it is true, and dressed-up elaborately; and the orchestra sat just behind them, in ordinary orchestral clothes, and one or two in shirt-sleeves. In one corner of the stage were piled the scanty properties of the company, and in another were a couple of open trunks, in which the dresses were kept. The only things kept from the audience were the stage-door and the dressing-rooms. Among the hangings and Chinese texts which served as a back-cloth there was written simply "No SMOKING."

When we arrived a very violent scene was in progress. Two or three charming young Chinese women were talking or screaming at the same time, while an emotional young man with a gracefully sweeping sword cut off an old man's head and stabbed a woman to the heart. These two, being dead, rose instantly and left the stage. Meanwhile behind them the orchestra were working very hard. There were five of them—four playing some new-fangled string instrument with bows like archers', and the fifth with a pair of cymbals of the size of moons and the percussion-power of a pile-driver. These awful instruments he clashed together ruthlessly for many minutes at a time; the din was maddening, but then he was expressing by music, as our very modern stage-folk express by scenery or coloured lights, the violent emotions of the characters: so what will you? At last, when the dead bodies had finally walked off and the milder emotions of remorse, revenge, chagrin and jealousy were at work, he reduced his *tempo* and banged his brasses at about thirty instead of sixty to the minute. The relief was enormous, and when with one vast shattering crash he laid aside his cymbals and nonchalantly took up a stringed instrument one wanted to embrace the man. Our modern producers have recently, as in the play called *Rain*, exploited the simple truth that if you deafen, torture and hammer the senses of your audience till they are almost out of their minds you can do anything with them. Give them a moment's respite now and then and such is their relief that they will think the world of the play. All this is sound psychology, but do not let us pretend that there is anything "modern" about it.

After about twenty minutes the orchestra stopped playing altogether (blessed release!) and there were some five minutes of dialogue. An old man with a four-foot beard, a young woman dressed as a man, a young man dressed as a woman and two young women dressed as females, stood almost motionless in a row and talked together in

the squeaky falsetto which, I understand, is the conventional Chinese stage-voice, and is like nothing so much as the voices of Punch and Judy. Meanwhile the orchestra just behind them were carrying on an animated conversation of their own. At length, for no apparent reason, the orchestra took up their instruments and madly played again. The music appeared to consist of four bars, and those not terribly melodious, endlessly repeated. And while they played the actors stood where they were, one or two crooning gently to themselves, one or two making faint gestures with their hands, but most of them quite obviously bored. When the orchestra was exhausted the music ceased as inconsequently as it had begun, and some of the actors walked off, or stayed where they were and spoke more dialogue. George, I need not say, enjoyed it all tremendously, having fallen in love with the maiden in black, who wept continuously for two hours, but had beautiful hands and almost invisible feet.

For my part, I fell in love with the property man, for I never had the luck to see HOLMAN CLARK in *The Yellow Jacket*. The property man, like all the machinery of the stage, was open and unconcealed. He walked, or rather lolled, about the stage throughout the play, dressed simply in a blue shirt and trousers, with rather dirty braces, and in these braces he moved among the gorgeous actors and shining actresses like a bored but tolerant nursemaid assisting at the foolish make-believe of a party of children. There was no stopping the action for such small changes of setting or scenery as were required. While the performers were still chatting round a common deal table the property man strolled up with a silken banner and converted the table into a sacred altar, ready for the next scene. When the bride and bridegroom wished to kneel down and pray before the altar the property man took a couple of mats from his corner and tossed them casually before the devoted pair. While they were praying he sat astride a kitchen chair some two feet away and watched them, leaning his head on his arms, with a kind of bored benevolent wonder, as if to say, "What *are* you at, you two?" And when they had finished praying he picked up his mats and trailed them back to the property-corner.

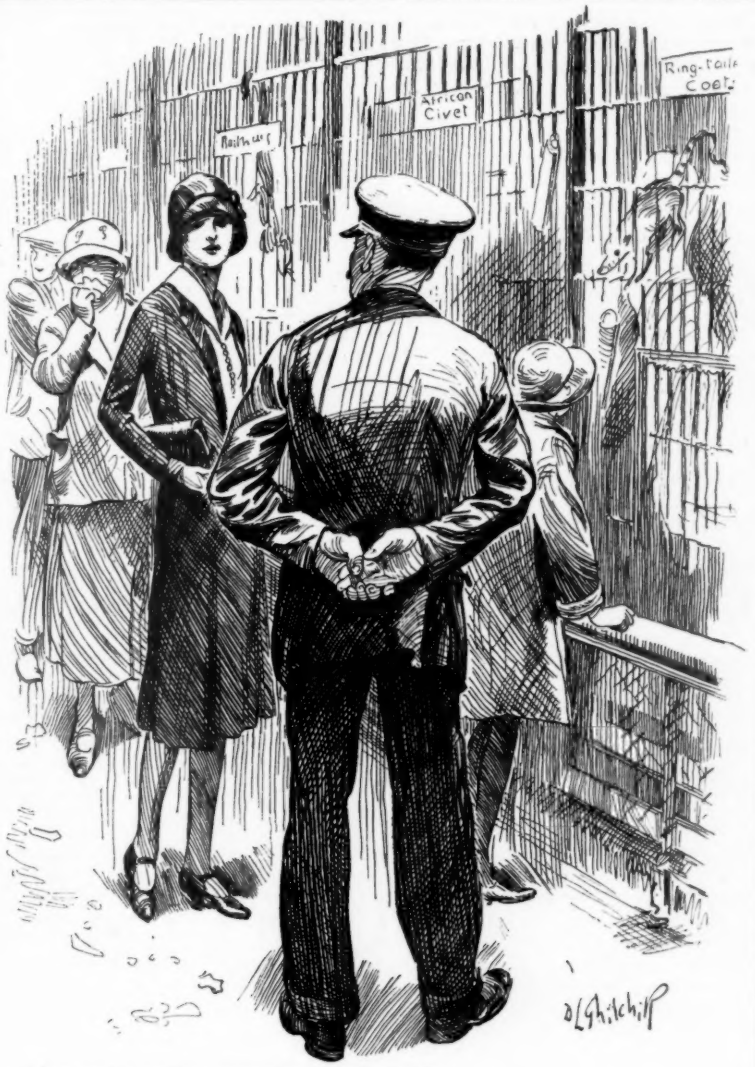
Any little thing the actors required from time to time, a wreath, a sword, an umbrella, a chair—there was the property man all ready to hand the article, with his ridiculous bored face and his ridiculous listless walk and his ridiculous dirty braces. When nothing was required of him he would sit down and have a word or two with the orchestra, if they were not playing, and sometimes he strolled off the stage altogether. One felt that he had been able to bear it no longer. His detachment was Olympian; his boredom a work of art; he should appear in every play.

The audience, which was small, drifted in and out. The play began at 7 and continued till 12.15; but about an hour seemed to be as much as the average Chinaman could stand. From the janitor and box-office official, the only white man on the premises, who looked not merely white but ill, we learned that the play was not a tragedy, as we supposed, but a musical comedy. The company was a famous one from China. The young actresses (all about twenty) were drawing five, six or seven thousand dollars a year; and in view of the noise this does not seem too much. But the production was losing money nightly.

The man with the cymbals had begun his deadly work again, and all our heads were aching. George inquired, "Is it always as noisy as this?"

"Yes," said the weary Canadian. "This is nothing. I always bring some of this stuff with me;" and he produced from his pocket a packet of aspirins.

"George," I said, "I don't know that the effete civilisations of Western



"ARE THESE ANIMALS CARNIVOROUS, KEEPER?"
"SOMETIMES WHEN THEY FIRST ARRIVES, MUM; BUT WE ALWAYS 'AS THEM DISINFECTED."

Europe have much to learn from the wisdom of China in these matters. One may be fairly sensational and dud, but we don't have to take sedatives to the theatre."

"No," said George, "we find them there, old boy. That was a jolly pretty girl, old boy." A. P. H.

THE CONGREGATION.

HIGH on the windy steeple
Like bees the swallows perch—
The faithless little people
Who leave us in the lurch;
What gospeller has sought them?
What piety has taught them?
What hymnal here has brought them
All decently to church?

When days were young with daisies
And June just come a-flower,
When mayfly crowds—the crazies—
Danced out the perfect hour,
No dapper congregation
Sat up and sought salvation
In Junetide's jubilation
Upon the quiet tower.

But now the rogues are sitting
In decorous row and row,
For down the leaf comes flitting
And wet the west winds blow;
And since the way's wanchancey
To further shores o' pansy,
They've come, I like to fancy,
For grace before they go.

And so upon the steeple
With what devout an air
They sit, the little people,
With little time to spare!
You say they seek no blessing?
Maybe, for all my guessing;
Still, autumn, closer pressing,
Sets lots o' folk to prayer.

"Apprentice Wanted, smart, well-educated condition; make good baker's van."
Advt. in Local Paper.

Almost a Rolls Royce.

"—— Madrigal Society have had a most profitable year. The Society's programme of unaccomplished singing will be broadcast on Friday, October 23."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

Thanks for the warning.

OUR MANŒUVRES.

WE are now on Manœuvres. As from 7 A.M. each morning a state of war exists between Mercia and Wessex till 6 P.M. nightly; early closing on Saturdays at 1 P.M. The lunch interval is from 12.30 to 2 P.M., or to 2.30 P.M., according to the licensing laws of the district.

For the past few weeks the countryside has worn a military aspect. In other words the hillsides are dotted with men trying to put up tents that have blown down; while the villages are occupied by Private Rifle and his companions with their arms round lady friends, to whom they are relating exactly how they took Knighton Down and what they said to the sergeant-major. Along the roads are notice-boards saying "Beware of the Troops!" underneath which in one case someone has written "They are —— dangerous!" with the result that civilians in that district will not now go about alone. The children however are not frightened, for a reassuring notice tells them that "Dragons are limited to five miles per hour," and any child can run faster than that. At intervals Press representatives whizz about in luxurious cars and send off telegrams stating that "the troops are as fresh as paint after their thirty-mile march." This is poetic licence. We ourselves don't put it quite like that.



Persuasive Doorman (in answer to query). "IS IT GOOD, MY DEAR? WELL, I JUST HAD A PEEP AT THE END CLOSE-UP, AND I CAME OUTSIDE AND CRIED LIKE A CHILD."

So far marching is about all our battalion has done. We have marched along roads in bad weather and across fields in bad weather; we have even marched through towns in bad weather. We now consider ourselves pretty good at it. If we do less than fifteen miles in a day we feel quite uneasy, and the impressionable Lance-corporal Pouch changes into his walking-out dress in the evening and goes back to the last billet to see the girl who, in the words of the manual, "winked at him three times and put him out of action."

On one occasion only did we find time between marches to have a battle, and then we captured a hill in the very teeth of the Royal Corps of Umpires. They said we couldn't do it because it wasn't occupied; but, as our Colonel pointed out, if that were the case there could be no doubt about our having captured it. Besides, it was getting on for the dinner-hour and there was a village on the top.

But if our time here has been uneventful, we have at any rate achieved notoriety through the medium of our Captain Bayonet.

Before the manœuvres started we were told that Captain Bayonet was to be attached to Division H.Q., nominally to keep a war-diary, but actually to take about in his large car those members of the Staff for whom army cars were not provided. Our own opinion was that Captain Bayonet couldn't keep a diary and oughtn't to be allowed to keep a car. This was borne out by the following extracts just to hand from his note-book:—

Sept. 19th.—Reported at Division H.Q. with my car. The Staff will drive on Monday at 9.0 A.M.

Sept. 21st., 9.0 A.M.—Started off from "Black Doe" Hotel with Staff in car.

9.15 A.M.—Arrived Stockbridge.

10.15 A.M.—Still at Stockbridge. Magneto on car has a short in armature. Spare magneto is an armature short. Staff shirty.

11.0 A.M.—Still at Stockbridge. Staff has gone off to hire a taxi.

12.0 noon.—Had sandwiches.

12.30 P.M.—Had Staff's sandwiches, left in car.

6.0 P.M.—"Cease Fire" sounded. Magneto convalescent. Drove back.



UNHAPPY BUT WELL-MEANING BACHELOR ALONE WITH BABY TRIES TO MAKE HIMSELF PLEASANT.

Baby. "Goo-Goo!"

Bachelor (politely). "I BEG YOUR PARDON?"

Sept. 22nd, 9.0 A.M.—Started to drive to Stockbridge.

11.20 A.M.—Ran into bank.

11.21 A.M.—Backed out of bank.

11.22 A.M.—Ran into another bank. Roads very narrow. Staff very cross.

2.0–3.0 P.M.—Staff giving advice.

3.30 P.M.—Back to hotel. Car exhausted. Gave it a benzol mash and left it in garage for evening.

Sept. 23rd, 9.0 A.M.—Staff ready in car.

9.5 A.M.—Turning starting handle.

11.0 A.M.—Still turning handle. Staff losing interest.

12.10 P.M.—Still turning handle. Staff asleep.

12.15 P.M.—Two backfires. Staff awake.

2.9 P.M.—Car started. Drove out of garage.

2.10 P.M.—Found side of garage in back of car.

3.0 P.M.—Magneto giving trouble. Car missing.

3.4 P.M.—Missed a duck.

3.10 P.M.—Didn't miss a dog—five shillings.

Sept. 24th, 9.0 A.M.—Waiters, orderlies and onlookers turned out and wheeled car out of garage.

9.10–11.40 A.M.—Starting car.

11.45 A.M.—Discovered petrol-leak, oil-leak, air-leak and air-lock.

11.50 A.M.—Waiters, etc., turned out and wheeled car back into garage.

12.0–3.0 P.M.—Lunch.

3.0–4.30 P.M.—Waiters, etc., Staff and self all turning handle. Engine fired once at half-past three. Didn't hit it.

5.0. P.M.—"Cease Fire" sounded. Unnecessary from car's point of view.

Sept. 25th, 9 A.M.—Started in direction of Stockbridge.

9.10 A.M.—Ran over dog.

9.22 A.M.—Ran over another dog.

9.29 A.M.—Ran over first dog again. Hate dogs. Ran over man—thirty shillings. Car not going well. Had to change gear going over.

2.20 P.M.—Ran over spring chicken. Broke spring. Car in garage; Staff in cold fury; chicken in hospital.

Sept. 26th.—Returned to unit. Sold car. Bought scooter.

A SAD DOG.

DON'T like postmen with their bags,
Don't like tramps in smelly rags,
Don't like cats who swarm up trees,
Don't like soap (but don't like fleas),
Don't like next-door Mrs. Jones,
Don't like pals who steal my bones,
Don't like draughts and don't like cold,
Don't like doing what I 'm told,
Don't like dustmen's dirty faces,
Don't like boys who make grimaces.

Don't like walking with the pram,
Don't like doors that shut *kerblam*!
Don't like gas-fires when they plop,
Don't like Cook when "Where 's that chop?"
Don't like Polly when she swears,
Don't like being turned off chairs,
Don't like wasps (their feet are hot),
Don't like—quite an awful lot
Of things that make a fellow sad.
Still, on the whole, life 's not too bad.

"To Let.—Furnished Hats."
Advt. in Tasmanian Paper.
For unfurnished heads?

THE GASTRONOMICS OF ART.

(*By an Expert.*)

["American art auctions are held after dinner, when wealthy American buyers are feeling particularly well disposed towards art. . . . There is therefore none of the cold critical atmosphere which is present at English sales." *Daily Paper.*]

THOSE who have long deplored the lack of artistic appreciation in this country will be interested in the disclosure made in the above extract from one of our more go-ahead daily papers.

We in this country are too prone to place arbitrary limits upon the value of food. We regard it, most of us, merely as a means of nourishing the physical frame; whereas America has long understood, *vide* the food-stuff advertisements in the American magazines, that its influence is much more far-reaching than that. And it is now clear, I think, that a direct connection between art appreciation and food is established beyond any possibility of doubt.

It is highly probable, I should say, that specific reactions are given by certain foods or dishes on different schools of art. It is conceivable, for instance, that *caviare* gives a positive result to Old Masters, but induces only anathema when taken before an auction sale of modern English water-colours; and that there is a definite art-equivalent for Vitamin A. However, we shall have to find this out for ourselves. We cannot reasonably expect America to disclose in its entirety the system by which it is enabled to appreciate so much more highly than ourselves—to the extent often of hundreds of thousands of dollars—the art treasures of the world.

Meantime the disclosure that American auction sales are held after dinner, and not after lunch, as in this country, should give us a valuable clue upon which to work. It is clear, of course, that our own sales of art treasures must now take place after dinner; and for the benefit of the general public it is to be hoped that the curators of our national and municipal collections will arrange that their galleries shall only be open in the evening. If this latter reform is carried through there seems no reason why the National Gallery should not in time become a strong counter-attraction to the West End cinemas.

While we have so far dealt exclusively with painting, there seems good ground for supposing that there may also be a relationship between diet and other art forms. Taking sculpture, for example, it may well be that, if the critics had visited the EPSTEIN Memorial after a suitable dinner, instead of dashing down to Hyde Park after a frugal lunch, they would have formed an entirely different estimate of the sculptor's work.

Again, just as our neighbours in America appear to have discovered a diet which renders them capable of appreciating the music of the saxophone, so it may be that what is wrong with our dramatic critics in this country is simply unsuitable food. Most of them, in a frenzied effort to be in their places before the curtain rises, have perforce to be content with a modest chop or steak. If they were to stroll in half-an-hour late, after going right through the menu, it is not inconceivable that they might feel more kindly disposed towards American and other plays, which under present feeding arrangements they find they can only deplore.

These are, I confess, but guesses in the dark, gropings after truth. But it is thus that scientific inquiry has always proceeded, and it is not too much to hope that one day we may have a complete dietetic table of art correlatives. In the meantime investigators in this country must be careful to avoid false conclusions due to interference by the alcoholic factor, bearing in mind that America, where the science may be said to have originated, is, so far as we know, a dry country.

SONGS OF SIMLA.

I.—THE LUKKA BAZAAR.

THE Lukka Bazaar, the Lukka Bazaar—
Nobody knows how nice they are
The things that lie all ready to buy—
Ready to buy in the Lukka Bazaar:
Boxes yellow, blue and red,
Painted legs for Baby's bed,
Trays and screens inlaid with brass,
Balls of green and golden glass,
Walking-sticks and canes that bend,
Chairs to make and chairs to mend.

The Lukka Bazaar, the Lukka Bazaar—
Monkeys know that it isn't far,
And down they steal to snatch a meal—
Snatch a meal in the Lukka Bazaar.
All along the curving street
Shops are full of things to eat,
Kuddu, kismis, dhāl and rice,
Turmeric and curry spice,
Saffron cake and bowls of maize
Cooked in twenty different ways.

The Lukka Bazaar, the Lukka Bazaar—
Craftsmen carve from the deodar
Wonderful toys for girls and boys,
Girls and boys in the Lukka Bazaar:
Hobby-horses, hunting-crops,
Chairs for dolls and coloured tops,
Tigers too with heads that swing
When you pull a piece of string,
Bats and balls together piled—
Everything to give a child.

THE NEW COURTSHIP.

THE Principal of a School of Domestic Arts tells the story of a pupil who attended a course of instruction as otherwise her *fiancé* refused to marry her. So, so.

SCENE—*A curtained alcove overlooking the moonlight-kissed rose-garden. In the hall below a dance orchestra is playing a waltz. The curtains are parted.* Clarence *and* Gertrude *enter. Standing by the window they look out into the garden.*

Clarence. And how many vitamins are contained in a pound of whiting?

Gertrude. The number varies with the density of the fish, whether it was caught off Brixham or Grimsby, and upon the railway which conveyed it to its destination. But cod is rich in nourishing oils.

Clarence (*delightedly*). Tell me, Gertrude—of all cheeses which has the greatest nutritive value?

Gertrude. Most cheese is good. Cheese which is pale at the gills is to be avoided by the efficient housekeeper.

Clarence (*ardently*). What is the gastronomic coefficient of seven therms of Bermondsey gas burning at half-pressure for forty minutes?

Gertrude (*with her voice full of tenderness*). The square-root of 7 multiplied by 40 *plus* the number of members of the London County Council.

Clarence (*kneeling down and imprisoning a fluttering little hand in his*). Oh, Gertrude, what are the prospects of the Italian macaroni harvest?

Gertrude (*glancing shyly downwards*). Uncertain, Clarence, but, given sunshine in Peru, there will be no shortage of oysters.

Clarence (*springing to his feet and taking her unresisting form gently into his arms*). My darling!

They kiss.

And as they plight their troth the band strikes up again and the moon shines gloriously.

Another Impending Apology.

"ST. JAMES'S.—To-morrow, 8.30 sharp. The Last of Mrs. Lonsdale, by Frederick Lonsdale."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"The assassination of Lord Oxford and Asquith with Huddersfield has always been a matter of pride to the people of the borough." *Provincial Paper.*

This is the first we have heard of it, we are glad to say.

"4 luglio 1804.—Nascita di Nathaniel Hawthorne—I suoi lavori più conosciuti sono 'The Scarlet Fever' 'The House of the Seven Gables' 'The Blithedale' e 'The Marble Faun.'"—*American-Italian Paper.*

The popularity of the first-named is probably due to its catching title.



Chorus Lady (to Sporting Friend). "I USED TO HUNT ONCE."
Sporting Friend. "REALLY! WHAT HOUNDS?"
Chorus Lady. "OH, THE USUAL ONES, DEAR."

POETIC REFUSALS.

(Mr. HAROLD MONRO refuses to have a sale in his Poetry Book Shop, Devonshire Street.)

THOUGH High Street, Kensington, and Oxford Street
Are gay with bargains, loud with clearance sales
That bid defiance to the wintry sleet,
The January gales,

Yet will I not to any fashion bow
And have a sale of poets in my shop;
Though some young Neo-Georgians, I allow,
Scorning the mid-Victorians' sweet sop,
Write the most fearful slop.
For, as you know, I have to feed my cat,
My small black cat (see *Poems of To-day*);
By selling poetry I make her fat,
Thanks to the Muse that drives the wolf away.

What if the milkman glowered through the door
Refusing credit even for a gill,
And my small cat grew thin and wanted more
And sighed and yearned in vain to drink her fill,
While I gazed blankly at an empty till?

My chap-books, rhyme-sheets, poetasters, *Wheels*,
You 'll have to buy (if you require them) net,
To fill the white moon saucer for the meals
That plump my jade-eyed pet.

However shop-soiled, stale, these poems be,
I 'll not reduce them. Puss likes cream for tea.



Baillie. "WEEL, BOY, WHAT FOR DID YE STEAL THE AIPPLES?"
Culprit. "I DIDNA STEAL ONY AIPPLES."
Baillie. "BUT YON CONSTABLE SAW YE STEAL THE AIPPLES."
Culprit. "BUT AH DIDNA SEE HIM."

THE TOXOPHILITE.

Major Hubert Asperdrex is a delightful neighbour, a picturesque and attractive figure in this all too drab age, but he is an ass. No one but an incorrigible ass could have set me off on the adventure I am going to describe, which had a happy ending only by the most fortuitous of coincidences. I still go uncomfortably hot when I think of it.

Among other quaint things Major Asperdrex is an eager toxophilite. Not one of those who are content with the humdrum practice of aiming at painted targets. No, Sir. Every year the Major takes out a game licence and wanders over his little estate shooting at hares with bow and arrow. He calls it (truthfully) giving them a sporting chance.

I was leaving the house with the intention of strolling leisurely to catch the 10.19 to town when the Major dashed up in his two-seater—his sole concession to modernity. He hailed me cheerily as he pulled up, waving aloft a gigantic bow and a quiverful of arrows.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "I've caught you in time. I've just had this bow from Rampellier's in the Strand—the idiots have sent me the wrong one. I'd be so obliged if you'd take it back for me and tell them to send the other on at once; they'll know all about it. I must have it by to-morrow, and I can't go up myself—got some people coming to lunch. And if you'd leave this bunch of arrows to be repainted while you're there. It's a shame to trouble you, but I know it won't take you out of your way. Here, sling the quiver over your shoulder—so. Splendid! Thanks so much, my dear fellow; I knew you wouldn't mind. Now I must simply dash back. Good-bye, good-bye."

Beaming benignly and waving his hand he swung the car round and was quickly out of sight.

My position was a ridiculous one. I am, if I may say so without offence, a man of dignified carriage; moreover I was dressed for the City in a silk hat and frock-coat. I wore dove-coloured spats. I could not help feeling that the addition of a long bow grasped firmly in my left hand and a quiverful of brightly feathered arrows slung over my shoulder by a scarlet sash, like some fantastic caricature of a golf-bag, gave a touch of the incongruous to my appearance. Even as I stood undecided I observed an errand-boy regarding me with undisguised interest.

"Wot cheer, Cupid?" he said rudely.

Ignoring the remark I began to make for the station. I felt, I admit, extremely foolish. No one but old Major Asperdrex would have asked a man in a silk hat to carry a bow and arrows all the way to London in broad daylight. No one but myself would have been so weak as to comply with such a preposterous demand.

And now comes one of the astonishing points in the story. As I strode hurriedly along my annoyance began to evaporate. I forgot my embarrassment and my absurd situation; I forgot everything in an overmastering desire to have just one shot with that amazingly attractive bow. Boyish memories of ROBIN HOOD and the brave bowmen of England inflamed my imagination. I stopped and looked cautiously about me.

I had reached a secluded stretch of road. On one side was a meadow, on the other a high wall enclosing a house and grounds that had long been untenanted but which had lately, I understood, been let. I plucked an arrow from my quiver and fitted it to the string with trembling fingers. Drawing the shaft with an effort to my ear (all the great bowmen, I recollected, did this) I released it with a pleasing twang into the air. To my surprise and dismay it hummed high over the adjacent wall, skimmed through the foliage of an evergreen and disappeared from view. Immediately from the same direction came a dreadful screech of agony,

followed by a loud and indignant exclamation.

My first impulse was to take to my heels and run, but I restrained myself. In all probability I had seriously wounded, perhaps even killed, someone. To sneak away without even offering an apology to the victim or his relatives would be grossly discourteous.

Pushing open the iron gate I made my way through a small shrubbery, flitting as noiselessly as possible from tree to tree. A distressing spectacle confronted me.

In the middle of a little paddock before the house stood an elderly gentleman of military appearance, wearing a somewhat bizarre smoking-cap and a velvet jacket. He was gazing with intense anger and bewilderment at the corpse of a cockerel that lay at his feet, pinned to the grass by an arrow through its heart. As I watched he shook his fist at the empty heavens, as though defying some invisible enemy to do its worst.

Stepping from my concealment I approached him, carrying my bow at the trail; he swung round as my footsteps crunched the gravel path.

"You—you—" he cried incoherently, pointing a fiercely accusing forefinger—"murderer—assassin!"

I raised my hat and bowed. "I am afraid, Sir," I said, "I owe you both an explanation and an apology. As the result of a chance shot—a bow drawn, as it were, at a venture—a regrettable accident appears to have befallen one of your fowls. I hasten to offer my sincere sympathy——"

"Scoundrel!" he interrupted, "look at my Silver Wyandotte—a pedigree bird, a winner of medals—yes, medals. The police shall deal with you. I'll have you arrested——"

I checked him with a gesture. "Please," I said, "be calm. I am only in part to blame. This bow and these arrows do not belong to me; they are the property of my friend, Major Hubert Asperdrex, who——"

Then the final surprising event of the morning happened. At the mention of the Major's name the old gentleman's wrathful expression changed and he stepped eagerly forward.

"Asperdrex?" he repeated; "did you say Asperdrex? Hell-and-Brimstone Asperdrex of the 79th Punjabi Scouts? Is that the man you mean?"

"I have never known him answer to that name," I replied, "but Major Hubert Asperdrex is certainly a retired officer of the Indian Army. This bow——"

But the old fellow was shaking me violently by the hand. "If you're a friend of old Asperdrex's," he roared, "that's good enough for me. My greatest friend when we were subalterns—used to hunt elephants together with blowpipes. Bless my soul! I haven't seen him for twenty years. Welcome, Sir, welcome! Come and shoot as many of my birds as you please. Shoot what the devil you like."

* * * * *

I escaped barely in time to catch the 10.19, after giving him the Major's address and promising to dine with him that very night. He vowed his determination to instruct me in the use of the blowpipe, a weapon with which, he says, one may achieve very surprising results. Not more surprising, I suspect, than with the bow and arrow.



The Optimist (faintly). "THE GLASS WENT UP SLIGHTLY THIS MORNING."
The Pessimist (firmly). "MUST HAVE HIT THE BOTTOM AND BUMPED UP A BIT."

When Coal Turns Communist.

"Although there have been innumerable prosecutions for coal stealing in this district the practice still continues . . . Six defendants were caught red-handed last week."
Local Paper.

"Hammersmith and ampstead are not to have it all their own way in the matter of classical drama. The East End of London also has something to say."—*Evening Paper.*

Haggerston and Hoxton, too, have their aspirations.

From an account of a football match:

"Hopeless in front of goal —— even missed with a penalty kiosk in the first half."
Birmingham Paper.

He has our sympathy; a kiosk is such an awkward shape to shoot with.



Sweet Thing (to total stranger sitting in front). "DON'T YOU FIND IT AWFULLY HOT?"
Stranger. "YES, VERY."
Sweet Thing. "WELL, YOU WON'T SOON, AS I'VE DROPPED AN ICE-CREAM INTO YOUR HAT."

AT THE PIT DOOR.

[Playlets written in the styles of established masters round the same stage-setting.]

I.—*After* ANTON TCHEHOV.

Four bearded Pittites wearing blouses sit on stools with their backs to the wall. The Fourth reads a magazine. Four female Pittites, standing in pairs, make up the queue to side of stage. The pit door is wide open.

Third Female. If the door would only open we should be able to go in.

First Male. We sit here hour after hour, and perhaps after all the play will be very tedious.

Fourth Female. If only we had not come!

First Female. We could have had a samovar at home.

First Male (*hands plunged into his pockets*). I have worked and toiled as no man has. I have been eager and energetic and intelligent. How could you understand? You see me now a shadow of what I was and utterly devoid of enthusiasm, not wanting to sit here, not wanting to see the play, not wanting to go home. Life is very tiresome.

Enter Ivan Ivanitch, *an old actor.*

Ivan. Gentlemen, I have lately returned from a tour in the Ukraine and, if you wish, I will entertain you with a recital from *Boris Godounov*, by PUSHKIN.

Second Male. We do not wish to hear your recital.

Second Female. It is sure to be wearisome.

Ivan. I do not insist upon the recital. Give me two bronze kopecks to buy some vodka.

Third Male. You must excuse us. Please go away.

Ivan. Since you are determined, I go. Nature must be very callous to beset the path of genius with stupid and heartless people.

First Male. I am certain the play will be appalling.

[Doorkeeper *in uniform lounges into the open doorway from within theatre with hands in his pockets. There is a glum pause.*

Third Male (*to Fourth Male*). Come, Nikitushka, put away your magazine. It is difficult to be gay and light-hearted when one of the company reads. (Nikitushka *lowers his magazine and discovers a comparatively cheerful Muscovite.*) Who is your pretty companion?

Nikitushka (*indicating First Female*). That is Nadyeshda, my wife.

Second Male. Your *wife!* But it is a year since you were married.

Nikitushka. Nevertheless I assure you I speak the truth.

Third Male. But tell us honestly—have you not yet tired of her?

Nikitushka. I have not yet left off loving my wife, as one does.

Second Male. And you are not raising a third mortgage on your mother's estates or wheedling money out of your pensioned aunt to finance some illicit attachment?

Nikitushka. Not as yet. (*Brazenly*) I say to you in plain Russian that I love not only my wife, Nadyeshda, but also our infant, Nadyeshdushka.

First Male. I have a wife somewhere. When she eats one can hear her swallowing. How passionately she loves me—how profoundly she bores me!

[*There is a shot* (OFF) *and the thud of a falling body.* Third *and* Fourth Females *glance round casually.*

Third Female. Some poor young man has shot himself.

Fourth Female. He was tired of waiting in this queue.

Doorkeeper (*leaning against lintel*). It is very warm this evening.

First Male. I do not agree. I am sitting in a cold draught.

Doorkeeper. That is your fault. You would have been warm if you had gone in to see the play.

First Male. How foolishly you speak! The door has not been open.

Doorkeeper. I beg your pardon. I myself opened it. That was three hours ago. They are playing the last Act now.

Second Female (*querulously*). You should have told us at the time.

Doorkeeper. It is just like a woman to lay the blame on others. It is *I* who should be irritated. There is not a soul in the pit. How vexed the manager will be! He will say crossly, "Pet-

rushka, you certainly ought to have reminded the queue that the door was open."

Third Male. Your carelessness has spoilt our evening.

Doorkeeper. It is selfish to consider only your own inconvenience. Think what it means to me—not a rouble in the pit! Very likely I shall lose my situation.

Third Female. If we had known before that the door was open, that unfortunate young man would still be alive.

Fourth Female. He would not have blown out his brains all over an advertisement for mind and memory training.

First Male. It is always the way. One strives and endures without hope, without encouragement; one waits and waits with infinite patience only to find in the end that happiness has eluded one. Life is very tiresome.

Second Male. We might as well go home as not.

Several. Let us all go home.

[*No one makes a move.*

CURTAIN.

LEONARD BORWICK.

IT is just thirty-five years since LEONARD BORWICK made his first appearance at a Philharmonic Concert in SCHUMANN'S Pianoforte Concerto, which he had studied to such good purpose under the widow of the composer at Frankfurt. He had taken lessons before that from HENRY BIRD, that well-beloved musician for so many years a pillar of the "Pops," but his musical education was completed in Germany. Yet he showed himself then as always typically English in his restraint, moderation and dignity. Indeed it may be safely said that no player of his generation was more free from platform mannerisms or affectations, that no executant was more effective in dispelling the Philistine notion that a solo-pianist was, as a rule, "a long-haired sedentary ass." He had a prodigious command of technique when he chose, but he used it sparingly; he aimed at loyally interpreting and illuminating great music rather than dazzling his hearers by the display of his dexterity. As it was once written of him:—

"Some piano stars are meteoric;
Some excel in simply giving pain;
Some, again, are suave and paregoric,
Victims of a sentimental strain;
Some are cold and wanting in caloric,
Some affect the fiery 'ERCLES vein;
But my favourite star is LEONARD BORWICK,
Strong, serene, and luminous and sane."

Middle-aged concert-goers will always associate him with his ten years' partnership with PLUNKET GREENE in those delightful joint recitals—the first of that particular kind ever held in London.



Peter (who has been sent to bed). "MOTHER, I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE. DO YOU STILL INSIST ON MY GOING TO BED?"

But he was much more than a mere musician. He was fond of travel for its own sake, apart from concert giving; he was fond of games and played them well. One of his dearest friends was "CLEG" KELLY, great oarsman, most famous of amateur scullers, and a fine musician, pianist and composer of real promise into the bargain, who fell at Gallipoli.

It was characteristic of BORWICK'S nature that he never worried about his hands like some executants. He worked in a power-house during the War, and, to the surprise of his friends, played better than ever, even before he had time to get into practice again. And, though a serious artist, he could unbend delightfully. He had a great sense of humour, even at his own expense, as when a provincial agent once asked him after a concert what sort of notice he would like. When BORWICK laughingly declined to suggest the treatment, the agent procured the insertion of a report four-fifths of which were devoted to the praise of his own enterprise. In proof of his broadminded outlook it may be added that, while unshaken in his loyalty to "the three B's" and SCHUMANN, he proved a wonderfully sympathetic interpreter in late years of the music of DEBUSSY and RAVEL.

It is an open question whether he gained or lost by the comparative rarity of his appearances of late years. He was certainly not avid of applause. Perhaps he might have done more if the stimulus of ambition had been stronger. But at least he never impaired his great prestige by his seclusion, and his premature death at the height of his powers robs the English musical world of its foremost pianist, and all who knew him of a friend who inspired both admiration and affection. G.



Brother. "I SAY, DO COME ON! YOU CAN FINISH THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION IN THE CAR."

SHIPMATES.

(*Clipper Ship "Mary Ambree."*)

X.—JIM.

Jim 's done
Pretty near everything under the sun;
Fact, the job is to find the one
Jim 's not done.

He 's been a tipster, he 's been a tramp,
He 's been a cook in a lumber camp;
He 's been a navvy, he 's been a waiter,
And a walker-on in a Frisco theayter;
He 's punched cows, he 's herded sheep,
He 's had poultry and pigs to keep,
Busted broncos too has Jim—
But the blamed things took and busted him!

He 's dug for silver, he 's dug for gold
In places hot and places cold
From the Yukon River to Broken Hill;
He 's tried for rubies in Brazil
And gone half-shares in some treasure hid
On Cocos Island by Captain Kidd.
You might say mining 's quite a whim
With Jim.

Jim says
He don't intend to end his days
Breaking of his blinking back
At pullyhaul like a blooming black
To make a darned shipowner fat—
He knows a trick worth two of that!
Easy money 's the game for him—
Says Jim.

So off he 'll hike to make his pile,
And one fine morning after a while
Back 'll come with a long heart-breaking
Yarn of the fortune he 's just missed making,
Broke to the wide, without a dollar,
In a ragged shirt and a paper collar
And a busted bowler without a brim—
Jim!

XI.—BILL.

His age on the ship's books is fifty-four;
It 's stood at that this twenty years and more.

He 's had no schooling, so he makes his mark
With a fist that 's gnarled and hard and brown as bark.

He remembers the great days of the tea-clippers
Back in the fifties, when the racing skippers

Cracked on to glory; sailed in great old ships
That were lost or wrecked or burnt or gone to chips

When we were in our cradles. Ay, he knew
Once Captain Forbes of the *Marco Polo* too.

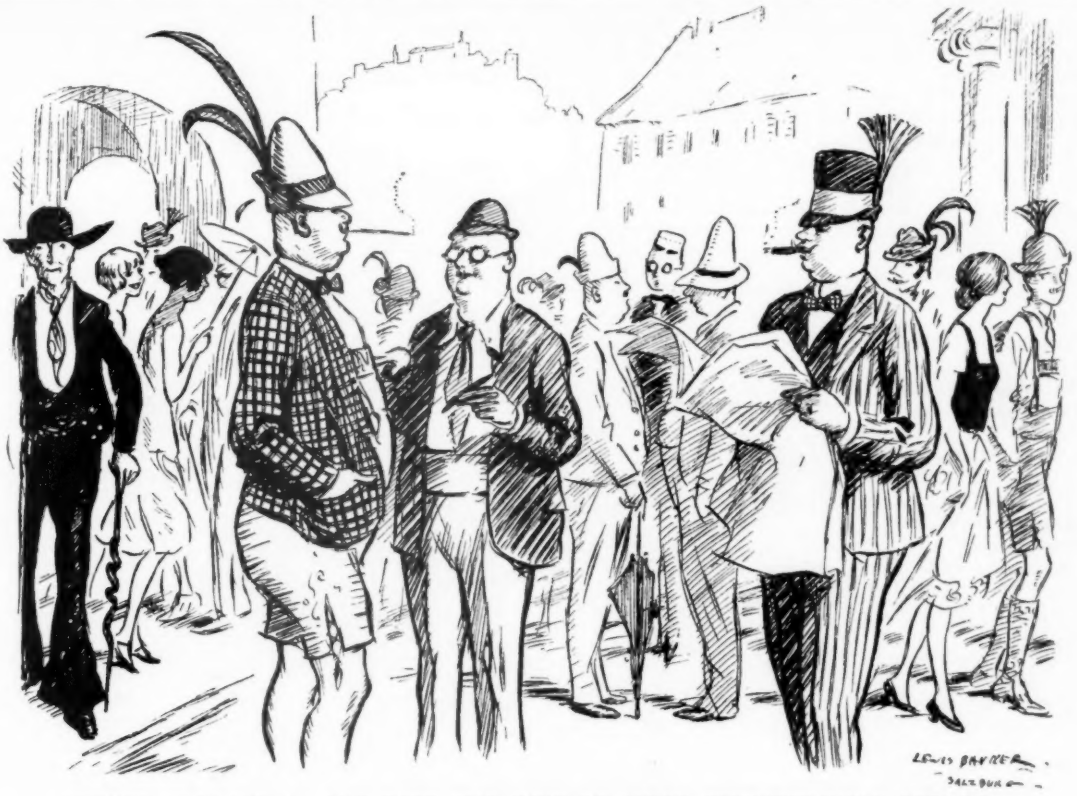
"A sandy bloke he was, ginger for pluck,
As the saying goes, but sp'iled by too much luck."

He makes square sennet better than all the rest;
Even our bosun 's got to give him best. C. F. S.



BACK TO THE LAND.

PHEASANT. "HULLO! HERE'S THE OLD SPORTSMAN WHO MISSED ME IN 1909."
MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "YES; BUT I'VE GOT A NEW GUN THIS TIME."



THINGS THEY (OR AT ANY RATE THE MEN) DO MORE PICTURESQUELY ABROAD.

THE HATS OF SALZBURG.

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT HOME.

XVI.—CONEY ISLAND: (*c*) THE NATIONAL JAG.

Now I know that what I am about to relate is going to seem to you fantastic. That it was most peculiar I readily admit; I never experienced anything of the kind before and I don't understand the gastronomic process that brought it about. I had always believed not only that an Orange Drink in its natural state could be consumed without effect on a man's brain, but that when it was sold across the counter it was diluted in the proportion of nine parts of water to one part of orange. Perhaps, indeed, this ratio explains the effect; perhaps if it were mixed 8 to 2 or 7 to 3 there would be no effect; I am not a doctor and I admit I don't know.

Let me relate to you exactly what happened and leave you to draw your own conclusions.

Will and I then played chess with the Wizard for about fifteen minutes; I am a pretty fast player and got through five games in that time to Will's three. We paid him $1.20 (at the rate of 15 cents a game if you lost and a free game if you won, which I explained before) and walked away.

We had an Orange Drink. (Hereafter I shall denote this process by the letters O.D. to save space.) After this we stopped at a little machine and dropped in a nickel to get a pencil with my name cut on it. This was disappointing.

From there we went to a large cabinet with a glass face and two cranks in front just under the glass; beyond the glass was a round vertical track, at the bottom of which were two negroes about as tall as your finger sitting on a pair of bicycles. It was called "THE DERBY RACER.—DROP A PENNY IN THE SLOT."

"I don't think they ought to allow this sort of thing," said Will pensively.

"Why?" said I, astounded.

"It encourages gambling," he replied.

"Come, come," said I. "I used to be awfully good on a bicycle. I'm probably out of practice now, but I think I can beat you in a race."

We dropped a penny in the slot and manned the cranks. We spun them with great rapidity and the two negroes on the bicycles dashed round the track. They sprinted round it twice; at the end of the first lap they were neck and neck, but my man forged ahead at the end and won by a length—though it was pretty difficult to tell which negro belonged to which crank.

This left us hot and tired.

"How about——" began Will.

O.D.

Now the peculiar effect which this stuff had on Will really began with the Bucking Gang-planks. If we had refrained from the Bucking Gang-planks I believe the stuff would have been left to lie quietly within him and never have gone to his head. This is just my theory, of course; the whole thing is quite difficult to understand.

The Bucking Gang-planks consisted of two narrow passage-ways twenty or thirty feet long with iron railings beside them; the floors, iron railings and everything were carrying on a perpetual convulsive heaving, swooping up sharply under your feet, dropping sharply away. The only thing like it I had ever experienced before was passing down the top of a Fifth Avenue bus, though it was easier than the bus because of the iron railings and the thought that if you were thrown overboard you would fall

only a foot or two. And it cost only five cents whereas the bus costs a dime.

When we got through this Will was no longer himself.

"Do you see that man?" he said, pointing at an attendant in red. "*He* ought to be reformed."

"Reformed?" I repeated. I couldn't believe that I had understood him; he is not normally a man who worries about his neighbour's faults.

"*The whole place* ought to be reformed," he said distinctly.

"What's the matter with you?" said I.

"*You* ought to be reformed," said Will.

"How about yourself?" I said sharply, not caring much for this last remark.

"I'm not worried about myself," said Will; "I'm worried about you and the rest of these people."

I drew him over to a bench and sat him down. "Pull yourself together."

"They ought to pass a law," said Will.

"Nonsense," said I, crossly; "*pull* yourself together."

"There is too much freedom," Will went on, his face very long. "They ought to pass a law against freedom. Look at that family over there ordering Orange Drinks; why shouldn't Orange Drinks be prohibited as well as whisky? This whole place ought to be closed up; it's a wicked place."

"What's wicked about it?"

"Don't ask foolish questions," said Will; "obviously a thing's wicked until it's proved innocent." Then his manner changed and he said quietly, "Let's have another. Just a small one."

"A drink?" I asked.

"Sure. Orange Drink. I'm all right; I can stand another."

"No," I told him positively; "you've had enough."

"I want to pass a law," said Will loudly, slipping back into the reformation stage. "I'm suffering because I can't prohibit anything; everything's already been prohibited."

"Come," I said, "I'm going to take you home."

At this moment a young man came up to us, wearing on one edge of his head a straw hat with a red-and-green band.

"That's Frank Kelly," said Will to me. "*He* ought to be reformed."

"Hello, big boys!" said Kelly.

I was glad to see him. I waved despairingly at Will.

"You're a bad, bad boy, Kelly," said Will.

"Well, if that don't get the brass pyjamas," said Kelly. "Will, my boy, I do believe you've had too much."

"You've got no right to believe anything without permission," said Will. "That's the sort of thing that's got to be stopped."

"He's got a Prohibition jag," said Kelly. "Too much orange."

He winked his eye and beckoned me to bring Will over into a shadow. When we were sheltered he took a flask from his hip-pocket.

"This'll fix him up in no time," he said to me, putting it to Will's lips.

Will took a swallow and shook his head violently like somebody on the stage waking up from a hypnotic sleep.

"Where am I?" he asked.

We assured him he was among friends and let him rest for a while on a bench.

"It's pretty common round here now," said Kelly. "Too much non-intoxicating liquor. Once it gets hold of a man, it's good-night nurse; he'll try to reform everything in sight. It's my opinion that all this anti-evolution rumpus is caused by nothing more nor less than an over-indulgence in orange."

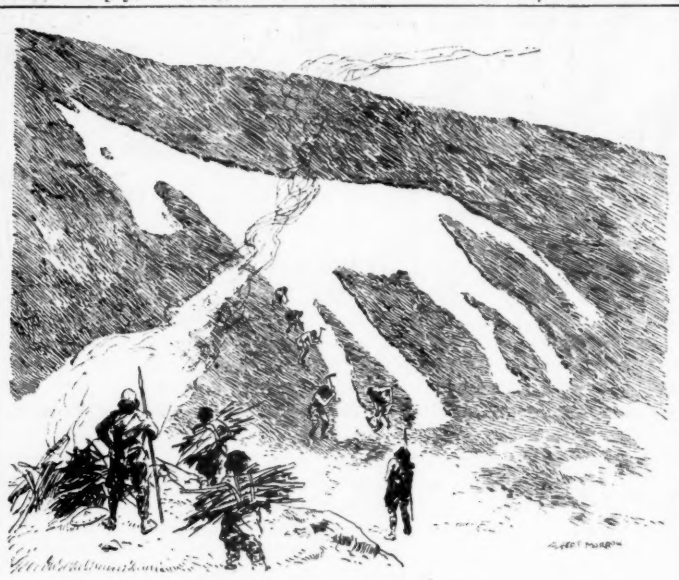
The theory astounded me. If I had not had Will's pitiful example before my eyes I might have been inclined to think that it was merely the story of another reporter—for Kelly sits up all night for *The Brooklyn Chronicle*.

"It would make a good story for your *Sunday Magazine*," I said to him after a while.

"I wrote it up," said Kelly. "It ran last Sunday."

I looked at Will. He was holding his head in his hands.

The whole thing seems very peculiar, though I may be over-estimating its importance. U. S. A.



PREHISTORIC TURF NOTES.

ANCIENT BRITONS "PICKING OUT A HORSE."

THE FAHAIRY STORY.

I.—THE CREATIVE IMPULSE.

"I DON'T," said the child, looking me full in the face, "want to be called Judy any more."

"Oh, why not?"

"Because," with what is known as a darkening glance, "I'm six and I'm going to write a fahairy story, a book, a *whole* book—*about* something."

"Excellent."

"And it's got to have my real name on it."

"Oh, yes."

"And I'm going to print it myself."

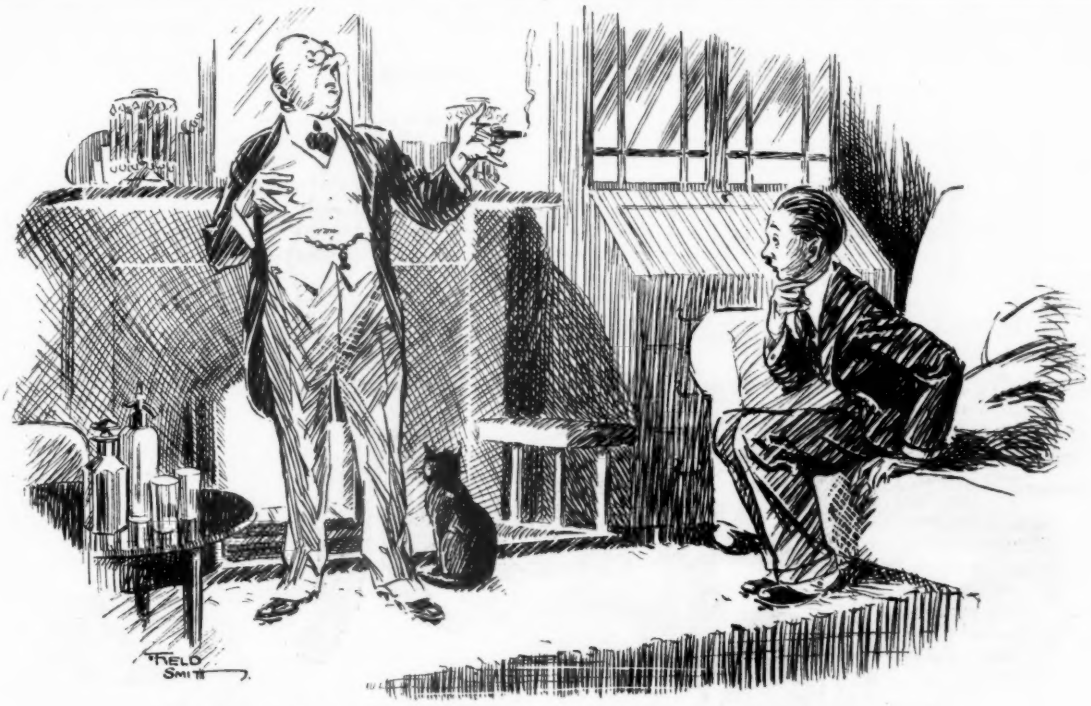
"Splendid."

"Will you buy me a printing machine—*now?*"

"Steady, old thing, that's a big item."

"No," the voice rose perceptibly, "a printing machine with letters in a box, what you print with, like Gervase does it. He's got a book, he's made it, he's got-all-the-paper-together-and-made-a-big-hole-three times-and-there's-a-blue-cover-and-inside-it's-got-a *hundred* pages." The eyes grew very large at the thought of the round number. "Have you got a hundred pages, and a blue cover, and a thing to make a hole with, to make three holes with, and could I have a lot of letters to print with to make a book out of my own head with a blue cover like Gervase does he's seven?"

In the modern system of education it seems that the moment the child shows any impetus towards anything not absolutely dangerous to life or limb it should be encouraged. But the difficulty about getting anything at a toy-shop is that there are so many other things that want buying. There were many regretful sighs over a doll that had already been christened Denise, and there was a box of paints with a



"IT'S TIME THERE WAS SOME AGREEMENT BETWEEN YOU AND MY DAUGHTER, YOUNG MAN."
"THE FACT IS, SIR, I'M A BIT NERVOUS AT THE IDEA OF MARRIAGE."
"POOH! WHY, BEFORE I WAS MARRIED I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT FEAR WAS."

palette through which one could put one's thumb. Here already there was a crisis in the young life. The child, what would it become? An artist, a mother-woman or an author? Literature just triumphed, the turning point being the sight of the purple ink-pad in the printing set. Ink-pads are such jolly things.

"What is the story going to be?" I asked when we got home. There was a long pause.

"I don't know," said the optimist; "it will grow as I think of it." Technically, therefore, we were on the right track; for this is known, I believe, as keeping the story fluid.

True to type, she forgot all about it for several days (during which time the grown-ups played with the printing set happily enough), and then, again true to type, the inspiration for the story came to her in the bath.

Now my sole contribution to the education of the modern child, as far as I can see, is that, the serious business of the bath being over, I am expected to stand as far away as possible and throw the squish-sponge at her. Normally this never fails to elicit squeaks of delight, but on this occasion I was met by a reproving glance from under brows that beetled with the weight of thought, and I remained abashed in the presence of the creative impulse, while the sponge dripped unheeded on my shoes.

It must be very difficult to stand up in a bath, wet and dripping, and hold your audience spell-bound with a long and (I'm afraid we must add) discursive narrative. Very few authors, I think, would care to attempt it. Very few of the authors that I know *should* attempt it.

It was a very long story. Characters simply crowded in. They changed their names and even their identities frequently; but, true to type, criticisms and suggestions were waved aside. It was no use hinting that a great deal of trouble might be avoided if the *Prince* would only show a little commonsense; the unanswerable argument came that this was a real story and it didn't happen any other way. There were, however, dramatic moments. The narrator's voice dropped to a horrifying whisper when the *Princess* came back from the woodcutter's cottage and found blood on the floor. And in a deep forest there was a monstrous dragon with lobster-like claws into which the *Prince*, with more gumption than usual, thrust two cushions from a Chesterfield (described fortuitously as being "nearby"), and while the dragon was pinching them the *Prince* ran up his scaly back and with one stroke of his sword both cut off his head and cleaved him to the chine—a remarkable feat.

Thereafter the story became a little confused, and there were tears, wide-eyed tears of rage and mortification, because she wanted the story to be very, very sad, and it would not *come* sad.

A post-bath banana cheered us up; but what follows is a really and truly tearful story, in which it can be seen how the creative impulse received a check from which it never fully recovered.

To set up a whole book in type (and indiarubber type at that) requires much practice. And since in the very light summer mornings the birds do not allow children to go to sleep again, it was permissible to take up the printing set and keep it by the bed; but——

In the early morning the hushed stricken voice of a mother about to reprove her young awakened me to the fact that something serious was afoot. I trust I know how to conduct myself on these occasions. Assuring myself in the glass that I was wearing the approved, solemn, pained expression to which I have been trained (not without effort, my face not running naturally on those lines) I entered the room.



Cobbler (to customer who wants his boots repaired at once). "CAN'T DO 'EM TILL WEDNESDAY."
Customer. "BUT YOU ANNOUNCE 'REPAIRS WHILE YOU WAIT.'"
Cobbler. "AY—AND YOU 'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL WEDNESDAY."

The sight of a small head bowed in abject shame confirmed my worst suspicions. The approved, solemn, pained (as before) expression on my face deepened (I hope).

"Look!" said the hushed voice of the mother. I looked.

Alas, the creative impulse born in such an auspicious moment had wilted. So it had come to this. The ink-pad lay half concealed by the pillow, but on the pillow-case itself, not in one place but in seven places, there appeared the blurred impression of these words in dull purple:—

GERVASE IS A NASS.

The bowed head informed us in halting accents of the sequence of events. She had lain awake for hours trying to go to sleep, but a bird had kept on saying, "Jud-ee—Jud-ee." It was a robin with a red breast, and——

That would do. Why had she done this terrible thing?

Gervase, it appeared, had called her a nass yesterday. *He* was a nass. The desire to tell the world (in print) had gained ground. She had set up the words—with what fiendish joy only critics, I imagine, can appreciate—and then, when all was ready to give the world its message, there was no paper upon which to print it; not a scrap of any kind.

"I tried," said the bowed head, "for a long time, for a long time I tried, but when I couldn't help it any longer—I p-printed it on the p-pillow——"

Then the criminal broke down. Then the criminal looked up suddenly; and of course, lured into forgetfulness, my face had slipped its approved expression and was one huge grin.

And bang went the whole blessed educational system. L.

More Glimpses of the Obvious.

"If . . . the country is compelled . . . to defend an indefensible frontier, the problem will become insoluble."—*Daily Paper.*

"It is doubted whether the average sum of £5 for which a poor person can launch a divorce suit will be less than £5."
Sunday Paper.

"But a Hamlet tailored by Savile Row, that is a hard bill to swallow."—*Sunday Paper.*

And even if he swallows it the tailor will only send another.

"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE.
The Play that put 'U' in Humor."
Advt. in Canadian Paper.

But who took the other one out?

"Two Sand-faced Tilemakers Wanted."
Advt. in Staffordshire Paper.

Only men of real grit need apply.

"Occasional Sport and Sociability quested by Cantab. (homme sole) among Conservative fellow gentlefolk."—*Morning Paper.*

At present, we infer, the "homme sole" is a fish out of water.

"There is no greater inspiration for a preacher than the attentive, up-turned gaze of his hearers. In thinking of these factors that go to the making of a minister I would place high on the list the ministry of the wrapt face."—*Religious Magazine.*

A good deal, of course, would depend upon what the face was wrapt in.

From an article on a new school of drama:—

"There will be lectures on the history of dramatic art and on the development of threatened architecture."—*Provincial Paper.*

Or, in other words, "bringing the house down."

SCISSORS.

ONE of my earliest memories is that of Nurse, who the moment before had been peacefully engaged in dressmaking, suddenly seizing the nursery poker and apparently endeavouring to cut it in two with her scissors. After several attempts she desisted. However, a few days later, seemingly unable to learn from experience, she repeated this surprising performance, with a similar lack of result. During her absence I took an opportunity of examining the poker and ascertained that it was entirely unaffected by these attacks. I then decided that it was some form of witchcraft, for I had already conceded to her superhuman powers of knowledge and perception.

Some twenty years later I learnt from a scientific journal that "in sharpening scissors the abrasive substance should be applied transversely rather than rectilinearly, at an angle of approximately 12·07 degrees to the horizontal." A simple calculation will show the simplest of my readers how the normal poker, tapering as it does 3·127 mm. to the cm. and acted upon by the resultant of two equal forces, applied as in the diagram —which I have not time to draw— must produce the ideal application of the abrasive substance. (I need hardly say that I intend no disrespect to pokers in general; I use the term "abrasive substance" in no offensive sense.) It is clear then that Nurse had an *a priori* knowledge of the latest discoveries of science. If that was not sorcery, what was it?

My early interest in scissors was intensified by my being presented on my fourth birthday with a pair of scissors of my own. With these I never tired of cutting out objects in silhouette from any paper I could find. My scissors had blunt ends, it being blandly assumed that all children are potentially either murderers or suicides. From their prime quality of inseparability I at once identified my scissors with the Siamese Twins, over whose eternal junction I had often wept scalding tears of compassion. I resolved to give them freedom and individuality. How much finer, I reflected, to be an individual scissor than to be always classed as one of a pair. I would be the WILBERFORCE of scissors. It cost me three days' sustained effort before I could remove the screw of bondage; but at last they lay before me, two separate entities. A single glance at Nurse's face showed me that I had achieved a surgical rather than a social success. When, after an absence of two days, they were returned to me, the bond of servitude had again been riveted to their middles. Thus quite early I learnt not to fight against fate.

Very soon I abandoned figure-cutting, partly because a young man named EPSTEIN had already established a mono-



IT COST ME THREE DAYS' SUSTAINED EFFORT.

poly in grotesques and partly because I had hit upon a more profitable device for the employment of scissors. This was by slicing and readjusting paragraphs from periodicals to produce entirely new articles and stories. I was thus launched at the beginning upon a successful journalistic career. For many years now I have lived entirely upon my scissors—they are the motive power behind all my really original work.



THEY ARE THE MOTIVE POWER BEHIND ALL MY ORIGINAL WORK.

Let it be understood, however, that I am not engaged in any undiscriminating panegyric of scissors. No; scissors, like other good things, may be abused, when in the wrong hands, actuated by evil motives. When manipulated by editors, sub-editors and the criminal classes generally, their function is perverted. Things have come to such a pass that scissors can not only write but also edit a paper. Many a time have they come down, like a guillotine, and removed my final epigrammatic paragraph. Now, my perorations are my strong point; in these I reach the climax of my wit and wisdom. It is therefore naturally somewhat galling to discover this particular part of my essay shorn away to make room for matter of inferior merit.

I will conclude by mentioning a case in point. I had written an exquisitely witty trifle of not more than three thousand words in length and, if you will believe me, the editor of this very . . . . E. P. W.

GOLFING RHYMES.

IV.—THE OLDEST MEMBER.

OUR oldest Member, I may say,
Will soon be gently put away;
He makes the Secretary's life
An endless round of storm and strife;
He badgers members of Committee
With fool complaints about the "pretty;"
He goes and buttonholes the Pro,
And asks him if he doesn't know
There is a worm-cast on the seventh
And heaps of mole-hills block the eleventh,
And why the sand in tee-box nine
Is so exceptionally fine.
The Oldest Member is a BORE;
He does not set us in a roar
With memories of bygone years—
No, he reduces us to tears.
His stories of the past repel;
He does not even tell them well.
In ev'ry way the man 's a curse,
And I 'm afraid *he 's getting worse.*

The Explanation.

A Cornish child on being asked to bring a written excuse for being absent from school handed in the following:—

"KEPATOMEATATERIN."

"A suggestion has been made that the disused Derby goal should be turned into flats to house the homeless."—*Weekly Paper.*

But what will they do after half-time?

"Refined Window, aged 60, with nice home, wishes to meet Naval man, same age, view to matrimony."—*Portsmouth Paper.*

One of those "magic casements," we suppose, desirous of making acquaintance with "the foam of perilous seas."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY" (ST. JAMES'S).

WE see the first of *Mrs. Cheyney* as the perfectly charming hostess at her luxuriously appointed country house, a charity concert in progress on her lawn, and her drawing-room full of titled idlers—idlers a good deal wittier than life. Nobody knows anything about her save that she comes from Australia, but everybody loves her. Invitations for dinners and week-ends are heaped upon her. *Lord Elton*, an upright bore, is obviously about to offer her marriage. *Lord Dilling*, a practised libertine, offers her everything short of it, distrusting his capacity for that honourable and difficult estate.

Everybody also adores *Charles*, her suave incomparable butler. We can see that he was not born to the pantry, so to speak. Not that he is anything but most competent and most correct, parrying the undue familiarities and inquisitivenesses of his mistress's guests with tact and wit, and, when the singing and speech-making have drawn them away, offering to his subordinates an enlightening epigrammatic commentary on their betters which is wasted on them if not on us.

Lord Dilling indeed wonders where he has seen that fellow before; wonders also why one so obviously a cultured gentleman should have become a butler. But we don't get our clue to the situation till, the guests gone, the curtains drawn and pretty *Mrs. Cheyney* at the piano playing one of the less unintelligible bits of SCRIABINE, *Charles*, with the two footmen and the chauffeur, assume easy attitudes round about her and we realise that this is no less than a GANG. So this promising comedy of sparkle and knowing innuendo is to decline into a mere crook affair. A pity.

A mean-spirited and uncalled-for doubt for which I apologise to Mr. FREDERICK LONSDALE. There was no declination. The comedy did not cease to sparkle. The crookery was handled with much more than ordinary deftness; and it is a sound canon of art, if not of ethics, that it is better to work out a trivial theme with complete competence and plausibility than bungle a worthier and more ambitious one.

We next see our *Mrs. Cheyney* week-ending in the country house of *Lord Dilling's* cousin, *Mrs. Ebley*, who goes about and sleeps with fifty thousand pounds' worth of pearls. *Dilling* gets his clue to the identity of the mysterious *Charles*, prevails upon his hostess to exchange bedrooms with him, provides a supper of champagne and sandwiches, and, when the adorable adventuress enters in the way of business, locks the door and states his obvious price for the concealment of her attempted misdemeanour. A little



THE ROPE OF PEARLS
(Enough to hang herself with).
Lord Dilling . . SIR GERALD DU MAURIER.
Mrs. Cheyney . . MISS GLADYS COOPER.

crude, perhaps, but very plausibly arranged for the plane of romantic nonsense chosen by the flippant author.

It only remains for our heroine, chaste if predatory, to ring the bell



EN DÉSHABILLÉ BUT STILL DRESSY.
Lord Elton . . MR. DAWSON MILWARD.

and, by way of saving her honour, summon the household to hear *Lord Dilling's* denunciation of her crime; for that astonied and thwarted nobleman, by way of saving some of *his* honour, to refuse to denounce her, but rather to confess himself the intending seducer, who had contrived her presence there by a trick; for the lady, nobly returning the ball over the net, to refuse to benefit by this half-truth and confess her designs upon the necklace; for the outraged hostess and guests, debating at the breakfast table what they shall do with *Mrs. Cheyney* and her *Charles*, to find the tables neatly turned upon them in a way it would take too long (even if it were fair) to explain. For Mr. LONSDALE has the intelligence to conceal from us every stage of the developments of his theme, the lack of which intelligence so often makes the last Act of plays in this kind a weariness of the flesh.

I ought to add for the sake of those who like the happy ending that *Dilling* motored over before breakfast to a Bishop, who, on hearing the whole story, advised him to "get her," for he was not likely to get a better, and sent him back with a special licence to be married at eleven o'clock that same morning.

Naturally people, that is peers, and bishops and young ladies taken from drapery establishments of Clapham, not Australia, by polished crooks like *Charles*, of Eton and Oxford, to be trained in sleight-of-hand, don't do these things. But for the moment the adroit author almost persuades you that they might, and certainly that our drab world would be much more amusing if they did.

Sir GERALD DU MAURIER (*Lord Dilling*) had of course a clamorous welcome back from his long holiday. It has become monotonous to praise him in this kind of a part so suited to his art-concealing art. Mr. RONALD SQUIRE shared the honours with him. *Charles* is undoubtedly a great person, and Mr. SQUIRE made the very most of him. Miss GLADYS COOPER was effective and almost credible as *Mrs. Cheyney*, and Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS enjoyed herself and entertained us with a portrait of a conventional leader of a queer corner of Society. And I liked Dame MAY WHITTY'S *Mrs. Ebley*. Mr. DAWSON MILWARD, I thought, definitely introduced a false note by his exaggeration of the pompous idiot, *Lord Elton*. That character was absurd enough and right enough without any over-playing.

A well-schemed, gay, witty, inconsequent, unelevating and thoroughly engaging trifle. T.

"FIRES DIVINE" (SCALA).

If, as I believe, this strange "play with a message" is Miss ROSSOMER'S first venture, it is in many ways a remarkable achievement. *Lavinda Larvington*, its heroine, a university grad-

uate (a sort of shingled JOAN OF ARC complete with abbreviated dancing frock), has, as she explains at considerable length, "extended sight." Like the MAID she has her "voices." Theosophist voices. The young lady is also a Christian Scientist and a militant worker for the distant dream of the United States of the World. She is, in fact, as JOAN was, about a century in front of her time. Disappointed in the man whom she wants to marry (she is, you see, quite a human person) she gives up her life to the propagation of her ideals, and founds, apparently in London, what is spoken of as "Unity Cathedral." We see this cathedral, in which all the religions of the world are symbolized; we hear her preach. She preaches, let it be said, very good sense. We hear the clash of opinion in her audience, and we see the cathedral mobbed by a group of dissolute young aristocrats, out for an evening's rollicking, amongst whom, to his shame, is her former lover. He is so shocked by meeting her in these circumstances that he leaves the cathedral and commits suicide. *Lavinda* appears to have the power to raise him from the dead; and I must confess that the scene in which this resurrection is enacted is an extremely beautiful one, however incredible to a non-theosophist. Five years later she and her lover, who has joined the Government (the play does not mention, perhaps wisely, which Government), become a great political force working for the good of mankind. *Lavinda* is his inspiring genius; but her enemies (symbolically expressed, the same "enemies" who burnt JOAN) are up in arms against her. Ultimately she is killed by a bomb.

Now it is very easy to sneer at this hybrid mixture of feminism, politics and Christianity. It is easy to say that it is all pretentious nonsense. It is also very foolish. I think it is to Miss ROSSOMER'S credit that she is not ashamed quite frankly to label her play "religious," for so it is. The play burns with sincerity, and if it fails to be dramatic it is at least provocative and challenging to the imagination. The First Act is admirable, compact and well-sprinkled with humour. The scoffers may say that guests at a country-house party on the Thames do not talk theosophy over their saucers. They will be wrong. We may not be a religious country, but psychic powers in their relation both to religion and to medicine are frequent topics of conversation to-day where intelligent people foregather. I thought for a moment that the play was going to develop along the interesting lines of a struggle for authority between a country vicar jealous for the moral welfare of his flock and a young faith-healing woman-doctor with alleged semi-miraculous powers—a novel subject which has real scope for drama and humour. But after the First Act the play becomes evolutionary and symbolical.



Short-sighted Old Lady (after watching bricklayer for about ten minutes). "I S'POSE THIS IS SOME MORE OF THAT MAN EPSTEIN'S WORK."

In the long and exhausting part of *Lavinda*, Miss MARJORIE MARS, an unfamiliar name, acted with deep sincerity and considerable emotional power. But she gave me the impression of repeating a lesson, not of being moved by an inward force. Nevertheless her performance, if only as a feat of memory, was an astonishing one, and it is no discredit to her (she is very young) to say that Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE alone of English actresses could have grappled successfully with the character. Miss MARS has beauty and intelligence and, I think, a future of high promise. The minor parts were well filled, Mr. GEORGE SKILLAN being particularly good as the *Reverend Lance Hilary*; but I thought that the usually competent Mr. WILLIAM STACK was mis-cast as *Lavinda's* lover. The incidental music by JOHN FOULDS, who did likewise for *St. Joan* (was this a mere coincidence?), was disappointing and lacked, I thought, any real inspiration. In the circumstances the suggestion of one of the *Parsifal* themes was perhaps legitimate. The production, a lavish one, was in the capable hands of BENRIMO, whom one is always glad to welcome back to London.

Not everyone will like this play; not everyone will understand it, but no one interested in the higher aims of the Theatre as a means of expression should fail to see it. The times are troubled, and who are we, after all, to say that the spiritual lead for which the world is certainly waiting may not indeed come from the stage? E.

Another One for Einstein.

"It is clear that the roads along which Poland and Danzig are travelling are not only parallel, but converge in a marked fashion."
Daily Paper.

"A bill to amend the Prickly Pair Act will be introduced during the present session."
Australian Paper.

If the relations between Liberalism and Labour become mere strained something of the same kind may be needed at Westminster.

From a description of the departure of the British delegation to America:—

"There are 42 members of the British House of Commons constituting the British group of the union, but a number of them were accompanied by their wives, and thus the party was something over 100."—*Provincial Paper.*

How pleased the Mormons will be to see them!

At political meeting:—

"A member suggested that the Home Secretary's attention should be drawn to gangs going up and down the country with their insidious propaganda, and cited 'Cook & Co.' as an instance. The Chairman looked blankly at the speaker. 'Cook & Co.,' she said. 'Do you mean the tourists agents?' Some one whispered 'The miners,' and the lady subsidised gracefully into the chair."
Cheshire Paper.

"Subsidised;" it is *le mot juste*.

THE END OF THE GREAT WAR.

I DO not say that the lines which follow present an accurate description of the final scenes of last week's military manœuvres. I only say that they present a dramatic description of them, much more dramatic than the narrative of the other war-correspondents who happened to be on the spot. And in describing a battle, especially such a battle as has not been waged in England since the Wars of the Roses, I say that drama is everything. For technical details my thanks are due to Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC; for the language of commanding officers to W. SHAKESPEARE.

SCENE: *Headquarters of the Army of Wessex.* TIME: *Dawn.*
Enter an Orderly.

Sir ALEXANDER GODLEY (*sleepily*).
What is 't o'clock?
Orderly. Why, Sir, 'tis breakfast-time.
Sir ALEXANDER.
Saddle White Surrey for the field instanter,
Fetch me my boots and maps and compasses.
Enter a posse of Aide-de-Camps, Staff Officers *and* Clerks.
Good morrow, gentles. I would have you know
It is my present purpose to detain
The Mercian forces under PHILIP CHETWODE
Till reinforcements reach him from the North,
Along the dotted line marked T. T. T.
And these may be expected fairly soon.
Grant we can bind him here successfully
Until the downset of yon crimsoned orb
That shakes her watery fingers through the East
That will be none so dusty.
Get me paper.
A Staff Officer (*raising his right hand to heaven*).
Fortune and victory sit on thine helm.
And yet, Sir, could we so have dislocated
By sheer advantage of mobility
The Mercian concentration all together
Ere it o'erleaped the Test! Had that been done
WHITWORTH had been immortal WHITWORTH then.
The name of WHITWORTH had forever stood
Emblazoned on the scrolls of chivalry.
Sir ALEXANDER (*looking rather bored*).
Well, what about a spot of breakfast then?
[*Exeunt* Staff Officers. *He muses.*
Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we 'll do more, deserve it. Let me see
The little thin green line that indicates
Our probable retirement to the West.

He studies the map. Alarms and excursions by aeroplanes without. Sir ALEXANDER *takes no notice of them.*

If I may make my stand in that position
Through the Three Wallops, Appleshaw and Chute
This little host that hath come out with us,
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,
Shall be remembered evermore, and men
Shall prate of Nether Wallop in their cups
And dream of Little Wallop in their dreams
And pray to Over Wallop in their prayers;
And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall wish that they had been at Appleshaw
And held the shaded area at Chute.
A thousand hearts are great within my bosom
And this is going to be my busy day.
Come the three corners of the realm in arms
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue
If Wessex to herself remain but true.
[*He has breakfast.*

Many more alarms and excursions. Another part of the field. There is a continuous noise of eighteen-pounders, howitzers, machine-guns and rifles. No tucket sonance is heard.

A Soldier (*sitting in a hedge*). This blinking weather
Fair gives a man the sick.
Another Soldier (*sitting by his side*). Would I were in an ale-house in London.
I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and a cigarette.

Still another part of the field. Enter two tanks fighting. A horrible noise.

First Tank. Thou art but mortal; thine anointed body
Hath now been punctured full of deadly holes,
Thou gross Pantechnica, despair and die.
Second Tank. Never. [*Exeunt fighting.*

Still another part of the field. Enter from opposite sides Sir PHILIP CHETWODE *and a* Messenger. *The noise of aeroplanes is worse than ever.*

Messenger. MONTGOMERY is ta'en.
Sir PHILIP CHETWODE. The deuce he is.
That is the best news I have heard this hour.

Battle Headquarters of Sir PHILIP CHETWODE.

Sir PHILIP (*speaking to himself*). Oh, that we now had here
But one ten thousand of the men in England
That do no work to-day. How goes the battle?
A Staff-Officer. Sir ALEXANDER has retired a little.
Sir PHILIP (*rather carried away, I cannot help thinking, by his emotions*).
Well, well. I 'll meet him then at Quarley Hill.
His Wessex carrion desperate of their lives
Ill-favouredly become the morning light——
What is yon fellow doing over there
Blazing away at Lord alone knows whom?
Give me my field-glasses. As I was saying,
We 'll sweep their stragglers from the tented field,
Till Quarley Woods be come to Cholderton.
Have at them, captains. Lo! before my body
I cast my screen of scouts. Lay on for Mercia;
Let Tidworth rue the day when heartless GODLEY
Cried havoc and let loose the dogs of war.
Advance our standards. Heaven defend the right.
We 'll learn the truth when "Cease Fire" sounds to-night.

Enter an absolute troop of Messengers *who have only been waiting for their cue to get on with it.*
CURTAIN. EVOE.

The White Man's Burden.

From a summary of Canadian immigration rules:—

"All others [than British subjects] must carry the visé of the Canadian immigration officer stationed on the Continent of Europe. If he does not carry that he shall carry the visé officer."
Manchester Paper.

"What checks the growth of a leg or finger when it has reached the proper length? Sometimes of course it does not stop at the right time, and the unfortunate individual gets too tall to fit into a sleeping-car berth, or carries through life unwieldy feet of an uncomely nose."
Australian Paper.

Happily this extreme nasal development is rare. Even *Cyrano de Bergerac* only measured his nose in inches.

NO PATIENCE WITH MODERN WOMAN.

Tongasse



"NO, SIR, I'VE NO PATIENCE WITH MODERN WOMAN—



ALWAYS TRYING TO MAKE HER FACE DIFFERENT FROM WHAT NATURE INTENDED IT TO BE—



AND HER HAIR TOO—



ALWAYS WEARING THE MOST USELESS AND UNCOMFORTABLE HATS—



AND CLOTHING EITHER MUCH TOO TIGHT—



OR ELSE MUCH TOO LOOSE—



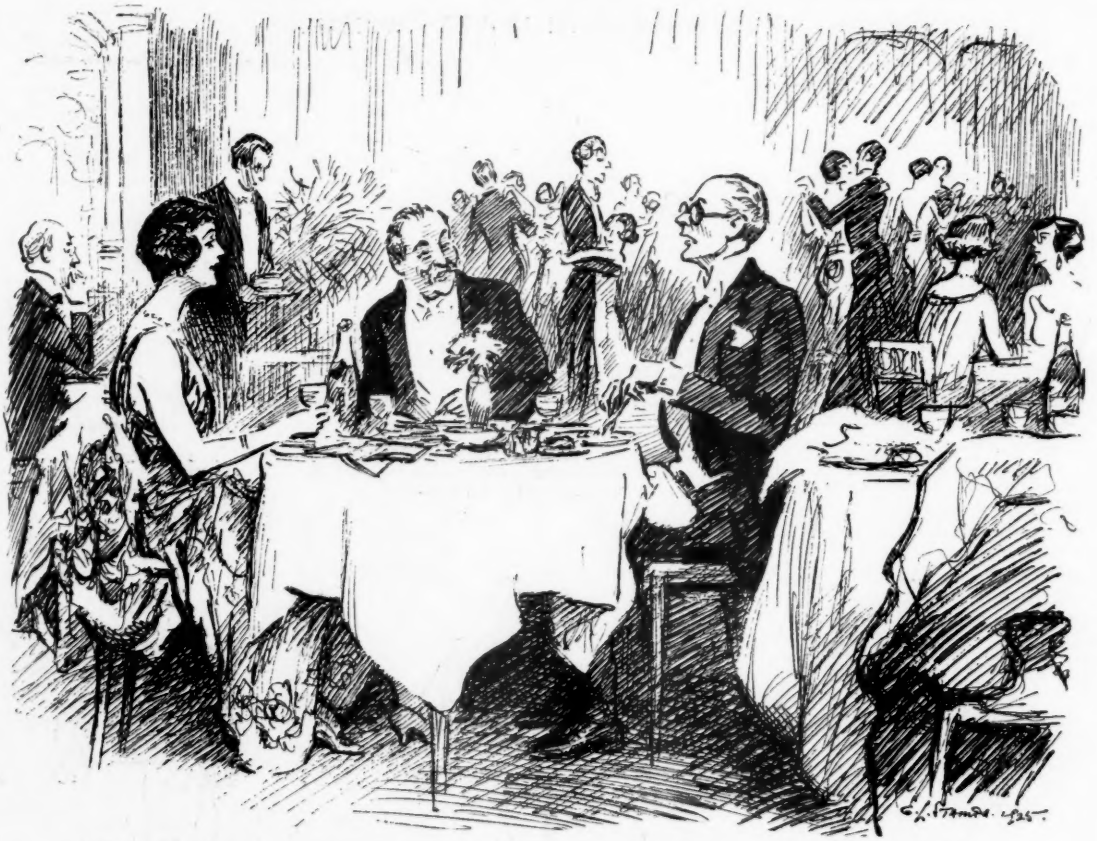
ALWAYS SMOKING ALL OVER THE PLACE—



AND RUSHING ABOUT AFTER GAMES AND SPORTS WHEN SHE MIGHT BE BETTER EMPLOYED—



AND, TO CROWN IT ALL, IF YOU PLEASE, PRESUMING TO SET HERSELF UP TO CRITICISE THINGS SHE KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT, SUCH AS THE OPPOSITE SEX, OF ALL THINGS!!!"



Host. "AND MISS JONES KNOWS WHAT SHE 'S TALKING ABOUT. SHE 'S A RETIRED GUY'S NURSE."
American. "IS THAT SO? AND WHAT 'S THE NAME OF THE RETIRED GUY, MISS JONES?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

OF all political camps the Liberal at its best seems to me to exact least "conformity" from its adherents. It is the camp, for good or evil, of the individualist. And that perhaps is why Mr. H. W. NEVINSON enjoyed himself so characteristically within it for the best part of the years between the Boer and the Great War, the period chronicled in *More Changes More Chances* (NISBET). The freedom of Albania, Macedonia and Greece from the rule of Turkey; the emancipation of Ireland from unqualified Imperial government, of Russia from the Tsardom and of West African negroes from the united exploitation of slave-traders and cocoa-planters, were all questions well to the fore during that decade or so. Women's Suffrage—an innovation rather than a reform, and as such not strictly in the Liberal purview—became acute towards the end of it. And if Mr. NEVINSON had not renounced his party over its "understanding with the bloodthirsty Tsardom" he would certainly have quitted it for its indifference to "the vote." "For all these lost causes and under-dogs," he says, "I have done what little a mere journalist in my position could do, and now all these causes are won, all those under-dogs stand on top." Being a sensible man, however, he admits that the aspect of the under-dog reversed does not always (to take only the case of Russia) command confidence. But there is no doubt that his eye-witness's account of the sufferings of the animal in the old days—and not only the Russian animal, but the Irish, Greek, Albanian, Macedonian and West African animals as well—will go far to chasten harsh judgments of present excesses. On this ground alone his book is a real contribution to political history; but it is far from being monopolised by this theme. Its journalistic memories are both interesting and disinterested, and its literary side-issues include conversations with MEREDITH and HARDY, full of those good things which men of high endowments keep for kindred spirits.

Perceptive readers of the entertaining phantasy called *Jurgen* will have guessed that Mr. JAMES BRANCH CABELL had a philosophy concealed up his motley sleeve. And now he has produced, with not a little of the air of a conjurer displaying his unaccountable rabbit, something which, if it can hardly be described as a complete and formulated philosophical system, is as near one as in these uncategorical days could be reasonably expected. *Beyond Life* (LANE) is in fact a wandering discourse on things in general and life and literature in particular, written with the whimsy and the sparkling erudition which are its author's peculiar virtues. It is true that it is credited to one *John Charteris*, novelist, and that Mr. CABELL himself figures in a night-long dialogue as a critical interlocutor. But he has cast himself for so very subordinate a *rôle*, and his objections to *Charteris's* points

and paradoxes are so faintly sustained, that a baby would not be deceived by them. Mr. CABELL must accept the responsibility for the thesis which he fathers on a garrulous puppet. *Charteris* in theory, like CABELL in practice, is all for romance, and *Beyond Life* contains the reason for his (or their) faith. It is that "Real life" is a dull and futile business; the human animal is an ugly and incompetent creature, and it is the artist's job to create a better and brighter world which will serve not only as a present refuge but as a future ideal. It is, in short, the old opposition of the dream and the business, and in championing the dream Mr. CABELL does what many have done before him. But if his thesis is not new his treatment of it is as fresh as paint; and, if he reminds us in turn of THOMAS HOBBES, SWIFT, OSCAR WILDE, WILLIAM JAMES and MAURICE HEWLETT, so quaint a juxtaposition of analogues proves him not only an eclectic but an original.

I cannot tell for sure if "BLAIR"
Is or is not a *nom de guerre*,
But shrink not from asserting
The undergraduates he portrays
In his delightful *Oxford Ways*
Are human and diverting.

His seventy pages are well packed
With information, and one fact
Conclusively emerges—
That Oxford in her heart and core
Remains unchanged, spite of the War
And all the modern "urges."

"BLAIR" 's no idolater, but shows
Besides the intellectual pose
The virtues that redeem her,
And in a crass commercial age
Still justify the poet sage
Who glorified "the Dreamer."

The book, which BASIL BLACKWELL sends,
Should win the author many friends,
And earns my grateful mention
That while he treats of "bloods" and "rags"
He never speaks of "Oxford bags"—
A merciful abstention.



Policeman. "YOU SAY YOU WON THIS WHEN YOU WAS AT OXFORD. BUT WHY DO YOU KEEP IT IN THIS 'ERE SACK?"
Burglar. "JUST SENTIMENT. IT 'APPENED TO BE FOR A SACK-RACE."

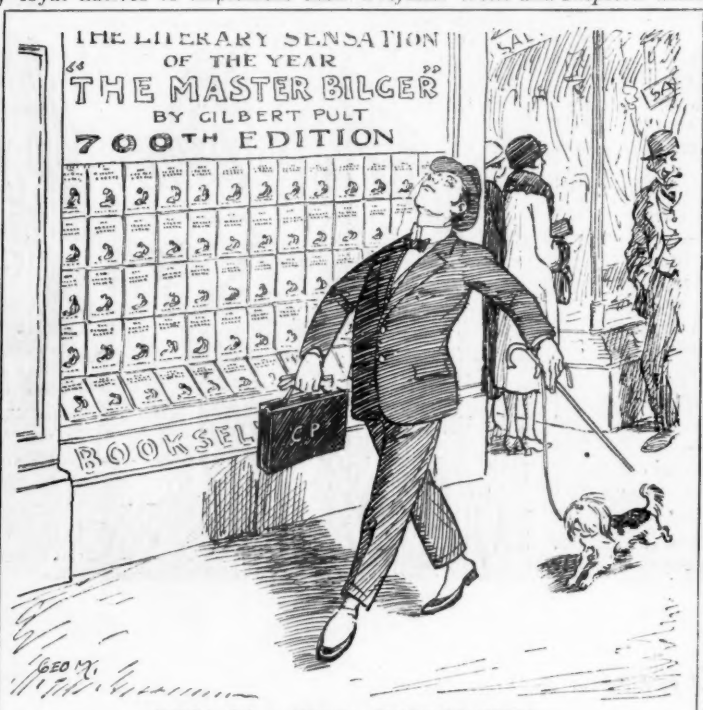
Do not let yourself be deterred by the haphazard air of its title from reading Mrs. EDITH O'SHAUGNESSY'S *Viennese Medley* (CAPE), the best woman's novel of post-war domestic life I have yet had the luck to encounter. I say woman's novel advisedly, because its writer not only shows a winning sense of the capacities and limitations of her own markedly feminine talent, but displays an equally keen perception of the qualities of other women. Women—an old aunt and her circle of nieces—are her theme. Her men are cleverly realised, but they are all nephews and husbands. Her heroine, *Frau Ildefonse Stacher*, born *von Berg*, is one of those many august and lovable old people who, thanks to the War, will never emerge from the reign of "black misery or a crushing commercialism." Her happy unselfish place in the pre-War world is lightly indicated, and then you see her penniless and homeless in present-day Vienna. Here her pet niece, *Corinne*, arrives with a proposition. *Tante Ilde* shall sleep in a curtained alcove off the sitting-room of her step-brother's wife, *Irma*; and *Irma* shall provide her with at least one adequate meal a week. The other six adequate meals are to be taken with the nieces and nephews; with *Mizzi*, who keeps her crippled *Hermann* on the proceeds of a lingerie shop; with *Liesel* and *Otto*, who are fairly comfortable, though they cannot afford a cat, a piano or a baby; with *Anna* and *Pauli*, who would scrape along better if *Anna* could cook; with *Kaethe* and *Leo*, who are worst off of all because they have seven children; with *Corinne* herself, who is doing well in a bank; and finally

with *Fanny*. *Fanny* is to pay for all *Tante Ilde's* entertainment, for *Fanny's* profession (though never mentioned among the nieces) is the most lucrative in Vienna. Accompany *Tante Ilde* upon the first of her mendicant pilgrimages and you will not put the book down until you have seen her through the last. It is a work of delicate, distinguished and deeply pathetic art.

The impression which remains with me after reading *Havash!* (ARROWSMITH) is one of astonishment that an Empire so casually administered as ours continues to thrive. In a hundred out-of-the-way places, at any hour of the day, you will find our young subalterns facing issues which would tax the diplomacy of an ambassador, and with nothing but a handful of doubtfully loyal natives to implement their youthful decisions. In this book Major W. LLOYD-JONES tells of his experiences in Kenya as a junior officer attached to the King's African Rifles in the years immediately before the War, and, as one expects in that part of the world, it is as much a record of big-game hunting as of soldiering. The book works to a climax in the attack on an Abyssinian stronghold on the Northern frontier which won the author his D.S.O.; and in his appalling journey back to civilisation, when for forty-three days he was carried on a stretcher with a mutilated and gangrened foot, which had later to be amputated. Major LLOYD-JONES writes bitterly of the failure of the authorities to send him medical aid, and it is impossible to read this account of his sufferings and not sympathise with him. But if he hopes to bring the crime home to anyone by the publication of this book his disappointment is certain. No one in Whitehall is going to turn a hair over the resurrection of any twelve-year-old scandal. If you can't catch an official in six months you may just as well leave him alone.

I opened Mrs. FLORENCE A. KILPATRICK's latest novel with the firm conviction that I was going to be bored, since everything amusing that can be said about caravans seemed to have been said already. It would be only nice of me to give, if I could, exact statistics as to the number of times when, in spite of that, *Camilla in a Caravan* (NASH AND GRAYSON) surprised me out of my superior attitude and even into laughing. Stout *Aunt Jane*, with her converted pantechnicon and her insistence on "a satisfying meal" "when custom demands;" *Camilla*, with her two admirers whose walking and motor-cycling tours so strangely lead them along the route of the caravanners; thin *Miss Simpson*, the companion, and *Henry*, with his book of quotations, are all stock figures of the caravanning novel, and Mrs. KILPATRICK has handicapped herself by throwing in her lot with theirs. At the same time she is so really humorous that even a tame plot and threadbare characters cannot prevent her from being amusing. I wish that she would stop making books and really write one; but meanwhile, having read *Camilla's* history in holiday mood—I think that is necessary to its enjoyment—I have to thank her for two hours of very pleasant light entertainment.

It is permissible to think that Mr. FRANCIS GRIERSON, in *The Lost Pearl* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), has made his sleuths rather too prone to error. I have an affection for *Professor Wells* and *Inspector Sims*, but my admiration for the *Inspector's* brain is not increased by his performances in this story. Indeed *Sims* made mistakes which would have involved a village constable in trouble. Apart from my feeling that both *Sims* and *Wells* are below their normal form, I have enjoyed the search for the lost jewel. It was supposed to belong to *Commander Vesey*, a breezy sailor, who, if he owned it, had not the remotest notion where it was. But a dark mysterious woman, and a darker more mysterious man with hypnotic powers, wanted this jewel so much that they defied the law in trying to get it. They wanted it so that they might gain the power to dominate some wonderful religious cult in Mexico. I shan't tell you what the jewel turned out to be; that you must find out for yourselves. You will, I feel sure, be unanimous in thinking that of all jewels it is the most precious.



SCOOP BY A PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER.
MR. GILBERT PULT, THE NOVELIST, SNAPPED IN OXFORD STREET AT A HAPPY MOMENT.

Detectives incredibly stupid
And villains unspeakably vile;
The usual presence of Cupid,
The usual absence of style;
A heroine brave and resourceful,
Dread poisons, infernal machines;
A hero alert and of course full,
Whenever they down him, of beans;

All these you will find in *The Mystery*
Of (My! but he's bad) *Number One*,
In a tangle of murder and twistery
With everyone toting a gun.
CHARLES PEACE was a piker and plodder
Compared with this horrible crook.
SYD. HORLER's the author and HODDER
AND STOUGHTON have published the book.

CHARIVARIA.

Now that the Labour Party has confirmed its expulsion of the Communists we shall see how the tail can wag without being attached to the dog.

***

Some Americans are thinking of erecting a statue to the man who introduced the Volstead Prohibition law. Serve him right.

***

In spite of the statement of a well-known traffic-expert that motorists haven't got the right of the road, they take it; and the left too.

***

After hearing a broadcast lecture on "How Plants Fight" it is reported that a well-known heavyweight has issued a challenge to any chrysanthemum in England.

***

The police are said to be of the opinion that the man they arrested recently while wearing his coat and collar backwards had merely been trying to learn the new Tango from *The Daily Mail* pictures.

***

The question of Sunday tennis at Coulsdon has not yet been decided, says a news item. Mr. AMERY has refused to let the League of Nations follow this red herring.

***

Statistics published by the Kennel Club show that the Dachshund is not very popular as a pet. It is, of course, a very difficult dog to control; one half of it doesn't know where the other half lives.

***

A debating class for bachelors has been formed in North London. Should any member tire of this he can get married and have one of his own.

***

An ex-policeman of Chicago died recently, leaving six hundred thousand pounds as a pitiful evidence of many neglected opportunities.

***

A deputation of Merthyr Tydvil residents told the guardians that the local ratepayers are being bled white. But surely this is far the best colour to be bled.

***

According to Sir MONTAGU SHARPE, K.C., only one in four cases of burglary comes before the courts. This is probably due to the superstition in criminal circles that it is unlucky to appear in a police court.

***

There is said to be a film actress in Los Angeles who is about to celebrate her silver divorce.

***

It 's in a tea-shop that there 's none so deaf as those who only stand and wait.

***

The probable reason why Rome wasn't built in a day was that BENITO MUSSOLINI wasn't there at the time.

***

Another train recently went astray on the Southern Railway, but we cannot accept the explanation that they go so fast that they sometimes get giddy.

***

Sixty-five per cent. of the girls in the Middle-West universities of America have stated that the ideal husband should be cave-mannish in a refined way. He will have to spray *eau-de-Cologne* on his club.

***

A new dental germicide is known as trichlorophenylmethyliodosalicyl. A humane dentist will always give a microbe gas before explaining how he intends to kill it.

***

A new Russian bear recently arrived at the Zoo covered with honey. We 've met these Soviet delegates before.

***

The Stock Exchange recently held an Art Exhibition. Perhaps in future, when our shares prove to be worthless, we shall save something out of the wreck by framing the certificates.

***

"Can one avoid hitting one's thumb when one is driving a nail?" asks a correspondent in a contemporary. Yes, if you hold the hammer with both hands.

***

When American journalists tried to interview M. CAILLAUX he asked them not to speak so quickly and not to swallow their words. This habit of not properly masticating the American language accounts for the prevalence of dyspepsia over there.

***

A man who recently fell ninety feet to a roadway was found sitting up and smoking his pipe. It is not thought that he has any particular ability for film work as he missed a large puddle.

***

A motorist driving for the first time has knocked down a policeman. They rarely learn the knack so quickly.

***

The Highlander is very conservative, says a writer. Even in this mechanical age it is quite rare to hear of a bagpipe-player inflating his instrument with the aid of a bicycle pump.

***

The congestion in the London clubs is said to be so great just now that at some, where a barber is kept, members have to wait three days for a hair-cut. That is nothing; members of the Chelsea Arts Club often wait three years.

***

According to a fashion note the American "surprised" eyebrow has gone out of favour with really smart women. It is realised of course that nothing could now surprise a really smart woman.

***

More London telephone exchanges are to be given new names. We have called them everything we could think of.

***

Rather a sad story is circulating in theatrical circles. An actress declared so emphatically to a reporter that she shunned publicity that his newspaper did not publish her views on the subject.

***

A contemporary observes that clergymen and roses have always gone together. And yet nobody has made a song about the last clergyman of summer.



Provincial Member. "YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU 'VE LIVED IN LONDON ALL YOUR LIFE AND NEVER BEEN INSIDE WESTMINSTER ABBEY?"

Urban Member. "WELL, DASH IT ALL, DO YOU TAKE ME FOR A BALLY TOURIST?"

OUR MANŒUVRES.

NOTES ON THE RECENT OPERATIONS.

AEROPLANES.—Every opportunity must be taken of concealing troops from hostile aircraft. Upturned faces are particularly noticeable from above; therefore Private Pullthrough's tendency to gaze upward with open mouth and say, "Coo, look at that—up there!" must be severely checked. Rows of piled arms outside the "George" often give away important positions.

ARTILLERY.—The manœuvres are held in the autumn, when the racing season is over, so that the Artillery may attend. Territorial battery horses may be used to spread consternation in hostile camps.

ROYAL ENGINEERS.—The chief function of the R.E. in modern warfare is to accompany assaulting tanks and repair the damage caused to hedges.

CAVALRY.—Cavalry are employed in the retreat—by the other side. A charging trooper is a very unpleasant person to deal with. The most effective method is to have another horse—a faster one.

TANKS.—Tanks are very rough things and ought never to be used in any war.

ARMOURED CARS.—These should always be attached to the Press in order to escort cinematograph films and photographers.

SIGNALS.—More attention must be paid to wireless communications. At important stages of the conflict no really good General wants to hear "Uncle Caractacus" telling the story of the Three Bears in the Children's Hour.

SUPPLY SERVICES.—Though the Regulations state that "the first duty of a Commander is the maintenance of the objective," this should not be taken too literally by Ration Supply Columns.

CHAPLAINS.—In view of the serious casualties caused in Cavalry regiments by the supply of chargers for Army Chaplains, it is proposed that Chaplains be in future mechanicalised.

CARRIER PIGEONS.—Only really reliable men should be detailed to handle carrier pigeons. Nothing infuriates a General more than to receive in the heat of battle a message from Private Sling reading: "To hell with this —— bird!" An old scheme is now being revived for crossing carrier pigeons with parrots with the idea that their offspring should deliver verbal messages.

WAR DOGS.—These are apparently used for obtaining identification of the enemy. Portions of uniform, or even portions of enemy, are of great assistance to the Intelligence Staff.

CAMOUFLAGE.—The H.Q. of the Blue Army is denoted by a red flag, and the H.Q. of the Red Army by a blue flag.

INFORMATION.—Every use must be made of yokels, barmaids and postmistresses to spread false rumours. Unit commanders can always obtain the correct information from the R.A.S.C. Quartermaster at the Ration Dump.

TRENCHES.—In the old days the War Office paid soldiers to dig trenches, then paid farmers for having dug them, and finally paid labourers to fill them in. Trenches were thus not a commercial proposition, and white tapes are now used instead. Private Barrel's forcible expression of his difficulty in concealing himself from hostile fire behind a tape is recorded elsewhere.*

THE CHAIN OF COMMAND.—This is rather difficult to explain. Briefly, when in the morning the General speaks harshly to a Colonel on the Staff, the Colonel will go and tell off a Major, and the Major a Captain, and so on, until in the evening the General's groom knocks spots off his master's charger. If the horse can then manage to kick the General it may be assumed there is no break in the chain.

GENERAL NOTES ON EXPERIENCE GAINED.—A Tank is wider than a five-barred gate.

Andover district beer is better than that of the Basingstoke area.

A Number Nine pill from the Dressing Station exactly fits the barrel of a rifle firing blank.

* Army Form B. 252. Charge Sheet—"Using insubordinate language to an N.C.O."

The Advance of Women.

"Miss Isobel ——, the bridegroom, wore an attractive frock."—*Provincial Paper.*

"'I plead guilty to marrying her,' said the absconding husband, 'but I found that when I did she was a married man.'"

London Paper.

From an Indian firm's catalogue:—

"TIN RATTLE WITH TRUMPET HANDLE.
Keeps baby quiet for hours."

Yes, but what about baby's parents?

"SIR,—I and any wife intend to motor up from Colombo to Secunderabad in a 'Combination outfit' about the end of October. Can you give me any information as to the feasibility of such a tour?"

Letter in Indian Paper.

We should say it largely depends upon the complaisance of the selected lady's husband.

"The [Labour Party] conference agenda is one of the most remarkable ever pupt before a domeocratic assembly of a thousand delegates. Its 83 closely pprinted papges are a revolution of the ingenuity of the affiliated societies who seem to have done their best to reduce the business of the conference to an absurdity."

Manchester Paper.

The printer has evidently entered into the spirit of this attempt.

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

X.—THE PACIFIC (*sic*).

IF anyone supposes that the Pacific Ocean is a peaceful place he is in error. Whatever else may pain me, I said, in a voyage round the world, wherever else there may be hurry, railway trains, confusion and bustle, those seventeen days across the Pacific, across the Tropics and the Equator itself must at least be languorous and balmy. And four or five days of it have practically driven me mad.

Yet do not think I blame the Ocean. The Ocean has behaved like a brick. The Ocean has been calm (though not ostentatiously glassy), the weather sunny, languorous and warm. Not another ship have we seen, nor any life but flying-fish and the spouting of a whale. When I saw the flying-fish I felt that all my dreams had blundered into reality, and I blessed the Pacific. For everywhere else we have seen nothing that we expected. When we were in the prairie-lands of Canada the multitudinous gopher concealed himself; in the Rocky Mountains the ubiquitous (or so we understood) bear was never there; elk, buffalo and the mountain-goat, with a shyness hitherto unknown to the inhabitants, departed into holes and crannies and were no more seen until we left the country. We seemed to move round the world spreading before us a kind of blight and putting an end to the normal processes of nature. I mentioned this to George a few days out and expressed the fear that we had done a mischief to the flying-fish as well. And at that moment up jumped a cloud of them and flew miraculously—delicious creatures!—flashing in the sun and skimming the small waves like gaily-coloured swallows. I never knew they flew so fast and far. One felt each moment they must fall. But on they went with a swift straight twittering flight, to disappear at last with tiny splashes into the blue. "How glorious a life," I said, "to have the sea for your home and the air for your playground, and in any moment of unusual joy to express your ecstasy in flight!" A man behind me, however, remarked that when the creatures fly it is not for joy but fear and to avoid being eaten. George was discussing their weight, and thought them all three-pounders to a fish, while Captain Flap recalled that he had once had glorious fun shooting flying-fish by moonlight. There is no poetry in this ship.

And no sooner had we adjusted our souls to the slumberous warmth and spacious peace of this Ocean, unpacked our *Shakespeares* and prepared to



MR. PUNCH BROADCASTS HIMSELF.

THE EMPIRE PRESS CONGRESS, TO WHICH MR. PUNCH HAS SENT A DELEGATE FROM HIS STAFF, WAS OPENED LAST WEEK AT MELBOURNE BY LORD FORSTER, THE RETIRING GOVERNOR-GENERAL.



The Elder Bargain-hunter. "MY *DEAR*, I HARDLY RECOGNISED YOUR HUSBAND."

vegetate, improve our minds or gossip on our backs, than it was announced that to mitigate the monotony of the voyage a Committee was to be elected to organise games for the poor passengers. George of course was elected to the Committee, and Mr. Honeybubble thrust his way in somehow. George insisted that I must enter for the Deck Tennis Competition, and Mr. Honeybubble would have it that I must enter for the Deck Quoits and Bull Board.

"George," I said, "the whole delight of a sea-voyage is its monotony. To have no care but the next meal, no worry but one's washing, no papers to read, no letters to write, no duties to do—this is bliss. I will not be organised, I will *not* be amused, and I will not have the atmosphere of this Ocean destroyed for the entertainment of a Committee. So there!" I finished a little weakly, knowing my fate.

"You must do something, old boy," said George. "You must keep fit."

"I won't keep fit," I said more feebly still. "Or if I must keep fit I am capable of scraping together a friend or two and tottering to the tennis-court without the aid of your Committee. I will *not* be organised."

"Well, as a matter of fact, old boy," said George shortly, "I put you down for the Mixed Doubles. And you've drawn Pansy Honeybubble."

I simply faded away into the bilge and cried.

Within an hour from the publication of the "draw" the ship became a madhouse. Passengers charged up and down the decks and stairways, seeking their partners or opponents and crying aloud "Mr. Joseph!" "Mr. Figg!" "Are you Miss What-is-it?" As I sat buried in my *Shakespeare* (or my *Dell*), hoping against hope that Pansy Honeybubble was extremely sea-sick, perfect strangers would approach me and, gripping me by the shoulder, cry intensely, "Are you Mr. Tinpot?" or "Have you seen Miss Marrow?" (also unknown to me). Whenever a match is about to begin the fourth player or the umpire (or both) is at the last moment discovered to be absent, and he is "paged" throughout the ship; so all day there is a babel such as is heard in the lounge of a large and very expensive hotel.

Pansy and I were drawn against Miss Fish and Mr. Batwing. The game lasted a quarter-of-an-hour, but it took two or three hours' hard work to organise it. At first we could not find Miss Fish at all, and, after "paging" her for two hours, I concluded hopefully that there was no such person. Nor was there. Her name was Fisk; she was a timid person and hated organisation; George or some other autocrat had bullied her into the Mixed Doubles, but she gave a false name, hoping to be scratched. When at last we dragged the poor girl from her cabin, where she had hidden all day in a tropical temperature, Mr. Batwing was missing. It took only an hour to find Mr. Batwing. I found Mr. Batwing, a grown man of thirty-five, all alone (save for an umpire) in a dark and humid corner of C deck, solemnly throwing quoits into a bucket at three yards' range. I think I never saw a more degrading sight.

George umpired our tennis-match and did his best to get me through into the second round. At one moment I feared we might win. But Pansy was gloriously incapable, and we lost triumphantly. I was free for two days.

After Honolulu, Haddock struck. The entries for the second series were even larger, but Haddock's name was missing. I have lost caste, I know, and am little

better than an outlaw. For it has become a point of honour to be engaged in the sports. It is no longer pretended that the games are intended for the pleasure of the passengers or to relieve the monotony of the voyage; they are a tradition, and somehow, I think, the breed of the British Empire, if not the peace of the world, depends upon them. As I sit here sticky with heat, twelve hours from the Equator, the quoit-players and the umpire fill with clamour the sleepy tropical air; as I sit here most nobly toiling with the pen for *Punch*, men come to me and say severely, "Why don't you *do* something?" or "What, old boy, not working to-day?" meaning by work the pursuit of sport and pleasure. The worst of it is that I rather *like* deck-tennis, but such is the degree of organisation that it is impossible to get a game. Sometimes in the evening I play a little quiet cricket on the boat-deck with a few old men who have been knocked out of the bucket-quoits. There are no prizes and we are hopelessly unorganised.

At one time we all had our evenings free. There was bridge and dancing, and we were very happy in our childish way. But George and the Committee very soon put that right. The Entertainments Sub-Committee took our evenings in hand, and now there is scarcely a day when we are not kept amused with a guessing competition, a bridge tournament, a cotillon, music show or concert. It is true that the principal effect of these entertainments is to stop the dancing, but still it is a great thing to have order in a ship, and it pleases the Committee.

George loves it all. He rules the ship, and Mr. Honeybubble is second-in-command, with Pansy never far away. His last idea was a dinner-party at which all the passengers drew lots for partners. This he called "helping people to get to know each other," though in my experience of the ocean passengers who wish to know each other do not require the artificial aids of a Committee. What happened was that ninety per cent. of the first-class souls spent the evening with people they had laboriously succeeded in not knowing. George, I need not say, having created this little hell for the rest of us, evaded it himself by corruptly wangling the draw, and spent the evening with the young lady of his fancy.

Haddock, I need hardly say, drew Pansy. A. P. H.

"On the first occasion one thousand people packed themselves into a hall holding only 600."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

Presumably the other 400 were inside out.



Scandalised Mother. "'ERE, YER CAN'T COME INTO CHURCH WITH A APPLE. WOT YER THINK Y' ARE—A 'ARVEST FESTIVAL?"

PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

THE scornful lady on the wall
Looks very coldly down on me;
She thinks I don't reflect at all
The glory of our Family.

Her face and form are much like mine;
We have the same distinctive Nose;
But I 'm a modern, crude design,
And she—what beauty, what repose!

Her calm proud glance is free from care;
Her poise denotes unhurried grace;
My mirror shows the anxious stare
That 's sometimes known as "tennis face."

Her slim pale hand, just drawing on
The glove, at once your fancy strikes;
The pristine charm of mine has gone
Through tinkering with motor-bikes.

Her shining shoulders gleam like snow;
Her bosom 's white without a speck;
My evening dresses always show
A brick-red patch of toasted neck.

Her lovers (history tells they came
In scores her stately charm to sing)
With reverent rapture breathed her name;
Mine mostly shout, "Hullo, old Thing!"

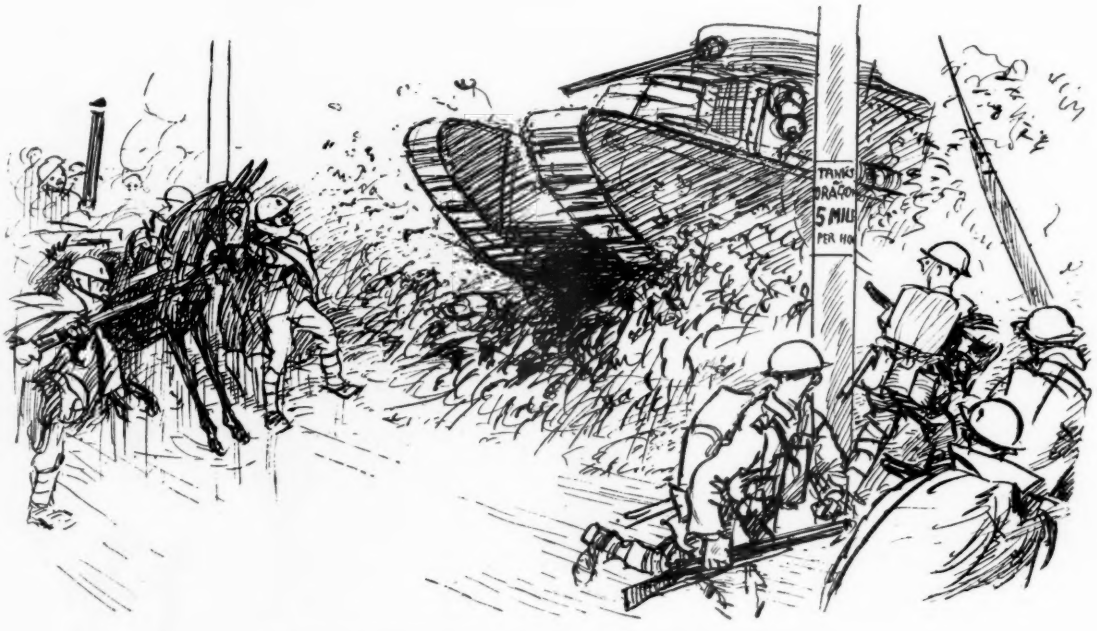
The scornful lady on the wall
Has pity and contempt for me;
She thinks my compensations small,
And on the whole I quite agree.

From a paragraph on a race-horse:—

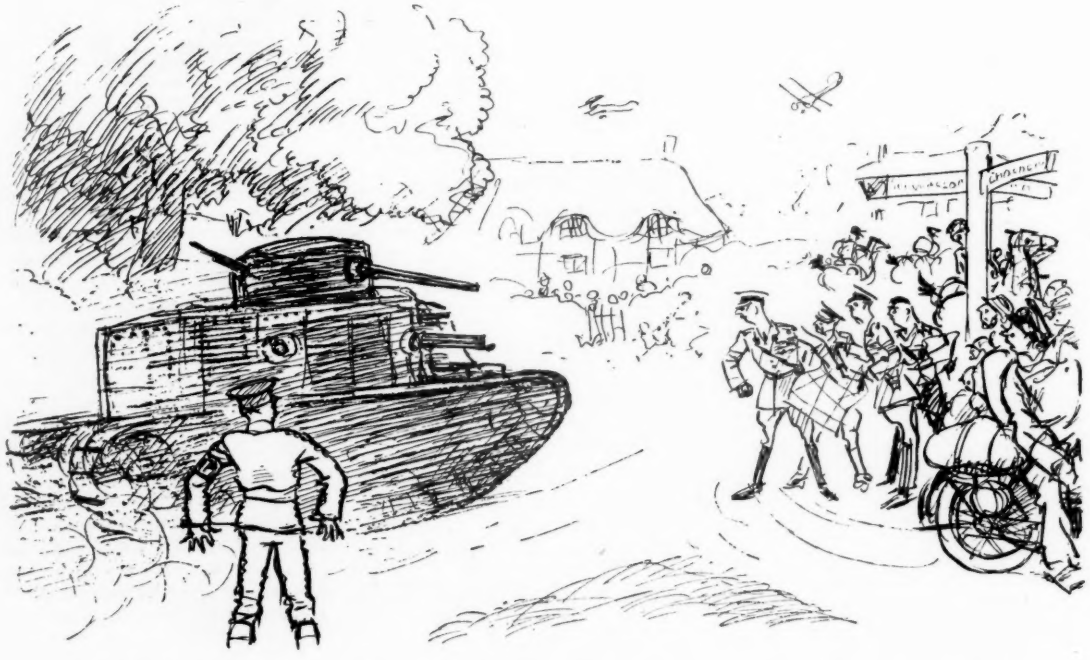
"—— continues to be a disappointment, but he has not yet been ridden in the manner which suits him best. He likes to be in front."
Evening Paper.

Perhaps the other horses don't know this.

THE TANK'S PROGRESS.



It was the first that ever burst upon that country road.



Staff-Officer. "You have crossed a bridge that was already blown up. You therefore do not exist."

ARMY MANŒUVRES.



Private T. Atkins. "Thank Gawd, Bill, we ain't got to referee this scrap."

WHAT I CAN DO.

WITH the threat of a general strike hanging over our heads it behoves us all to take stock of ourselves and consider our deficiencies on the one hand and our qualifications on the other. For some time I have been asking myself, "What can I do?" and the answers I get are a little unsatisfactory.

I cannot milk a cow. No doubt it would be a good thing to go round to somebody who has cows and ask him to lend me one of them for the afternoon to practise with; preferably one without horns or a tail. Will somebody oblige me with a cow?

Once the milk has been got I am on surer ground, for I know how to carry a can of milk and place it beside an area door; but that done I am instantly faced with another difficulty.

I do not know how to produce the noise which milkmen make when they supply a can of milk. Many members of West-End Clubs in the face of this emergency have been practising it for hours in vain. That noise would have to be learnt, and learnt from a good elocutionist too.

I cannot hew coal. I should imagine, however, that if the general strike comes we shall not make much attempt to get coal. But I can hew wood and saw it into pieces for the fire. The great thing to remember is to ask the carpenter to set the saw first. After that all you have to do is to make the two cuts meet. If you don't you have to bang the log about upon the ground until the piece comes off. For some reason or other I hold my breath all the time I am sawing, as I do when I am going to make a stroke at golf. I also put my tongue out, which I never do at golf.

I cannot do things to the things which work electrical things. I know many people who can, and I admire them for it. When the general strike comes I shall ask not to be put at the electric light depôt. It may seem a cowardly request but it will benefit the country in the end.

I can drive a motor-car, with encouragement, and perhaps I could drive a steam-engine; but I think on the whole it would be better if I were one of those men who go round and hit the axles of the wheels with a hammer before the train starts, or who collect the newspapers and pearl necklaces when it stops.

I can poke letters through the slits of front-doors, unless the metal flap is very stiff. I do not know whether in the event of a general strike the postmen would come out, but if they do I shall welcome the opportunity of showing my skill. I shall make a special point of not delivering any of the letters for Maurice Biggs, Dorothy Sanders and Henry Gunn, which usually come to this house. Maurice Biggs, Dorothy Sanders and Henry Gunn do not live in this house. There must have been a time when they did so, but that time is now long past. If it needs a general strike of Labour to call the attention of the G.P.O. to this fact, something at least will have been achieved. I shall try to set the Intelligence Department of the G.P.O. at work to discover the present addresses of Maurice Biggs, Dorothy Sanders and Henry Gunn.

I do not understand what goes on below the gratings that one sees here and there about the streets. I do not find that any of my friends can tell me much about them. When the strike comes, therefore, I submit, with due deference to the authorities, that we allow these things to stay as they are. There is a good proverb which says, "Let sleeping dogs lie," and I have often heard people apply it to the insides of their motor-cars. I think we should do well not to interfere with those mysterious trap-doors and orifices in the street until industrial peace has been once more secured. From what I have seen of the interior of these places when they happen to be open, I have formed the conclusion that it would be contrary to the nation's interest and the public weal to probe too deeply into the secrets they contain.



"WHAT GROUNDS HAVE YOU FOR A DIVORCE?"
"NOT VERY MANY, BUT" (*HOPEFULLY*) "I 'VE GOT A HUSBAND."

And whilst we are about it I should like to suggest that we do not depute any portion of our army of volunteers to pull up the London roads. It seems to me that the most regularly employed of the striking-men of this country are constantly engaged in preventing the traffic of London from getting from one place to another. I do not know if I could pull up a road, but I expect I could if I was not the man who holds the pin. But my idea of a road is that it ought to be a surface over which wheeled vehicles move rapidly to and fro upon their lawful occasions, and not a kind of quarry from which to extract cement and clay. I realise that there is no more popular exhibition in London than the smashing-up of a road, especially when it is done by a forty-thousand horse-power dentist's drill. But in a grave national crisis I think we ought to dispense with this kind of joy.

I cannot dig. Or rather I can, but not for long. After digging for a short while a feeling comes over me that the value of the kindly fruits of the earth has been vastly exaggerated. What, after all, does a man want with vegetables—(wasn't it Beau BRUMMEL who was asked if he ever ate them, and said he believed that he had once tasted a pea?)—when he can get meat and wine and bread? But speaking of bread reminds me of another awkward thing.

I cannot bake. I tried to bake a loaf once, but there was some slight technical error. The stuff was of the consistency of indiarubber, but had the additional drawback that it would not rub anything out. I shall ask not to be lined up in the baking squad, unless there is a dearth in the motor trade of solid rubber tyres.

But I can cook bacon and eggs. I can cook them better than any cook I know. It is a knack, I admit, that little action of the wrist which breaks the egg exactly in the right manner and does not spill it on the floor; and a very nice judgment is needed in turning over the rashers. But (I say it without pride) I can do these things.

The production of the eggs and bacon is another and more difficult affair. I have, I think, on a former occasion alluded to the expense and labour involved in tempting a hen to lay an egg, and I prefer to leave this delicate work



Mother: "Will you always love your Mother, even when she 's old?"
Child. "Well, don't I?"

to psycho-analysts and dietetic experts; nor have I the faintest idea how to induce a hog to lay bacon. It looks, on the whole, as if more of my time will be spent in this case over the manufacture of the finished product than in the cultivation and supply of the raw material.

I cannot weave or spin. Few of my acquaintances have this gift. The number of wheels and spindles confuses my mind, and the noise of the apparatus is bad for my nerves. When I contemplate ridiculous machinery of this kind I can only marvel that men, and quite frequently women, wear clothes.

I cherish the belief that with a little practice I could learn to operate a telephone exchange, assuming, of course, as in the case of postmen, that telephone operators, when the general strike comes, lay down their novelettes. The most important point is to remember to ask the number required by the subscriber in a loud clear voice before going on with the story. After this formality one finishes the chapter and says, "Have they answered yet?" and, on receiving the reply "No," utters the the words, "I 'll ring them again; will you repeat the number, please?" as if one had really tried to get the number the first time. A few minutes after that, if the story is at all exciting, one says, "Sorry; the number 's engaged."

At least that is how I understand the thing. I may be wrong, but if I am right it is the kind of work I should soon be at home with, and in a few days, I expect, really get to enjoy.

I can work a tube lift. But by the Lord Harry I won't!

I can black boots rather well, and I can brown them excellently if the leather is good.

I cannot fill up Schedule D.

Evoe.

Another Impending Apology.

From a broadcasting programme:—
"Dr. Dudd's University Extinction Lectures."
Weekly Paper.

"The coroner said it would be a good thing if no more tramway lines were laid in Central London, because tramways caused many deaths for which omnibus drivers very often got the credit."—*Daily Paper.*

The Tram (to the Bus): "*My* pedestrian, I think."

"May a traveller call attention to the present exorbitant charges for food on the boats plying between Dover and Folkestone?"
Letter in Daily Paper.

But why not go by train? We understand that owing to recent speeding-up of the railway service there is now no need for a meal *en route.*

GOLFING RHYMES.

V.—Bridge in the Clubhouse.

Bridge in the Clubhouse all day long;
Four in a corner; one does wrong.
"What the devil, Sir, what the deuce?"
The culprit ventures a mild excuse:
"I 'm awfully sorry, I thought the ace——."
The Colonel, rasping and red in the face,
Delivers a regular knock-out blow:
"We 're not playing golf just now, you know."

Our Invincible Optimists.

"Sydney, Wednesday.—An early end to the shipping strike is predicted, the only outstanding point being the strike."—*Irish Paper.*

"Entirely self-contained unfurnished top-floor flat wanted by young couple, not children."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

So many babies marry nowadays that the young couple are probably wise to mention this.

"Under the direction of Mr. ——, factory superintendent, all workmen over hundred and fifty poured water on the flames in a torrent by provided pump."—*Japanese Paper.*

It is wonderful to see how people, however aged, can in an emergency pull up their hose.

AT THE PIT DOOR.

[Playlets written in the styles of established masters round the same stage-setting.]

II.—*After* Mr. G. B. SHAW

(RUTHLESSLY ABRIDGED).

The scene is the pit entrance of an ordinary commercial type of West-end Theatre, at twenty-five minutes past seven, on an Autumn evening. The dingy pit door, in its contrast with the ornate marble portico on the other side of the building, illustrates the relative importance in which those who come early for their drama after a high-tea, and those whose amiable habit of looking in at a play after a protracted series of meat courses is the curse of the serious theatre, are held in the sordid mind of the commercial manager.

Along the wall is drawn up the queue. At the head, against the door itself, a messenger-boy is shucking nuts. He is keeping a place for a small capitalist who thinks it good business to get a front seat (which is the next best thing to a stall) at the pit price plus the trifling cost of an hour or two of the boy's life.

Next are Lesbia *and* Bunny *on camp-stools.* Lesbia *is pretty, with a resolute set of features.* Bunny *is lazy and careless, with the ineffaceable stain of a public-school education upon him. Behind them stands* Mr. Overproof, *a bearded gentleman whose appearance suggests the philosopher and who bears some resemblance to* St. JOAN'S *most able apologist.*

Enter a Hawker *of popular editions.*

Hawker. Eah y' are. *The Doc's Dilemma—'Artbreak House—Yer Never Can Tell*—all one prawce, wiv preface.

Bunny. Oh, I say—SHAW, don't you know.

Overproof (*to Hawker*). Thank you, but I have a complete set.

Hawker. That 's jast it. Either they 've got all SHAW'S dramers, or else they won't 'ave enny. (*He passes down queue.*) It 's provowkin', that 's wot it is, provowkin'.

Overproof (*to Lesbia*). If you will waive the inanity of an introduction, may I say that I am your father?

Lesbia. Not at all. Pleased to meet you.

Bunny. Oh, look here, I say——

Lesbia. Bunny, be quiet. (*Apologetically to* Overproof) Bunny's narrow upbringing makes it impossible for him to pick up his father gracefully in a pit queue. I am, of course, your youngest daughter, and he is your third son.

Overproof. Was there a third son? I am afraid that as I grow older I lose my mastery over detail. (*Enter* Mrs. Bompas, *who pays off the messenger-boy and takes his place.*) Your action, Madam, would not be tolerated for five minutes in a community with any pretensions to social justice.

Mrs. Bompas. Oh, indeed. This is a free country, I believe.

Enter Old Actor.

Old Actor. Ladies and——

Overproof. As an Irishman I smile at the expression of a typically English fallacy, more especially as by staking out your claim to a seat with the body of that wholesome nut-eating boy you stand self-confessed as a slave-driver no whit less abhorrent than *Simon Legree.*

Old Actor. Ladies and gent——

Lesbia. Hear, hear. I agree with you, father.

Overproof. Why do you select my most exhilarating moments to agree with me? Nothing can be more paralysing to the intellectual vivacity of the dialectician. It was the vice of your mother, whose fixed idea that we should sit together night after night in a morbid atmosphere of perfect harmony made her totally unfit for human intercourse and positively drove me from home.

Old Actor (*quickly*). With your kind permission I will give you a representation of *Shylock.*

Overproof. Can't you give us something better than SHAKESPEARE?

Old Actor (*eagerly*). I can give you extracts from *Man and Superman*, the *Cardinal's* speech from *St. Joan*——

[*The pit door opens and* Mrs. Bompas *hurries in.*

Bunny. Here, I say, I 'm going in out of this.

Overproof (*to queue generally*). Here is an opportunity to get the work of our greatest practising dramatist, without the intervention of producers who use plays as some people throw boulders down a volcano to provoke their lighting-set into action. (*The queue is favourable.* Overproof *to* Actor) Now, Sir, give us some SHAW, clearly enunciated, and not in the unspeakable dialect of your profession.

[Mr. Bulyon, *wearing evening-dress, comes from within the theatre.*

Bulyon. As manager and lessee of this theatre, would it be an impertinence to inquire why you do not enter now that the door is open?

Overproof (*sternly*). This gentleman is going to give us our drama outside your theatre, where we shall be free from the disturbances of meat-eating Englishmen of the usual brutal type, who come late and go early.

Bulyon. The situation is of great promise. May I join you? (*He sits on* Bunny's *stool.*) If you are agreeable, Sir, we might pause from time to time for fruitful discussion?

Old Actor. My first will be the Second Episode from *Back to Methuselah*, in its entirety, with voices in character.

Overproof. Never mind the voices; let us hear the words. SHAW is all right if you will but allow him to speak for himself.

[*This one-Act play will have to be broken somewhere.*

[Well, why not here?—ED.]

CURTAIN.

MAKE IT BIGGER.

IT is announced that the rules committee of golf recently suggested the introduction of a larger and lighter ball for the coming championship, and that, though this would have led to its general use, the members of the Royal and Ancient turned the proposal down. No doubt the committee took the snake by the wrong end. Who bothers about champions? The man to be considered is me. Leaving out weight for the moment, I am for a larger ball.

A golf-ball is intended to be hit; in other words, not missed. There is precious little difficulty in missing the ball now in use. I have seen quite decent performers do it; I have done it myself; and a few days ago I was playing behind a man who must have smitten the void half-a-dozen times. Not for want of trying, either. Once he sent a clod of turf flying as big as his head, and another time, with the ball cocked up and asking for it, it took him three hearty beats before he moved the thing. I grant that he was no ordinary rabbit; at the same time a ball that can treat a healthy man like that must have something wrong with it. His views on the size of a ball were plain enough. I heard him. What he 'd have liked would have been a thing as big as a mangold-wurzel. That would be going too far. On the other hand, persons who go in for championships would no doubt get along all right with a pea. A good mean would be a turnip, a turnip of average girth.

Against reform of this kind we always have the old argument that the bigger the ball the less far it will go. And a good job too. As a fact, this could be got over to a large extent by lengthening the club and so increasing the leverage. A shaft could be as long as a full-length cobra or, for that matter, one of those small sculls they supply on the Serpentine, if anybody wanted it, and it would give its owner a chance of showing off his blessed skill. But the whole business of distance is wrong. A round nowadays may consist of from thirty to forty—I take more—smacks in a four-



"I hope that you felt the inspiration of the tattoo at Wembley, Jenkins?"
"That I did, Sir. Fair made me sweat with pride."

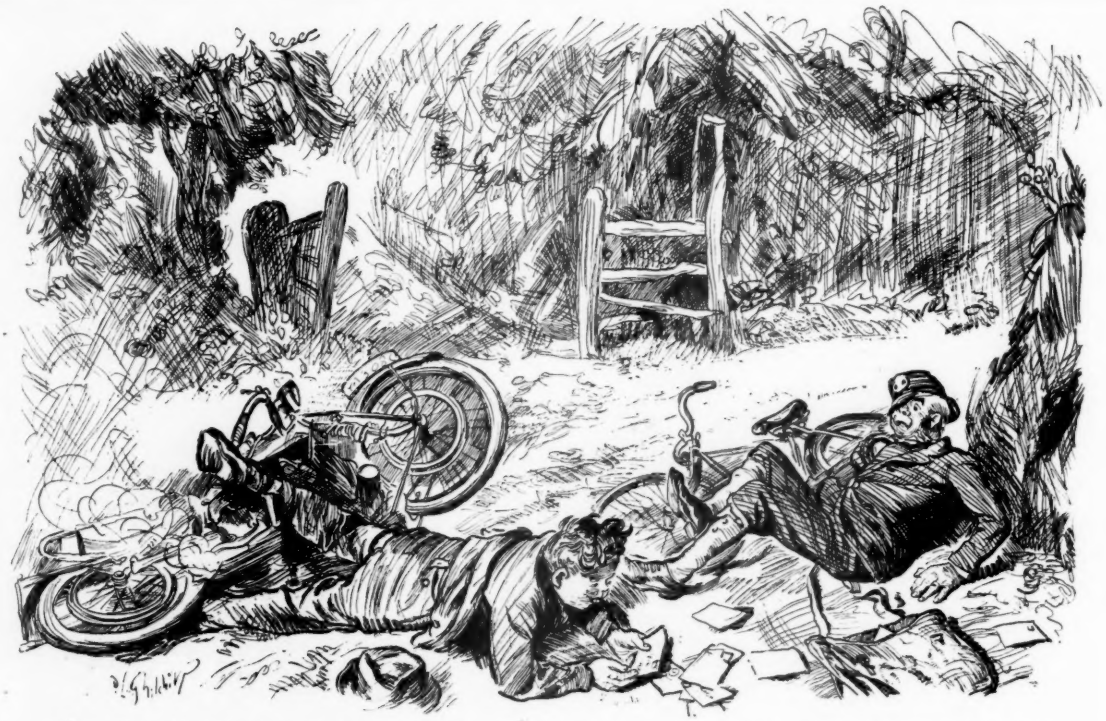
mile walk, and about the same number of strokes taken in rolling the ball along eighteen times into a tin pot. This equality of value is false. The difference ought to be at least two to one, and, if the turnip will give you that, the better turnip he. Above all, golf is meant for exercise, and every added punch will help in getting off that flesh. Of course, when you did get to the green, the hole would have to be larger. So it ought to be.

One disgusting and costly vice in the small ball is the ease with which it hides itself, especially when new, in long grass. This would be pretty well conquered by an increase in girth; one would generally find a turnip. Another point too would be the greater accommodation for gadgets. You could put in some works. For example, an inventor might provide golf-balls with a tell-tale. It could be managed by light, which, I am told, has a connection with sound. Directly a ball got out of sight and found itself in darkness it would start whistling.

So far we have only touched on size, but most that has been said applies to weight. A light ball has the great advantage of being bouncy. I have seen a floater jump a bunker in the most brilliant way. It was like a buck. And for the argument that such a ball is the more wildly influenced by a cross wind, it leaves me cold. If anything can beat the present ball at that game when one is fairly on one's slice, well, I have as much experience as most, and I say let it. Out of bounds is out of bounds, anyway, and I'm not sure that a thing like a turnip with a real good slice on wouldn't be rather a grand sight.

It may of course be said by the quarrelsome that there's nothing against my using a floater now. No more there is. But I want the fellow I'm playing with to have to use one too.

Dum-Dum.



Country Bumpkin (who has knocked postman down). "WELL, IF THAT BAIN'T LUCKY! A LETTER ADDRESSED TO OI!"

FROM HALVES TO QUARTERS.

(By a Sexagenarian.)

[*The Times*, discussing and on the whole adversely criticizing the proposal to divide the school year into four terms of nine weeks each, quotes the view of a schoolboy on "the unsettling effect of four breakings-up and four reunions."]

WHEN first I joined the Public School
My father wisely had selected,
According to established rule
The year was equally bisected;
There were two "halves," and only two;
And I, a fairly blithe newcomer,
Stayed at the mill and saw it through
From February till mid-summer.

We stuck it out without complaint—
The spirit of the age was placid—
Untroubled by the toxic taint
Of discontent's corrosive acid;
Yet ere I left, in 'seventy-five,
Our sapient Governors' decision
Installed in our scholastic hive
The new and triplicate division.

For fifty years the altered scheme
Has given general satisfaction,
And the great public does not seem
To want to put it out of action;
But now one bold head-master speaks
In favour of a four-term system,
Lest working longer than nine weeks
Should make Jack *languidum et tristem.*

Jack will himself, so I opine,
Loving all labour-saving measures,
Give three times three for four times nine
As multiplying scope for pleasures;
And all who wish to "brighten" life
With coruscating innovations
Will vote for four or even "fife"
Private or Public School vacations.

But others are concerned: what will
The modern parent think about it?
Is he prepared to foot the bill,
To bless the scheme, or rend and rout it?
And can our jumpy modern boys,
With nerves strung to the point of breaking,
Endure these added pains and joys
Of breaking-up and of leave-taking?

The claims of business and the Bar
Are disregarded altogether;
Likewise a thing more serious far,
The influence of English weather;
But, since the plan has clearly got
The New Psychology behind it,
We may, I fear, as like as not
Next year in working order find it.

Another Impasse?

"France's capacity to pay America depends on how much she has to pay us; and . . . how much she has to pay us is to depend on how much she pays America."—*Financial Paper.*

BRIGHTER CLUBS.

CERTAIN London clubs have undergone a thorough cleaning and renovation, and members are returning to find new carpets and furniture and unfamiliar colour schemes.

If clubs must be cleaned and refurnished, it seems a pity that they cannot be made more homelike. Habitués of our London clubs must have noticed the absence of such little knick-knacks, not necessarily expensive, as give character to the home. Why should there not be a china ornament or two on the mantelpiece? The fireplace might have a motto, in beaten bronze:—

Let Friendship Abound
As Ye Gather Around.

A few pleasing photographs in silver frames on the tables and a bowl or two of fresh-cut flowers would alter the aspect of the scene. Such embellishments would facilitate conversation between members who otherwise might remain silent.

"A very charming picture, Sir," the Colonel would say, indicating the photograph between his tumbler and the ash-tray.

"Yes—Parrowler's grandson—taken at Ilfracombe last August, I believe. A bonny child, Sir."

"Ah," the Colonel would exclaim;

"so long as Old England can produce such grandsons, Sir . . ."

You see how this sort of thing would help to promote sodality.

And might not the pictures be overhauled? Nine clubmen out of ten are tired of eating beneath the pompous gaze of statesmen and other celebrities, whether past or present. Some of these have been hanging too long—it is time they were cut down. Instead, we would advocate such gaily-coloured prints as "His First Bowl of Porridge" and "Yesterday was Friday," which may be obtained at a reasonable figure from any print-shop. These would transform the room with an effect of which diners would quickly be conscious.

In every club with which we are acquainted we have not failed to be aware that a piano is missing. The presence of this instrument would make the lounge or library a different place altogether. Hardly a club but has among its members some who would be willing to play a few pieces during the evening, and some would even like to bring their songs. Thus would be introduced a much-needed element of sociability into the aloofness of club life.

THE HAT-RIBBON.

THE question was, which way up should it go?

You must know that, the other day, Nancy and Barbara went to a boarding-school for the first time. The school colours had to go round their hats, and the question was, as I say, which way up should they go? Should the order be, reading from top to bottom, chocolate, cerise, blue, or should it be blue, cerise, chocolate?

Since no one had any premises from which to argue, you would say that it was hardly debatable. But some had "a feeling" that it was one way, and some had "a feeling" that it was the other; and words such as "ass" and "idiot" flew lightly around. Later Uncle Arthur came in and said that of one thing he was certain, and that was that the cerise should be in the middle. He was crushed with silence; he never does know when to try to be funny and when not. The chocolate-on-top party finally gained the day.

So far so good. But wait. They arrived at Charing Cross station in good time for the school train. And the first thing that caught Nancy's eye was a girl wearing the school hat. The ribbon was, reading from top to bottom, blue, cerise, chocolate.

It seemed a terrible beginning to a school career to arrive with the hat-ribbon on the wrong way up. But there was yet time. So they fled to a secluded spot, and there, with some difficulty and several pins, they reversed the offending ribbons.

Owing to this diversion they found, when they got on the platform, that all the other girls had assembled. It was an exciting moment. The Games Mistress, who was escorting the party, came forward to greet them. And then they looked around to find *that every girl, except the one Nancy had first seen, wore her hat-ribbon the opposite way to theirs.*

The truth dawned upon them slowly and terribly. The one Nancy had first seen was, like themselves, a new girl . . .

The Mistress was awfully nice about it. She actually laughed when she heard of the tragedy. So perhaps their careers will not after all be absolutely blasted.



MORE GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

"WHAT DO WE CALL A MAN WHO REFUSES TO EAT MEAT?"
"FUSSY."

Our Pampered Pets Again.

From a house-agent's advertisement:

"Range of pedigree buildings for dairy herd."—*Weekly Paper.*

From the advertisement of a French sporting club:—

"The Cercle —— has transferred its gambling and reading rooms to the Rue de ——.
The Rendez-vous of Foreigners Down Town.
Lunches, Dinners, Suppers.
Free Rooking at the Secretary's office every afternoon."

It might be cheaper to wait till the evening and take one's chance with the members.



THINGS THEY DO MORE PICTURESQUELY ABROAD.

STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY PASS EACH OTHER IN THE STREETS OF SALZBURG.

TO DEXTER OF THE "ENTRY."

(*On his way to "cub"*).

ROLLICKING, frolicking, gaysome o' stern,
Dexter, fine pup, but there's lots you've to learn—
Lots you've to learn about life and its rubs;
So *cop*, my lad, *cop*, my lad, come and catch cubs;
Come away, *cop* and catch cubs!

Bouncing and pouncing and wild as a hawk,
Dexter, forget it—your riot at "walk";
"Chopped" chickens, did you? and ran turkey-cocks?
Dexter, forget it and dream about *fox;*
Cop, my son, nothing but fox.

Here again, near again, Dexter, good lad;
Next year you'll collar the lead from your dad;
Next year you'll fight him—and win—for the mask;
So *cop*, puppy, *cop*, puppy, come to your task;
Come away, *cop*, to your task!

Hoop, my lad, *coop*, my lad, listen to me:
Rabbit, *a-a-ah*, rabbit, you let rabbit be;
'Ware the white scuts when they break with a rush,
Don't you run nothing that hasn't a brush;
Cop, my lad, try for his brush!

Larking and yarking, you leave 'em forlorn,
All your fool fancies, an' get to the horn;
Under the paling or over the top,
Get away, get away, get away, *cop;*
Come along, come along, *cop!*

Yuffing an' snuffing at farmy-yard smells—
Dexter, my dainty, there's *scent* and naught else;
Once you've a-got it you'll know that there's none
Other for ever, so try for it, son;
Cop, come and try for it, son!

Shog along, jog along, *yoi*, puppy, *yoi!*
Come an' get blooded, get blooded, good boy;
Cop, come an' sort 'em at seven A.M.,
Cubs 'll larn you, my lad, you'll a-larn them;
Cover hoick, lad, an' larn them!

THE MARTYRDOM OF MUSICIANS.

WIDESPREAD sympathy has been evoked in musical circles by the account of the harassing experience that recently befell Mme. TETRAZZINI and M. PACHMANN. It appears from an account in *The Star* that the two great artists met on their way to Rome and became so engrossed in each other's conversation that they omitted to look after their luggage, which contained Madame TETRAZZINI'S jewels, and an overcoat which once belonged to CHOPIN but is now a cherished possession of M. PACHMANN. It is an enormous relief to learn that the lost treasures have been found and are being sent on from France.

By one of those happy inspirations which only visit great minds, it occurred to Mr. Punch to send a representative to wait on Miss Ouida Stempel, another famous *coloratura* singer who has recently arrived in London, to find out what she thought about a disaster which so narrowly missed developing into a first-class tragedy.

"I yield to no one," said Miss Ouida Stempel, after



A NICE DISTINCTION.

"MODERATE" SOCIALIST (*to Communist*). "I DISAPPROVE OF YOUR WEAPONS OF VIOLENCE. I PREFER THIS SIMPLE METHOD OF STRANGLING THE NATION'S LIFE."

"There are many of us whose connexion with key-industries has brought us, and may bring us again, into collision with Governments as well as employers. If that time comes we shall be with the organised workers whatever may be the path they follow."—*Chairman of the Labour Party Conference.*]



Michael (to governess who has been illustrating with an orange the movement of the earth round the sun). "Now do it with a banana."

graciously welcoming our representative to her sumptuous and semi-sultanic suite at Harridge's Hotel, "in my admiration for Madame Tetrazzini's superb voice and singing and for the gnome-like grace of M. Pachmann's pianism, but it must not be supposed that they enjoy a monopoly of distressing experiences. Only a few weeks ago, on landing at New York after an extended tour ranging from the torrid zone to the glacial rigours of Siberia, I suddenly recognised Toscha Heikicz in the crowd on the landing stage. So delighted was I at the *rencontre*, so fascinated by his witty conversation—as sparkling as the high harmonics of his violin—that we remained for a full half-hour before I bethought me of my luggage, and by that time it had been carried off *en bloc* by a gang of motor bandits. Of the sixty-seven pieces which it comprised, many were capable of being replaced; but one trunk, containing a crinoline and three pairs of elastic-sided boots which had once belonged to the great Malibran, a pelisse which had been worn by Catalani, and a silver-mounted hot-water bottle which had been presented to Grisi by the Tsar of Russia, has so far evaded the combined intelligence of the best detectives in the United States. I can hardly think of it without tears, because these treasures were indispensable to my impersonations of these famous artists, and their loss can never be repaired. It is however just possible that reverent collectors of art relics in this country may possess other similar mementoes of the departed Queens of Song and might be generously disposed to lend them to me for a purpose which must commend itself to all who recognise the value of authentic costume in the realistic construction of the glories of the past."

After assuring Miss Stempel that we should do all in our power to lend the widest possible currency to her appeal, our representative withdrew with gestures expressive of acute and respectful sympathy.

POETIC REFUSALS.

(*Mr. Siegfried Sassoon refuses to sing in public.*)

Once when I suddenly burst out singing
There came a whirling storm of boots,
As a tornado flings about one
Trees torn and broken at their roots.
A barrage is like that—when every gunner shoots.

Everyone's boot was suddenly volleyed,
And wisdom came with the setting sun.
My head was battered with missiles. Never
I 'll sing again . . . O but everyone
Had a pair; and the boots were heavy; the singing
was very soon done.

"The folk who people 'The House of Alard' can be met with by anybody who roams . . . among the sylvan woods of Sussex."
Provincial Magazine.

We always like our woods to be sylvan, if possible.

THE FAHAIRY STORY.

II.—OUR PRINTING OUTFIT.

WE have now had our printing outfit for three months, but Judy's "Fahairy Story," as she persists in calling it, is not yet complete.

We have our home-made volume of one hundred pages (the original first copy, first edition, with the "r" in "Fairy" printed upside down, and signed by the authoress in seven places). It has a blue cover, a title-page encrusted with all the ornaments in the printing outfit, all the chapters numbered (Chapter XV. being printed backwards), and at the end of the book there appears the magic word FINIS.

The volume really looks very well, but we can't get on with the story. It is such a very fluid story; indeed, on occasions it seems to approach the gaseous state.

"Have you," said the author, gulping for breath at the end of the fourth verbal version of the story—"have you got all that written down on paper?"

"Not quite," I said. "Do you know it will make in printed language four thousand words?"

"Four *thousand?*" said the author, wide-eyed with joy. "Couldn't we make it five?"

"We could, no doubt, but we've got to set it up with india-rubber letters, and, as it takes five minutes' hard work to set up three words, and another five to get a good impression, it will take twelve months to print the volume."

That told; we began to prune carefully. After two hours' hard work setting up the opening sentences in type we became more drastic. After two days we spent most of the time trying to find something worth the hard labour of setting up in type.

To all writers who suffer from a tendency to be prolix or to whom cutting is a hardship, let me confidently recommend the purchase of a printing set. By the time they have coaxed a page of little hard india-rubber letters into inadequate slots with a pair of squiggley tweezers, they will have acquired a tense crisp style as advocated (but seldom practised) by professors of literature, and the world will be a better place. For when writing is really an agony reading will become a pleasure.

"Be careful," I warned the authoress, who was struggling with an "m" that had become depressed in its socket and refused to show up on paper; "you'll get Printers' Pie."

"What's that?" Out flipped the whole line of words on to the floor.

"That's it," I said as we grovelled for the bits. Type-setting is the nearest exercise to ping-pong I know. For, from a pair of tweezers gripped too tightly, a letter will flip out and travel far. So much so that type-setting is now forbidden in a room where there is food about. We once lost the second "e" of "Evelyn" for hours, and then found it in the butter; and all through the meal anybody who bit on something hard wondered if it was the missing "d" in "marmalade." An uncle who had come all the way from Australia to see the Empire Exhibition created a record; he got half "Wembley" in the fruit salad.

We managed to get Chapter I. printed—thirty-two words, representing a week's work (chiefly overtime on my part). Chapter XVII. came next; for, as the *Prince* was falling in and out of love with the woodcutter's daughter all that time, details were unnecessary, and we simply printed "HE LOVED HER" at the top of Chapters II. to XVI. inclusive, and "TO BE CONTINUED" at the end.

The task of printing the tragic episode in Chapter XVII. the author reserved for herself. For two hours she remained locked in her room dealing with the situation, announcing repeatedly in horror-struck tones through the key-hole that it was getting more and more "rawful." We were at last permitted to pick up the book carelessly, as if for the first time, to turn over the leaves and be properly thrilled. This is what we read:—

"BLUDDE ON THE FLOOOR."

We shuddered appropriately.

"Rather rawful?" queried the authoress in a whisper.

"Rawful," I said. "But why have you printed it twenty times down the centre of the page?"

"To make it more rawful, of course."

It is curious how this sanguinary phrase had attracted from the first. She gets it, I'm afraid, from association with a young man of seven who has a passion for death in all its forms. His toys, his dog, his companions—all have to die all day long before he can get complete satisfaction.

The phrase became an obsession. It is all very well for educationalists to say "Don't check a child's enthusiasm," but our lady-help, who is a complete vegetarian, threatened to leave. She said that wherever she went and wherever she looked there was nothing but "Bludde." The morning paper bore the purple imprint in many places; letters were invariably stamped "British Empire Exhibition" and "Bludde on the Flooor;" tradesmen found it on the bills when we paid them, and it entirely robbed the lemon-squash bottle of its cooling suggestiveness.

"You brought the printing outfit into the home," I was told when I remonstrated.

"The Child," I said sternly, trying to remember what it was I had heard about the child with a capital "C," "is nature's experiment. It may be that something great will come from this freedom of expression—who knows?"

Who knows? I knew soon enough.

Coming back one day I noticed that the bookshelves looked a little different. A rather pink small face eyed me uncertainly. There was a suspicious brightness in the voice that informed me that she and Gervase had spent a useful afternoon taking out all my books, dusting them very carefully and putting them back. Somehow I felt there was going to be further information offered, but the voice tailed off after a jerk which may or may not have been the result of a thump in the back from the bloodthirsty ruffian of seven.

"How nice!" I said, and picked up a book; then another, and then another. On the fly-leaf of every book were two words in purple:—

"LIBRARY COPY."

They had seen it rubber-stamped on a library book and had copied it—correctly too. And who the dickens is going to believe now that I ever bought a book in my life?

There was very nearly "Bludde on the Flooor" in earnest. L.

SONG.

LOVE THE ALCHEMIST.

Love can change a heart of dross
  Into purest metal;
Love can forge an iron cross
  From a rose-leaf petal;
Love can turn a honey-drop
  Into bitter poison,
Or transform a barren crop
  Into smiling foison.
    Call him foolish, fond or shy,
    Love's an alchemist, say I.

Love can start a mighty flame
  Without flint or tinder,
At a breath can quench the same
  To a haggard cinder;
Love can give you warmth and cheer
  With no help of fuel,
Or transmute a falling tear
  To a precious jewel.
    Love's a wanton lad, you cry;
    Love's an alchemist, say I.

Seers and sages toil and sweat
  At their solemn labours,
Little more, methinks, they get
  Than their witless neighbours;
Love, the child with bandaged eyes,
  While men grope and blunder,
Changes Hell to Paradise
  Ere we've time to wonder.
    Scorn him, if you dare to try,
    Love's an alchemist, say I.

R. F.

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

Just back from the Dashmores' shoot at Glentoddy. I 'd quite a good little time. My shooting-kit was absolutely *The*! Frightfully chic plus-fours, Norfolk jacket, darling boots laced to the knee, and the gun I wore was a perfect duck, a light little twenty-bore that fitted me to perfection. Altogether I was dressed to kill, though not with my gun.

There 's rather a little vogue this autumn for prisons and prison dress, sort of Man-in-the-Iron-Mask, Prisoner-of-Chillon feeling in the air. Tailored tweeds, to be *quite* last-wordy, must have something about them that *clanks*. Pixie, who 's in the front of every movement, struck the prison note pretty loud at Glentoddy. She 'd the broad-arrow on her shooting-kit and wore a number. With her close-cropped head it was the *completest* thing! Instead of tea in the afternoon there was skilly or whatever it is prisoners have, and the same idea was kept up at the evening dances; several people wore numbers, and couples handcuffed themselves together for dancing and sitting-out.

With my shooting-jacket I wore one of the terribly new prison-chain belts, a broad grim iron chain fastening in front with a great cruel padlock. It had a big success while we were out on the moor, but that was *nothing* to what it did for me when we got back, for I 'd lost the key of the padlock, *et me voilà!* a poor little prisoner, chained into my shooting-kit for the rest of my life! I was the centre of attraction. All the men were trying to unpadlock me. Pixie, who 's a crack shot, was nowhere.

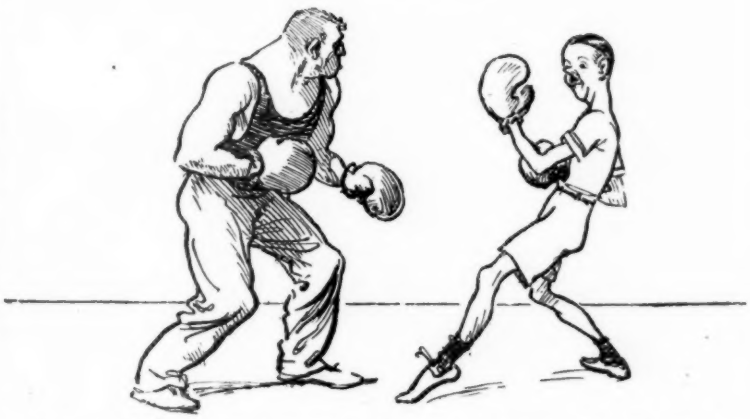
"What a darling old fraud you are, Sylvia!" she cried. "You can't shoot for nuts and so you try to make a splash in another way. Don't bother about it, boys; she could find the key if she liked."

"Oh, you wicked woman!" I said; "I couldn't. Really and truly it 's lost."

And so it was; and as nobody could undo the padlock a locksmith had to be sent for. Deliciously thrilling! *The Daily Yell* got hold of it somehow and sent a man down for a "story," and afterwards a whole page of *The D. Y.* was nothing but me! "Beautiful Countess" (the dear creatures didn't use the odious word "Dowager"!) "imprisoned in her shooting dress by one of the new Prison Belts." (Cabinet photo of me, taken some years ago.) "The Belt." "Freed from her Chains" (Full length of me, without the belt and doing my best smile.) "(*Inset*) the Locksmith who released the Charming Prisoner."

There was just a wee hitch in our

HAPPY THOUGHT.



Instructor (to novice). "Come on, Sir, don't be so friendly. Try and think of someone you 'd like to 'and it to.



"Lumme!



"Oo was you a-thinkin' of?"
Novice. "That Income-Tax fella!"



Cub-hunting Sportsman (whose new purchase has bolted after kicking him off). "WHERE'S HE GONE?"
Runner. "'OME."
Sportsman. "I HOPE HE WON'T GET LOST."
Runner. "BLESS YER 'EART, THERE'S NO FEAR OF THAT. LAST SEASON, WHEN MR. WASHBALL 'AD 'IM, 'E USED TO GO 'OME BY 'ISSELF THREE DAYS OUTER FOUR."

jolly party. Whether it was Dashmore's carelessness or Pixie's cussedness that invited in the same party the President of Bogo-Glomania and the President of Tikko-Sarlathia, who both happened to be in England on State business, one can't say. Everyone knows that, before Middle Europe was carved up after the War, Bogo-Glomania (when it was called something else) was bigger than it is now, and Tikko-Sarlathia (when *it* was called something else) was smaller. The Bogo-Gloms consider that the Tikko-Sarls have got part of their country, and the national grievance was dreffully evident at Glentoddy.

"It's as good as a cabaret," said Oswy Saxonbury, "to see how old Bogo-Glom glares at little Tikko-Sarl across the dinner-table. Gorgeous idea to have them here together! Little Tikko must take care of himself; he's a good little sort."

Poor, dear, imprudent Oswy! It was *he* who ought to have taken care. We were straggling home one afternoon when Oswy said, after looking back, "I don't see little Tikko anywhere. Hope old Bogo-Glom hasn't done him in with his gun." He didn't know the President of Bogo-Glomania was within hearing until the latter stepped up to him, white with rage, and said in his queer English: "Young gentlemister, your just-now-spoken words, implying that I would avenge the wr-r-r-ongs of my country by making of myself an assas-s-s-in, touch my honour. I hand you the lie and demand a meeting."

We all tried to smooth things down, but the President of Bogo-Glomania continued to "demand a meeting" and claimed to use his own national weapon, which, it seems, is something rather like a toasting-fork, but quite a deadly affair.

"Right-o!" said Oswy. "*My* national weapons are the raw 'uns, and I 'll give old Bogo-Glom the k.o. with all the pleasure in life. Stop a bit, though; perhaps the best way to meet Bogo's toasting-fork would be to borrow little Tikko's national weapon, which they say is like an immense crochet-hook. What's the betting? What's the betting? Two to one on Saxonbury to win, and the same on old Bogo-Glom for 'also ran.'"

But, though Oswy joked, Lalla Mercia was frightfully anxious for her boy and is still pulling all sorts of official and diplomatic strings to get the matter peaceably settled.

People are a good deal intrigued about this new Back-to-Nature treatment that Sir William Kiddem is prescribing for some of his patients. And in chatting over the Back-to-Naturists one always includes the tragic experience of poor dear Sir Cashley Creasus, how he tried the treatment and how it ended.

Sir Cashley, after a strenuous time in London, at Cowes and at various country houses, and having had several hairbreadth matrimonial escapes, more especially from Lady Manœuvrer (with April in tow), felt so much off-colour that he went to consult Sir William Kiddem. Dear Sir William, in his own wunnerful way, looked him straight in the eyes and said quietly, "What's the matter?" And Cashley Creasus answered, "Whether it's want of petrol or engine trouble it's up to you to find out, Doctor, but I'm so jollidamwell fed up with everything that I shouldn't squeal if you said I'd got to go where the matchmakers cease from troubling and the eligible are at rest."

Our Sweet William gave a little shrug and said, half to himself, "Another case of it."

"Of what?" asked poor Cashley.

"The complaint of the moment—dolodonia," said the Doctor.

"Well," said poor Cashley, "there might be even more of it than *that*, for it's a beastly feeling. What are you going to do for me, Doctor?"

"Send you right back to Nature, as I send my other dolodonia patients."

"Seems to me," said Cashley, "that *some* people have got pretty well back to Nature without any prescription but the latest fashion. What's the big idea? How do I get back to Nature? By car or 'plane or boat?"

"I'm going to send you into the mountains," said Sir William; "the French Pyrenees for choice. Hire a mountain hut. Live there quite alone, among the great silences. Lie in the lap of your mother, Nature. Look at her, listen to her."

"What 'll there be to listen to if I'm in the great silences?" asked the patient.

"Well—er—listen to—to—anything you *can* hear. Shed your civilization. No luxuries, no servants, no newspapers, no talk (even if you're in the habit of talking to *yourself*, don't). Live entirely on fruit and nuts. Wear one woollen garment. Go on all-fours, and at night curl up on the floor of your hut and sleep as you've never slept before. This is the Back-to-Nature treatment, of which you've heard. One month of it will cure the most obstinate case of dolodonia."

So Sir Cashley hired a mountain hut in the French Pyrenees, high enough for solitude but not high enough to freeze him, and he had lots of fruit and nuts sent up to him, and he wore a wild and woolly garment with padded leather knees and gloves, and he went about on all-fours among the great silences, and at night curled up on the floor of his hut and didn't sleep a wink. On the third day, when he was crawling about near his hut, he said to himself: "Whether I had dolo-what's-its-name or not, I've no use for this treatment. I'm as badly fed up with the great silences as I was with the big noise; though certainly there are no match-making mothers here. Let's see what's at the other side of this big rock."

So he crawled round the big rock, and at the other side saw two wild and woolly figures crawling towards him. "Two more Back-to-Naturists!" he said. "I'm jolly glad to see 'em. Cheerio!" he yodelled. And the two other Back-to-Naturists raised their heads—Lady Manœuvrer and April!

"Cook tries to damn Coal Inquiry."
Headline in Provincial Paper.

Had she been burning too much?



Old Territorial. "Is this the fust night you've slep' in camp?"
Recruit. "I don't know yet."

AT THE PLAY.

"Mrs. Warren's Profession"
(The Regent).

This play of Mr. Bernard Shaw's was produced publicly for the first time in England at the beginning of last week. It may be that the Censor originally banned it because it drags into daylight an unpleasant theme, an argument of course which, used nowadays, would cause the suppression of almost every written work except possibly *Bradshaw's Guide*. And even then there is the Southern Railway.

Or the objection, and a not unjust one, may have been that Mr. Bernard Shaw with characteristic generosity has put most of the best arguments into the mouth of the Devil. There is no doubt that the Second Act, at the end of which *Mrs. Warren* warmly and eloquently defends a career of shame to her daughter, is the best in the play. It obtained a splendid reception on the first night, whereas, to tell the truth, the other three Acts fell rather flat. *Vivie Warren*, the daughter, is compelled to mingle her natural distaste for the whole nasty business—and that, after all, is the true argument against *Mrs. Warren's* pleadings—with a good deal of hard Shavian common-sense. The worst instance of this occurs in Act IV., where, in speaking of *Crofts*, who takes his dividends out of *Mrs. Warren's* houses and has just made her an abominable proposal of marriage, she is made to say, "To tell you the truth, I rather admire him for being strong-minded enough to enjoy himself in his own way and make plenty of money, instead of

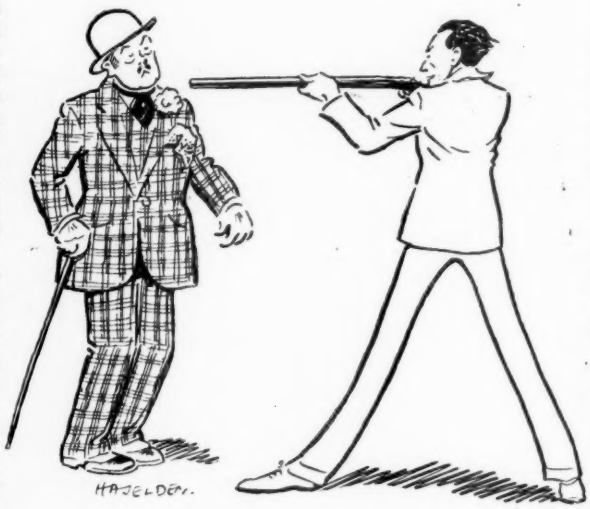
living the usual shooting, hunting, dining-out, sailoring, loafing life of his set, merely because all the rest do it."

This is the kind of flick from the Shavian lash that makes me say "Oo," but it is quite impossible from *Vivie* or any decent girl, and it doesn't appeal to the sentiment of any class in England whatsoever. Laziness in Olympian eyes may be worse than the active promotion of vice. It is indeed, I believe, one of the seven deadly sins. But it is far more easily covered by charity than the keeping of houses of prostitution.

The CENSOR may also have been influenced to a certain degree by the presence in the play of the *Rev. Samuel Gardner*, whom Mr. SHAW'S sense of humour has seen fit to make one of *Mrs. Warren's* former lovers. He is also supposed to have sat up half the night with *Crofts*, getting drunk and talking over old times. But most clergymen on the stage are either villains or imbeciles, and Mr. SHAW on the whole has been rather kind to the Church. He recognises in other plays, and regards very leniently, the more ascetic type of divine. By those interested in the psychology of dramatists the *Rev. Samuel Gardner* may be viewed as an interesting contrast with the study of the missionary in Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S *Rain*.

Some of the critics present seemed to consider that *Mrs. Warren's Profession* did not "date" to any noticeable degree, but I was not quite so happy about it myself. The number of fairly well-paid careers for educated girls has increased so enormously during the last thirty years that *Vivie's* choice of accountancy as her only possible profession seemed rather absurd. And when *Mrs. Warren* pointed out that for a poor girl in London drudgery was the sole alternative to vice, giving, as an instance of the former, fourteen hours' work *per diem* at a station bar, one could almost hear thirsty members of the audience (for it was a close evening) murmuring quietly to themselves, "Where, oh, where is that bar?"

Again, when *Mrs. Warren* says, "What is any respectable girl brought up to do but to catch some rich man's fancy and get the benefit of his money by marrying him?—as if a marriage ceremony could make any difference in the right or wrong of the thing," one feels that in a modern play *Mrs. Warren* would scarcely have let off the morals of the technically respectable woman with so light a castigation. And what are we to say of *Praed*, the artist, whose sole concern is the beautiful, introduced into this play as the platonic friend of the intensely vulgar and materially-minded *Mrs. Warren*? Surely *Praed* must belong to a date when there were scarcely any women in Bohemia outside *Mrs. Warren's* class.

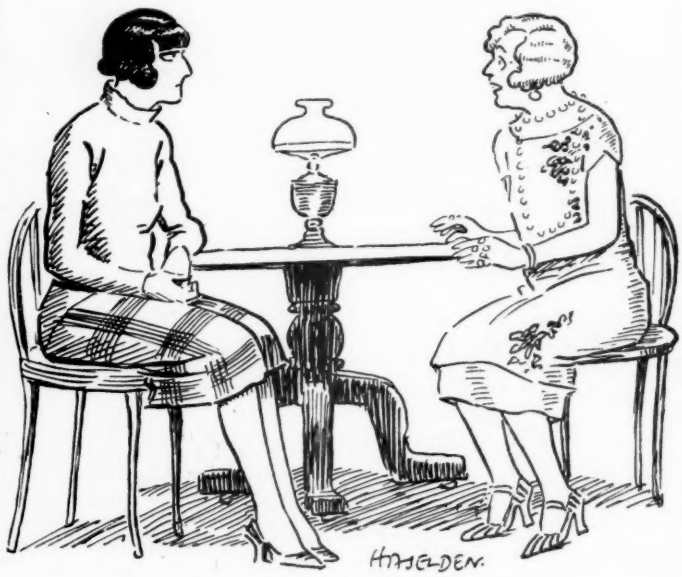


A SOFT THING.

Sir George Crofts . . . . MR. CHARLES SEWELL.
Frank . . . . . MR. GEORGE BANCROFT.

I can never see any reason why plays of thirty years ago or thereabouts should not be carefully dressed in accordance with the period. And, if that were done, *Vivie's* dashingly improper bicycle, which was left out of the stage performance, might have been retained. But I suppose it is too much to ask of any actress that she should appear with a curled fringe and skirts reaching below the ankle for illusion's sake.

As for the acting, it has always seemed to me that any performers in a Shavian play whose memory never falters deserve our grateful recognition for that virtue alone, and no accusation can be brought on this score against the caste at the Regent Theatre.



MRS. WARREN'S CONFESSION.

A GRIM DAUGHTER-CONFESSOR.

Vivie . . . . . MISS VALERIE RICHARDS.
Mrs. Warren . . . . . MISS FLORENCE JACKSON.

Miss VALERIE RICHARDS as *Vivie* has a part which, as I have hinted, seems to me too logical for life. I know she was a Third Wrangler, but logic and mathematics are not the same thing. She admits the cogency of her mother's arguments in Act II., and affectionately embraces her. In Act IV., still admitting the cogency of these arguments and professing the same affection, she points out that her mother's way of life is not going to be hers, and that there is no reason why they should ever meet again. She is neither hard enough nor soft enough to seem true.

Miss FLORENCE JACKSON as *Mrs. Warren* made a great success of her part, although I had fancied at first—in spite of Mr. BERNARD SHAW'S stage direction: "a genial

and fairly presentable old blackguard of a woman"—that she was going to overdo it. I came to the conclusion afterwards, though, that I was wrong, for her apology for her life was spoken with a perfect naturalness that could hardly have been bettered with any other interpretation of the type. Mr. CHARLES SEWELL as *Sir George Crofts* was also sympathetically intolerable. And I daresay the *Rev. Samuel Gardner*, played by Mr. ARTHUR CLAREMONT, was all that he ought to have been, a sanctimonious old humbug, like most of our Wardour Street country clergymen. The rest were not quite so good. *Frank*, the Rector's son, is a somewhat difficult part. He is supposed to be a gay and rather extravagant undergraduate. Has that ever been properly done on the stage?

The author was not present. He was not even lingering shyly outside to hear how the piece was received. EVOE.



THE DISCOVERY OF MAN (MR. ERNIE LOTINGA) BY MISS JENNY GOLDER.

"FOLIES BERGÈRE" (PALLADIUM).

My invitation told me that Mr. CHARLES GULLIVER requested the pleasure of my company "at the first performance of his new revue, *Folies Bergère* (the actual Paris production)." This seemed a dark saying, and the actual performance threw very little light on it. The costumes (or the lack of them) may have been reproduced from Paris models; the scheme of some of the scenes ("The Crown of Napoleon," for instance) had, no doubt, the same exotic provenance; and there were a few French songs and some brief French remarks (not all of them in a strictly Parisian accent); but for the rest there was very little trace of French manners in the entertainment and still less of French *esprit*.

When I found that the humour of an early item turned on the question whether Mr. LOTINGA would permit himself to discard his trousers (the women's shrieks of fascinated apprehension showed how intelligently they appreciated this novelty), I trembled for what was to come. And my fears were partially justified, for this same garment provided a further occasion for elementary vulgarity. But there was better stuff than that, and Mr. LOTINGA gave us some really good fun as a wangling Tommy who declined, like the rest of his party, to volunteer for a perilous job; who talked in the ranks and offered incredible effronteries to his Adjutant, and, finally going sick of a number of imaginary complaints, found a legitimate excuse for the removal of his trousers when putting himself to bed in hospital.

But the humour was patchy; some of the scenes never got beyond a crude suburban banality; and once, when a maiden's ignorance demanded enlightenment on the essential difference between a man and a woman, the fun assumed a rather embarrassing latitude. Every house has, I suppose, its own standard, and the Management no doubt know all about the tastes of the Palladium. But, O Pallas Athene of the Citadel of Troy, what things are done under thy ægis!

Apparently the *habitués* of Argyll Street do not insist upon subtlety. There was scarcely a single note of literary refinement in the show; not a flicker from the sacred lamp of burlesque; no allusiveness to the times (except in the pleasant interludes of gag supplied by Mr. FRED DUPREZ); little or nothing, in fact, to justify the description of it as a "revue." I found my own intelligence more than adequate for the understanding of most of the humour, though I confess that I had to seek information afterwards as to the meaning of a pun (readily grasped by a large section of the audience), which turned out to be a reference, of Hebraic derivation, to the Passover.



MANY PARTS BUT ONE ACCENT (U.S.A.).

Fredericus Napoleon Fred Duprez } MR. FRED DUPREZ.

I have no complaint to make of the lavish variety of the scenes. Visions of Egypt, Greece, Rome, Russia, Florence, Havannah flashed with rapid transience before our dazzled eyes (I never in my life saw such a sample of Greek architecture). We passed breathlessly from the Thames Embankment to an interior of the First Consulate; from a *danse des morts* (though I only counted one corpse) in the Champs Elysées to NERO and the Roman Games. It was all one to Mr. LOTINGA whether he was a British tramp or an Ancient Roman; and Mr. CHISHOLM's voice was equally excellent whether it purported to come

from the throat of a Florentine or a dweller by the Nile, a Greek or a wounded soldier of the *Grande Armée*.

The ambitions of the ballet, admirably drilled, did not soar beyond an energetic uniformity; there was no grace of movement or design either here or in the other dances, which were just the ugly acrobatic kind, done very well and fiercely by LES GERMAINES. Nor, apart from this Apache business, was there any feat of skill. Messrs. STEEL AND WINSLOW'S rough-and-tumble turn on roller skates (quaintly described as "Poetic Motion") seemed more funny than difficult.

Mr. LOTINGA bore the heaviest burden and bore it very lightly, as if his shoulders were as broad as some of the things he was given to say and do. And a good word is due to Mr. HAROLD WILKINSON, a model of self-effacement, who was content to act as his foil. Miss JENNY GOLDER of the gleaming face was very much awake and aware. I was greatly impressed alike by her exhibition of vitality and teeth. But perhaps the most attractive personality was Mr. FRED DUPREZ. Besides taking his part as NAPOLEON and other figures on the stage, from time to time, by way of eking out the intervals while scenes were being shifted, he came forward as himself and talked to us heart to heart. In one of these intimate chats—with parentheses addressed to individuals in the stalls and to "HORACE" (Mr. SHELDON) in the conductor's seat—he supplemented the programme by telling us who had "supplied" the various effects and properties. Thus he confided to us that the ballet's legs had come from the Argentine Frozen Meat Company and the jokes from the Archæological Department of the British Museum. (He did not mention one joke arising from a confusion between the words British and Yiddish, which came from a much more modern source, namely, a recent revue at a rival theatre.) These confessions, which put everybody on the best of terms with everybody else, were calculated to disarm the critic.

The general good humour was increased at the close by a novel device. To make up for any defect in our enthusiasm, the Company themselves applauded the audience for the warmth of its appreciation.

Finally the producer was brought on to receive our responsive applause; and at this juncture a voice from the heights shouted in French (our first experience, during this Parisian evening, of the native article), "The producer, it is I! It is I!" This served to deepen the mystery which, as I hinted above, shrouds the origin and naturalisation of these *Folies Bergère*. O. S.

A PERFECT CURE.

I AM feeling ever so much better.

You see, I have been a sufferer all my life. Perhaps you know that feeling of repletion after meals, or that tired feeling in the morning after an extended night at a cabaret show. I used to suffer from both regularly, and often at the end of the London Season have I crawled round to Harley Street and had my worst suspicions confirmed.

"My dear Sir," Harley Street would say, after listening to my symptom recital, "you are run down. You must leave London at once."

"And where do you advise?" I would begin.

"Of course," Harley Street would continue as though I had not spoken, "you could go into a nursing home and have an operation;" and so saying Harley Street would look at me wistfully and calculatingly.

But Harley Street and I have played this game together for years and I know every move.

"I was thinking," I would say, "of Brighton."

"Brighton. H'm. Well, if you are quite sure . . . ," Harley Street would murmur.

"Quite," I would retort.

"Then I really think that Brighton might be as good as anywhere."

And we have left it at that.

On the eves of Christmas and Easter this dialogue would be repeated with appropriate variations, for, as I have said before, I have been a great sufferer. But this autumn I am feeling ever so much better and shall not visit Harley Street at all.

Perhaps you have heard of osteopathy and of its famous professors who recently held a conference in this country? Yes, bones enter into it, but there is more in it than bones. It is the science of living, and as a friend of mine, who joined me in my "cure," has aptly said, "What a life!"

Are you fond of nuts? No, I thought not; no more am I. I hate nuts. Yet for four days last month nuts, with an occasional raw potato, were my standby. Also I consumed green leaves, cereals, honey, sweet fruits and lemon-juice; and that feeling of repletion did not return. Other feelings I had, but repletion, no. My heart-beats were fewer to the minute. Now, indeed, when I see a nut my heart almost stops beating. But dietary is only part of the cure.

For four days I lived in the open, doing upside-down exercises and walking on all-fours. Neither in Mayfair nor when one is of mature age and portly habit are these easy things to do. But I did them. My flat fortunately happens to be in one of our fashionable squares, and on inquiring I discovered that for years I had had the *entrée* to our select enclosure. I had thought of the Park, but there were objections. For instance, ladies whom one knew, to say nothing of ladies whom one did not know, might not understand. The certain badinage of the flippant, the possible frowns of the censorious, also deterred me. No doubt the children would have been amused, but what of the park police? It is, I believe, difficult if not impossible to amuse the police. So the square it had to be.

Those who have never taken an osteopathic cure in a London square will hardly believe how little real solitude one can discover there. Apparently opaque shrubberies become as transparent as plate-glass when one is doing upside-down exercises or running round on all-fours. Moreover in such a square the hum of life and the tramp of footsteps never cease. Before the last belated reveller had finished laughing at me the milkman was hanging on the rails. Once at midnight I was upside-down when the constable on duty flashed his lantern on me, and it was only by flourishing like a green bay-tree that I escaped his closer attention.

It is over now, and, looking back on it, I can understand how powerful its effects might be if continued. Osteopaths assure me that, carried on over a period of four years, it would have made me ten years younger, far more efficient and much better-looking. They may be right. I tried it for four days and found it a perfect cure. I have again a feeling of repletion after meals and once more I feel tired in the morning after a late night, but I find these feelings comparatively pleasurable. I shall go to Brighton without troubling Harley Street to confirm my intention. I shall continue to do as I please, as I always have done, but I shall never grumble again.

As I said before I am feeling ever so much better.

AN Exhibition of Pictures and Drawings by Officers and Ex-officers of the Regular Army is now being held at the Galleries of the Royal British Art Club in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, and will be open till the 16th of this month.

All entrance-money received, after payment of expenses, is to be devoted to Military charities.

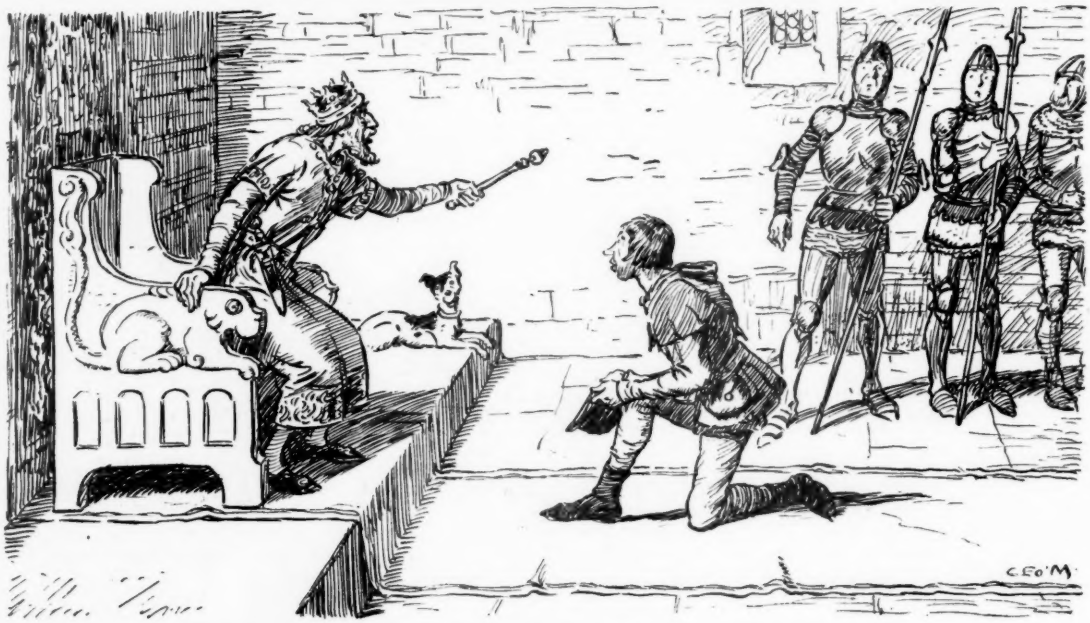
From the report of a motoring accident:—

"Mr. and Mrs. —— were somewhat shaven by the unexpected stoppage."—*Scots Paper.*

What might be called a hair-breadth escape.



DISGRACED; OR, THE WRITING ON THE VAN.



METEOROLOGICAL SCEPTICISM IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

King (contemplating war, to messenger). "WELL?"

Messenger. "SIRE, AS YOU COMMANDED, I SOUGHT THE SOOTHSAYERS AND THE ASTROLOGERS AND THE MAGICIANS, BUT THEY WERE ALL AWAY FROM HOME. SO I WENT TO THE FORETELLER OF WEATHER AND HE TOLD ME YOUR MAJESTY WOULD SUFFER DEFEAT IF YOU SHOULD GO TO WAR AT PRESENT."

King. "THAT DETERMINES US. HO, VARLETS! BID OUR CAPTAIN OF THE HOSTS TO MARSHAL OUR ARMY AT ONCE. WE WOULD TO BATTLE INSTANTLY. GO!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT takes a cunning hand to ring changes on a romantic theme nowadays, and I congratulate Mr. STANLEY J. WEYMAN, whose *Queen's Folly* (MURRAY) contrives some very pretty permutations of a very pretty old peal. Shortly before our victory at Copenhagen—whose guns indeed are heard remotely booming mid-way through the story—a masterful dowager chooses a governess for her hoydenish granddaughter. She does not trouble to apprise the child's mother of the engagement—this, I suppose, is part of her masterfulness—and poor little *Rachel South*, innocent daughter of a defunct Devonshire parson, arrives at the mansion which gives its name to the story unexpected by anybody. Most of the household, including its mistress, *Lady Ellingham*, set her down at first sight for the latest light-o'-love of its absent master, forwarded, so to speak, in advance to await the consignor's arrival. But his lordship's seafaring brother, *Captain Dunstan*, is prepossessed in *Rachel's* favour; the tutor, *Mr. Girardot*, who is "to tread [as he puts it] the same back stairs," is captivated. *Lady Ellingham* ascertains the truth of the girl's story, and "*Miss South*" is retained to teach the use of the globes to the turbulent *Lady Ann*. How she manages to steer her little cock-boat among masculine ships-of-the-line, whose enmity and advances are equally dangerous, is the main affair of the plot. *Girardot* complicates it by courting his neglected mistress for advancement and his educational colleague for pastime; and when *Girardot* is eliminated by a precarious alliance between the two women *Lord Ellingham* returns and the alliance is strained to breaking-point. The episodic interests of the book are dextrously handled, and *Rachel* herself—naturally their pivot—conveys the graces and limitations of the girl of the period very refreshingly. *Lady Ellingham* emulates the chilly rancour of the *Mistress of Ballantrae* for highly dissimilar reasons, but with a measure of kindred success. And *Captain Dunstan* plays the tardily-acknowledged hero with an equal absence of brutality and insipidity.

Sir ALMERIC FITZROY'S *Memories* (HUTCHINSON) remind us pleasantly enough that the old breed of scholarly and appropriately cynical civil servants is not dead. For a born master of ceremonies and precedents the late Clerk to the Council shows surprisingly liberal sentiments in the realms of foreign, imperial, industrial and domestic policy. Sir ALMERIC has served at the Council Board under three sovereigns, coming to it after a more or less irrelevant apprenticeship at the Board of Education, *viâ* a secretaryship to his hero, the then Duke of DEVONSHIRE, shortly before the Boer War; and incidentally he should go down to history as the most grateful of place-men. He has had unrivalled opportunities of seeing famous men, both in and out of his office, and takes a kindly pleasure in praising them as also in piercing the armour of their self-esteem with a trenchant phrase when the mood is on him. As his conscientious records—they are almost minutes—approach our own time they become more discreet, but never so discreet as to be tiresome. There are pleasant anecdotes and vignettes embedded like truffles in the *pâté*. Of a certain Minister who hardly need be named, Lord CREWE remarked that he would have been in his element as a captain under DRAKE. To which another Minister: "He would prefer having DRAKE as a captain under him." There is Sir PATRICK HASTINGS' attractive impromptu in reply to Mr. Justice DARLING'S "Who is GEORGE ROBEY?" "The darling of the halls, my lord;"

and a characteristic picture of a certain ex-Lord Chancellor at Whittinghame, dragged away protesting from his bridge by his too philosophic host "to look at the damned stars." One gets incidentally throughout the book an impression of how hard a modern king works. We could perhaps have spared the not very exciting records of the author's holidays and private dinner-parties, nor can we be expected to feel very poignantly the divisions in the "Travellers" as to the new smoking-room. But this is a small price to pay for so intriguing a peep through the Court curtain.

For anyone who 's in the mood
For thrills robust and not too fleeting,
I fancy that the neighbourhood
Of Panama should take some beating;
That is, of course, if we may go
By what JOHN VAHEY says about it
(*Down River*, from WARD, LOCK & CO.),
And who are we that we should doubt it?

In this glad spot a dago don
Of wiliness mature and fruity
Works an abduction stunt upon
A maiden of surpassing beauty;
And here an Englishman arrives,
Tumbles in love at sight or faster,
Collects a rescue squad and strives
To save the lady from disaster.

Scattered around, you 'll also find,
Are deadly swamps and suchlike trifles,
And natives of a lawless kind
Who fight with daggers, fists or rifles;
Also police who cut up rough
If tipping shows the least abatement;
But there—I 've surely said enough
To justify my opening statement.



RESPECT FOR THE CLOTH.

Tailor. "LOUNGE COAT, SIR? CERTAINLY, SIR, BUT A *LIBRARY* COAT IS THE TERM. SIR, WE GENERALLY USE WHEN MAKING FOR THE CLERGY."

The saddest condition in the life of the journalist is the obligation imposed upon him to leave the most interesting things unwritten. Sometimes he takes his revenge in after years, when the pressure is removed, by telling what actually happened. Whether or not that was the idea inspiring Sir WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS to write *A Traveller in News* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), he has produced a most interesting chronicle. With a pleasant candour Sir WILLIAM relates how the youthful THOMAS, athlete and student of natural history, became a journalist by profession; and how he matured in that variegated career under the late Lord NORTHCLIFFE, a journalist of genius, "the Chief," of whom Sir WILLIAM has naturally a good deal to say, and all of it loyal and kindly. These anecdotes deepen my impression that Lord NORTHCLIFFE was the reincarnation of a Roman Emperor, with such differences as a commercial age enforces. It was one of those differences, for instance, which compelled him, in order to preserve secrecy, to conclude his purchase of *The Times* "under a hedge behind a cabbage patch on Hampstead Heath," instead of issuing an Imperial ukase. When the War came, Mr. BEACH THOMAS (as he then was) went to France as a correspondent, shouldered his box and walked most of the way to the seat of war in marches of twenty miles a day, a feat that only a trained athlete could perform. Having proved his ability and discretion, BEACH THOMAS was eventually chosen to be one of the four official correspondents. He describes with a kind of humorous resignation, as of a man whom nothing can alarm or astonish, an entertaining variety of the adventures befalling the writing non-combatant in that capsize of civilisation which is war. Of his own achievements he says little. Nevertheless his book shows what may be made of the trade of journalism by a good man.

I feel that "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER" is really happier voicing his own views than attributing them and those of typical opponents to the personages of a novel. I think too that his reader has a fairer chance of weighing the merits and demerits of these views when they confront him in continuous panorama than when he has to piece them out bit by bit. But my own principal trouble as regards *The Great World* (MILLS AND BOON) is that I found myself

continually backing the wrong horses and failing to spot the winners. Thus I took a liking to *Isabel Townley* (a bigoted but sincere Evangelical heiress married to a Victorian duke) who, on the death of her husband and the decline of her party, went over to Rome and came in for her creator's reprobation. I thought young *George*, her son, in spite of his puerile Oxford vices, might turn out a sensible fellow; but I never counted on his aspiring to embody, after a brief flirtation with Socialism and Nietzscheism, "A GENTLEMAN'S" notion of a perfect gentleman. *George's* Mentor on this elevated path is *Lord Hawthorpe of Glantingham*, an ideal landowner. *Hawthorpe* runs his parish church so paternally that "no stranger is allowed a seat until the villagers are settled down." But "when the Glantingham party had entered their pew, chairs were brought in to the side aisles and transepts for the visitors outside." I am bound to admit that "A GENTLEMAN'S" efforts at a constructive social and ecclesiastical policy—most of them on and in the same Disraelian scale and vein—leave me as cold and uncomfortable as the visitors must have been outside. But, though I do not subscribe to his remedies, I admit the skill of much of his diagnosis and the interest of his version of the Victorian stages of our present maladies. And I credit the preposterous *Hawthorpe* with at least one unimpeachable platitude: "No one in England can live without helping or hindering her."

In the summer of 1922 Mr. RALPH FOX, it appears, found himself one of "a little band of Anglo-Saxon oddities" islanded in a small town somewhere in South-Eastern Russia, where they were doing their best to give relief to the famine-stricken peasants of the district. After he had been there a fortnight the head of the Mission suddenly dispatched him into the wilds of Tartary to buy horses from the Kirghiz, and incidentally to discover a former emissary who had gone on a similar errand. So accompanied by one *Alek*, a Polish-American interpreter, unarmed and carrying the large sum of three thousand pounds in notes, he took the Tashkent train for Aralskoe Morè, in Turkestan, from which place it was thought might have originated one obscure and mutilated telegram from the wanderer. From this adventure comes *People of the Steppes* (CONSTABLE), which I hasten to recommend to all who like good reading, and more especially to those who wish to gain some inkling of the vastness of the great Bolshevik question and the likelihood of prejudging it on insufficient evidence. Mr. Fox has the faculty of description and something of a poet's soul; incidentally he appears to believe in the future of Russia. Even in 1922, according to him, things were at last beginning to move in the villages. Transport had become quick and effective—at least as effective as before 1914; economy was restored; and there was a real exchange between town and country. The future is with the peasant, who is incalculable, but the author maintains that the Bolshevik Government is educating the peasant, and that there are signs of a new Russia arising in the East, full of life and young vigour, which may repeat the conquests of the great Mongols. Be this as it may, Mr. Fox's description of life with the wild herdsmen of Turkestan makes very fascinating reading.

Owen Johnson was a draughtsman in the office of the St. Pancras Borough Electricity Works when the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs put him on the track of *Millions of Money* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). From that moment he gave up draughtsmanship for adventure, and in his legitimate quest for no less a sum than £2,600,000 he was constantly colliding with scoundrels, male and female, and getting into and out of the tightest of corners. Mr. LAURENCE CLARKE knows how to keep a hunt alive. Never was a chase after wealth pursued at a greater pace or delayed by fewer scruples of conscience. Among the motley crowd of villains who tried to prevent the amiable ex-draughtsman from becoming a millionaire, I put one *Vorak* first and foremost. This prince of rogues played the violin [illegible] possessed the mind of a devil. I found some difficulty in crediting him with as criminal a disposition as I was told belonged to him, and it was a relief to turn to *Charley Herd*, who was *Owen's* chief ally in the chase. When I say that he was an acrobatic clown you may be disposed to question his qualification as whipper-in to the Master of the Hunt. But you must read this rousing story and your doubts will be dispelled.



Reporter (as ever). "AND TO WHAT, MR. STUBBS, DO YOU ATTRIBUTE YOUR GREAT AGE?"

Mr. Stubbs. "TO THIS FACT, SIR, THAT I HAPPENED TO BE BORN IN 1825."

Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS begins *Hullo, Australians!!!* (DUCKWORTH) with such a blaze of verbal fireworks that I recommend smoked glasses as a protection from the glare. But when he has, to vary the metaphor, let off steam, he begins to deal with serious and important matters, and in the end I found myself thinking that anyone who regards England more as an empire than as an island would be wise to read what he has to say. For his purpose Mr. HICKS has invented *Mr. Green*, who, accompanied by an amusing valet, travels to Australia. They set out expecting to find rabbits by the million and uncouthness; they did find courtesy and a fine country inhabited by a fine and downright people. In short the eyes of two ignorant, perhaps abnormally ignorant, people are opened. They also meet an English actor called *Elmore Terricks*, whose real name I am not impertinent enough to guess. I have one little grievance against Mr. HICKS. He is vigorously hostile to such bromides as "what a small world it is," and the like, and yet on page 62 he writes, "The generally accepted idea that our stock is unemotional is as false as the fetish that the Scottish lack humour." That is almost the first thing I ever remember hearing; it is the super-bromide. Nevertheless my vote goes to this gay and sensible volume.

CHARIVARIA.

"WHO is Mr. AMERY?" asks a *Daily Mail* headline. We understand that the PREMIER has declined to inform our contemporary on the ground that it is an official secret.

* * *

A photograph has been published of Lord BURNHAM learning to rub noses in the Maori manner. We do not, however, anticipate a vogue for this form of salutation between newspaper peers.

* * *

Mr. JACK HOBBS is said to have declined an invitation to stand for Parliament in the Liberal interest. As a Candidate it is believed that he would have favoured the "two-eyed stance."

* * *

Criticising the average sermon the PRIMATE says the clergy must wake up. He said nothing about the congregation.

* * *

"Wealth from Fossils" was the heading of a description of a new British industry. It sounds like an improved method of treating rich relatives.

* * *

An Old Etonian has become a professional bull-fighter. The remarkable thing about this, we understand, is that he showed no particular aptitude for it at school.

* * *

A pugilist who was about to elope with a girl has been tarred and feathered by her step-father. That would stop him being a White Hope for a bit.

* * *

A football expert observes that a certain Welsh Rugby player is inclined to do too much off his own bat. Someone ought to tell him it isn't cricket.

* * *

A contemporary thinks it dangerous for motorists to be over-polite one to the other. While a motorist is saying to another, "Your pedestrian, I think," the fellow sometimes escapes altogether.

* * *

Miss BETTY BLYTH says she would like to have a few words with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Does she want to ask the EX-PREMIER the name and address of a good press agent?

* * *

With reference to the discovery of the lost gold reef at Randfontein, when the engineers saw so much gold they thought it was America.

A game of chess which was started in 1914 between an American and an Australian has just finished. But why this rush?

* * *

A prominent United States writer says that Americans laugh more than we Englishmen. It is felt that if residents in a Prohibition country can raise the slightest flicker of a smile they are entitled to it.

* * *

A lady aged one hundred years is reported to be learning to play the piano. What a happy world this would be if every person would put off learning this instrument, or weapon, until they have reached three figures.

* * *

Several sea-horses travelling by aeroplane in a tank anchored themselves to each other by their tails. Perhaps in future the R.S.P.C.A. will insist that the necessary straps are provided.

* * *

The report of the Irish Boundary Commission is expected during the first week in November. GUY FAWKES once tried to do something like this about the same time of year.

* * *

Certain critics of our Army seem to be of the opinion that in the event of war it would be ready to the last button. Can this be the one you push in the Mess when you want a drink?



A BAD CASE OF DISREGARD OF THE WHITE LINE.

When they film *Euclid*, as is suggested, we shall no doubt see a very thrilling rescue over the burning Pons Asinorum.

* * *

An American film producer says that it is easier to move an audience to tears than to laughter. Especially with one of their comic films.

* * *

Following the report that five babies are born every minute in the U.S.A., there is a rumour that the overworked stork is to be replaced by a Ford car.

* * *

A wife recently complained to a magistrate that, after she had shingled, her husband threw paraffin over her head. But perhaps it was only his method of pouring oil on the troubled waves.

* * *

Underneath the foundation-stone of a new building there were recently buried a newspaper, a gramophone record and a cinema film. These builders do the right thing sometimes, don't they?

* * *

The startling rumour that a British boxer had left America without having been defeated is now explained. The officials would not let him past Ellis Island.

* * *

Since a Southern Railway train stopped in a tunnel for an hour recently it is suggested that all signalmen on that line should be provided with ferrets.

* * *

Instructions to telephone-users say that we ought not to drop the final syllable of any words. Especially when saying "Hello!"

* * *

We read that some of the autumn fashions are softly feminine. If so, we can guess what sex they are intended for.

"IS ENGLAND DONE?"
Sunday Paper.

"Is England done?" the scribes inquire,
As if from roasting-hook
Poor Albion hung before the fire
Of Moscow's only COOK.

From the evidence against a motorist who was sent to prison for being drunk:

"It was stated that he drove at forty miles an hour along a narrow road at night, knocked down three popular trees."—*Provincial Paper.*

If he hadn't been drunk he would, of course, have confined his onslaught to pedestrians (unpopular).

TO AN EX-MINISTER OF HEALTH WHO WANTS HEALING.

[One gathers from Mr. WHEATLEY's remarks that it is not only the business, as it is the habit, of British Governments to preserve a neutral attitude towards industrial disputes in any particular trade, but that they are bound to stand aside and keep the ring in the case of a general conspiracy of Trade Unions against the life of the country. In his opinion the HOME SECRETARY, in approving a voluntary organisation of all classes for the maintenance of essential services in the event of such a conspiracy, is allowing the Government to be "used as a weapon of Capitalism to terrorise the toiling multitudes."]

I SEE that you, Sir (Mr. WHEATLEY),
Following Comrade RAMSAY'S lead,
On whom you seldom smile so sweetly,
Are very much annoyed indeed;
You do not like your JOYNSON-HICKS;
You find him full of Tory tricks.

This sorry rogue, it seems, has written
To say that, if the Lords of Trade
Conspire to choke the heart of Britain,
He (JICKS) would like arrangements made
By which the country might contrive
(Quite shamelessly) to keep alive.

Whereas, when danger grows acute, he
Should still remain aloof from strife,
Knowing a Government's first duty
Is not to save a nation's life;
This lies outside their lawful scope;
They 're simply there to keep the rope.

No volunteers should run a system
For clearing bins of fœtid dust;
JICKS would discourage, not enlist, 'em
If JICKS were fair, if JICKS were just;
None but a knave would have us fed
When Labour wants to starve us dead.

O WHEATLEY, once our Chief Physician,
Our Minister of Health and Light,
While you pursue your expert mission
Of putting other people right,
Is it too much to ask you, please,
To rectify your own disease?

You 'd purge our JICKS for being "partial"?
What of your own Leagued Unions? What
About those massed allies you marshal,
Whether it 's their concern or not?
Your stomach too—so "sympathetic"—
Seems to demand a stiff emetic. O. S.

THE ANATOMY OF GOLF.

(*After* ROBERT BURTON.)

YOU shall indeed see many at their club houses, as Aurelius relates, "fayning and foyning with their sticks," lyeing and boasting, one valyant, another heartstrong; they have beaten the ball two parasanges, they have surmounted Snowdon the mountain, they have ploughed the sands of Araby, roamed the marshfens in pursuit, given a great stroak to such a ball at such a time, etc., etc. To-day they are feeling fytte, will surpass their record by ten numbers, will smite with Hercules his muscles, will hazard a gold piece, they are sanguine of victory, "who shall withstand them?" They will triumph over all, yea even over the master-golfers whose trade it is; they desire no lesser players, only one from among the *plus*. They are newly-breeched in gay colours, *depinti*, trick'd out with gauds, their hose slashed and chequered, quartered, green-poynted, red-gartered, broydered, you may see as good sights in confectioners' bakemeats; their tunikes of two ells, as Tully saith, "the ample toga," need an herd of sheep to cover them, not to reckon an army of woolcombers.

Put case, you take your knave and draw forth. A sorry knave, say you, an oaf, a crooked-eyed, born under Saturn having Mercury *in quartile*, hears naught, knows naught, a misbegotten rascal, a scurril wretch, a vagrom dog, escaped from the galleys, ready fruit for Tiborne, more apt to purloyne than to discover the smitten ball. Surely they have scraped the bedlams and the bridewells to discover such a monster.

But here is your adversary, a forthright citizen, well-buckled, full of becks and smiles, a good companion, a fair striver, hath a good estate, hobs and nobs with royal and gentle; generous, handsome, debonayre, Bayard and Roland commingled, yields the honour, a merry fellow, you would fall on his neck, he is your cousin, your brother, no man so well suited, *ingenio aptus*, your second self, Patroclus and Pylades; you will bequeathe him your estate, adopt his son, obtain his preferment, nothing too much you may do for him.

Well, begone to your plaie. I will be seated here in the shade and you shall disporte me. After a space you will return and I meantime shall not lack for merriment. Varlet, a cup of mead and my case of tobacco.

I see you agayne from afar. There is strife betwixt you and your knave. You have smitten your ball amid the gorse-thicket, by reason of his passing up to you the stick which you desired not. Upon your face is the mask of malediction.

I am seated now in my stage-chayre and here is an host of stage-players, for others follow you. They are, in seeming, all Lord Chamberlaynes, of oil'd speech, courtly ways, such parade of civilities, such virtue *in superficie*. Before they have sped two furlongs, swords will be out and teeth gnashed. Go to; this is merry sport.

The hours are speeding and I have clapped hands for the fourth cup of mead. You return, mine friend, approaching the last flag by roundabout waies. You have tussled well, I warrant, and have been well matched to this last tourney. Now behold your valyant friend hath layde you a stymie. You are at wits' end, you sign despayre, he is the victor. Luck hath favoured your sweet companion.

Now who so meane, oafish, reptilian as your adversary? He is a clout, a costard-monger, he hath no civility, a dodder, a clown, his wife a shrew, his son a natural, his daughter a crack't piece; he hath a vayne conceit of which no hellebore shall purge him, he nods sagely at your sweet speeches and he speaks, replying, from the teeth outward; he is a stinking moldiwarpe, a flea, a pismire, Judas his twin-brother and Thersites his uncle, a knave, a theefe, an attorney, etc., etc.

And as for you, you will breake your sticks in twayne upon your varlet's head; who so foolish as you to plaie at ball, a dizard's plaie, a simulacrum of diversion, a vayne pretense, an infant's bawble, a springe for ideots, a snayre for the crack-brayned? you will plaie no more, you have written *finis*, you will henceforth engage at skittels . . .

See, you have made an assignment for the same hour on the morrow. Democritus had good cause to laugh at mortalls. E. P. W.

The Cult of the Midget Car.

"We went through Bond Street, which held more motors to the square inch than I had believed possible."—*Daily Paper*.

Traffic Control at the Antipodes.

Notice recently placed in position by the Roads authority in an Australian country town:—

"When two cars come to a crossing both shall come to a full stop. Neither shall start till the other is gone."



"SAFETY FIRST."

JOHN BULL. "EXCELLENT! I DARESAY IT WILL NEED CAREFUL HANDLING, BUT IT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WANTING FOR SOME TIME."

[The O.M.S. (Organisation for the Maintenance of Services), a body of volunteer citizens of all classes which is being enrolled for the purpose of supplying the essential needs of the nation in the event of a general strike, has received the approval of the HOME SECRETARY.]



Professor (showing his visitors some of his specimens). "NOW THIS INSECT, THOUGH BARELY VISIBLE WITHOUT A MICROSCOPE, HAS AN EXCEEDINGLY POISONOUS BITE."
Visitor. "JUST FANCY THE TINY DARLING HAVING SUCH NAUGHTY TOOFUMS!"

THE MOTOR SHOW.

I NOTICED that she seemed a little surprised as she saw me approaching.

"I thought," she said as she gave me her hand, "everybody was at the motor show."

"Everybody," I answered, "is."

"But you?" she asked.

"With me," I explained, "it is different. I was."

"Was what?"

"At the motor show," I explained. "But all at once, somehow or other, I don't know why, a kind of yearning came over me, a longing to see some of the new gadgets and new models for myself, so I 'm going to take a stroll round by the showrooms Long Acre and Baker Street way."

"Tom 's at Olympia," she volunteered, "and I 'm going. You see we 're thinking of getting a new car."

"My word!" I said, impressed; "I didn't know you could afford——"

"We can't," she answered almost pityingly; "but what would become of the motor trade if only people who could afford cars bought them?"

"I suppose it would rather fade away," I agreed. "I had forgotten the newest commandment."

"What 's that?" she asked.

"Sell all that you have and buy a new car," I answered.

"Oh, but it 's not like that with us," she protested. "Tom says business is so bad we can afford to spend a little, so he asked me if I would rather have a new fur coat or a new car, and of course I said at once a new car, because one can't share a fur coat, can one?"

"Nor even lend it," I said, "at least to me; whereas your new car . . .," I said with my most ingratiating smile.

"Besides," she went on, just as if she hadn't noticed, "when Tom 's got the new car then we can sell the old one, and then with all that money just crying out to be spent he 'll simply have to buy me a new fur coat as well, won't he?"

"It would be absurd," I declared, "not to, when a new car calls for a new coat as deep calls to deep."

"It will be such a surprise to him," she said happily, "to find we can afford both. But I must say good-bye or I shall miss him."

"You won't miss him," I assured her, "not there; because you won't find him—not there. But if you do, warn him against buying a Daimroll."

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "Why?"

"Because," I explained, "I already know one man I can borrow a Daimroll from almost any time he isn't looking, and I shouldn't care to be always seen in the same make of car."

"It would seem, I suppose," she mused, "almost as if in your friends' garages they provided for you in only one mood."

"Precisely," I said, pleased she had grasped the point so quickly. "After all," I urged, "one expects to take a certain pride in one's friends' cars."

"We," she announced, "have decided never to lend ours to anyone."

"You forget," I said gently, "that newest commandment I have already partially quoted—sell all that you have and buy a new car in order to lend it to the New Poor."

"I don't believe," she protested, "that that last part 's a bit official."

"Oh, it is," I assured her. "And mind you warn Tom to be careful about running-costs. So annoying to find yourself let in for a big bill for petrol and things. When you 're taking a run in another man's car you naturally don't expect it to cost anything at all."

"Most annoying," she agreed; "but we always used to borrow a tin or two of petrol at the same time."

"A wise precaution," I applauded, "though some people sink so low they 'll even hide their petrol. The only thing to do then is to buy the cheapest brand on the market, and if the engine jibs a bit whose fault is that?"

"I 'll tell Tom," she promised, "every word you say—everything," she re-

peated with, or so I thought, a kind of lingering emphasis on the last word. "Now I must be going."

"On the whole," I said, "I recommend a large and roomy car with plenty of cylinders and things and a fully adequate horse-power."

"But I don't think Tom is actually buying our new car at the show," she said. "The one we are really thinking about is what is left of a car which a neighbour of ours ran into a ditch near us last night. Tom thinks that when he has bought some spare parts—a lot of spare parts—and got a man to straighten it out a little—I mean a lot—it ought to go quite well. So much better," she said, "than the one we have now, because that won't go at all unless you push it."

"And does it go then?" I asked.

"Down hill," she said, "down hill."

"It ought," I mused, "to be a terribly magnificent fur coat you'll have when Tom gets his money for his old car."

"It will be," she said with determination. "And I don't think it will be at all fair if Tom wants to take off the price what he has had to pay the greengrocer."

"But why the greengrocer?" I asked, for the moment a little bewildered.

"For hiring his horse, of course," she explained, and as nearly as possible added "stupid." "How else," she demanded, "do you think we got it away to the old iron dealer who's bought it?"

"I can see," I said, "that fur coat getting more and more superb."

"Oh, I don't want sables," she protested; "just a rather good moleskin perhaps. But it won't be so much because of what we sell the old car for as because of what we shall save by buying the one in the ditch instead of that Daimroll we're taking your advice not to get."

"Perhaps my advice was hasty," I conceded. "But as it is all settled why visit the motor show at all?"

"Have you no sense?" she asked in a pained voice as she took her leave. "I mean, of course, no sense of the fitness of things?" E. R. P.

"MESSENGER BOY.
Wanted, Smart Ltd."—*New Zealand Paper.*

Smart, but not too smart, we infer.

A daily paper, referring to the pageant of the railway centenary, which illustrated methods of travel from the beginning of the world's history to the present day, mentions "Roman chariots, Chinese rickshaws and Sudan chairs." What visions of modish Fuzzy-Wuzzies with powdered hair are called up by these old Sudan chairs!



Clerk. "SORRY, SIR, WE 'RE SOLD OUT. NOT A SINGLE SEAT LEFT IN THE HOUSE."
Inquirer. "WELL, I CALL THAT DAMNED POOR MANAGEMENT."

WORDS OF LOVE.

WHEN I kissed Joan last night
The woods grew yet more still,
The moon retired from sight
Behind yon tree-clad hill;
No lappings from the lake
Nor sound of any bird
Rose up that quiet spell to break,
And softly to the night I spake,
"My word."

But oh, when Joan kissed me
My great soul burst its bars
And rushed out strong and free
Towards the shattered stars;
I was a thing enskied,
Enravished—more than that,
I felt a sudden fire inside,
And wildly to the night I cried,
"My hat." DUM-DUM.

Post Early.

"The Postmaster-General states that the following list gives the approximate dates of dispatch from London of the Christmas and New Year mails for the undermentioned destination abroad:—

	LETTERS.	PARCELS.
Australia:	Dec. 19 and 26 . .	Dec. 4 and 12."

Daily Paper.

For Christmas, 1926, we presume.

Mr. Punch regrets that in his issue of December 26th, 1923, he inadvertently made it appear that Mr. JOHN POWELL was identical with Mr. HENRY COWELL, who had been indulging in certain musical eccentricities. Mr. JOHN POWELL is a distinguished American pianist of whose professional career Mr. Punch had no desire to make fun.

LOGIC AND DRINK.

"I SIMPLY cannot see why," said Uncle James, throwing aside the evening paper, "it should be a special offence to be drunk while driving a motor-car."

Having said this he put down a lump of sugar on the carpet and cried "Trust!" in a very loud and terrible voice to the barrel-shaped Sealyham. It shrank back in alarm with its tail between its legs.

"Paid for," said Aunt Mary in a clear sweet voice. The dog crept towards the lump of sugar and gobbled it up. "It seems to me," she went on, "a most excellent rule."

In Aunt Mary's vocabulary the country is governed by rules, excellent or otherwise, and not by Acts of Parliament.

"That 's just like a woman," retorted Uncle James. "Women never have the slightest sense of logic. You will observe I said a *special* offence. I particularly used the word '*special*.' A sober man gets into a motor-car and drives it to the danger of the public and he gets fined for that; or he drives it at an excessive speed and he gets fined for that. Now what can a drunk man do over and above those things that constitutes a special offence and makes him liable to an extra fine?"

"Why," said Aunt Mary simply, "he 's drunk."

Uncle James was most fearfully exasperated. He rose from his chair and walked about the room filling his pipe, left his pouch on the window-sill, came back and sat down in his chair, got up again and fetched his pouch, broke several matches and began to puff hard.

"I sometimes think you can't understand *anything*, my dear," he said. "It 's not an offence in this country to be drunk, unless you 're either disorderly or incapable. Therefore a man——"

"But surely," said Aunt Mary, "a drunken man *would* be incapable of driving a motor-car?"

Uncle James stamped his foot.

"Why, *ex hypothesi*, he has driven it," he said; "and how does anybody know he 's drunk until he 's been stopped by the police or had an accident? And how do they know even then? There 's no definition of being drunk. People aren't drunk in this country. They might make a definition or they might forbid people to drink. A man can't be something when he 's driving a motor-car which he isn't when he 's not driving it."

"But supposing," said Aunt Mary quite simply again, "that he is?"

"Can I *never* make you understand anything?" cried Uncle James. "Supposing that an habitual drunkard, who is yet neither guilty of disorderly conduct nor incapable of looking after himself, kept a pet panther. Now I don't know for certain, but I expect it 's a serious offence to allow a pet panther to get out of control and bite the public in the streets. And very rightly. I feel perfectly certain that there 's a clause that covers that. But I don't for a moment suppose that it 's a special offence to be drunk whilst in charge of a pet panther, or even a pet rhinoceros or polar bear, which would be more dangerous still."

"But surely there are very few drunk men who keep——" began Aunt Mary.

"Very few, my dear. I only bring it forward as an instance. One might invent dozens of the same kind. It 's an offence to take cocaine-powder, but do you suppose it 's a special offence to take cocaine-powder whilst driving a coach-and-four or a herd of bullocks? Not a bit of it. The whole thing 's utterly illogical and absurd. Take another side of it. From all I can find out a man is allowed to stand on his head in a motor-car and steer with his feet without committing any special offence. If he doesn't exceed the speed limit or run into anything he can't be touched by the law. At any rate a deaf-and-dumb man can drive a motor-car, and I 've seen the practice defended in letters to *The Times*. Now take our drunk man and put him in a car. In the first place of course he 's not drunk——"

"Well, then, in that case," said Aunt Mary, "I don't see any reason why he shouldn't be allowed to drive."

"Oh, don't interrupt me!" stormed Uncle James in a truculent manner. "He 's not *legally* drunk, I mean. Something happens to the car, and the police say he was drunk at the time. Since they couldn't say he was drunk when he got in, how can they say he 's drunk now? The fact is they want to keep up the superstition that the motor-car is a terribly mysterious animal, more terrible than a panther or a rhinoceros or a polar bear, requiring laws which completely subvert all the British principles of fair play, justice and commonsense. Why, the man might drive better when he 's taken drink. I daresay lots of people do. I remember, years ago, a man winning a billiard tournament——"

Here Uncle James, who takes one glass of claret with his dinner and sometimes a very mild whisky-and-soda afterwards, stopped and looked back on his swashbuckling past.

Aunt Mary took some sewing out of a basket.

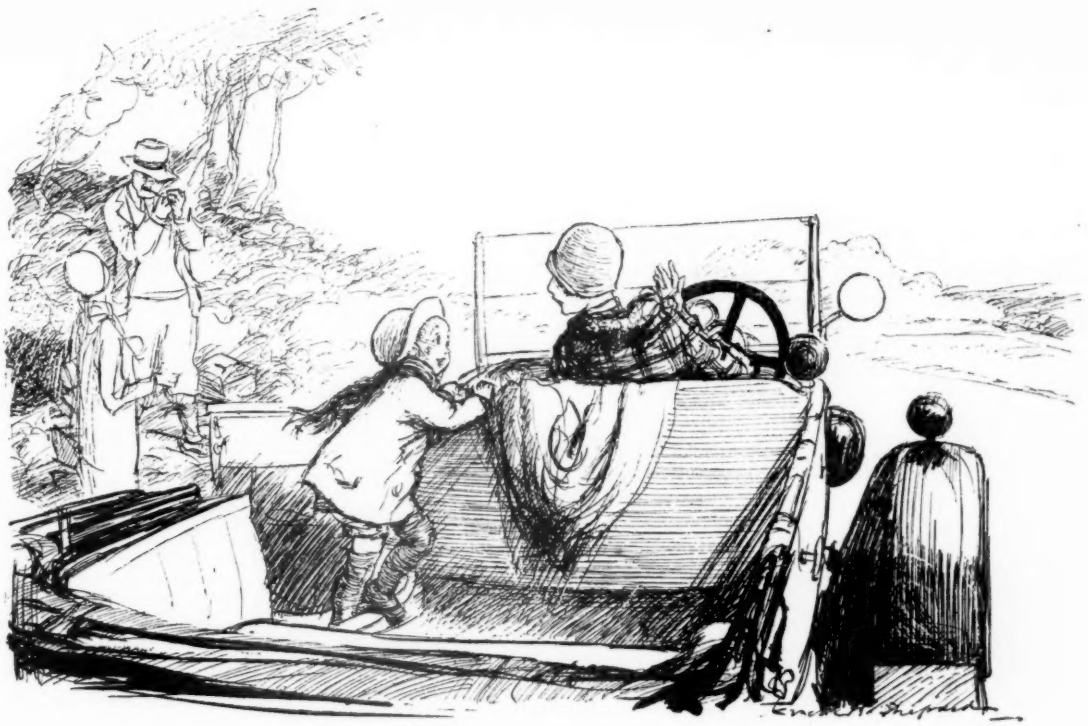
"But you surely don't mean to tell me," she said, "that you seriously think a man can drive a motor-car better when he has taken a lot to drink?"

"Probably not," said Uncle James. "I don't suppose a man drives a motor-car better when he 's in a state of nervous excitement, or when he 's in love, or when he 's lost a bet, or when he 's suffering from influenza or dyspepsia or gout. But none of those things constitutes a special offence, so far as I can ascertain. The fact is that we 're too



The Critic. "NOW IN THIS WORK OF YOURS, ALTHOUGH YOUR *motif* IS INTRINSICALLY SYNTHETIC, YOUR EMOTIONAL REACTION IS SOMEWHAT OVERSHADOWED BY THE COSMIC SIGNIFICANCE OF YOUR ÆSTHETIC; CONSEQUENTLY——"

The Artist. "OH, YES, OF COURSE, I KNOW. BUT WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT AS A PICTURE?"



Aunt. "Well, John, aren't you going to sit in front with me?"
John. "Please, mayn't I sit at the back? I want to bounce."

cowardly to penalise drunkenness or to attempt to define what is drunkenness and what isn't, and too cowardly to insist that only people who are capable of driving motor-cars should do so. Instead of that, we wait until there's an accident, and then trot out this absurdly illogical offence and try to prove that the man committed it. What does the public care whether the driver was drunk or not? They only want to know whether he was driving dangerously. As a matter of fact the public rather likes a drunken man. So does the law. In lots of cases it's rather an excuse for your crime than an exaggeration of it to be drunk. Supposing you trotted down the road and suddenly tapped a policeman in the face——"

"I don't think I should *ever* be likely to do that, Jim," said Aunt Mary in her very gentle voice.

"Well, supposing I or anybody else were to do it. Our defence would certainly be that we were drunk at the time and didn't know what we were doing. The police would be certain to try to prove that we were completely sober in order to make the offence more serious. It 'd be just the same if you broke a street-lamp or smashed a window."

"But I thought you said just now," urged Aunt Mary quietly, "that a man couldn't be drunk—legally, I mean. So how could he defend himself by saying that?"

"Nonsense," said Uncle James; "he can be drunk and disorderly, can't he? That 's what he would say he was. At any rate he would offer drunkenness as an excuse. It seems to me that what the law tries to make out is that driving a motor-car is a form of disorderly conduct which may or may not be due to drink. In which case it ought to be a mitigation of the offence to be able to show that you were drunk at the time."

At this point, mollified by his own impetuous eloquence, Uncle James began to shuffle the cards for piquet. There have probably been occasions when he has driven his own motor-car at more than twenty miles an hour, but not many, and he never passes even a governess-cart going the same way without tooting about fifteen times.

"Illogical," he murmured as he laid the pack on the table for Aunt Mary to cut, "like almost everything in England. Illogical and absurd."

"All the same," she said, folding up her sewing and shutting the work-basket, "I should never have expected to hear you defending drunkenness, my dear."

Uncle James made the sound which is usually written "Pshaw!" Evoe.

GOLFING RHYMES.

VI.—The Fourball Fearsome.

The Fourball Fearsome habit may
Be sadly overdone;
I know four howling "duds" who play
This kind of foursome ev'ry day;
With difficulty and delay
They drive off one by one.

To minimise the agony
It might be quite good fun
To get these fellows on the tee
And start all four together; we
Could do it with a "one, two, three,"
Or, better, with a gun.

An Intelligent Anticipation.

"Three shop premises were practically destroyed by fire at —— in the early hours on Monday next."—*Local Paper.*

Insurance companies will doubtless note.

AT THE PIT DOOR.

[Playlets written in the styles of established masters round the same stage-setting.]

III.—*After* Mr. NOEL COWARD.

A messenger-boy heads the queue at the pit door. The next persons shown are Tabitha Simkins *and* Minty Colneigh. Tabitha (*an emaciated aunt*) *and the rest of the queue are suburban and dowdy, except* Minty, *who is supercilious and quite well-dressed.*

Minty. Do be *divine*, Aunt Tabby, and keep my place while I 'phone. (*She goes to call-box, leaving the door of it open. What she says must not be audible to the queue. This will probably be tremendously difficult to produce, but is essential.*) Is General Pommard there? . . . Hullo, Tiny . . . yes . . . speaking . . . I can't come to-day . . . Sorry, but I 'm in tow with my skinflint aunt . . . Yes, isn't it foul?—Absurd man—shall we go Thursday then? . . . All right . . . ten million thanks . . . Good-bye.

[*She returns to her camp-stool, lighting a cigarette.*

Tabby. I wonder, dear, if you would mind not smoking?

Minty. Really, Aunt Tabby, you are terribly quaint.

Tabby. It may be all very well to smoke in the smart set in which you move, dear, but it is not quite nice here. It looks——

Minty. Like a woman off the streets.

Tabby (*flushing*). Really, my dear——

Minty. Sorry, Aunt Tabby. I'll be enormously good.

[*She throws away the cigarette. There is a stiff pause.*

Tabby. I do wish you had brought your *fiancé* with you. I am most anxious to meet Launcelot. And besides he could have escorted you home.

Minty. What, Lawnie? Lawnie stick *Mr. Lovibond's Wooing*! In the pit! At a matinée! Good God, Aunt Tabby, I don't see him doing that.

Tabby. Why not, dear, if he loves you?

Minty. Full marks for obtuseness, Tabby. Lawnie makes a fetish of SCRIABINE.

Tabby. But now that you are betrothed, dear, he should do what pleases *you*.

Minty. Passed with honours in Victorianism, Tabby! Our engagement is not definite really.

Tabby. I don't think I quite understand.

Minty. He said, "What about being engaged, Minty?" and I said, "Oh, if you like, Lawnie, on appro."

Tabby. If I had not been assured that you moved in the very best society I should feel quite anxious about you.

[Launcelot Earlswood *enters and takes the messenger-boy's place. He turns, and he and* Minty *become aware of each other.*

Minty. Oh, hell!

Lawnie. Why are you here?

Minty. Oh, I don't know—just to oblige my aunt.

Lawnie. That 's not true.

Minty. Shut up.

Lawnie. Liar.

Minty. Dirty dog!

[*The pit door opens and the queue surges up.* Tabby *is swept in.* Lawnie *pulls* Minty *aside. A barrel-organ is going and never stops playing the whole time* "*You're ma Baby, ma Honey.*"

Lawnie. I 'm going to get this right in my mind.

Minty. Well, what are *you* doing here?

Lawnie. We must talk seriously, undo our back hair, ease our braces.

Minty. Loosen our stays, if any . . .

Lawnie. And wallow in the truth . . .

Minty (*with a sob*). *En camisole!*

Lawnie. If you don't stand up to life you take it sitting down.

Minty. That 's damnably true; life is awfully like that really.

Lawnie. Curse that barrel-organ—it plays too slow. Have you or have you not come to a *matinée* of *Mr. Lovibond's Wooing* because you revel in suburban sentiment? (*Persisting*) Haven't you?

Minty. It 's my aunt, I tell you, you inquisitive hog.

Lawnie. Hell!

Minty. I suppose we 're not engaged any more now?

Lawnie. You little fool. I adore it too.

Minty. *You*—a leader of Society!

Lawnie. I 'm an intruder, really. I was born in Ladysmith Road.

Minty. Oh! Between Tooting and Balham?

Lawnie. Yes. On the border-line. The border-line has determined my mental make-up.

Minty. Then all those cocktails—morphia—opium—hashish—all your high life——?

Lawnie. I only did it to make myself worthy of you, Minty.

Minty. But I 'm Tooting too, *au fond*.

Lawnie. We are caught up in the swirl of our complex—our suburban complex.

Minty. I *hate* Society and heroin.

[*She opens her vanity-bag and hurls away a hypodermic syringe.*

Lawnie. Oh, Minty!

Minty (*throwing away little flasks*). *And* veronal—*and* aspirins—*and* nux vomica——

Lawnie. But all your filthy talk, Minty? And that hectic time you had at Venice, which gave you the *pas* in our most exclusive circles?

Minty. It was only an eight days' personally conducted tour, really.

Lawnie. My loveliest darling! Oh, Minty, Minty, may I call you Ermyntrude?

Minty. *Do*, Launcelot! Aren't you glad I 'm not an awfully rotten woman, really?

Lawnie (*taking her in his arms*). Yes, dear. Oh, my dear!

CURTAIN.

THE SONG OF FEE, FO, FUM!

(*For a proficient shot.*)

FEE, Fi, Fo, Fum!
Here crawl I where the hill showers hum,
Out of the burn and into the hag,
All to shoot at a master stag;
There! he 's taken his ounce of lead,
Winces, sinks to the hillside dead,
Nineteen stone and a royal head.

Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum!
Here I sit till the grouse packs come,
Builded butt with a beechen floor,
Two guns, loader and Labrador;
We 'll pick up in the usual run
(Gather 'em galloping, Sweep, my son!)
Twenty brace when the drive is done.

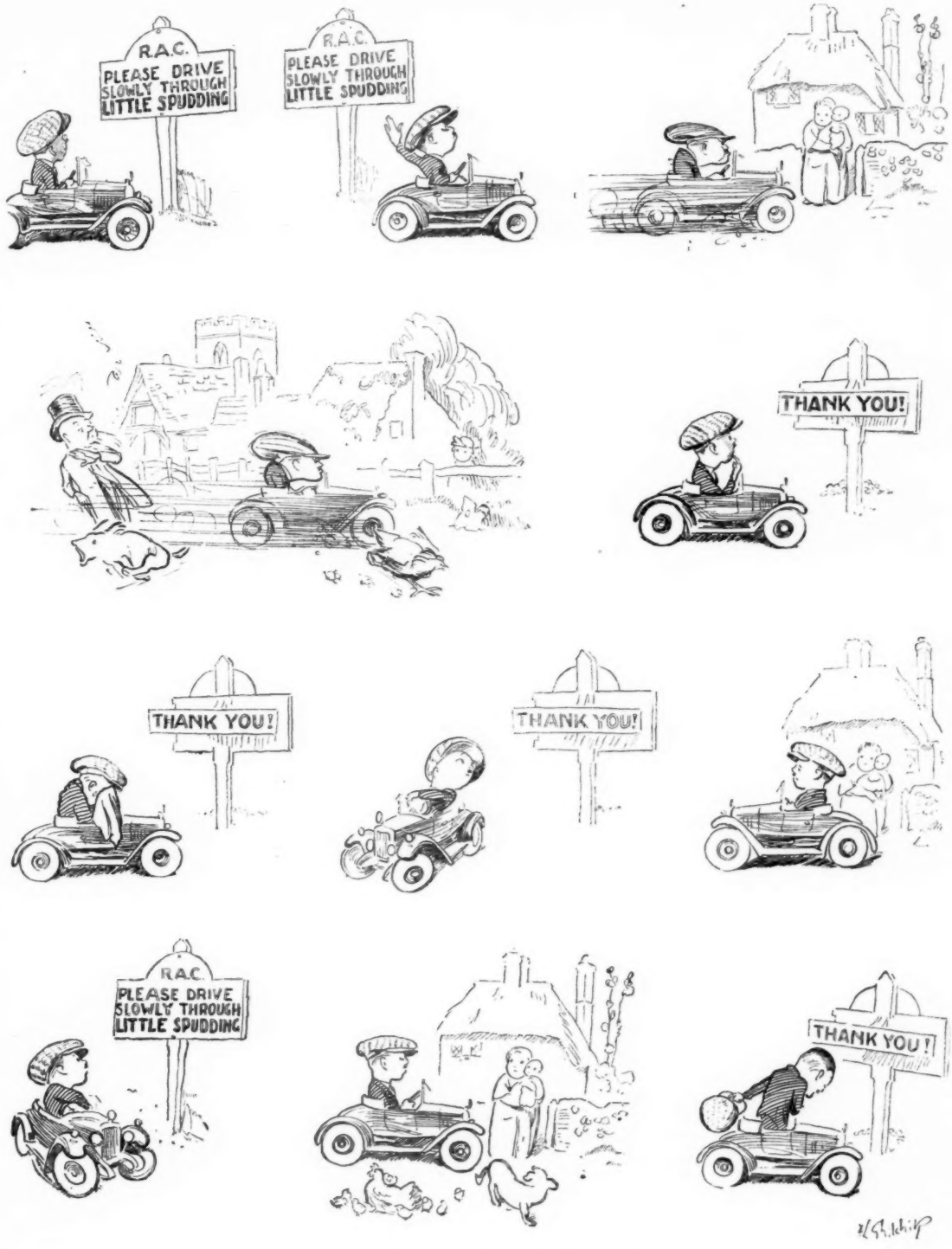
Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum!
Scarlet berry and black sloe-plum;
Over the hedge-top coveys whiz,
Flickering, whickering partridges;
Finest fun in the world, you 'll find,
Is picking a partridge out of the wind,
A brace in front and a brace behind.

Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum!
Pheasants seem to me rule o' thumb;
Feed 'em, flush 'em and up they climb,
Ten score tails in the air a time;
And "the count"? Oh, a jog-trot sort,
Scarce six hundred—but quite good sport;
Birds were difficult; days get short.

Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum!
That 's the way that my pets succumb,
By the stone and the hundred brace,
Northern corrie and southern chase;
But let guns be oiled and be game-books inked,
For here 's my view of it put succinct:
If they *didn't* succumb they 'd be soon extinct,
Gone to the dodo, dead and dumb,
If 'twasn't for *me* and my *Fee, Fo, Fum!*

"When Chellean man inhabited Europe the climate was tropical and the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, lion, tiger and hyena preyed upon the wild horse, the bison and the deer."—*Daily Paper.*

What privileges those early Chelleans enjoyed! We shall never see a hippopotamus preying upon a wild horse.



THE MAN WHO MADE GOOD.

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

XI.—We Rule the Waves.

The passengers who come from Sydney think little of Waikilui Beach (which is at Honolulu); they tell me that the surf is too low, too slow, too surfy, and so forth. But I shall always think with affection of Waikilui Beach, for there for positively the first time I walked upon the waters and rode the raging sea.

The first thought one has at the sight of a skilled surf-rider in action is that what one sees is impossible; and impossible, I still maintain, it is. Far out to sea, some two or three hundred yards away, a shiny bronze figure suddenly appears, standing erect and careless in the heart of a great roller and travelling swiftly to the shore, foam flying from his feet. He goes, they tell me, at twenty to thirty miles an hour; but this prosaic reckoning conveys no notion of the magical speed and glory of his going. He is generally an Hawaiian, bronzed almost to blackness by a lifetime in the sun and sea. Arrived at the shore he dives with a wild cry into the shallows, retrieves the great board on which he stood, and paddles swiftly out again. The finest thing is to see a whole flight of "the boys" together, rushing side-by-side upon a single wave — some crouching low, some standing nonchalant on one foot, one with a scarlet cape flowing from his shoulders, and one, it may be, standing on his head. Some of them, I am told, can even stand upon each other's shoulders and ride the waves in that position. On land these Hawaiians seem languorous fellows, with their wailing *ukuleles* and plaintive sickly songs. So far as I can discover they have no song with the faintest hint of vigour in it; and in the eternal summer of Honolulu, I suppose, one sinks inevitably into a swamp of sentiment and romance. But in the sea they become like gods, majestic, heroic and capable of anything.

"George," I said with a sigh at last, "it seems to me that that is one of the few things in life which are really worth doing."

"Quite right, old boy," said George. "And it looks damned easy. Let 's hire a board."

We hired boards. The board is heavy, about seven or eight feet long, and shaped at the fore-end like the bow of a boat. One lies flat on the stern end, dangling the legs and paddling with the hands. And even this is not so easy as it looks. Mr. Honeybubble was out before us, flapping feebly with his hands and looking like some strange round monster basking on the waters. As we approached he did an energetic paddle, the board gave a lurch to starboard and Mr. Honeybubble rolled slowly off in the same direction and disappeared. Recalling George's words, I understood then for the first time the meaning of the expression that such-and-such a feat is as easy as falling off a log.

Most visitors are content to lie about on their boards and bask until their ribs are sore and most of the skin has peeled off their backs. But George and I were determined to become surf-riders without delay. From watching the native "boys" we knew exactly what to do. You simply turn your board to the shore (if the confounded thing will turn) and wait for a suitable wave. When the suitable wave approaches (and provided you have not been knocked off your board by the unsuitable ones which preceded it) you paddle furiously for several strokes to acquire impetus. The wave then catches you and you are whisked to the land upon its forward (or shoreward) slope. So soon as you are going well, if you are an expert, you rise to your feet and stand. That is all.

Nothing could be simpler. As the first great wave approached, George and I paddled like madmen. The wave came down on us, and I was just preparing to give an Hawaiian cry of exultation when I realised that the wave had rudely gone ahead and left me. However, I was still clinging to my board, which was more than could be said for George. George 's board was rolling shoreward and George was rolling at the bottom of the sea.

"I can't understand it," spluttered George angrily about half-an-hour later. "If these darned natives can do it—— It must be a knack."

Knack or no, some twenty or thirty waves had obstinately refused to wait for us. Our ribs were bruised and sore, our arms ached, our wind was gone; we had acquired gallons of sea-water but never an inch of impetus. The truth is that any fool can ride the surf, but it requires a Hercules to mount it. We left the unfriendly water, George still muttering angry things about "the natives."

At midnight, under the vast Hawaiian *mahina*, or moon, to the sound of *ukuleles* on the shore we tried again. Unmoved by music, the moon or George's imprecations, the waves again refused our wooing. Bruised and dejected we went to bed. It had become the one ambition of our souls to ride the surf; and to-morrow we were to sail at noon. And to-morrow morning our Mission was to view the Pineapple Cannery, the Naval Base and the industrial district of Honolulu.

I cannot say how it happened, but somehow or other I lost touch with the party after breakfast, and they all went off to the Pineapple Cannery without me. Left alone, I felt there was nothing to do but to re-enter the sea.

To the shiny Hawaiian from whom I hired my board I suggested timidly that he might give me a lesson in the elements of his craft, supposing that I might perhaps in an hour get some rudimentary notion of the correct method of lying motionless upon the board, no more.

"Sure, Sir," he answered readily, "I teach you to stand up."

Not taking this too seriously, I lay flat upon the board, and the optimist propelled me a short way out to sea. Turning at length, he said, "Be careful when you dive off, because the water is shallow, and there is coral at the bottom." But I did not feel that the difficulties of diving off, which pre-



Boy (to Governess). "How old are you, Miss Jones? Don't skip."



THE POINTING HAND AND THE GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

supposed a stable standing position, concerned me very closely.

"Now," he continued, grinning, "when I push you, you stand up immediately."

"Right-o," I said carelessly. I had not the smallest intention of standing up.

While we waited for the right wave I glanced over my shoulder. A monstrous crested thing was bearing down on us. I remembered stories of men who had been flung down by such a wave, mixed up with boards and things, and broken their necks. The wave roared behind us, the Hawaiian gave the board a violent push and I felt myself moving at a great speed.

"Glory!" I said, and I stood up.

Well, not just like that. Say rather we tottered trembling to our feet and slid about the board.

But there we were, rushing magically towards the shore. Never was there such a moment. We rode the sea, we ruled the waves, we were as a bird, a flying-fish, a disembodied spirit. There is nothing like this motion in the world. By all the rules we should have lost our balance and fallen, for few men stand upon their first wave. But we remained miraculously erect, the favourite of Neptune. We sang, we cried aloud, we thought with pity of poor George inspecting the Pineapple Cannery.

From the little pier a strange woman photographed us, and, as at last we dived triumphant into some very sharp coral, she said (or so we are told):—

"I wish that gentleman would do it again."

We will not pretend that all our succeeding rides were so successful. As at golf, it seems, the learner is never so good as he was at the beginning. We become ambitious and bemused with technicalities. If you stand too far back the board stops; if too far forward the board plunges downward, dumps you at the bottom and bangs you about; if too much to the side, you just fall off and have to swim after the board. And now and then you do not stand up at all but ignominiously roll over under the board. We did all these things in turn; we tore our hands and feet to pieces on the coral.

We were spent with fatigue and roasted alive in the sun, yet we could not give over. We had "just one more" seven times, and then one more. For not far off we observed two other aspirants, both doing better than we liked, and one of them a charming young Australian lady from the ship, who rode her waves like a fairy. She stood watching in the shallows as we mounted our very last wave, a great wave, gloriously ridden. But as we sped towards the maiden, on fire to show her what *we* could do, we saw from the corner of our eye that the young man with her was mounted (curse him!) on the self-same wave. Both of us were travelling crooked and our courses converged. Swift as the wind, and dignified as gods, we converged, we met, we collided, we crashed, not ten yards from the maiden, and boards, ambition, dignity and all became a confused mess floundering on the coral.

When I came up the maiden was still laughing. When George came up, he and I said coldly, "Hullo, old boy! I thought you'd gone to the Pineapple Cannery."

A. P. H.

"Ink, if applied at once, will remove ink stains."—*Ladies' Paper.*

On the principle, we suppose, that two blacks make a white.

WHY I CANNOT WRITE A PLAY.

As a matter of fact there are several reasons. For one thing I cannot create the characters or think of a plot. But these are minor affairs. My main trouble is that I cannot get the tiresome creatures to come into the room and go out of it at the proper times. They either collect in gangs or get left all alone. Why not, you ask, make them do it naturally, as they would in every-day life? Real live people come in and out. "They have their exits and their entrances," said SHAKESPEARE with truth. Quite so; but real live people do not all keep rushing in and out of the same room on the same day.

Take for a trivial instance my own behaviour in the matter of my pipe when I happen to have mislaid it. I at once make a series of rapid exits and entrances involving every room in the house, including the telephone cupboard and the bathroom. That would require far too swift a change of scenery to be practicable on a modern stage, though I believe the ancient Athenians had some method of turning the scene round and round and showing different interiors which might have been used for the purpose. But it would be rather like a man trying to get into one of those revolving restaurant doors. All that business by which a crowd of persons is collected in the drawing-room and then gradually thinned out until only two remain, when it would seem so much simpler to send the two out and leave the crowd behind, is beyond my imaginative powers. In a real drawing-room I find an immense difficulty in moving from the first position I take up, and, as for anything so fortunate as to find that the whole vast crowd has vanished away and left me with the one person to whom I wish to talk, it simply never occurs. When I go to see a play I am almost staggered by dishonest pieces of trickery employed by authors to get people out of the room. A duplicity is shown to which I am far too pure to descend.

A few years ago I did try to construct a play. I thought we would have the opening scene in the hall of a country house, with oak panels, a large bureau for wills and lots of convenient doors. It seemed to me that if I could not make people get a move on in a place like that I could do it nowhere. I purposely left one of the windows wide open as well, so that there were nearly as many merciful exits as there are from a theatre in case of fire.

Well then, I had this empty ancient hall. What was I going to do with it? One thing I would not do was to bring the decrepit butler on to the stage, for I was certain that I should never be able to get rid of him again. He would go on dawdling around and talking to every character in turn until we were tired of him. So I started with the host and hostess standing talking together by the blazing fire. Dull, perhaps, but it seemed to have a natural touch about it. They were expecting guests, six of them, well assorted in the matter of sins and sex; and they talked about them, so that the audience might find out who the infernal idiots were before they came on.



"OH, DO LOOK, MUMMIE! JACK'S YAWNING WITH HIS LEGS."

I thought of bringing them on in relays, but my courage quailed at the idea of opening the old hall door so many times. So I arranged to have them all fetched up in one motor-car together from the station. I did not care about the expense. It must have been a big car, a kind of omnibus. But as one only heard it hoot and scrunch on the gravel there was no difficulty about that.

This wretched gang all marched into the hall together, and a miserable scene ensued, while the host and hostess greeted each one of them and shook hands in turn. The question was, what on earth to do with them next. The simplest plan seemed to be to show them all to their rooms, so that they might dress for dinner. I was still firmly resolved not to have any servants dragged into the scene, so I hit upon the clever device of making the host and hostess go up to dress for dinner at the same time as their guests. Any servants that were required, I thought, could be used outside. So all these eight persons marched off the stage at once. If there was rather a crowd at the door leading to the bedroom staircase the players, I thought, would have to manage as best they could, by marking time for a few moments and then forming two deep and single file.

In a few moments, to my great relief, the hall was empty. Now something exciting could occur. I brought a fellow in through the open window. He was a burglar, with a black mask and a bag of tools. It was still twilight and you could still see him without turning the electric lights on. He went carefully round, touching the panels, trying the drawers of the bureau, listening at keyholes, starting back in a dramatic manner and otherwise behaving as burglars do. And now I was in trouble again. It was quite impossible that anybody should have finished dressing yet. Hang it all, they had scarcely got their outdoor shoes off. But something or other had got to startle this burglar and make him hide, otherwise what on earth was the use of bringing the fellow on? So I brought another chap in through the open window. He was the hostess's lover, an unpleasant-looking sort of man; but I had no time to be particular. Something had got to be done to get this burglar out of the way. I put the burglar behind a screen. As a matter of fact there had not been any screen on the stage before that; I had to go and get one.

The hostess's lover had been forbidden the house, but as far as I could make out he meant to have a word or two with her before dinner began. Why on earth he thought that she would be likely to come down first I cannot imagine. He nosed about the stage a little, like the other wretched fellow, looking at photographs and things. Not a word had been spoken since the people went upstairs to dress, and I thought that this was rather fine. It gave me an eerie sort of feeling, though perhaps the fact that nobody except me knew that this *was* the hostess's lover would have



Old Scotch Beater (recovering from a collapse, the result of a slight shooting accident). "What's that ye hae been giving me? Whusky? And me unconscious!"

made it less thrilling for the audience. Nevertheless it is impossible to keep a play going for very long without any words, however restful it may be for the author, and I began to feel that it was time for someone to speak.

Could anybody have finished dressing? Hardly, I thought. I did not care to make this unpleasant newcomer soliloquise. It seemed a little crude. So I fetched him another screen. The old hall must have been draughtier than I had imagined at first.

There was now nothing to be done but to bring someone else in through the open window. It might, of course, have been a village policeman, but I made it a prodigal daughter. She had run away from the old home with a false lover (name unknown) and had been deserted. She began to soliloquise at once, as I had half hoped she would.

"The dear old bureau!" she cried, and kissed it. "The darling old doors. Just as they used to be! The screens! Not one of them has been altered! The dogs!" She knelt down and touched each of them in turn. As a matter of fact they were fire-dogs. I felt it would be rather a nuisance to have real dogs in my play. They would only have barked at the burglar and sniffed at the hostess's lover's boots.

Now I felt it was time for some movement from the house-party. Should the prodigal daughter announce herself to the person whoever it was who came in first? Once again my courage failed me. I got her another screen. The insufferable squad of visitors with their host and hostess trooped down the stairs and stood in various attitudes about the stage. What was I to do with them? Goodness alone knew. I herded the sheepish gathering in to dinner arm-in-arm. I don't know how they knew dinner was ready. I don't know if it was ready. I was determined to cut down the expenses of a butler. Off they went, putting out the electric light, which had been turned on, and the stage was now in complete darkness, except for the ruddy beams of the oak-log fire, which worked from a different switch. Something, I felt, was simply bound to occur. But what? Did the burglar know that the hostess's lover was in the room? Did the hostess's lover know that the prodigal daughter had returned? Would it be a good thing for the hostess's lover to transfer his affections to the prodigal daughter, or should she wait for one of the guests? Was one of the guests her false lover? What was going on in the dining-room? I wished I knew.

And how did the burglar come into the scheme? Why had nobody opened the old oak bureau? What about the will? I now found that I hated the burglar. I resented his presence in the old oak hall. Supposing that the prodigal daughter came out from behind her screen and sat down on the sofa, and the hostess's lover, without seeing her, came and sat by her side? That would be rather dramatic. But then what was the burglar to do? Probably he ought never to have been a burglar at all, but an old friend of the family. In that case, though, he would have been very unlikely to come in through a window with a black mask and a bag of tools. Could he be an old friend of the family in disguise or should I heave him out of the window again? Dinner must be half-way through by this time. Confound the man!

All was silent. Nobody moved. The firelight gleamed on the polished oak of the panels and the old bureau. There we were in the old hall waiting without a morsel of dinner—waiting for what?

All is still silent. The firelight still gleams on the panels and the bureau. Dinner still proceeds in the adjoining room. I often wonder sadly to myself what would have occurred. K.

"For Sale. Property at Dromedary. Any reasonable offer refused."—*Tasmanian Paper.* We fear the *genius loci* has given the owner the hump.



THINGS THEY DO MORE PICTURESQUELY ABROAD.

PYJAMA-TEA IN THE LOUNGE OF THE GRAND HOTEL SPLENDIFICO (LIDO).

A SIMPLE TASTE.

["HISTORIC ENGLISH CASTLE WANTED TO PURCHASE. Price and area of land immaterial, but large acreage preferred; strict confidence. —Write Box."—*The Times.*]

CALM-EYED in the midst of our worrits
There comes this man with a fad
For purchasing Gothic turrets
By means of an agony ad;
Damp dungeons, foul as they should be?
Old battlements mossed and gray?
Portcullis essential? The would-be
Purchaser does not say.

There is nothing put down in the notice
To show that the chap would care
If the drawbridge that crosses the moat is
A little bit out of repair;
"Stone stamped with the past of a nation
Is all I desire," says he,
"Though it 's several miles from the station
And doesn't command the sea."

In the blare of Communist bellow,
In the thick of the threat of strikes,
I see him a simple fellow
Who understands what he likes;
Arundel, Tamworth or Warwick,
By Severn or Usk or Trent,
So long as the thing 's historic
His heart will be well content.

Loudly the Bolshevist hectors,
But is there no oubliette?
With a houseful of Norman spectres
He hopes to be comfy yet;
And a little peace from the shakers
Of LENIN'S fiery spark
May be felt in a thousand acres
Of prettily timbered park.

He was weary of politicians
And the Old Age Pensions Act
And talk about trade conditions
And the Protocol and the Pact;
And he seeks a rest from the fever
In a haven fenced and grim—
I wonder if Corfe or Belvoir
Would be any use to him?

He recks not of income-taxes,
He knows that whatever the price
An armoury filled with axes
And coats of mail would be nice;
And a room with a mullioned casement
That looks on a gravelled road
And a dungeon down in the basement
Where the prisoners play with the toad;
And a number of vaulted archways
And woods in the distance seen
Where a man may walk through the larch ways
In spring when the world is green;
And deer in the parklands browsing,
And seneschals bearing tea
And plenty of boon carousing—
And I only wish it were me!

O masters of ancient dwellings
Who list to these simple rhymes,
Or looked at those soft heart-wellings
The day they appeared in *The Times*,
Now, now, ere the man be wiser,
Now, now, ere they get too cheap,
Do answer the advertiser
And sell him a storied keep! EVOE.

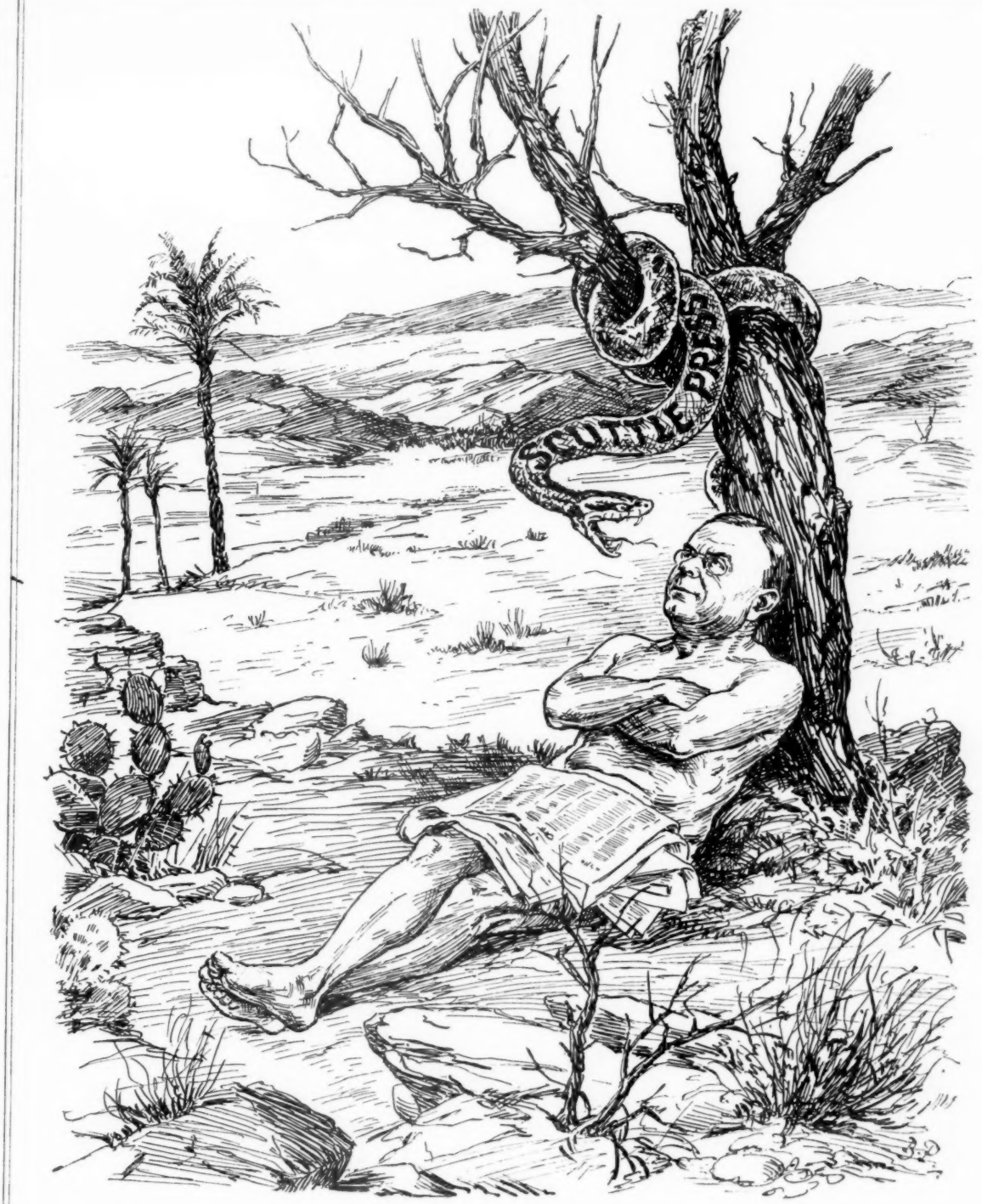
Candour in Advertising.

"Respectable man wishes watching at nights."—*Scottish Paper.*

Politically Dead.

"If in the event of a General Election Labour could get another 2,000,000 voltes the old Tory Party would be politically dead."
Labour Paper.

We venture to think the Labour Party too would have rather a shock.



THE NEW ADAM; OR, PARADISE RETAINED.

Mr. Amery (*in the Garden of Iraq*). "PERSONALLY I SEE GREAT POSSIBILITIES IN THIS SITE. I MAY HAVE TO QUIT LATER ON, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO MOVE FOR THIS WORM."



Waitress at country hotel. "Six geese, please—five of 'em ladies."

BRIGHTENING THE BALL-ROOM.

"Will the yodel of the Swiss mountains and the Surrey downs seem at home in the ball-room?" a newspaper asks.

We see no reason why it should not seem perfectly at home in the ball-room. For the yodel, that weird sound emitted from the human throat to express the joy of living, which comes tumbling down the mountain side like a bad accident, has already met with a good deal of success in disguising its real feelings.

For some time the yodel has seemed at home in the bath-room, though not perhaps in its best forms. It is not inconsistent therefore with vigorous exercise. And dancing is, of course, one of the finest exercises, finer even than motoring or listening-in, and far superior, in the opinion of the typically modern youth, to hunting, cricket, football and other so-called "manly" exercises.

If it has any defect it is perhaps that hitherto it has not afforded that opportunity for chest-development which one has a right to expect from the perfect exercise. Yodelling should go some way to supply a felt want. But it should not be carried to excess. There is a limit to human endurance; and one must also remember that other people in a ball-room have every right to be permitted to hear the saxophone.

Already the Scottish yodel—that falsetto staccato "Hoch!" with which the initiated greet the opening bars of "Ye Banks and Braes" played in "jazz" time—is a feature of the dance. Surely therefore the Swiss or Surrey variety, if used in moderation, could be endured by the company.

But let it be understood that we would restrict the practice of yodelling to the dancers only. We should be against the orchestra adopting the yodel, whether of the Swiss mountains or of the Surrey downs. On occasions they sing. That is enough.

THE FAHAIRY STORY.

III.—OUR PRIVATE NEWSPAPER.

THE task of printing Judy's original "Fahairy Story" with a three-and-six-penny printing outfit has been abandoned.

It was perhaps too much to take on both the creative and the executive side of bookmaking. The creative side has such a tendency to soar, leaving the executive functions of compositor and printer limping painfully behind. So with a thankful sigh we turned over about sixty blank pages of the beautiful volume and set up in type the joyful words, "And they lived happily ever after."

Instead we bring out a daily family newspaper.

At first sight this would appear an even more difficult feat than a long fairy story, but the descent, once begun, has been very rapid. Not only have we come down to mere journalism, we have arrived at rock-bottom—scissors-and-paste journalism.

All the same *The Family Mercury* (in which is incorporated *The Times, Telegraph, Morning Post, Mirror* and any other papers that happen to come in the home) is an impressive production.

It goes to press early. By six o'clock in the evening the printing-press is roaring out its late editions, and it appears regularly in the morning. If by chance it is not on the table at breakfast I am supposed to exclaim in loud and pompous tones, "Now, where's my *Family Mercury*? I can't do without my *Family Mercury*. I shall have to speak severely to my newsagent."

Should I forget to say this a small voice through the door reminds me of it insistently until I do so. The newsgirl then enters the room with the late extra edition, which she sells to me at the competitive price of a halfpenny (cash). I then settle down to look at last night's pictures cut out and pasted up, and news items from the evening's papers.

It must not be thought that the entire paper is the result of scissors and paste. Oh, dear, no. True to type, we keep certain rubber-stamp descriptions to suit certain pictures. If the portrait of the KING appears, for instance, there is a space left below it for such descriptions as KIND or possibly GNIK. In fact I regret to add that THEIR MAJESTIES are now generally known in the family as the GNIK and the NEEUQ.

But I was wrong when I said that we had touched rock-bottom in our descent from the initial creative impulse. We have descended a step or two further. Horrible as it may seem, propaganda—yes, six-year-old propaganda—found its way into the sober columns of *The Family Mercury*.

It seemed incredible, but sure enough as time went on I began to be aware that the paper was carrying a great many advertisements for a net guaranteed circulation of one copy. They even invaded the front page. Toffee advertisements predominated, desirable toys began to replace the leaders and the financial items about "Money being in demand" (as if it were ever otherwise) were jettisoned in favour of pictures of table-jellies.

I bore this bravely, though the appearance of guile in one so young was naturally disturbing. Then it went a step or too deeper. Treachery crept in. When it was seen that these advertisements brought forth certain material results the paper suddenly increased in size, indicating that additional help had been employed. Advertisements of dancing-mistresses, who undertook to teach the elemental male to dance in six lessons, appeared, and, as a non-dancer, I scented the hidden hand. The GNIK and the NEEUQ were replaced by dance-teas and languorous couples; sales-bargains; articles on the dangers of wives being dowdy; warnings of what husbands will suffer who don't take their wives out twice a week, and so on.

So blatant did the propaganda become that something had to be done about it, and Father came home early one day and edited a special edition of his own. It was a most unpopular edition. It contained articles on how to treat husbands; the psychological effect of slippers on a tired man; home cookery; hints on the opinions of eminent people that the woman's place is in her own home, and (unkind cut) doctors' remarks advocating plain food for children.

The paper died.

It still comes out on birthdays and on occasions when there is really nice propaganda to be used, but as a daily paper it is dead.

I am very glad that it is dead. I am glad the creative instinct is also dead, and we can now have a little peace; for I am more than ever persuaded that the first duty of an author is to be an orphan.

L.

The Tougher Sex.

"A woman does not require any elaborate outfit of clothing for light airplane flying—not nearly so much or so expensive as her tennis outfit. Low-heeled shoes, because they are most comfortable on the foot controls, and a loose skirt, and that is all."—*Daily Paper.*

"The Oxford Union Debating team is composed of English professionals considered to be the best debters in England."—*Manila Paper.* University tradespeople are notoriously accommodating.

EMINENT AMATEURS.

ACCOUNTS which have recently appeared of the vocal accomplishments of the Clydesdale Group, and especially of MESSRS. KIRKWOOD, MAXTON and NEIL MACLEAN, have prompted inquiries in other quarters with the view of ascertaining how far leading public men are addicted to song.

The results, we regret to say, are decidedly disappointing, though not altogether without interest. Thus it was refreshing to hear that Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY'S favourite ballad is "My Love is like a red, red Rose," and that in moments of expansion he never wearies of singing the "Volga Boatmen's Song," accompanied by Mr. PURCELL on the samovar.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW owned to having once been a musical critic, but spoke slightingly of his powers as an executant. Incidentally he remarked that his low opinion of SHAKESPEARE dated from the time when he first encountered the reference to "greasy Joan" in the lines beginning "Blow, blow, thou winter wind." As he put it, "a man who can stoop to such vulgar calumny is eternally available for obloquy."

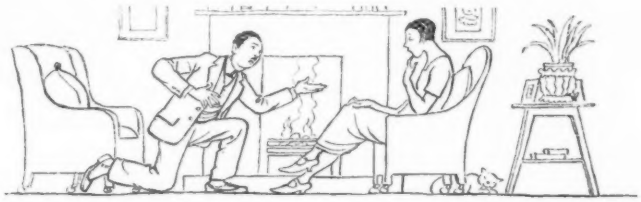
Mr. J. H. THOMAS said that, when he worked on the footplate, he never had time to cultivate music or master any instrument except the steam-whistle. He liked good old sentimental ballads, as for example, "I sat at the Bridge till Midnight."

Mr. A. B. WALKLEY observed in reply to our queries, "*Je ne chante pas; mais je fredonne un peu,*" and then in a small but tuneful tenor he hummed the refrain of a French *chansonnette*, adding, "*Οὐ μέλει μοι, αὔριον ἄδιον ἥσω.*"

Lord BEAVERBROOK stated that he used to sing once, but found that it impaired his efficiency. His favourite song was "O ruddier than the Cherry," but it had lost its charm owing to the ominous implication contained in the second line, "O brighter than the Berry."

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL said that he intended to take up music when next he was out of office. Music, he added, always struck in him a deep fit of devotion. It was a great source of sorrow to him that his friend Lord BIRKENHEAD was insensible to its charms. He denied that there was any truth in the statement that he had ever sung the duet, "The Lord is a Man of War" with the present FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

"Another leader points to the landless areas of the British Commonwealth and indicates the best way to use them."—*Provincial Paper.* Houseboats might help.







SIGISMUND; OR, LOVE UNREQUITED.

LIST to the tale of Sigismund,
Who in white spats and cummerbund
Proposed to Laura Lucy Lund
In one of those desirable villas in Maida Vale, N.W.

Her lower middle-class reply
Was less an answer than a cry;
"Not me" (she should have said "Not I"),
"I don't think!"

He saw she didn't, and next week
Secured a berth for Mozambique
To drown his sorrow, so to speak,
In big-game shooting.

I 've often wondered, by-the-by,
Why lads whom shingled girls deny
Should murder hippopotami,
As if the latter had been in some way to blame.

He knew the Tennysonian law
Of "Nature red in tooth and claw,"
And so he shot the shrill macaw
And other members of the parrot tribe.

Alas! malaria abounds
In all such happy hunting-grounds,
And Sigismund lost nineteen pounds
When the mosquitoes set about him.

I think it 's always kind and best
To break the news of going West
At once, and get it off your chest:
Well, Sigismund died.

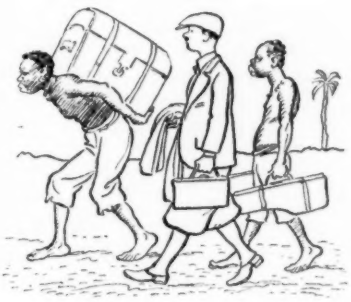
But ere the stricken victim went
He wrote a letter from his tent
With close instructions to be sent
To Miss L. L. Lund.

And with it went a roomy chest
Of all the brightest and the best
Of plumage that had warmed the crest
Of flamingoes, etc.

When in an interval from bridge
She got the news at Totteridge
(Where they 'd removed) she said, "Poor Sig!
What ever 's in the big box?"

And now the startled passers-by,
When she goes out, avoid and fly,
And little vulgar urchins cry,
"Where *did* you get that hat?"

All this is not precisely true,
But then the scansion 's fairly new,
And rather nice, I think, don't you?
I wonder whether they 'll put it in!















Head of Family (late for dinner). "DID I HEAR THE GONG GANG?"
Cockney Waiter. "YUS. AN' ALL YER GANG 'S GONE IN."

ANDROCLES AND THE ELEPHANT.

ONCE upon a time there was a traveller named Ernest Androcles. Although intended by his father, who was a Greek merchant long settled in England, for commerce, he preferred the excitement of big game shooting, not with a gun but a camera.

One evening, wandering in the African jungle, he was conscious of sounds of profound grief or even agony. They were so loud that there was little difficulty in locating them, and, being both humane and courageous, Mr. Androcles instantly started to investigate them and, if it were possible, administer relief.

After struggling for some distance through the labyrinth of undergrowth, often having actually to hew his way, he came to a point which, judging by the voluminous and almost deafening character of the bellow of despair which vibrated in the tropical and miasmic air, was exceedingly adjacent to the sufferer. Crawling stealthily through the few remaining yards of vegetation, so bent upon his errand of mercy as to be totally forgetful of the peril of snake-bites, the explorer came to the edge of a clearing, in the midst of which a gigantic bull-elephant was rolling in paroxysms of distress.

Abandoning in his benevolent impulse all caution, Mr. Androcles sprang to his feet and ran to the sufferer's side, uttering murmurs of sympathy, all unaware that amid such a din not even a liner's syren could represent more than a whisper.

"What is it, my poor friend?" he can remember saying, at the same time laying his hand with a reassuring pressure on the more contiguous region of the pachyderm's vast frame.

The elephant immediately ceased his thunderous lamentations and turned upon the intruder the full gaze of its minute but bloodshot eyes, which, Mr. Androcles noticed, bore signs of many sleepless hours, for around them were the dark rings of insomnia and pain.

Mr. Androcles endeavoured to convey by his expression that his feeling towards the elephant was one of the purest and most disinterested loving-kindness, and apparently was successful, for the creature, which has long been known as the most sagacious and least gullible of quadrupeds, uttered a sigh, in which, had he not for the time become utterly deafened to all sound, Mr. Androcles might have detected submission, docility and even gratitude for favours to come, and held out at the same moment a massive foot.

Seating himself on the ground so that this formidable object might repose in his lap, Mr. Androcles subjected it to examination, when he found deeply implanted in it seven or eight inches of broken arrow, the poisoned head of which, although doubtless less potent than when it was first discharged from the native bow, had caused a festering inflammation.

Being a traveller of experience Mr. Androcles carried a varied assortment of implements and medicaments neatly packed in his knapsack, among them a pair of pincers, which, being also acquainted with ÆSOP'S story of his ancestor, he had brought against such a contingency as this; and in a very few minutes the barb had been extracted and the wound dressed.

His patient's joy knew no bounds. It immediately exchanged its hullabaloo of misery for a vociferation of rapture and

gratefulness, which, though calculated to stun the listener, was less depressing, and began to fondle its benefactor. Curling its trunk about Mr. Androcles' waist it lifted him several times into the air and then deposited him in triumph on its head; it plucked for him fruits from the highest branches of the neighbouring trees; it trampled for him a path back to his camp, the direction of which Mr. Androcles indicated by means of thumps on its ears; and for many days, so long as the traveller remained in those parts, it established itself as a sentry in the vicinity of his tent and conveyed him to whatever spot he desired in which to set up his photographic apparatus, also bringing influence on the other animals to induce them to sit. In fact no human servant could have been more attentive and loyal.

When the time came for Mr. Androcles to return to his own country the parting between man and beast was touching, tearful and terrific.

Mr. Androcles, as I have said, was the son of a wealthy merchant, who made him a handsome allowance, and he had every right to consider himself as one of the lucky people of the earth, with no need to turn his own hand to any kind of drudgery. But on returning to England he found that a series of misfortunes had reduced the paternal firm to penury and that he himself was a pauper. For a while he subsisted on the sale and exhibition of his jungle photographs and on the profits of a book describing his adventures; but gradually the demand for these exotic articles declined and altogether disappeared, so that he often was hard put to it to find a meal, while his father was forced upon the charity of the London Society for the Sustenance of Reduced Greeks, of whom, it may be said, there are not many.

It was when his resources and his hopes were at their lowest that one evening Ernest Androcles ran into an old and beloved college friend whom he had not seen for years. This gentleman, suppressing any sign that he noticed the shabbiness and even raggedness of Androcles' clothes, insisted upon his accompanying him home to dinner, and in every way proved once more the truth of the proverb that a friend in need is a friend indeed.

After dinner he proposed a game of billiards, not forgetting to twit Androcles on the extreme indifference of his performance in the old days, when they had played hundreds up instead of concentrating upon their studies.

"Yes," said Androcles, "and, as I haven't touched a cue since, I am not likely to be any better now."

But he was mistaken. Although the statement that he had not touched a cue since was (for once) true, he could do nothing wrong when once the match began. It made no difference what stroke he attempted, he invariably scored. If he aimed to pot the red—and that (except when he was potting the white) was his principal game—the red went down, no matter from what angle. The result was that he had reached the hundred before his friend, who understood natural angles and side and drag and all the rest of it, had made twenty.

"Well," said the friend, who had shown a most admirable control of temper, "let 's have another game, because such a series of flukes can't happen twice;" but the second was even more miraculous than the first.

"We 've been playing with a new set of balls," said the friend at the end of it. "I bought them to-day fresh from the ivory-turner's. An African bull-elephant's tusks, he told me, just imported. They evidently suit you better than me. We 'll try the next hundred, if you don't mind, with the old set, and see if I can't score a little too."

"By all means," said Androcles; but when the time came he was incapable of scoring. His pots were crooked, his cannons were too wide or too thin; he could do nothing right and failed to compile even ten.

"It 's the most extraordinary thing," said his friend, when they had played a little more with the new set and Androcles again had scored heavily and automatically. "I think you had better let



Policeman. "Wot are yer standing 'ere for?"
Loafer. "Nuffink."
Policeman. "Well, just move on. If everybody was to stand in one place 'ow would the rest get past?"

me give you those balls and you can start as a billiard champion."

And so it came to pass. After a few exhibition games in Leicester Square the name and fame of Ernest Androcles passed all over the world as the billiard expert who broke all the rules but whom no one could defeat. Filling every hall from London to Adelaide, from Leeds to Johannesburg, from Dublin to Duluth, he soon amassed a fortune and was able to extricate his parents from the almshouse in which they were sheltering and re-establish them in Bayswater. He had in all his career but one rebuff, and that was when an opponent contrived to substitute bonzoline. From that *débâcle* (and it was terrible) onwards he stipulated that he played exclusively with his own set, and nothing could make him change this decision. Although stained, scratched, chipped and even in time egg-shaped, they never failed to run for him.

The result was that the authors of the billiard manuals tore their hair. The ex-champions tore theirs and retired. INMAN took a line of his own; NEWMAN wrote a new *apologia pro vita sua*; SMITH assumed the name of Jones and practised ping-pong; REECE rejoined his old ship, *The Mantelpiece*, and STEVENSON left England for the Cevennes accompanied only by a donkey.

E.V.L.

THE FORELOCKER.

UNDOUBTEDLY forelocking reached perfection in Bardew. The cult can never hope to boast his like again. Nature herself conspired to ensure his pre-eminence, for his cautionary career began with his arrival in the world some weeks too early and a period of marking time in an incubator. Having thus grasped Time's snowy kiss-curl, he never afterwards relaxed his grip.

Tradition alleges that he ran through the ailments of a normal childhood within his first year, just to get them safely over. At school, anxiety to prepare for lessons to come left no time for learning those in hand, while at games he failed to get a look in because his kink compelled him to begin practising cricket in September and football in April, in order to be well forward, as he said, for the next season. The most critical exam. of his life he muffed through taking it a year before he need have done. Which things only made him grip the forelock tighter.

When he swam into my personal ken at the age of twenty, forelocking had become the one rule of his life. His chin was always scrubby, because he plied a razor overnight to save time in the morning. He was never seen with clothes that fitted, because, obsessed with a fear of impending obesity, he instructed his tailor to allow for expansion. His watch he kept fast, and if asked the time invariably replied ten minutes ahead of the truth. The sight of a clock just right by Greenwich brought a look of pain to his eyes.

At the theatre he would be first in his seat for everyone to push past, and he always left before the last Act in order to avoid the crush in getting out. Meals he rendered vengeful by fuming because they were not ready before the time ordered, then bolting them to get back to the office before he was due. Time and again, with his hand on that forelock, he boarded the train before his own and went astray. Often and often, on tram or bus, fear of not being ready to alight at the exact moment inspired him to ring the bell and get hustled off at the stop before the one he wanted.

The girl who might have made him happy he lost by persistently calling on her an hour before the appointed time and so catching her with unpowdered nose. By laying in a suit of black on hearing of her serious illness—a fact duly reported to her—he suffered the erasure of his name from the will of a wealthy aunt. He once showed me a pair of spectacles, acquired in case anything should go wrong with his sight; and numbers of sensitive folk were offended by his unseasonable insistence that every man should emulate BROWNING'S Bishop and order his own tomb.

In his own case, it must be admitted, this last piece of forelocking was justified. He had yet to see a twenty-second birthday, when, by stepping—just once too often—from a train before it stopped, Bardew made his premature departure for Elysium.

Safety First for the Empire Press Congress.

"With the party is Mr. H. Turner, Secretary of the Empire Press, which were re-shipped to Rotterdam, where pulped preservative was added and attached to the delegation."
New Zealand Paper.

For the sake of his own delegate in particular, Mr. Punch is very glad to hear of this precaution.

"There are only 24 hours in one day, and 18 out of that 24 'The Amalgamated Marine Workers' Union' are taking all battle fronts. The other eight hours is devoted to planning direct action for the following day."
Labour Paper.

It is understood that rival unions are taking steps to prevent the A.M.W.U. from doing eight hours' work in six.

"Five minutes from the close Austin scored a third and six minutes later Browell a fourth with a fine header."—*Provincial Paper.*

Where was the referee's whistle?

TO THE CO-OPTIMISTS.

(*In admiration of all, and in special gratitude to* ANITA ELSON, BETTY CHESTER, STANLEY HOLLOWAY, GILBERT CHILDS, MELVILLE GIDEON *and* DAVY BURNABY.)

THOUGH we've lost many sources of pleasure
That helped us in various ways
To lighten our moments of leisure
With solace and joy and amaze;
Though we lack the old Chamber of Horrors,
The Monday or Saturday Pops,
For sure consolation in grief and vexation
We have "The Co-ops."

Yes, better than most of our actors
And actresses, sprightly or staid;
More helpful than most benefactors
Whose works are by titles repaid;
Far better than Freudian novels,
Than stories of crooks and of "cops,"
Than sugary LOCKE-tales and oceans of cock-tails,
I hold "The Co-ops."

I feel that they do not recapture,
Though on the same level they stand,
Quite all of the side-splitting rapture
Inspired by PÉLISSIER'S band;
Yet, while the best art of "The Follies"
All rivalry still overtops,
Much more than a scantle descends of their mantle
To grace "The Co-ops."

Then let me with dutiful "*Ave!*"
Their leader and chieftain acclaim,
The bland and delectable DAVY,
So true to his jovial name;
The comic invention of GILBERT,
Which never once falters or stops,
And the talent of GIDEON, so luscious and Lydian,
In coining Co-"*ops*."

And where, may I ask, could you meet a
More limber and versatile elf
Or better endowed than ANITA
With gifts of a multiple self?
Or a CHESTER who charges more gaily
Than BETTY, a STANLEY who drops
Into song more sonorous in solo or chorus
Than in "The Co-ops."?

So when our disconsolate croakers
Declare that old England is "done";
When recalcitrant drivers and stokers
Decide that no engines shall run;
When BEAVERBROOK batters at BALDWIN,
When farmers complain of the crops,
When WHEATLEYS or BEVINS grow warlike—thank 'Evins
We've got "The Co-ops."!

"He has hunted, boxed and shot most things between a partridge and an elephant."
Evening Paper.

Just the man to take on DEMPSEY.



THIS is Mr. Bernard Shaw,
Who has got a gifted jaw;
Though it 's hid by hairy fluff
You can hear it fast enough.

When they praise his lofty brow,
Saying, "Where is Shakespeare now?"
Modestly he says, "O fie!
Shakespeare 's quite as good as I."

When he talks to eager youth,
Letting fall some grains of truth,
He will choke them up with chaff,
Loth to go without a laugh.

Some may think it wrong to rank
Bernard as a mountebank;
Others find it just as odd
To regard him as a god.

Bernard Partridge.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

I.—MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

AT THE PLAY.

"LA CHAUVE-SOURIS" (STRAND).

IT is pleasant to welcome again the *Chauve-Souris* after a protracted tour in the United States, during which certain members of the company have strangely acquired a quite tolerable command of the English language and accent. M. BALIEFF still preserves his clipped and broken idiom, his explosions and dying cadences, and offers us the usual entirely untrustworthy information.

Perhaps now that the glamour of the newness to us of this clever company's method has worn off we are more able to make a detached estimate of their work. NIKITA BALIEFF certainly discloses himself as a genuine artist of the theatre, adroitly disguised as a buffoon and showman. The episodes are conceived with imagination and wit, the effects contrived with astonishingly simple means; the artists subdue their individualities to the purpose of the team in an admirable and, to us, still unattainable way, and, like all artists, must be judged by what they have the discretion to omit as well as by what they express. One imagines they gain rather than lose by our inability to understand their language, as it allows us to focus on and appreciate their superb mimicking; though one also detects a particular twinkle in the artist's eye occasionally, which suggests that if we did understand we might be even more diverted than we in fact are. But that is conjecture.

Of the new items—it seems slightly derogatory to call them merely turns—there are four based on the living statuary idea, which would be too many if less pains had been taken to make them entirely different in their setting and handling. The "Ancient Cameo," to the tuneful strains of M. WECKERLIN, a sort of musical WATTEAU, was the most successful. The Meissen "See-Saw" ran it close, and the grouping and the dancing in both were beyond reproach. The "Chinese Billikens"—figures with nodding heads—were extremely droll. "Copenhagen," though pictorially successful, was less interesting in action. New "Songs of Sentiment" were charmingly interpreted by Mmes. BIRSE and ERSHOVA and beautifully decorated by M. SOUDEIKINE.

In "The Night Idyl" the gentleman with the guitar had chosen to serenade his love at the moment when certain domestic animals were actively engaged in the same romantic business. The way Madame PLATONOVA, who is a most accomplished comédienne with a



A RESOURCEFUL BAT.
M. NIKITA BALIEFF.

voice of delightful quality, contrived to degrade that quality in a futile attempt to meet the competition on the roofs was a sheer delight. This clever lady was also heard and seen to great advantage in one of the most successful pieces, "Chastoushki," that in which she bandies rhymes with a peasant-lover (M. TAMIROFF), a most accomplished actor, across the body of an unnamed artist who was extremely diverting with an accordion. The elaborate "Malbrough ["Malbrouk" surely?] s'en va-t-en guerre," sung in English, with M. SOUDEIKINE's frantic grotesques passing in procession behind the fortress wall, deservedly found favour. The new "Musical Snuff Box" cannot compete with its predecessor, "Katinka," well done as it is. A song acquired in America and built on a well-known formula, "I miss my Swiss and my Swiss Miss misses me," is sung against a gorgeously nonsensical setting by BENOIS.

The puppet opera, "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," was scarcely so good as its predecessors in the same line and has no longer the charm of novelty. I thought too that the inevitable wooden soldiers had grown a little stale at their drill, and no wonder. But I was glad to see again the most attractive "Country Picnic," charmingly re-decorated by M. SHOUKHAEFF. M. BALIEFF and Madame BIRSE completely failed to make us stockish folk join in the chorus of another American song, "Oh, Katharina," a mournful exhibition of English self-consciousness or (is it?) indolence and pride. The sombre "The King Orders the Drums to be Beaten" had been given by BENOIS a new setting, in which a pair of lighted branch candlesticks painted on the backcloth had the most surprising effect of being the real source of light in this carefully contrived scene. The ladies of the Company sang some Russian peasant songs most tunefully and with a very pleasing liveliness. Altogether a catalogue of good things.

Space allows no more than this perfunctory appraisement of details which deserve fuller attention. Let me commend this attractive *pot-pourri* to the discerning. T.



RANK CONQUERS ALL.
MME. PLATONOVA AND HER ADMIRERS (NOT DISTINGUISHED IN THE PROGRAMME).

"HAMLET IN FLAMES."
Headline in Sunday Paper.

We feared something like this would happen when he started smoking cigarettes.

"LYME REGIS.

SINGULAR.—Primroses and violets were picked on the landscape a few days ago."
Local Paper.

But isn't that where one usually picks them?

"Strangely enough less than half the people who lose valuable articles fail to claim them."—*Sunday Paper.*

We are not impressed.

THE PRIZE.

Abermuchty is a little village in the Highlands, famous for its hills, its health and its Highlanders.

Angus Macdougall was one of its products, and he had resided there all his life. He had never even been so far afield as Glasgow. He was a tall brawny lad, with a body like a bullock, forearms like a blacksmith, and an enormous head of rusty-coloured hair. He wore the traditional dress of his forefathers—a Macdougall tartan kilt, a Balmoral bonnet; and he usually carried a blackthorn walking-stick.

You must not imagine, however, that, although Angus had not travelled much, he didn't know what went on in the outside world. Angus was a great reader of the popular Press, and twice a week he would come in from his father's farm, a mile or two outside Abermuchty, for his papers—*Snippety Bits*, *The Popular Weekly*, *Questions* and *Passing Thoughts*.

He read through these papers simply because his Scot's nature abhorred waste. What he actually bought them for was the competition feature in each one. Angus was a newspaper competition enthusiast, and as such was well known all over the village. He was known to the youngsters of the place as "the carroty kilty." This phrase stuck to him, and was elaborated by Mrs. McTavish, his newsagent. "The 'carroty kilty' was cracked on competeetions," she said.

"Man, I wonder at ye," she often said to him, "spending sae much money on thae competeetions; they'll be frauds every yin o' them, I'm thenking."

Nothing however could daunt the enthusiasm of Angus; neither the taunts of his enemies nor the advice of his friends. Every evening, as soon as he had finished his labour on the farm and supped his parritch, he would bring forth his various competition papers and evolve solutions until bedtime. He had been competing for five years and had never won even so much as a consolation prize; but he plodded on with grim determination, confident that in the end he would win.

I met Angus last Saturday. He was dressed for travel—he who had never been out of Abermuchty—in his Sunday kilt and new Balmoral, carrying in his hand an ancient-looking portmanteau and his favourite blackthorn walking-stick. Obviously he was travelling, and the circumstance was so unusual that I stopped him.

"Well, Angus," I said jokingly, "are you off to Wembley?"



"Angus was a tall brawny lad."

"Weel, I'm gaun tae London," he said grimly, "an' I'll see the Exhibeetion when I'm there; but I'm no gaun specially tae see Wembley. I want tae see the Editor o' *Snippety Bits*; I'm gaun tae throttle him."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"The maitter," he said excitedly, throwing his portmanteau on the ground, thrusting his hand into his tunic-pocket and drawing out a letter, "is this. Read that."

I opened out the letter and read as follows:—

"*Snippety Bits*" *Office*,
London.

Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in informing you that you have won the fourth prize in our puzzle-picture competition, value £2 2*s*. This will be forwarded in the course of a day or two. Congratulating you and hoping that in the future I may be able to award you a substantial cash prize,

Yours faithfully, The Editor.

Mr. Angus Macdougall,
Brae Farm, Abermuchty.

"Well, that sounds all right, Angus," I remarked as I handed him his letter; "what are you growling about? You ought to be pleased you've been successful at last."

"Ay, I wis pleased when I got the letter a day or two ago, an' I went roond showin' it tae a' the folks that had been laughin' at me for wastin' my time at thae competeetions; but the prize came this morning, an' it's an insult tae the Macdougalls," he cried, slashing at the flowers on the roadside with his stick. "D'ye ken what they've sent me? A trooser-press!"



"As a newspaper competition enthusiast he was well known."

Our Cynical Organists Again.

"On Sunday the Rector officiated and preached his farewell sermon. The choir rendered the anthem, 'O Clap Your Hands Together.'"—*Local Paper.*

"Sleepy Sickness Increasing.
Support for British Films.

The Victoria Legislative Council, Australia, has passed a clause in a bill laying down that not less than 1,000 feet of British film must be shown in every programme."
Provincial Paper.

If this should check the epidemic the British Parliament might try the prescription.

From a report of the ladies' golf championship:—

"Miss Irene Hulcatt came down scratched."
Local Paper.

We *are* sorry.

"It is reported that a missionary from Rhodesia entered Belgian territory last week and stirred up the natives."—*Scots Paper.*

Yet it is not so long ago that after an encounter of this kind it was the natives who did the stirring.



Customer. "I THINK THIS STYLE OF HAT IS TOO YOUNG FOR ME."
Assistant. "THE ADVANTAGE OF THAT PARTICULAR HAT, MADAM, IS THAT IT BECOMES A YOUNG FACE AND ANY OLD FACE TOO."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

To participate in Mr. MAURICE BARING'S vision of individuals, coteries and societies barely a generation old is like gazing down at a submerged city through fathoms and fathoms of clear water. Remote as his characters are, they are not in any way blurred or—if you could get closer to them—impalpable. The men and women whose complicated fortunes make up the pattern of *Cat's Cradle* (HEINEMANN), for instance, are living beings, not *revenants*; and if there is something trance-like in their deportment (and I think myself there is) the trance, like that of *Snowdrop* in her crystal coffin, has a curiously preservative quality. *Cat's Cradle* should rank, I think, as its writer's finest book. It is a far finer novel than *C*, to which it has little more than a dimensional resemblance. Its unity of purpose no less than its unity of technique sets it beside *Madame Bovary*; while the greater delicacy of its heroine's moral oscillations gives it a pre-eminence which can hardly be dismissed as accidental. It is a story with a moral. For "it always seemed to me," says Mr. BARING, "that if life has a moral (which it seems never to be without), and if art be the reflection of life, art must have a moral too." The argument is summed up in a couplet by Mr. BELLOC:—

> "The Love of God which leads to realms above
> Is *contre-carré* by the god of Love."

This checking and frustrating of high designs by lower ones are embodied in the life of *Blanche Clifford*, afterwards *Princess Roccapalumba*, afterwards *Lady Windlestone*. Her story is staged in Roman palaces and English country-houses, and she herself is so superlatively realised that, though her world is always admirably indicated, her tragedy is most memorable in its soliloquies. My only quarrel with an exquisite book is that I occasionally found the many "dodges of a rich nature" lavished by Mr. BARING on his aristocratic *mise-en-scène* overpoweringly reminiscent of *The Young Visiters*.

My Part of the Country is fifty short talks
By A. BONNET LAIRD (they've been broadcast)
About his own walks; and an eye like a hawk's
He's conveniently (fact I applaud) cast
On a country near Town; though he doesn't let slip
Just where, yet the safest of gambles
'Twould be did you wager a mite on my tip
That Kent is the scene of his rambles.

Here are all things in Arcady put very pat,
As is proper for talks on the "wireless,"
And if some of the chat seems to suffer from that
When in book form, still, tirelessly tireless
It babbles of fields where the cloud-shadows shift;
It to woods of the mavis and merle guides;
'Tis informative chat, and the book is a gift
I should buy both for boy scouts and girl guides.

And a copy, of course, for myself I'd retain
As my mentor in much: for example,
In not to disdain dandelion champagne
(I am going to write for a sample),
And in which forms of fungus to eat, and which *not*,
And in how to grow nuts for the table,
And—what? Oh, the publisher? Thanks, I forgot—
HERBERT JENKINS (observe the green label).

To students of history it is hardly necessary to recommend Viscount GREY's *Twenty-five Years* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). They will read it as a matter of course and then place it on their shelves as an indispensable aid to the proper understanding of the *provenance* of the Great War. The general reader will find in it a striking example of a good man struggling with adversity. The irony of Fate has seldom been more marked than when it called to the Foreign Office, at the most critical period in the nation's history since 1815, a man who was neither a great student nor a great traveller, and whose acquaintance with the language of diplomacy may be gauged by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's remark, after one of the Continental conferences that they attended together, "You know, your French was the only French that I could understand." But to make up for these deficiencies he had other qualities that stood him in good stead. Experience as a fisherman had given him caution, so that he was on his guard when German envoys threw a fly over him. A lover of birds and flowers, he had that intuitive knowledge of men that the countryman often possesses. He spoke (and writes) his native language with a simplicity and precision that carry conviction (witness the great eve-of-war speech of August 3rd, 1914, reproduced in these volumes). Above all he had character, and always played the game. The outstanding characteristic of his *apologia* is its all-round fairness, extending not only to political opponents but even to enemy statesmen. He frankly admits that he made mistakes. Personally, as one who was lucky enough to see the historic match in 1896, when he wrested the Gold Racket from the hands of ALFRED LYTTELTON, I think the greatest of them was to abandon tennis ten years later, in deference to the supposed claims of the Foreign Office. I am sure that in coping with the machinations of enemy statesmen Lord GREY would have found physical fitness worth a wilderness of despatches.



Applicant for post of office-boy. "I TRUST YOU WILL REGARD IT AS A POINT IN MY FAVOUR, SIR, THAT *ALL* MY GRANDPARENTS ARE ABSOLUTELY DEAD."

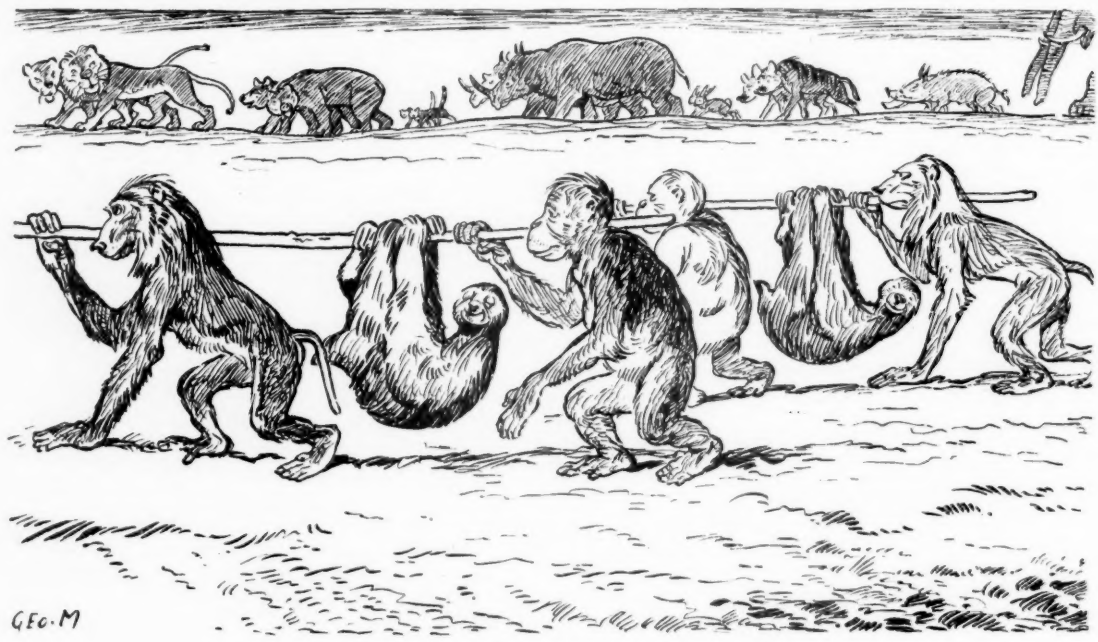
I feel that the trouble with Miss E. M. DELAFIELD's clever but slightly acidulous art is that she cannot perceive, or perhaps convey, pleasant people in anything like a normal proportion to unpleasant ones. Even if a quantitative ratio is observed, the quality of the agreeable is apt to be far less active and intense than that of the disagreeable. Certainly the theme of *The Chip and the Block* (HUTCHINSON) lends itself to this blighting disparity. *Chas Ellery*, a latter-day *Skimpole*, is titular head of a hand-to-mouth household of five. The real burden falls, of course, upon his wife, *Mary*, a gallant and sweet-tempered woman imbued with the old-fashioned wifely virtues of self-sacrifice, resignation and loyalty to her bread-winner. Unluckily *Chas* is not a bread-winner but an "artist," and his projects for self-realization have only the very remotest bearing on the needs of his family. *Mary* confronted with *Chas* is like a draught-player face-to-face with a chess-expert. They are simply not playing the same game. And the board is in a sickening and irretrievable muddle when *Mary* dies and the children, *Paul*, *Victor* and *Jeannie*, are dumped on their smug Bristol grandparents. Here and at school they remain until *Chas's* literary banalities find a market and *Chas* a second wife. *Caroline* proves a striking contrast to *Mary*. In fact she plays her husband's game—with altruistic improvements—and plays it better than he does. Thanks to *Caroline* the children get a chance to develop, which *Victor* does on "New Ideal" lines, a modern variation on his own egotism highly displeasing to the now prosperous and conventional *Chas*. This, the main pre-occupation of the story, is not a very hilarious topic; and neither *Paul's* nor *Jeannie's* love affairs are calculated to brighten the horizon. But the book is full of ingenious observation and comment, and I can easily imagine a reader more resilient than myself finding sufficient entertainment in these virtues.

Not content with wars big and little that have actually been fought, Mr. HECTOR C. BYWATER has invented yet another one all on his own that has not really come to pass. There is, of course, nothing particularly novel about this, yet his book—*The Great Pacific War* (CONSTABLE)—is, I think, unique in that the conflict described is neither

wildly imaginative nor designed to be exploited for the benefit of any imaginary hero. It is, on the contrary, a serious study, as conceived by a real expert on the subject, of the probable course of the campaign in the event of an armed clash within the next few years between the United States and Japan. To further the illusion of actuality it is cast in the form of narrative, not to mention the stilted English affected by the more official of official historians, and is artistically equipped with explanatory memoranda and appendices, and even with realistic veiled hints of departmental wranglings, all worked out with the imitative accuracy of a school-boy building a model railway. In the result the volume, though perhaps deplorably dull as fiction, has a fascination all its own and conveys an amazing impression of historic truth. No doubt the writer is concerned to impress a number of fairly obvious morals on his American readers—such, for instance, as the impossibility of holding the Philippines without an adequate naval base in the Western Pacific—and so in a sense his work is to be taken seriously; yet the preaching is done with so much restraint that there is no detraction from the air of reality that is its main delight. One pleasant result of this is that no one need be set worrying by the idea that another war is already on the way, for if the early chapters are convincing as to its imminence yet the final pages convey equally decisively the impression that it is now safely over, and really nobody much the worse.

I have got from time to time so much genuine pleasure from various charming stories of village life in Lancashire and Dorset and Ireland from the pen of "M. E. FRANCIS" that I wish my inability to find quite the same enjoyable spontaneity in her *Cousin Christopher* (FISHER UNWIN) might be honestly ascribed to that mental condition popularly assigned to "the jaded reviewer." It is a readable tale enough in its way, and has a nice plot and some very engaging young people, and a villain "with black hair and eyes and very white teeth, which he showed rather frequently." But it is the individual note that one misses, that suggestion of cottage gardens and thatched eaves and kindly homely simple days which made *Dorset Dear* and *Fiander's Widow* little masterpieces in their own modest fashion. Anyone else might have written this book just as well as "M. E. FRANCIS"; its Lancashire scenes and its Irish scenes, its nice young people and its nasty young man alike seem to have come out of a mould, and a not very new mould at that. And the racing complication, in which the gentleman of the teeth is involved, would, I cannot help thinking, have been better handled by the late Mr. NAT GOULD.

I cannot imagine what the sensational Press will have to say about Mr. YATE TREGARRON, for in *Murderers' Island* (METHUEN) he introduces us to a world from which fear of the penalties has almost abolished the more lurid forms of crime. Forgers in this new world are branded on the forehead with an "F," and murderers are not only branded but also sent to *Lassary Island*, where they live with people of their own kind and without hope of escape. *Catharine Hewart* was despatched to this island for an especially villainous crime, and at once began to scheme to clear herself and prove that her cousin, *Rosemary Dawn*, was the murderess. The picture which Mr. TREGARRON gives of existence on this island is so vivid and terrible that *Catharine's* desire to get away at any cost is credible enough. Where he fails to persuade me is in her repentance after her abominable scheme had failed. This, however, is a trifling matter in a tale which reveals considerable fertility of imagination and some sound thinking. Mr. TREGARRON is definitely on the side of the gods, a tendency so rare among the novelists of to-day that it is worthy of notice.



HOW THE SLOTHS WENT TO THE ARK.

CHARIVARIA.

SOME modifications of ladies' hunting-field fashions are mentioned. To be really smart this season the saddle should be worn close to the rider.

* * *

We know of at least one man who went to Olympia merely to look and was forced to buy a car to bring home all the catalogues he collected.

* * *

One accessory badly needed with some of the latest small cars is a trailer behind to carry all the other accessories.

* * *

Smart Society is said to be giving up breakfast. All doctors agree that it is not wise to consume a heavy meal just before going to bed.

* * *

The worst of this new Tango is that it is far more easy to step on your own feet than your partner's.

* * *

Things which might have been put differently: "A large assembly cheered heartily as Mr. Lloyd George left Scotland for London."

* * *

During his Scottish tour Mr. LLOYD GEORGE declared that the skirling of the bagpipes made him want to go for somebody. Preferably the piper, we hope.

* * *

Or he may have meant the PREMIER. If so, against a man under the influence of such pipes, what chance would Mr. BALDWIN have with his three-and-six-penny ones?

* * *

A famous Corinthian half-back has become a first-class chess-player. Unlike many footballers who take up this game there is no suspicion of roughness about his play.

* * *

Summoned to serve on the Grand Jury, Mr. EPSTEIN was excused. They are rather frightened of him on panels.

* * *

A Nottingham man claims to have invented a method of controlling electricity with his voice. Our own vocal protests have not had the slightest effect on our electric-light bill.

* * *

The unusually large migration southward of geese from Scandinavia is believed to portend an early Christmas.

* * *

In order to test the theory of evolution the Johns Hopkins University, U.S.A., has decided to import twenty selected Himalayan monkeys, which will be kept under close observation for a number of years. If eventually their descendants develop sufficient intelligence to come over and chew gum in Stratford-on-Avon, it will be felt that DARWIN is vindicated.

* * *

A cheap brand of German cigar has been named after Mr. G. B. SHAW. We do not for a moment suspect its origin; but it is a sinister reflection that Mr. SHAW is a vegetarian.

* * *

Dr. LYTTELTON expressed the opinion, at Brentwood, that we have no right to be happy in this world. The idea of making him an honorary member of the Brighter Brentwood Society was therefore abandoned.

* * *

A barmaid was recently fined for dangerous driving. No doubt she tried to put a head on it when she had hold of the gear-lever.

* * *

It is said that many a child of seven nowadays can read better than a grown-up man of thirty years ago. We often wondered where some of these daily newspapers got their huge circulations.

* * *

American manufacturers are now describing spectacles as "eyewear." When they get to calling artificial teeth "gum fixings" we shall report it to the League of Nations.

* * *

Students of American histories of the Great War must often have marvelled how JULIUS CÆSAR ever got through his Gallic Wars before America was discovered.

* * *

A gossip writer mentions that he has seen plus-fours on a scare-crow. Who hasn't? But it was thoughtful of him not to give the fellow's name.

* * *

As all the members of the Bury St. Edmunds Town Council have refused to act as mayor, the selection committee may choose a man from outside the Council. We warn them that they must not use force.

* * *

According to a fashion writer modern brides refuse to wear their wedding-rings when they dress for dinner or dancing. American film actresses go one better than this. They never wear their rings between weddings.

* * *

A delegate at a Conservative Conference stated that politicians should carry out their pledges. The novelty of the suggestion is said to have stunned some of the older school.

* * *

At an Albert Hall boxing contest recently some of the spectators came to blows. This is setting a bad example to the men in the ring.

* * *

Thousands of animals have to be skinned to provide fur coats for women, says a daily paper. It doesn't say whether these figures include husbands.

* * *

The birthplace of Camembert cheese is being marked by a marble tablet. The unveiling ceremony will include a procession of Limburgers and the singing of an anthem by a choir of Gorgonzolas.

* * *

Since Mr. BALDWIN has declared his fondness for shallots we understand that the motto of his Party will be "*L'ognon fait la force.*"

* * *

"Scheme for Diverting Buses," says a heading. We suppose it would be too expensive to engage Mr. CHARLIE CHAPLIN for point duty.

"Wanted, stable stole."—*Ladies' Paper.* The latest name, we assume, for pony-skin.



The Earl of OXFORD AND ASQUITH. "WONDER IF I SHALL HAVE TO CALL HIM TO HEEL."

AN ANTIDOTE TO PRESS POSTERS.

The prospectus of a new benevolent scheme lies before me as I write. It is that of a Society for Correcting Impressions Produced by Newspaper Posters. It has long been felt that something must be done to allay the unrest caused by these appeals to the public imagination.

The object of those who compose them is to create an atmosphere of horror, curiosity, mystery or amazement by representing themselves as a prey to these emotions. You would say that the hardened Pressman would be unlikely to react to them; certainly that it would be difficult to amaze him. Yet scarcely a day passes but he finds something "amazing" and wants you to share his astonishment.

Sometimes the poster-maker gets his effect by suppressing some fact that would modify your interest in his statement, as when he announces:—

TERRIBLE RAILWAY DISASTER.
TRAIN CATCHES FIRE.

You snatch a paper to see if any of your friends (or enemies) took part in this accident, and find that it occurred in Uruguay. Of course the tragedy is just as great really as if it occurred in the Home Counties; but Uruguay is such a long way off, and distance lends . . .

Or he introduces a *suggestio falsi*. For instance:—

POLICE RAID WEST END NIGHT-CLUB.

This old ruse, however, has long lost its power of allurement; you know, without looking at the paper, that the raid took place in a back-street off Soho.

Well, the idea is that, as soon as one of these posters is issued, the Society, who will have offices adjoining those of every evening paper, should produce a poster of its own giving the actual facts. These will be distributed by swift agents, who will follow the newsboys as they run through the streets, while others will take up a position in the immediate neighbourhood of stationary vendors of the latest edition, so as to neutralize the effect of sensational or misleading announcements.

The prospectus gives many instances of the good work which the Society hopes to accomplish. From these I cull a few representative examples of the present type of poster and of the proposed corrective. I place them side by side, inviting you to read from left to right:—

DEAD MAN IN HOLBORN HOTEL. AMAZING REVELATIONS AT INQUEST.	HEART FAILURE FOLLOWING UPON HEAVY MEAL.
SCOTCH EXPRESS COLLIDES WITH STATIONARY TRUCKS.	GOING AT ONE MILE PER HOUR.
IRISH MAIL IN COLLISION. AMAZING ESCAPE OF M.P.	HE HAD ALIGHTED AT THE LAST STOP.
SENSATION IN DIVORCE COURT.	JURYMAN COMPLAINS OF THE DRAUGHT.
B. M. G.	Mr. BALDWIN PROPOSES TO REMAIN.
SCENE IN THE COMMONS.	MR. CHURCHILL BORROWS A HAT.
TRAM SMASH IN PECKHAM RYE	WHEEL OF DONKEY-CART SLIGHTLY DAMAGED. NO OTHER INJURY.

Sometimes the Society will answer the questions thrown out by Press posters. Thus:—

IS THE GOVERNMENT A WASH-OUT?	NO!

Or again, by waiting a little while for the facts, the Society will be able to correct a false suggestion or unfounded prognostication. For example:—

STRAND MYSTERY. DISAPPEARANCE OF 12-YEAR-OLD OFFICE-BOY.	TRUANT ATTENDS FOOTBALL-MATCH. BACK BY NOW.
ANOTHER CENTURY FOR HOBBS?	LUNCH SCORE: HOBBS 13, OUT.
AMAZING JEWEL THEFT AT DUCAL MANSION. CAT-BURGLAR SUSPECTED.	SECOND HOUSEMAID'S JET-BROOCH RECOVERED FROM VACUUM-CLEANER.

It will be readily appreciated that the above scheme, being purely philanthropic and unremunerative, will have to be supported by voluntary contributions. No Government subsidy is anticipated. But if everybody who is dissuaded by the Society's activities from buying evening papers on the strength of sensational posters were to subscribe only fifty per cent. of the sum so saved, it should do well.

Meanwhile it has afforded me considerable pleasure to give publicity to the Society's prospectus, which, as I said, lies before me as I write. Alas! a long, long way before me.

O. S.

THE MERRY SHAMROCK.

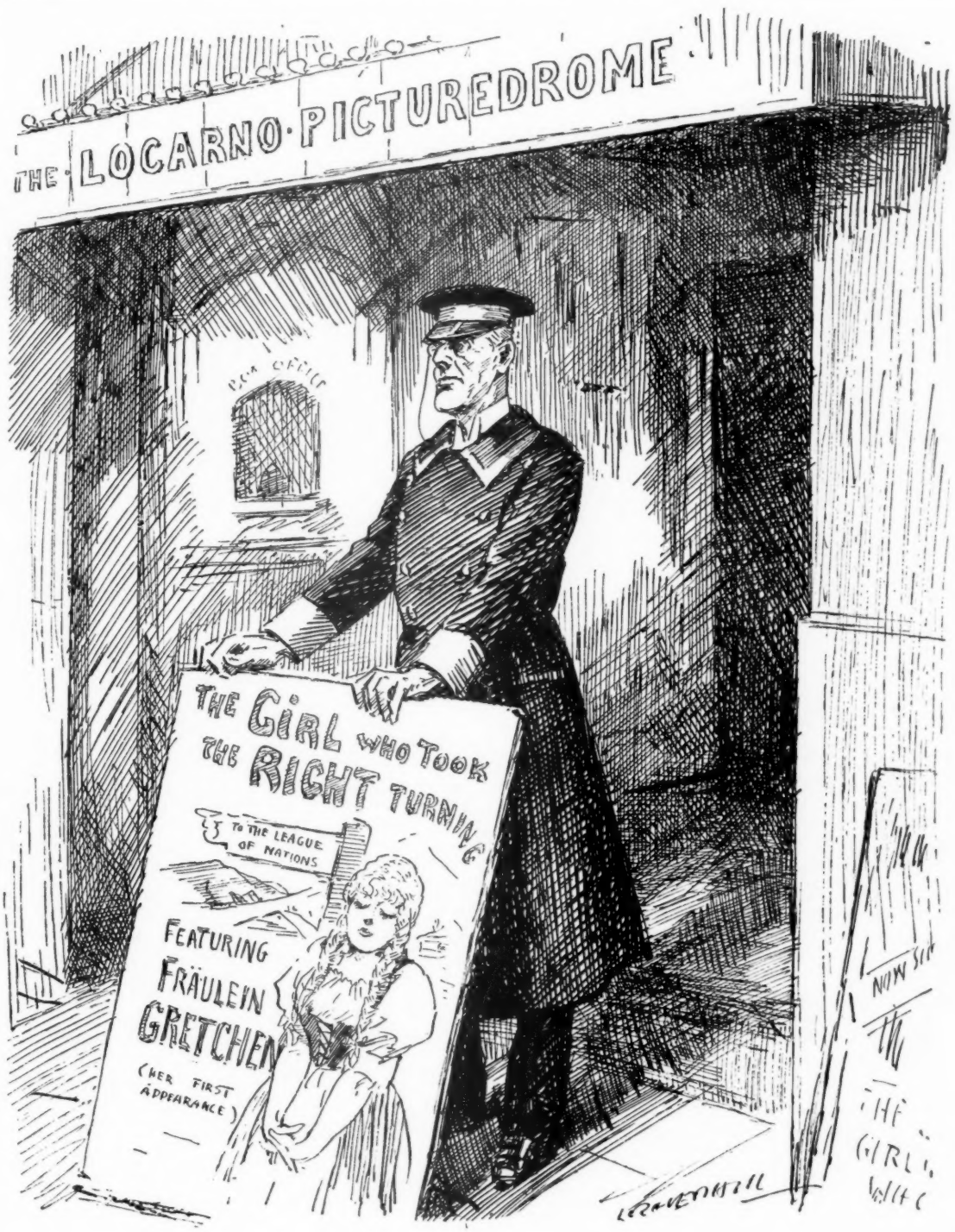
(*A classical Folk-song. Translated for the first time from the ancient Greek.*)

["The biographies of all great men show them more sublime in the last scene of the last act of their lives. Socrates took the shamrock rather than submit to the abuse of enraged ignorance."—*Lebanon Banner, U.S.A.*]

When Misther O'Socrates made a good end,
He made it surrounded by many a friend.
Said he, "Since they 're wishful my lips for to lock,
I 'll take, by Saint Pathrick, the merry Shamróck,
The merry Shamrock,
The merry Shamrock;
No poison so sweet as the merry Shamrock!

"Sure, those who would die of the Thistle or Leek,
Or the bane of the Rose, they are not the pure Greek;
All true-born Athenians, begorra, would mock
To perish by aught but the merry Shamrock,
The merry Shamrock,
The merry Shamrock;
St. Pat for ould Attica! Pour the Shamrock!"

Then Misther O'Plato he filled up the cup,
And Misther O'Socrates drank it all up!
And, when once we get over the first horrid shock,
Sure, we 'll all end in clover who take the Shamrock,
Take the Shamrock,
The merry Shamrock;
Let us drown all our griefs in the merry Shamrock!



A LEAGUE TRIUMPH.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S CONGRATULATIONS TO THE BRITISH COMMISSIONAIRE.



DIVINITY UP-TO-DATE: THE LATEST CATCHWORD.

Young Woman. "HAVE YOU SEEN THAT *DIVINE* PLAY, *PURPLE POTPOURRI*? SUCH *DIVINELY* NAUGHTY SITUATIONS. AND THE LANGUAGE! PERFECTLY *DIVINE!*"

WHY I BOUGHT A — CAR.

I DIDN'T mean to. It was the first stand I went up to really, and the young man asked me if I was interested at all, and I said that I was.

I knew quite well that he intended to talk to me about the engine, but I didn't want him to do that, partly because I don't know very much about engines and partly because I had found out from the advertisements and things that his engine was much better than any of the other engines at the same price in the show. So I asked him whether he thought the driving seat would be comfortable for me, and he said, "Won't you get in and try it?"

So I got in and sat down and pulled the brakes about and pressed the clutch, just as all the other people were doing, some of them because they were interested and some of them, I fancy, because they were so tired of standing up and walking round and round. But there's a limit, I think, to the time that one can spend standing on an accelerator when there's no life and bustle, so to speak, going on underneath the bonnet. So after a little while I got out and wondered what to say next.

As a matter of fact there were all sorts of things that I should have liked to tell the young man, if only I had known him well enough and had dared to do it. He was a nice-looking young man, wearing an old public-school tie. I should have liked to tell him about a friend of mine who has one of his cars—the 1924 model, of course—and who ran into a grammar school the other day. I tried to imagine the conversation if I did begin to tell him that little tale:—

I. A friend of mine has one of these cars, and he ran into a grammar school last week.

He (very coldly). And what grammar school was that, pray?

I (hastily reassuring him). Oh, quite a good one. A very old foundation. EDWARD VI., I believe. He ran into it just on the right-hand side of the gateway and crumpled up his mud-guard. One of the assistant-masters came out and saw him, but he was quite nice about it. He said they had always tried to make the entrance as difficult as they could . . .

No, I didn't feel I could possibly bother the young man about that.

And then there is another friend of mine who has one of his cars but can never make it start in the morning, either because the garage is too damp or else because he doesn't use thin enough oil, or else because life is just like that. He ties the bonnet all round with coats and blankets and rugs, and puts a miner's lamp inside, and runs the engine for an hour before he goes to bed. But when he gets up in the morning he has to turn the handle so long that he feels like an organ-grinder instead of a business man, and quite often the whole family has to collect and push him out of the garage and away down the hill, so that he can earn their daily bread.

But I didn't care to tell the young man that either.

And then there is our dog. There was no place in his car that I could see to which we could fasten our dog. We have tried fastening him to the door-handle in the car we have got now. Once he jumped out and dangled by the collar on the lead. It was a terrible moment before we got him in again. There ought to be a staple fixed in the middle of the floor of a little car to which one can fasten the lead of the dog.

And then, of course, there is Aunt Caroline. I don't mean that Aunt Caroline ever jumped out and dangled; the trouble about her is her umbrella. She *will* take it with her, and it slips down on to the mat and tumbles out when the door is opened, and somebody treads on it. What is needed really in a little car is one of those basket arrangements at the side that they always used to have in governess-carts.

But I felt instinctively that the young man had far too technical and mechanical a mind to be interested in Aunt Caroline and the dog.

Nor did I like to say anything to him about books. Very often, when I go down into the country for week-ends, and have to write an article about "Autumn Solitude" or "Wild Geese in our Marshlands," I want to take one or two volumes of *The Encyclopædia* down with me for the sake of references. And a little car does not hold many volumes of *The Encyclopædia Britannica* with comfort and ease. If you had ever seen URA—ZYM bouncing over a really bumpy bit of road or on a small wayside bridge you would know what I mean. I should like to have asked him for how many volumes of *The Encyclopædia Britannica* the car was sprung, but I did not dare to do that.

I was afraid also to ask him whether the car went backwards very fast. I don't know how it is but, in the car we have now, directly one uses the reverse gear, even though there is a steep uphill behind, the thing leaps to the top as it were with one bound, like a chamois. And I have seen other little cars behave in the same way. But the young man seemed to me to have too lofty a mind to enter into little troubles like this.

The fact is I simply didn't know *what* to say. So I looked at the dashboard very closely and said in rather a stern manner, "I notice your clock isn't going."

He admitted that, but said it could easily be wound up.

"How?" I inquired.

"By means of a little screw at the top," he said, indicating with the thumb and forefinger the method by which it was done.

"What," I said—"by hand?"

He confessed that this was so.

Then I went round to the other end of the car and bent down to look at the back axle. Before I had got more than a brief glimpse of it my hat fell off. I crammed it hastily on my head and stood upright again. I fancied the young man looked rather amused about something, so I thought I would take him down a peg.

"It stands rather low, doesn't it?" I said. "Don't you think if it was standing by the pavement somebody might trip over it without noticing that it was there?"

He refused to admit this.

"I like the black stuff on the tyres," I said. "It gives the whole thing a very elegant appearance."

After that I couldn't find anything else to say at all, so I said I would buy the car.

He said I could have one just like it delivered in two days.

"But I wanted to buy this one," I explained.

"There's not the slightest difference," he assured me. "We'll give you a trial run any time you like."

"On my car," I said, "or this?"

"Well, on a last year's model," he said. "The running will be exactly the same."

So of course I don't know anything whatsoever about my new ——. Nevertheless I have bought it, and I cannot help feeling what a merciful escape I have had from buying all the others as well. If I had gone even as far as the next stand I should most certainly have bought a ——.

EVOE.



Tramp (peevishly, as he munches sandwich). "DON'T I GET NO MUSTARD?"

"Spend Christmas and dance out New Year in Switzerland."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

It is best to keep on with the Old Year before you are off with the New.

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

XII.—Fiji and Factories.

Honolulu (Hawaii) is, I suppose, the most extraordinary mixture in the world. Just outside we saw the first flying-fish; a little later we saw two factory chimneys. Along the shore a strip of palms or what-not was burning busily, dry with the tropic heat; not far inland, on the lower slopes, there lay a mist and it was raining. The streets and gardens are a miracle of flowering trees, hedges of hibiscus, the night-blooming thingummy, and the you-know-what, flame-trees like weeping-willows of a monstrous age, and all ablaze with lovely colour, palm-trees, banana-trees and tropical paraphernalia by the yard; yet a mile or two up the hill there is a golf-course as green and pleasant as any I have seen, where they use no artificial watering of any kind. It is summer all the year round, but never impossibly hot. The sea's delicious warmth scarce varies from January to December; but there are no sharks. (These, as George remarked brightly, are all on land.) The population must be the most mixed anywhere except perhaps in the East End of London. The "natives" are compounded of sentiment and sleep; and they are governed by our wide-awake friends of the United States. And George bids me add, for the final contradiction, that it is the thirstiest place he knows, and absolutely dry.*

"Were you surprised," said one of our kind hosts as we drove past the Bank, the Stores, the Theatre and so forth, "to find the place so beautifully civilized?"

"Not surprised, but sorry," was the answer one wanted to make; but that would have been ungracious. For if civilization had to be inflicted on the land of the *ukulele* it could scarcely have been done better. It is not entirely true, as people warned me, that Honolulu is but the Brighton of the South Seas, though it may well become so. There is still a glimpse or two of the Honolulu of suburban fancy—the uncivilized, Hawaiian, soporific Honolulu; and these remains of an ancient and wholly unbustled way of life the Americans are evidently proud of. As for instance the charming custom of the *lei*, or welcoming circlet of sweet-smelling flowers (*frangipanni*, I believe, to be exact), with which each of our Mission was honourably greeted. The *lei* is worn like a large necklace and must be kept till the departing guest is well outside the harbour, when he must throw it sentimentally into the sea. Mr. Honeybubble, in a white coat, panama hat, plus fours and a circlet of fragrant blossoms round his neck, was a very beautiful sight. But the point is that these romantic and historic gifts were presented to us by the American Chamber of Commerce.

Then as you enter the harbour the "boys" are all about the ship, diving for money in the traditional manner. They have skins like a shiny leather-chair at the club, they swim like fish, but rather better, and the coins they catch they carry in their mouths while they pursue the next. To swim under water with two or three dollars in small change concealed in the mouth must have its discomforts. When the ship is made fast they clamber aboard and take terrifying dives from the stern or the precarious edge of a boat on the top-deck.

Meanwhile the Hawaiian band plays, and the air resounds with the word *Aloha*, which means Welcome, Love, Farewell or any other friendly sentiment desired to be expressed at the moment. This word has passed into the American language, and in *Aloha* and its rites the hospitable habits of Hawaii and America are charmingly married.

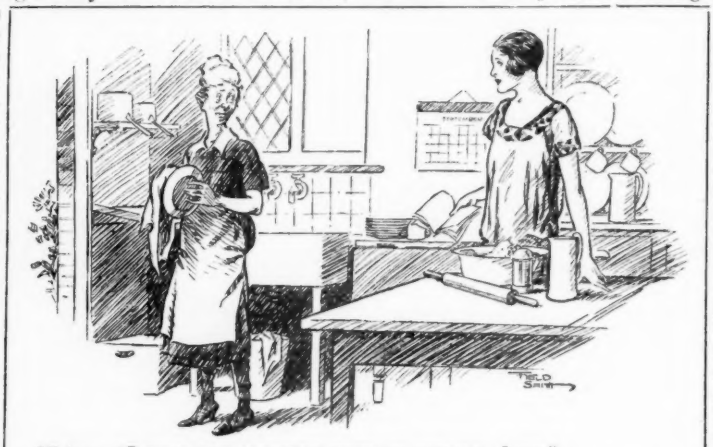
Some of the songs which are wafted from the palm-trees and float sicklily o'er the waters as one basks upon a surf-board or wanders in the moonlight drying the ears, have the mixture very strong. As, for instance, "My Hawaiian Maid," which runs:—

My Hawaiian maid,
Her name is Lulu,
She wears a holoku
With a short pau,
With a pretty smile
In Hawaiian style.
She took me to her home
At Honolulu,
And as a malihini
To her tutu,
With a pretty smile
In Hawaiian style.
Her kuku said,
"Oe ia-ia male."
All I could think of
Was to say "Aole";
With she and me
We can't agree.
Altho' I was an old
Kamaaina
And was a wela eka,
Pupa too,
With sure kela
Aole paui paui.

We lunched gloriously in two languages at the pretty Country Club, surrounded by the green golf-links in the hills overlooking Honolulu, the chimneys and the sea, and dazzled with hibiscus blossom. There are three thousand varieties of this flower in the islands, they say. They were all on the tables. It was an Hawaiian lunch, entirely composed of fruit and vegetables; two Hawaiians melted the heart with music from first to last; a delicate creeper trailed all a-growing across the wooden ceiling over our heads; the *menu*, which follows, was printed on banana-leaves a foot long, and the meal would have gladdened the soul of a vegetarian, but made me feel hungrier and hungrier:—

Papaia Cocktail (He-i), Fish in Ti Leaf (I-a Lawala), Baked Hawaiian Banana (Maia), Chinese Peas in Pod (Papapa Pake), Poi, Shoestring Potatoes (Walakakiki), Alligator Pear Salad, Iced Pineapple with Grated Coconut (Halilakiki me ha Hui), Guava Jelly, Poha Jam, Pineapple Pickle and various odd courses. Every fruit and vegetable almost was represented, except, alas! the lovely grape.

But for all these pleasant frills it would be idle to pretend that Hawaii (or what we saw of it) is extravagantly Hawaiian. A hotel is easily found, but not a native hut. Our hosts, one felt, are more excited by the Pineapple Cannery than they are by the pineapple. After this primitive lunch we all made speeches about civilisation, about "de-



Mistress. "I hear you are very keen on dancing, Jane."
Domestic. "Yes 'm. Down in the village they call me the Jazz Queen."

*Well, not absolutely. As dry as New York, say.



Editor. "But, my dear fellow, this is as old as the curate's egg."
Contributor. "The curate's egg? Good Heavens! have you heard that one too?"

velopment," "improvement," "better communications," "air-services," "tourist influx," "up-to-date hotels," "industrial expansion" and so forth. For these, alas! are the true, the horrible ambitions of Honolulu.

Well, it is their funeral.

We next went to Suva, in Fiji (marked red on the map). And Suva is to Honolulu as the Sussex downs to Brighton. Honolulu is a painted lady, Fiji (or what we saw of her) is a simple darling. She is British, of course, which is no bad thing to be; but she is, better still, uncivilised, though well-conducted; fewer flowers in the town, but fewer buildings in the country; a lonely jungle with a mere fringe of "development," a kind of tropical kitchen-garden where you may leap from the Ford at any moment and pick the pineapple, the orange, the lemon, the banana or even the paw-paw.

It is a pure joy to see so much green and so little brick. The Fijian villages are delightful neat pretty houses of grass and wood in a vague cluster among the palms, with clean green turf between. The road stops about twelve miles inland, I believe, and beyond that the charming fuzzy-headed Fijian lives under his own chiefs in a semi-feudal state, much as he has always lived, but that he no longer eats people, has become a Methodist and honours the King. To reach him, I understand, you must walk, or you may use the telephone—an ideal system of communication. He keeps his old clothes and customs and diet (modified as above). The Fijians really exist, and can be seen existing; the Hawaiians are dwindling into a race of play-actors or members of the Civil Service.

Yet in Fiji, alas! the same story was heard. Some of our hosts apologised because the island was not more "developed;" they begged us to bring more capital and start industries, and we all made speeches swearing that we would. But had I millions of surplus capital I swear I would not be the man that raised a factory-chimney or caused so much as a puff of smoke in Fiji. Why must everything be "developed"? We have animal sanctuaries all over the world; may there be no man sanctuaries, no inch left anywhere where one may rest the eye from bricks and banks and trousers? Must every Fiji become at last a Honolulu and every Honolulu a Brighton? I was never more proud of my country than in this glimpse of what she has done for these islands—given them good government, contentment, peace, but spared them from civilisation. And when I reach home I shall form a syndicate for the neglect of Fiji, the arrest of progress in the Pacific and the prohibition of trousers in the South Sea Islands. A. P. H.

More Light on the Manœuvres.

"In this mock war to make ready for the mock war."—*Daily Paper.*

The mock war, we suppose, that is to end mock war.

"With subscriptions just received in London from distant parts of the Empire, including New Zealand, the St. Paul's Presbyterian Fund has reached £250,000."
New Zealand Paper.

This evidence of the reunion of Christendom is very gratifying.

"The Post Office . . . collects from abroad, through 'cash on delivery,' about £600,000 a year, and pays out only about £22,000 a year."
Weekly Paper.

No wonder the Department makes a profit.

THE HOME FRONT.

(With apologies to the other "Military Correspondents.")

SUFFICIENT time has now elapsed for us to review in their proper perspective the Grand Manœuvres, the first which have ever been held since they last took place in 1913. They are a thing of the past. The smiling fields are once again in undisputed possession of nature. The reverberations of this ganglionic concatenation of mechanicalisms have died away. The battlefield is clear. All signs of the horrors of war have been removed. The umpires are safe back at home.

The general plan is so well known that I need not elaborate it, but for the benefit of those readers who suffered from war-fog through attempting to follow the campaign in any of the other newspapers, I may point out that the essence of the plan was *movement*. It was realised that few important lessons would be learnt unless one or other of the opposing armies burst into movement. To avoid any appearance of favouritism both armies were ordered to do so (the infantry move so slowly that of course they had to go further than the others to make it fair). This should be enough to show that the old stay-at-home, good-enough-for-my-father-good-enough-for-me spirit has completely died out.

I was gratified to find that both Commanders-in-Chief appreciated the situation just as I had done. Their decisions and dispositions were exactly the ones that I would have made myself. Excluding a tendency to hyperbole and oxymoron I do not think that the admirable orders they issued could have been improved upon. They seldom failed to produce the so-necessary atmosphere of the real *fogue de guerre*.

In the absence of any definite information as to which side the Foreign Attachés were fighting on, I acted as I always do in such predicaments and set out to ascertain for myself. It was more by luck than by good management that these distinguished gentlemen sustained no casualties. They stood about conspicuously in No Man's land, they did not dive into hedgerows on the approach of hostile aeroplanes, and they were not afraid of man, weather or Staff. They had armlets, motor-cars and waterproofs.

I can well understand that none of the other Press correspondents were present at any of the following incidents, for it takes years of experience to acquire that *flair* for being at the decisive place at the decisive time which I seem to possess. As that splendid old war-horse, General X., said to me, "Why, here you are again, where the fighting is thickest." I returned the compliment by saying, "Yes, General, I know that wherever you are the fun soon begins." The General roared and his Staff were delighted. He had not roared like that since the manœuvres began.

It was fortunate that the umpires' team outnumbered all the rest of the troops put together. Their difficulties were very much increased by the recent amendments to the off-side rule. Instances of their reckless bravery were so numerous that I can only mention a few. One umpire leant so far back in his saddle while putting an aeroplane out of action that he had to walk eleven miles home. Another opposed a whole battalion, alone and armed only with a map. A third, seeing a tank proceeding at an unsoldierlike speed with its flag up, hailed it by blowing his whistle. He was at once arrested by a Metropolitan constable disguised as a military policeman on traffic control. I witnessed only one regrettable incident, which necessitated a truculent dragon being ordered off the field for arguing with an umpire.

I have seen it stated that the great attack on Bolo Hill failed owing to the superb efforts of the gallant defenders. This is substantially true, but with the following reservations:—

(1) The gallant defenders were not aware that the attack had begun until informed by an umpire that it was over. So silent, so mysterious, so stealthy is modern war.

(2) The omnibuses which were to take the attackers to their rendezvous had no route-numbers and no conductors; consequently several battalions stood in the wrong queue and, after an enjoyable day in the country, ended up quite close to where they started.

(3) The Foreign Attachés were quite worn out by our combination of summer time and winter weather, so they were driven home, thus differing from the attack, which was not.

* * * * *

As I said before, it is all over. Can one look forward? Does no light shine through the darkness created by all this machinery and smoke and din? One can. It does.

Is the cavalry doomed? The answer is neigh.

The following confidential forecast, deduced from my experience of the Grand Manœuvres, must be jealously guarded. This article must not be translated. Nobody outside the Empire must know.

When England is gasping for breath with a foe at her throat she is going to be saved by a mere boy. Just as the final assault which is to break down her heroic resistance is about to begin, a little bugler, specially inflated by all the resources of modern science, will sound the Cease Fire in all known languages. The enemy will pause, amazed. The war will be over. The great captains will be honoured. I shall still be writing articles.

MOTORS AND MODES.

I.—MOTORS. BY OUR FASHION EXPERT.

HAD an hour to spare to-day, B'loved'st, and so just tweaked into the motor show at Olympia. My *dears! The* most charming models one can *possibly* 'magine! Within reach of every pocket is a ducky little Oxley-Cowford—a dream in standard grey, trimmed with deep-toned bugles and electric-blue horns. The brake-shoes are of Veroda, with paste buckle fittings and high wheels.

For those who have *lots* 'n lots of this world's goods there is a very attractive model on the Rolls-Daimler stand, the distinguishing feature of which is the silver bonnet, accordion-pleated at the side, with an adorable little nymph perched coquettishly atop. Six charming *appliqué* cylinders, with inlet valving and exhaust piping, lend an air of distinction, and the whole is d'liciously set off by a *diamanté* fan-belt.

Saw Lady Artemis for a moment. She was in maroon limousine with bold disc-wheel contrasts in aluminium, the tone of which was skilfully repeated on the spare. Her quarterly licence was delicately tinted to match.

Talking of "undies," quite the dinkiest things in crank-cases are to be seen on the Humberhall stand. The main fabric is aluminium and they have a scalloped edge with nut and bolt insertions.

For evening or theatre wear the tendency is towards smaller and more covered-in modes, *coupé* at the waist; while for big functions Isola-Frascatis are again longer this year, and are made to enter from the side instead of wriggling in from underneath.

For bye-bye time there is the Lucendo lighting-set—a poem in silver-plate, liberally volted on each side and with the darlingest little ampères running round the whole.

II.—FASHIONS. BY OUR MOTOR EXPERT.

Looking in at the next season's dresses this afternoon, I see that Lucille & Cie are showing a nice model of which the chassis work is of black velvet. A universal joint at the waist leads up to the corsage, where appears a small dickey with large carburettor-jet buttons. The cooling system is arranged for by openings in the scuttle-dash near the throat.

Among the Coquin modes I noticed



Wife (on a round of visits by herself). "JACK WRITES THAT HE 'S FEELING NEGLECTED."
Sympathetic Friend. "BUT AREN'T YOU ALWAYS THINKING OF HIM?"
Wife. "NOT QUITE ALWAYS. I'M AFRAID I NEVER THINK OF HIM FROM ONE CHEQUE TO THE NEXT."

a dear little dance frock with adjustable waist to suit different types of clutch. At the same stand was an evening cloak with hood attached, the interior magnificently upholstered in charmeuse.

Passing the accessories department I picked up for a moment a good tool-case, complete with driving mirror, duster, a tin of Rougeo, valve grinding-powder and screen-wiper.

At the next stand a fashionable narrow skirt caught my eye, curved well round the back axle and specially designed to ensure easy slow running in traffic. List price is five guineas, and it is absolutely ready for a customer to wear away. The same firm are showing some easily accessible bonnets with handy little side-clips for quick removal and inspection.

In the lingerie department I could hardly take my eyes off a most efficient set in which a specially strengthened framework with semi-elliptical springing is used to support a fine range of stocking work in all the most delicate colours, such as mud-brown, pig's-body and gutter-grey. Adjustable brakes are fitted to obviate stocking-slip, while a neat garter acts as a skid-preventive.

Near by I noticed a splendid combination in sky-blue which looked to me very fast.

Tea-gowns, I observed, are being made with splashboards this season.

A. A.

"Wanted, a few finishing lessons on Saxophone."—*Provincial Paper.*

A horrible death to die.

"Dress Shirts: Black, Navy, Tweed—4/11, 6/6, 8/6 to 19/11."
Advt. in North-Country Paper.

Our Fascisti may be glad to know of this opportunity.

INTUITION AND A POM.

GENTLY, kindly, forgivingly, she motioned to me to sit down.

"I'm not," she assured me, "even the tiniest bit hurt."

"More am I," I declared enthusiastically; "I dodged the Rolls-Morris quite easily, I saw the butcher's Ford in time, and a policeman got me out from under the motor-bus before I was a bit damaged. And where your new Pom bit me doesn't really hurt—a mere bagatelle," I said airily; "and my trousers belong to my tailor, so I don't mind about them."

"How lucky!" she cried. "Tom had just paid for his."

"He will do it," I sighed, "in spite of every example. Perhaps now you're keeping a Pom——"

"Oh, but I'm not," she explained. "Tom said I must choose between them."

"And, of course," I remarked approvingly, "you chose Tom."

"Oh, no," she said. "I told him it was woman's prerogative to be chosen, not to choose. You see," she explained, "I had just been reading *Christina Alberta's Father*, and I felt I simply had to be old-fashioned or scream."

"All is explained," I said—"except," I added, "the Pom."

"Oh, the Pom," she echoed. "I suppose it lost its head a little, and next it bit the maid, so I 'phoned the police, the Dogs' Home, two veterinary surgeons, Cousin Jane, who has five Poms already, so she might like six, a dog-dealer and the Stores. I couldn't think of anyone else, and I daresay one of them—don't you?"

"Even several of them," I said, "or perhaps all together."

"All?" she asked, just a trifle uneasily. "You see," she explained, "I had to do something to stop Parker giving notice, hadn't I?"

"And did you?" I asked with interest.

"I think," she confessed, "she was too awestruck. But you don't really suppose all of them——?"

"Well, most of them," I conceded, trying to make it easier for her.

"Then, I think," she decided, "as you want so much to take me out to lunch, you shall, just this once."

I thanked her warmly.

"After all," I said, "better is a poached egg at a teashop and peace therewith than cutlets and cream tart at home in a chaos of dog dealers, Cousin Janes and veterinary surgeons."

"Besides," she said, "if they're really all coming, by the time we get back Parker will most likely be too exhausted to give notice to-day at all. But, of course," she told me severely, "I'm only doing this to show you I'm not really a bit hurt, even if you didn't come to my dance."

"You see," I pleaded, "I don't know the new dances."

"Few," she answered, "do."

"And, what's more," I went on defiantly, "I don't like them."

"None," she replied, "do."



"BLESS HIM! AND HE DESERVES IT, THE DEAR."

"Then why——?" I asked.

"Everybody," she explained, "does."

"Oh, well," I promised, "next time I won't fail you. I'll be the last to come and the first to go."

"Next time," she said grimly, "Tom shall bring you home to dine, so as to make sure. On dance nights," she added dreamily, "I'm generally too excited to eat, and Tom hasn't time because of all the important things I ask him to see to he's forgotten and because of all the other more important things I had forgotten till then to tell him about. But I daresay you'll be able to find some bread-and-cheese and pickles or something, somewhere."

"Do not," I begged her, "let yourself be carried away by mere optimism—I should say pessimism."

"Better to say that," she declared, "than what I know you want to, only you mustn't."

"If you think," I told her proudly, "I should lose my temper over bread-and-cheese and pickles you misjudge me cruelly. I would sooner go hungry."

"Hungry is as hungry does," she replied, "and I should trust your temper more if I had never seen you arguing over your declarations at bridge."

"Bread-and-cheese is no game," I pointed out; "bridge is."

"And I," she declared, "never lose my temper over it—not even last night, when Major Wilkins trumped my ace."

"Wilkins did that?" I cried, incredulous yet eager, for, if Wilkins had really done a thing like that, then I felt it would be a pleasant and instructive anecdote to recount next time we cut together and he says some of the things he often does about my declarations.

"Yes, but I didn't mind," she answered generously, "because he scored grand slam. Still, I do think he might have let my poor little ace make, when it was the one really good card I had, even if he only had trumps left. But I wasn't a bit cross."

"It was a good example to him," I acknowledged.

"I think he noticed it; I think it had a good effect," she confessed with the tiniest air of pride, "because next deal he wasn't either."

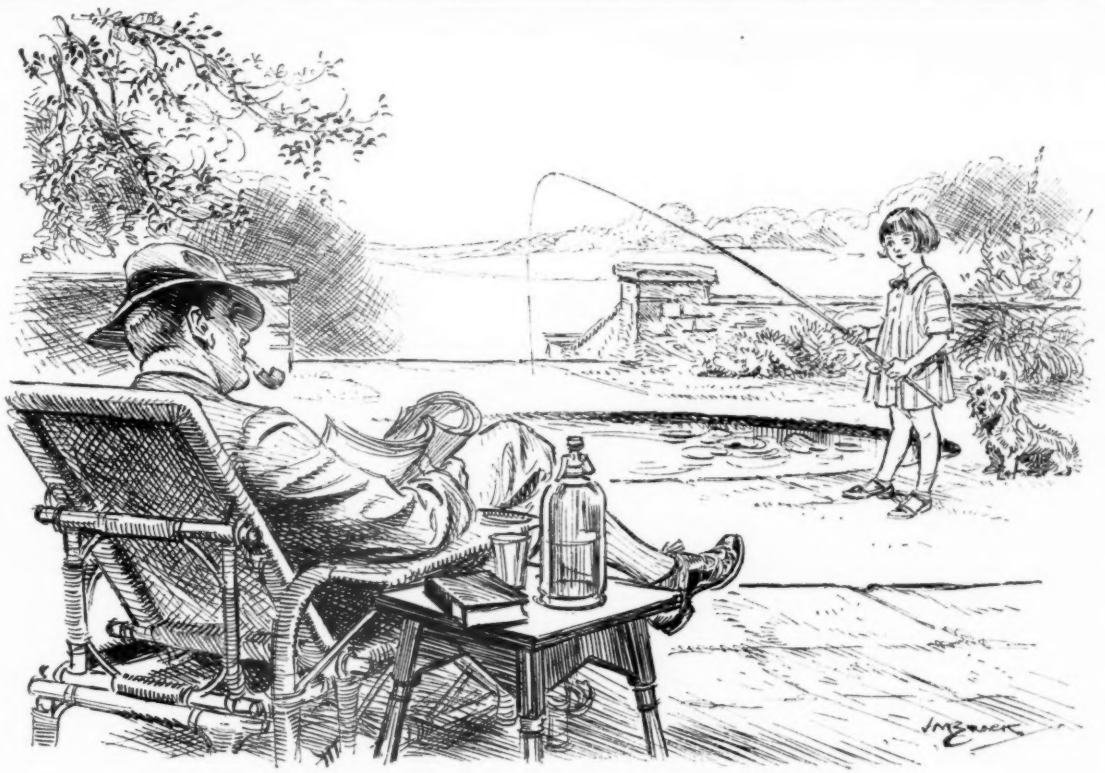
"What happened that deal?" I asked with a certain suspicion, because when I dine with Tom and her I'm always her partner—Tom says it isn't good form for husband and wife to play together.

"Nothing," she answered in an injured tone, "except that the dealer went hearts and I doubled because I had seven of them, from three, four to jack, queen."

"Seven of them to jack, queen," I echoed admiringly. "My word, Wilkins didn't object to that, did he?"

"Well, you see," she explained, "five of them were really diamonds, only I hadn't noticed, because I had counted diamonds and hearts together by accident, so the only two really hearts I held were the three and the four."

"And Wilkins said nothing?" I asked wonderingly, almost reverently.



"Daddy, will the fish mind if I stop now? It 's nearly lunch-time."

"Nothing," she answered, "except how much was that above the line to them, and could he have a glass of water? But," she added disapprovingly, "I 'm sure I saw Tom putting ever such a lot of whisky in it, and I do think that was such a mistake when he only asked for water."

"Yet there are times maybe," I mused, "when whisky—stiff and strong and plenty of it—is a very present help in time of trouble."

"Tom said something like that," she observed. "Tom said he felt the Major needed it. Intuition, Tom said."

"Probably," I agreed. "Tom 's very intuitive at times—it 's why he brought the office-boy."

"Office-boy?" she repeated, bewildered. "What office-boy? Where? When? Why?"

"I met them all three upon the doorstep as I came in," I explained. "Tom was superintending from afar; the office-boy was getting half-a-crown a bite (and a new pair of trousers); the Pom was being labelled for Gorton, Manchester, where Tom's Great-uncle John lives."

"Great-uncle John," she repeated, still more bewildered. "But we have to go and stay with him soon; we 've been putting him off for ages and we simply can't any more."

"Probably," I suggested, "intuition teaches Tom that after the Pom gets there your Great-uncle John will do the putting off."

"He may indeed," she reflected, "think the Pom 's enough without us. And, anyhow, it 's a long, long way to Gorton, Manchester."

"But not so far," I informed her, "to the Claritz, where Tom told me to tell you he is waiting for us, because he feels intuitively that lunch there lets Poms be bygones." E. R. P.

Those Bloated Aristocrats!

"A duke burst on the Yellow River in the Shantung district has caused a vast countryside to be flooded."—*Indian Paper.*

"Some 'phone belles are accused of correcting the prinounciation of users of the telephones."
Scots Paper.

Our contemporary should utilise their services.

"The mystery surrounding the destruction of beehives at the rectory of les Deschenes, Man., has been solved. A ing at seven cents and the 20-oz. at 320-pound black bear was shot and killed while in the act of robbing a hive."—*Canadian Paper.*

But does this really solve it?

GOLFING RHYMES.

VII.—You and your Caddie.

In private life you may be choicely good,
Deserve high praise as uncle or as daddy,
You may, in fact, be everything you should,
But no man is a hero to his caddie.

You may have pictures, priceless curios,
A famous fiddle (half of it spells Stradi);
You 've taken prizes with a home-grown rose,
But you are not a hero to your caddie.

You 've headed expeditions to the Pole,
Encountered dervishes near Halfa (Wady);
You 've set your teeth and done without the dole,
But you are not a hero to your caddie.

You 've written deathless prose and cunning rhyme,
Composed a song, a second *Yip-i-addy*;
You deal yourself four aces every time,
But you are not a hero to your caddie.

And yet it is not difficult to be
A source of satisfaction to the laddie;
Largesse oblige—in terms of £ *s. d.*
You may become a hero to your caddie.

THE PEDESTRIAN SHOW.

(*A counterblast to the Motor Exhibition.*)

As a pedestrian of many years' dodging, I naturally leapt at the opportunity which presented itself the other evening—that of attending the opening ceremony of the Pedestrian Show. Organised by the newly-founded Pedestrians Association, it is the first exhibition of its kind held anywhere in the world, including America.

The President of the Association, who was loudly cheered as he arrived on foot from his home at Little Pootington, opened the exhibition with an appropriate address.

"Mass production of motor-cars," he said, "has sadly depleted the ranks of pedestrians in recent years. But, though we stand with our backs to the wall and may yet be compelled to retreat to the top of it, this last line of defence is impregnable, at all events until a wall-climbing motor is invented."

When the ceremony was over I proceeded on a tour of the Exhibition, now thronged with visitors.

It was encouraging to see the crowds round the stand of the Pedestrians Association, waiting to pay their membership fee and receive a little green or red badge. Green badges are for those whose sympathies with the movement are limited to furthering the safety of pedestrians. For the more extreme or militant party, to which I decided at once to belong, red badges are provided, these signifying that the wearers are not merely determined to make the roads safe for pedestrians but *to make them dangerous for motorists.*

In order to secure badges for my coat, overcoat and mackintosh, I took this opportunity of joining the Association three times over.

Continuing my tour of the hall, I was immediately attracted by an effective display of a new product called "Leapo." At this stand an aged and much-whiskered pedestrian is vividly portrayed in the act of cheating a motorist of his prey by a sensational leap to safety of ten to fifteen feet.

"It 's all in the powder," the demonstrator explained to me. "Just enough to cover a half-crown in your morning tea and you 're safe even when crossing the top of Whitehall. 'Leapo' means that you can jump twice as far and so live twice as long."

I purchased a large tin of this valuable product.

Another exhibit which caught my eye was the "Resistoflex" armour-plated jacket for pedestrians. The most expensive model is guaranteed to retain its barrel shape even after the wearer has been run over by a steam-roller, but the lighter pattern, more moderately priced, is proof against any vehicle up to ten tons in weight.

I invested in a "Resistoflex" jacket, securing also for a small additional payment a belt attachment studded with nails. This, the salesman informed me, was guaranteed to burst any tyre with which it might come in contact.



Genial Passenger (*puffing fearsome cigar, to angler in train*). "I 'M IN THE FISH BUSINESS MYSELF—I SMOKES 'ADDOCKS."
Angler (*half-suffocated*). "AH! I 'VE BEEN WONDERING WHAT IT WAS."

At the next stand I was introduced to the "Pedestroscope," a neat little mirror which clips on to the shoulder and enables one to anticipate those dastardly stabs in the back which are the cowardly motorist's favourite method of attack. I purchased one of these useful instruments.

"You mustn't miss the 'Wattadin,'" loudly observed an assistant at a neighbouring stand; with which he rotated the handle of what appeared to be a miniature loud-speaker and produced an ear-splitting racket not unlike the noise of a heavy lorry bouncing over a succession of pot-holes. It was indeed quite impossible to miss the "Wattadin" and, realising how invaluable the apparatus would be for checking the speed of vehicles approaching round blind corners, I secured one for my own use.

The next exhibit which attracted my attention was a device which I have been on the point of constructing for myself ever since the "white line" system of traffic regulation was introduced on our roads. It consists of a portable "white line" of plain webbing; on a dark evening this can be swiftly laid at some well-chosen point on the road, so that unwary motorists are lured over a steep banking or into some evil-tasting pond. The salesman nodded approvingly at my red badge and threw in an extra yard with my purchase.

In the adjoining Amusement Hall the chief attraction is the "Pedestrians' Paradise," where, on payment of a small admission fee, I

(1) struck three matches on the highly polished sides of a big touring car, leaving ugly trails across the enamel;
(2) inserted a pin into the spare tyre, causing a loud and most satisfying report;
(3) dug my pocket-knife into the all-weather hood, helping to reduce it to ribbons, and
(4) smashed the last remaining fragment of the wind-screen.

Feeling much better for this little relaxation I then returned to the Exhibition proper, where the next feature of interest I saw was the exhibit of special lamps for pedestrians.

I was shown a single red lamp attached to a number-plate which fastens to the back of the trousers, and also a set of dazzle lamps with a curious flickering action quite blinding in its effect. I ordered a sample of each.

Closing time was approaching, but I was just able to make a call at the "Decepta" Stand, which specialises in various systems of camouflage for pedestrians. These ingenious outfits give the wearer the appearance of a mile-stone, a cow or a policeman. I selected the third, as most adaptable to my figure.

* * * * *

Later.—If anybody would care to invest in a large tin of "Leapo," a "Resistoflex" jacket, a "Pedestroscope," a "Wattadin," thirteen yards of portable "white line," a set of lamps, a "Decepta" suit and three little red badges, he had better communicate with me. My wife has just won a motor-car in one of these word competitions.



Colonel. "WELL, SERGEANT-MAJOR, WHAT IS IT?"
R.S.M. "SIR, PRIVATE SMITH, 'OO IS IN THE GUARD-ROOM, 'AS JUST SWALLOWED FIVE BUTTONS"
Colonel. "GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE ABOUT IT?"
R.S.M. "WELL, SIR, I'VE READ RIGHT THROUGH THE KING'S REGULATIONS, AND I DON'T SEE AS WE CAN GET 'IM ANYHOW."

POETIC REFUSALS.

(*Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER refuses to leave his dog in quarantine.*)

I HAVE four trunks, four trunks are mine
That I have brought across the sea;
Of smaller cases I have nine,
And then my grey dog Barnaby.

My trunks will travel in the van,
My cases lie upon the rack,
But on my dog there is a ban
Of quarantine. They keep him back.

My grey dog Barnaby for years
Has sat beside me all the day
And listened with attentive ears
To readings of my latest play.

When pleased his tail would thump the ground;
When bored he had a weary look;
So MOLIÈRE a critic found
Of simple merit in his cook.

Now for his freedom I'll invoke
The spirits of the mighty dead,
ABE LINCOLN, CROMWELL and such folk
As would not meekly bow the head.

And Master Lanthornshine will come
And Jeremiah Wurzelside;
The farmers of my Cotswold home
Will stand together at my side.

From Gloucester, Amberley and Stow
Brave men will come to give me aid;
The lads from Stroud will fight, I know;
The Birdlip boys are not afraid.

So I shall take the Western line
And bring my four big trunks with me,
My Cotswold friends, my cases nine
And at my feet dog Barnaby.

"Signor Scialoja stated at Locarno to-day that if Past were agreed upon Italy would countersign it."—*Evening Paper.*

Good! Now it only remains to settle the future.

"Shades of Nimrod—mighty hunter; of Appleton, devotee of the chase; of Willoughby de Broke, most autocratic of M.F.H.'s; how is the glory departed!"—*Evening Paper.*

The Shade of APPERLEY would notice a change.

"Appended is a list of the Independent candidates in connection with the —— Municipal elections who have definitely intimated their intention of standing up till this afternoon."—*Provincial Evening Paper.*

In the hope of getting seats later on?



FANCY WORK.

Veteran. "Doan 'e try it, Willium. You 'll zmash your vinger ver zure."

A STORY AT BED-TIME.

The old vixen in Elvenden Wood delights in instructing her cubs in the arts and crafts and, when lessons are done, she will, I imagine, like other mammas, tell them foxy fairy-tales all in the moonlight under the old oak-tree.

Whether the cubs really believe the stories or not I cannot say; some of Mamma's tales take a lot of believing, but this is one which was hailed joyfully when told to this summer's litter and has been equally successful with those of many a previous season.

I want you to try to picture a scene. 'Tis a fine June night and the moon floats big and bonny over the Berkshire downs across the river. The nightingale has finished singing an hour since, but the brown owls are answering each other still. The open spaces in the wood are dreamy with dew and moonshine and green shadows. The cubs are full of rabbit and beetle and are getting blinky with learning to be leary if you have the misfortune to be "found" on a scenting day.

"Mamma," says Charles, the pick of the litter (if Charles gets over cubbing, as I confidently expect he will do, he 'll make a rare customer on some December morning)—"Mamma, tell us a story;" and the vixen responds with the following pretty tale.

"Long ago, my dears," says she, "t'other side of the county, Cousin Charlotte was considered one of the two prettiest little foxes in five Hunts."

"Were you the other, Mamma?" asks Russelle politely.

"Some people thought so, my dear," answers her mother, and she goes on, "and the great, shiny dog foxes would come miles to court her, and they 'd lie up about Owlstone Great Wood, where Cousin Charlotte lived, and there they 'd bark to her o' nights most beautiful till the frosty air rang with Char*lat, lat, lat.*

"There was one particularly handsome fox called Dan, who hailed from the Duke's; bright as copper he was and the tag of his brush 'twas white as a star; and Cousin Charlotte was inclined to fancy him—in fact there 's no saying what might have come of it had she not got herself into Mr. Buckwheat's hen-roost one night and then couldn't get out again.

"Mr. Buckwheat was a hunting farmer and an admirer of foxes, and in the natural way he would, in spite of Mrs. Buckwheat's Wyandottes, have let Charlotte loose in the morning, but it so happened that the hounds were coming that day, so he popped poor Charlotte into a sack and had her shaken out in Three Acre Spinney (which lies four miles of grazing country from Owlstone) some ten minutes before hounds drew it.

"By the time they did so Charlotte was a good half-mile of the way home; but 'twas a scenting day, and the pack were close upon her before she made her point.

"Now it happened that Charlotte's suitor, Dan, was lying up in a patch of warm furze outside of Owlstone and, hearing the cry and seeing poor Charlotte's sad predicament, he did what, I hope, any gentleman would have done, he jumped up in view of the hounds and took her place, thus indubitably saving her life."

"But, Mamma," says Charles, "didn't Cousin Charlotte put him a-foot *on purpose*, for surely no dog-fox would be such a silly——"

"Be quiet, Charles," says the vixen, "or else tell the story yourself. Well, by running through a flock of sheep and then across some freshly manured land Dan got a bit of law for himself, and he gave them a hunt which, tacked on to what Cousin Charlotte had already obliged with, is talked of still, but, as I 've said, 'twas a perfectly impossible day, and at the end of fifty minutes poor Dan was crawling and the hounds only just t'other side of the hedge.

"Dan was wondering what he could do next short of stopping and making his teeth meet in the leading hound's nose, when he noticed a simple old countryman sitting on a stile and tweetling on a flute.

"When he saw Dan he sang out (for he spoke fox language):—

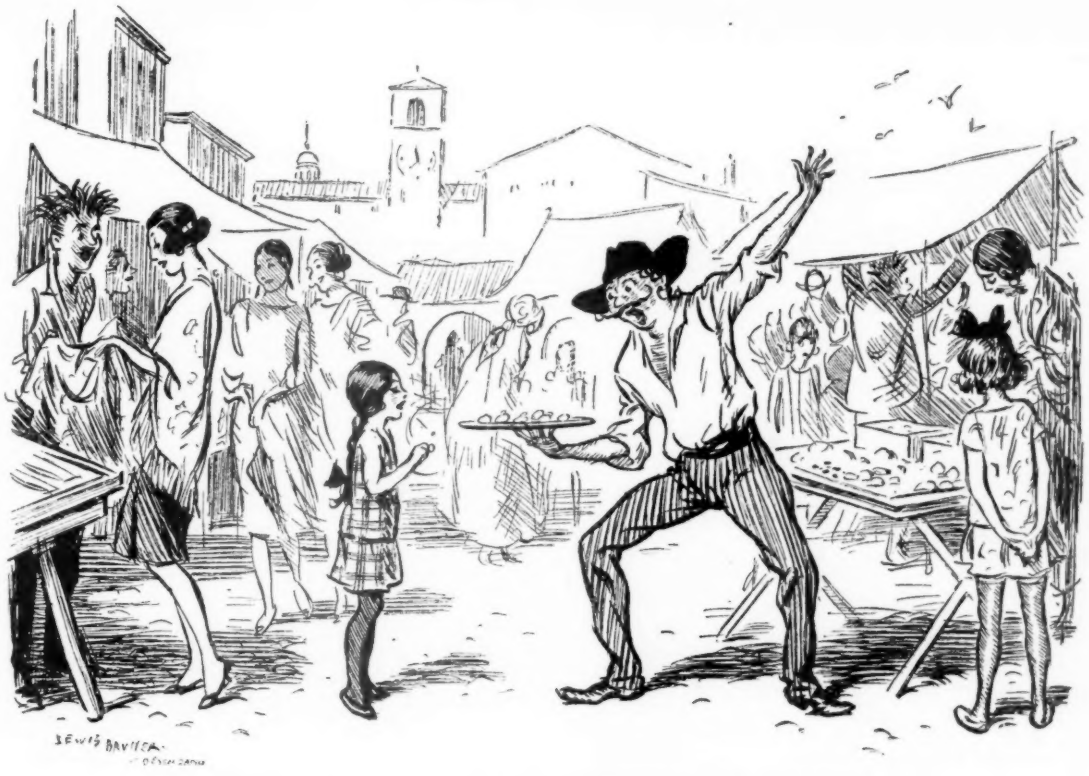
"'Hullo, you with the star on your brush! You seem in a pretty pickle.'

"'Deed am I,' said Dan; 'that 's what



REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

ONE OF THE FEW "CUTS" THAT WE DON'T WANT TO SEE EFFECTED BY THE CABINET COMMITTEE ON EXPENDITURE.



THINGS THEY DO MORE PICTURESQUELY ABROAD.

A MERCHANT OF DESENZANO SELLS A HA'PORTH OF SWEETS TO A LITTLE GIRL.

comes o' standing up to 'blige a lady. Can you suggest anything?'

"Now the elderly countryman with the flute was an old fairy called Pan, because he's the biggest pot of 'em all, but he's a friend to all huntsmen and therefore, as you'll know when you're older, the friend of all foxes, and says he to Dan:—

"'Why, you're a sporting fellow and I'd like to help you. Now let me see. Though there's a regular menagerie up there, we've not got a fox among the constellations' (that means the stars, cubs); 'would you like the job?'

"'Any earth in a storm,' says Dan.

"'Up you go then,' says he, and when, a second later, the hounds flung bristling through the blackthorn they couldn't carry the line another yard, and neither Dan nor the old flute-player were—— Are you moonstruck, Charles?"

"I was looking for Dan, Mamma," says Charles, who is eyeing the paling planets as though they were a bunch of grapes.

"Ahem," says Mamma, "you'll not see Dan there, my dear, for the authorities found that they couldn't keep both him and the dog, and as Sirius (generations of night roving have made foxes very familiar with stars) had precedence, so to speak, Dan has been given a sort of betwixt and between position; you'll find him," says she, "a-top o' the weathervane over the Kennels, golder and shinier than any star, and there he sits, mask up wind; and when o' moonshiny nights you hear the hounds baying you'll know 'tis because Dan's waving the brush at 'em which they so near got."

"Yes, but Cousin Charlotte, Mamma?" inquires Russelle the romantic.

"Cousin Charlotte was faithful to Dan's memory till the hour of her death, which occurred some ten days later," says the vixen, "she being careless enough to get herself 'chopped' in cover next time hounds came to Owlstone. But 'tis bedtime, children," says she, and she starts snapping at her offspring, who tumble sleepily into the earth near by.

The old vixen winks one yellow eye at the east, which grows orange; yawns, stretches herself and then follows her litter.

OUR DEBT TO ITALY.

(*Being a humble effort to atone for Mr. BALDWIN's recent indiscretion.*)

SALVE, MUSSOLINI!
Salve, BATTISTINI!
ISOTTA-FRASCHINI,
GIOVANNI PAPINI!
Avanti, avanti,
Gran vino di Chianti,
Pompieri Lombardi,
Sardine e Sardi!
Salvete, NEGRETTI
E ZAMBRA, Confetti,
MARINETTI, CECCHETTI,
ANTONIO DA PONTE,
E TOTI DAL MONTE!
Salve, Futurismo!
Salve, Ottimismo!
Evviva Fascismo!

"The Epsom Grand Stand Association intend, it is stated to-day, to apply for an injunction restraining an Epsom riding establishment from the public have on the downs is to pass from establishment recognises the Association's rights to nominal or other payment.
Evening Paper.

Finding next year's Derby winner looks easy compared with deciding this case.

THE PERILS OF DARKNESS.

"ARE you alone?" whispered the lady-attendant.

"Yes," the young man murmured.

"Then follah me," she breathed.

He followed her. Along a dark aisle, between velvet curtains, through a rope barrier, down a long incline, round a corner, over a lane of laced lovers, to his seat. He sat.

Almost immediately there opened up on the screen before him a rose. Its petals spread, opened and then burst, releasing the imprisoned face of Norma Swiveleye, favourite of five continents and Ireland. Followed the picture—*Hearts that Burn.*

He settled down to watch it comfortably. But as the strong narcotic of the Eternal Theme began to grip his youthful mind he started to drowse. Finally he slept.

How long he remained in that merciful condition he did not know. But he was awakened suddenly by a small and apparently feminine hand grasping his from somewhere out of the darkness. Instinctively—what young man wouldn't?—he returned the grasp. But long before he could size up the disturbing situation he found his hand had been taken completely prisoner. His youthful heart began to flutter. What, he inquired of himself, had brought about this lamentable but by no means unpleasant state of affairs? Was it possible that in his sleep he had been guilty of flirtatious overtures to his neighbour?

He tried to discern her, but all was dark. The grip became a little more passionate in its intensity. His brain, somewhat light through this newly-found ecstasy, began to work. He was articled to a firm of solicitors, and therefore intensely legal-minded. He was also exceedingly practical by nature. What was his position, legally, he began to ask himself, in relation to this hand? Had he promised marriage? Was it possible that he had unconsciously signed an agreement for financial settlement in his sleep? He commenced to consider Breach of Promise, as in *Crowfoot* v. *Gummidge*; Misplaced Confidence, as in *Coney* v. *Seal*; and Unfulfilled Contract, as in *Burton* v. *Brewer*. Reflection on these fundamental cases unsettled him considerably. He found himself involuntarily tightening his grip on the hand.

The pictorial masterpiece unwound before him relentlessly. "Say, Al, this puts me right up Mud Creek without a paddle," he read. He tried to concentrate on the aptness and beauty of the American tongue—and failed. He tried to follow the facial contortions of the Wall Street financier when he found his wife wound up in another man's arms, and again failed. He tried to do everything to take his mind off the pressing situation at hand, but it was impossible.

Then suddenly enlightenment came to him. This must be love at first touch. The grip responded to the thesis by a sudden nervous clutching. Again his youthful heart fluttered. Marriage! He considered the prospect impartially. In the first place she was obviously a girl of inferior social status to accept overtures, if any, from a stranger in the dark. That meant they would have to live abroad. In some Scandinavian watering-place, where he could go about disguised in a gent's natty suiting, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

In the second place, how would they live? Perhaps he would hire himself out as an expert on Dilapidations to some Scandinavian lawyer. He was good on Dilapidations. In the third place, what should he tell his people? Would it be better to hold a family council in the drawing-room and fling the girl at them defiantly, with a "This is Beryl, everybody," or sneak away with a Gladstone-bag and say nothing? He couldn't decide.

But perhaps he ought to ask her. He asked her. There was no reply. A long one-sided conversation convinced him eventually that she couldn't speak. Good heavens—that meant she was dumb! Possibly deaf also! He steeled himself and gripped the hand in a spasm of loyalty. He would stand by her. If necessary he would learn the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. But he would need to consider his slight stutter. Supposing he started to stutter on his fingers. But never mind; better men than he had done it, though he couldn't recall their names.

At this point there came to him the premonition that he was going to sneeze. Feverishly, with his free hand he searched for his handkerchief. But the thing was on the other side. He bent over and whispered to Beryl:—

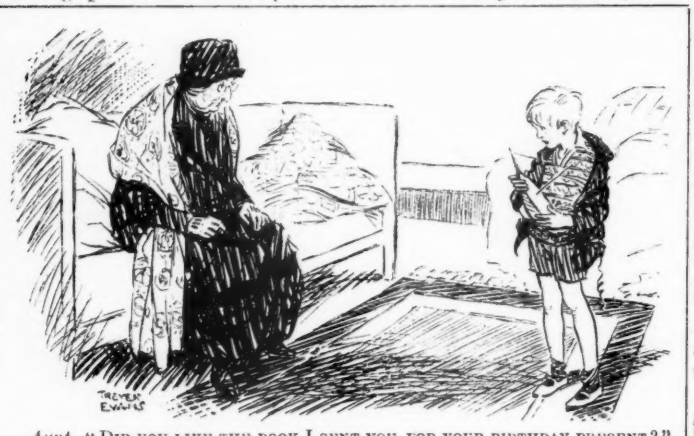
"Excuse me, but would you mind releasing my hand?"

But she never heard, because she couldn't. So he tugged his hand, tugged and tugged and tugged it. And the grip persisted. He became suddenly annoyed.

"Would you mind releasing my hand at once?" he snapped. And again he tugged. But still the grip persisted. Finally, after a tremendous sneeze and a wrench, something gave way. But unfortunately his hand was not completely freed. The girl's limb was hanging to it, severed apparently from the shoulder.

He shuddered and groaned. His knowledge of Injury to Limb, as in *Gosforth* v. *Sapleigh*, and Grievous Bodily Harm, as in *Wilberforce* v. *Pyeford*, brought him wildly to his feet, and with a gush of terror he rushed out of the cinema with the grisly trophy hanging at his side.

It was not until he reached the lights of the street that he realised the true extent of his crime. He had only dragged one of these new Automatic Hands for Unaccompanied Young Lovers from its arm socket. If he had only waited until the picture ended it would have released itself. It's a pity he didn't know that, of course, but we hope this warning has not come too late for *you*.



Aunt. "DID YOU LIKE THE BOOK I SENT YOU FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY PRESENT?"
Nephew. "I HAVEN'T LOOKED AT IT YET."
Aunt. "WHY, HOW IS THAT?"
Nephew. "'CAUSE MOTHER SAID I'D HAVE TO WASH MY HANDS BEFORE I TOUCHED IT."

"Urging that newly-Christian peoples must be allowed to mould a Christian way after their own genius to their own life, the Rev. —— said that in their services they must be allowed to dance, wave clubs, clang symbols and beat drums, to act parts of the Christian story dramatically as worship."—*Daily Paper.*

Personally we prefer a rather quieter form of symbolism.



Resourceful Taxi-driver (to his victim). "TAXI, SIR?"

A PLEA FOR PALMISTRY.

Oh! life is short and none too sweet
In this sublunar sphere of sorrow,
But almost every man we meet
Has sorceries to buy or borrow;
The wandering tipster in the street
Can tell me what will win to-morrow,
And seers exist who 'll put me wise
When oil will fall or gold will rise.

A thousand remedies are shown
On hoardings high, where'er we loiter,
For all the ills that make us groan,
Like rheumatism, gout or goitre;
The happy end of these is known
As surely as the news from Reuter;
That duplex photo, how it thrills,
"Before and after Boffkin's Pills."

The columns of my morning print
Endorse these expectations mural,
And statesmen cap them with a hint
Of peace from urban ills and rural;
What dawn without a rosier tint
If only we will take their cure-all?
We simply live, it seems to me,
On soothsaying and wizardry.

They have us on in various ways,
Lord only knows whose cheek is calmest!
How long—if I may use the phrase
Adopted by the dear old Psalmist—
Merely because her business pays,
Must England persecute the palmist?
She claims to second sight (or third),
Why not accept a lady's word?

The gipsy tells you on the heath
Of coming fame and future riches?
A moment shines the laurel wreath
That subsequently Fate unstitches.
Is the blonde damsel with the teeth
Not also numbered with the witches
Who advertises, "Thus grow plump"?
Did Nicaraguan nitrates slump?

The solemn shade, the curtained gloom
Of some dim oracle I 'd enter
Where the fair priestess, let 's presume,
Peeps to the crystal's inmost centre,
Sooner than hear old Mandrake boom
Or listen to some dope inventor.
Say that I crossed her palm with gold!
Were homes for heroes not foretold?

Oh, sweet to me as Samian wine
Or hyacinths or Attic honey
Are words from out the Delphic shrine,
Although they cost a mint of money;
But so did Thompson's anodyne—
As well as being far less funny—
Who told me I should make a pot
Last week by backing Winalot.

EVOE.

"A report of the first sermon preached by the Rev. ——, the new Pastor of the Congregational Church, will be found in another part of this issue. In the evening the choir admirably rendered the anthem, 'There is none that can resist Thy voice.'"—*Local Paper.*

We should now like to know the amount of the morning offertory.

From an article on cotton goods:—

"The cumulative effect . . . was a fall in demand, and in the East this fall can be more effective than in the Western . . . countries, where, notwithstanding the reduction in the amount of clothing worn, the minimum can never reach the limits of the Indian native."
Weekly Paper.

It seems a rash statement.

"A halo round the moon was always the forerunner of a storm.

'Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see.'

There you have Wordsworth giving the superstition."—*Manchester Paper.*

Still, he is not responsible for the superstition that he, and not LONGFELLOW, wrote "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

"The ghastly and discordant noises produced by the combined efforts of taxis, electric trams, street vendors and brass bands sometimes render the tones of even the most stertorous preacher practically inaudible."
Egyptian Paper.

Even so, we are sorry to learn that the habit of snoring in church is extending to the pulpit.



Registrar (casting his eye over youthful bridegroom). "AH, REMEMBER MISTAKES CANNOT BE RECTIFIED AFTER LEAVING THE—ER—COUNTER."

AT THE PIT DOOR.

[Playlets written in the styles of established masters round the same stage-setting.]

IV.—*After* Signor LUIGI PIRANDELLO.

At the pit door itself is a messenger-boy. Next are Two Gentlemen, *heading the queue. An* Impersonator, *who has been giving impressions of celebrities with the aid of a large hat-brim capable of being fashioned into various types of head-gear, now comes forward to make a collection.*

A Gentleman. You must excuse me.

Impersonator. But, see here, Sir, you applauded vigorously.*

A Gentleman. I applauded the impressions—not true, perhaps, but very real—which you gave of MUSSOLINI and GARIBALDI, whom I had hitherto imagined vaguely as shirts—this one red and that one black. You showed us these characters superimposed upon your real self, and henceforth I shall have a definite conception of the two patriots, each, it is true, resembling the you which is you, but separate entities nevertheless, with the hat-brim in each case gotten up differently.

Second Gentleman. So it was with your third impersonation. You remember you pushed your face through the oval of the hat-brim, turned up your eyes, and then you were no longer yourself but, as indeed you claimed, a conception of a real person in the *rôle* of an imaginary character, being at once not Donna DIANA only, but Donna DIANA as the *Nun* in *The Miracle*.

Impersonator. Then you will spare me a trifle, gentlemen?

A Gentleman. I perceive that you don't get me. It was not your own personality which moved me, but these new conceptions of two great Italians; and the more convinced I am that I have seen GARIBALDI at the battle of Volturno and MUSSOLINI at a march-past of Fascisti, the more I feel it to be an impertinence to give a two-soldi tip between them.

Impersonator. Your objection does not cut any ice, Sir. You will agree that a coin is more cherished when earmarked for wine than for an impost. A coin despised to-day as a tip may be respected to-morrow as part of an international loan. Sure a sum of money is not what it is—it takes its character from what you call it. Thus the two soldi or the two lire—I leave the amount to you—which you are too diffident to award the Patriots as a gratuity could with perfect propriety be donated as a contribution to the war-chest or as a subscription to the party-funds.

Second Gentleman. That would not overcome the delicacy I feel about presenting money to Donna DIANA.

Impersonator. Then regard *me* as the intermediary.

A Gentleman. Regard *you!* That's the point. Who are you? Are you *you?* A while ago you were successively several celebrities, but now, standing before us in your own character, plainly you are not so real as when you were pretending. You are to me merely what I conceive you to be, and to my friend just what you appear to him. It would be foolish to give money to you as an illusion; irrational to reward alike our two conflicting conceptions of you.

Impersonator. Pst! I'm through.

[*He passes down the queue.* Signor Ludo, *a little man, enters to take the messenger-boy's place. Simultaneously, a second* Signor Ludo *arrives. Largely built, he is formally dressed in a street suit: a sack coat of a mawkish tinge with black lapels, very light check trousers, brown boots and a bowler hat. His hair is reddish, his face flushed as if with wine, and he seems to move in a haze—perhaps the irradiation of an illusory reality. He has a sinister light in his eyes as he comes up to the boy.*

First Ludo (*to* Second Ludo). You

* Occasional transatlantic touches in the dialogue may be accounted for by the fact that the author, according to precedent, went to America in search of a translator.

are mistaken, Sir. This boy is keeping a place for me.

Second Ludo. That may be, but *I* was created for it. I am a character, not so real as you, perhaps, but truer, and certainly much more alive.

First Ludo. What do you mean? Is this a frame-up?

Second Ludo. Listen. Two hours ago a client telephoned instructions to the messenger company. This boy was then told to keep a place here for a Signor Ludo. During his long wait this boy—he will correct me if I am wrong (*there is a terrible gleam in the* Second Ludo's *eyes*)—reflected as to the appearance of his unknown patron. Gradually he built up, involuntarily but none the less realistically, his conception of this Signor Ludo, visualising him as being dressed exactly as I am dressed and with my features and colouring. He gave this shadowy character his own boyish excitement at the prospect of seeing this play, conceiving him to arrive, just as I do now (*becoming extremely violent*), determined to stand no sort of nonsense.

[*He forcibly takes the boy's place.*

First Ludo (*in a tone exceeding the limits of courteous discussion*). Then I shall complain to this blamed boy's employers.

[*He goes. There is the sound of the pit door being unbolted.*

Second Ludo (*to Boy*). What are you waiting for?

Boy. The Signor Ludo I had in mind was to give me a three-lire tip.

Second Ludo. Sure. I am glowing with benevolence, and here (*dives into his pocket*) I find are exactly three lire. But you do not seem to have provided me in the picture formed by your imagination with the price of admission. Here then is the moment to test the independence which a character may take on, even of his own author. Shall I forgo the pleasure of this performance for which you have created me? or shall I stifle the generous impulse you implanted in me and buy my ticket with your tip? (*The pit door opens suddenly as he is hustled in*) Wretched boy . . . it is your tragedy . . . your inattention to detail recoils upon your own head . . .

CURTAIN.

Commercial Candour.

"Established manufacturers require further Capital to deal with rapidly going business."
Daily Paper.

"Theatre-goers will still remember the conception of this scene occurring in the play of Will Shakespeare, 'Miss Clement Danes.'"
Local Paper.

Was the heroine a relative of "the gloomy Dane"?



"COOK, YOUR MASTER WON'T BE HOME TO DINNER TO-NIGHT."
"FANCY, MUM! THAT 'S WHAT USED TO GIVE ME THE PIP ABOUT MY 'USBAND."

"The lecture outlined the history of the period just preceding the Reformation, which led to the nailing of Luther to a door at Wittenberg."—*West-Country Paper.*

A hitherto unrecorded incident in the Reformer's eventful life.

"Maxine Brown, a revue actress, had her piano taken 5,000 feet up in an aeroplane above New York to give a wireless concert."
Daily Paper.

We shall bring this idea to the notice of our musical neighbour.

"Look out for the dance of the season, Sinn Fein Hall, on Sunday night. Don't fail to miss it."—*Irish Paper.*

We will not.

From a weather forecast:—

"ENGLISH CHANNEL.—Sea rather rough to rough."—*Evening Paper.*

Suggesting a new rule of the road at sea:—

Red to Green and rough to rough,
Go below—don't wait to luff.

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT HOME.

XVII.—CONEY ISLAND: THE BEACH.

A FEW more swallows out of Kelly's flask and Will was completely sober again. While waiting a short time longer to let him rest before proposing that we move along towards one of the conveyances that would take us back to town, I chatted with Kelly. He said he was a "sweat boy."

"A what?"

"'Sweat boy,'" said he; "I'm covering the heat-wave on Coney—how many 'SEEK CONEY BREEZES,' how many 'SLEEP ON BEACH.' By the way, you boys got your beds staked out?"

I told him I had a very good bed near Washington Square that I had paid twelve dollars and a half for at Macy's, if that was what he referred to.

"You're not thinking of going back to town to-night, are you?" said Kelly in some surprise.

"Certainly," I replied promptly; "you don't catch me staying in a Coney Island hotel."

"Hotel!" exclaimed Kelly. "I mean the beach."

"What do you mean about the beach?" I asked him softly, a strange fear knocking at the door of my heart.

"Sleep on it," said Kelly. "Nothing like it."

"Sleep on the beach?" said Will, brightening. "That's an idea."

I can't tell you what a sinking feeling this mention of the beach gave me. I didn't look forward to the trip back to the city, but I was perfectly willing to undergo it for the privilege of being at home once more; I had no desire to remain on Coney Island any longer. The idea of using the beach as a bed—I decided to treat the suggestion as a joke, so I laughed heartily as if it were a good joke and hinted that Kelly was an irrepressible wag.

"You old dog!" said I. "Well, I think we had better get started; it takes nearly an hour, which will make it one o'clock before we get home. Awfully glad we ran into you."

"My dear fellow," said Will, "it would be absurd to go back to that stuffy apartment when we have a chance of sleeping here in the open air. I'm willing to do anything you like, but I'm all for the spacious outdoors."

"Have *you* ever slept on the beach?" I asked Kelly.

"No," said Kelly; "I work at night. But lots of people do. Come along; I know the ropes and I'll find you a good place to stay before I go to the office."

"You don't want to sleep on the beach," I said to Will in an undertone as we walked down a side street lined with so-called refreshment booths towards the board-walk and the ocean. "Sand in your hair and down your neck and——"

A man behind a stove interrupted me by asking us if we didn't think we'd like to use a few red-hot dogs.

"Dogs?" Kelly asked us, hospitably.



Work-shy. "THERE Y'ARE, I TOLD YER IT WAS GOIN' TO 'APPEN. THEY 'VE REDOOCED THE DOLE!"

"No dogs," said I.

"Sure," said Will. So we had dogs round.

We paid fifteen cents for three and ate them as we continued our way to the beach.

Now, when I caught my first glimpse of the beach I thought I was on that far-away shore whose picture has been running for so long in the National Geographic; as you must remember, it shows a family of penguins waiting for the tide to go out (or come back, I forget the details), stretching from large black-and-white members close to the photographer to the merest grey haze five miles up the beach. You knew they were on the beach because they were along the edge of the ocean; you couldn't actually *see* any beach; you couldn't see anything but penguins; you took the beach on faith.

I took the Coney beach on faith; there was a good deal of it in my shoes, and over the heads of this multitude I saw the glint of the moonlight on the ocean; but except for these two bits of evidence there was no sign of a beach. It was completely obscured by a large portion of the 750,000 people I had read about in the newspapers who had come down to Coney to seek recreation; they had sought it down to the water's edge and, not finding it, had apparently encamped upon the strand to wait for it.

"It's being used," I said to Will. "We had better come back some other evening."

This was the last protest I had a chance to make; Kelly plunged into the throng, picking his way deviously among the prostrate figures, and Will followed him. I brought up the rear.

It was pretty late, but a good many of the boarders had not yet gone to bed; about 110,000 of them were asleep, but the rest were sitting round in their shirt-sleeves talking quietly of one thing or another. A few were still walking about seeing that everything was all right, or going down to the ocean to get a drink before turning in. Here and there we could see other groups of prospective tenants besides ourselves wandering round looking for beds.

I started to call to Kelly to ask him where he was leading us, for as far up and down the beach as I could see (and the moon was shining full) there didn't seem to be a single vacant bed. I got as far as "Hey, Kelly!" when a policeman appeared from nowhere in particular and asked me what my big idea was, and if I didn't see all those folks there trying to go to sleep. I told him I did see them and I was sorry.

Our progress up the beach was very slow; the sand was soft and the boarders were so close together that one could hardly walk between them without kicking sand into their faces. Most of them at this place were lying on their backs. I didn't think of this until Will mentioned that we were then passing through the Ghetto, and I saw that they lay on their backs with the obvious intention of preserving their noses; on their sides a wanderer could not have failed to step on them.

After a time we left the Ghetto and



"You can always obtain the exclusive style here, Moddom, at a cost that is more than reasonable."

passed through the Armenian quarter and the Greek quarter to Little Russia. The predominating hue of Little Russia was darker than that of the other quarters on account of what looked to me like bunches of seaweed strewn over the figures; this fungus cast heavy shadows not only over the Little Russians but over the path, making it difficult not to lose one's way. I was at a loss to explain this peculiar deposit until I noticed that each armful of the weed was apparently attached to a man's chin, and I deduced that the stuff wasn't really seaweed at all. It was, in the last analysis, a rather silly mistake and I began to wonder if the evening's exertions were telling on my brain.

We struggled along through Little Russia for a great length of time, never once seeing a space of sand large enough to sleep in. We had come a long distance and yet I saw not the slightest indication that we were any nearer to the end of the settled portion of the beach than when we started. I was dripping with perspiration; my shoes were running over with the particles of beach I had collected. I suddenly decided to go home.

"Oh, Kelly!" I shouted at the top of my lungs.

The Russian quarter sat bolt-upright and, after a minute's stupefied silence, broke into a flutter of unintelligible ejaculations. Its sitting up opened a possible passage across the beach to the board-walk; I left the path at once and after a long space of exhausting effort sank overcome on the steps that led up to the board-walk's surface.

The quarter was now in some excitement. Ragged-looking shadows moved here and there; a murmur rose from it with a sound like wind, and I could distinguish the words Lenin and Trotsky. Then I saw a long figure come bounding through the sand, leaping over and round the forms of the Bolshevists, who hadn't yet been able to get at their weapons. It was Will.

He dashed up the steps past me and I pursued him.

"This way," I called in his ear, and led him hurriedly to the entrance of the subway. . . .

"I'm afraid poor Kelly's done for," said Will as we wearily climbed the steps to the apartment on Washington Square.

But his fear was groundless, for in the next morning's paper there was a signed article by him on the front page, and the headline was "175,000 sleep on Coney Beach."

"A conservative estimate of the number," Will remarked.

But I told him that Kelly probably was not counting the hundred thousand who hadn't slept. U. S. A.

Jupiter Up-to-date.

"Orte Saturno . . .
Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum."
Horace, Odes I. 12.

Smith minor's rendering of the above:

"Son of Saturn, thou with thy ponderous car shalt make Olympia shake."

From an account of the preparations for an Indian provincial conference at which Mr. Gandhi was expected:—

"A small nostrum has been constructed at the central place for the President and Mahatmaji and for the rest squalling arrangements have been made."—*Native Paper.*

We suggest similar arrangements for some of our own Socialist gatherings, but we doubt if Mr. Cook, for example, would ever be content with a small nostrum.

SHIPMATES.

(*Clipper Ship "Mary Ambree."*)

XII.—DAN.

Dan
Beats the band as a shantyman.

On the tip-top concert platforms Dan 'd never be the rage;
He wouldn't cut much ice upon the operatic stage;
He couldn't do his courting like a fat Italiano
Bawling fit to bust at the principal soprano.
Maybe his words wouldn't always stand repeating,
Maybe his language 'ud shock a mothers' meeting;
But there 's not a doubt about it, he 's an A 1 shantyman,
Is Dan.

It 's "Pipe up, Dan!" when it 's looking kind o' blue
For a half-drowned ship and a half-dead crew,
When your heart 's in your sea-boots and the cold is in your bones
And you don't care a darn how soon she goes to Davy Jones,
And it 's dark as the devil and blowing all it can—
Oh, he 's worth ten men on a rope, is Dan—

Ten men heaving on the capstan bars;
Ten men furling aloft among the stars;
Ten men singing out, sheeting home the sail;
Ten men shouting down a Cape Horn gale—

With "Poor Old Reuben Ranzo" and "Lowlands away,"
"Sally Brown" and "Paddy Doyle" and "One more Day,"
"Rio Grand" and "Stormalong" and "Blow, Boys, blow,"
And "Leave her, Johnnie, leave her," when it 's time for us to go.

* * * * * * *

Time for us to go now it 's all done and ended,
All that was beastly and all that was splendid,
The rough and the smooth and the worst and the best of it,
The bad times, the sad times, all gone with the rest of it.

Stout hearts and faint hearts, cheery blokes, glum blokes,
The shirkers, the workers, the plain blokes, the rum blokes,
Gone down the years like a snatch of a song;
Time for us to leave her and—shipmates, so long! C. F. S.

RENAMING ENGLAND.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Though I do not agree with his conclusions, I rejoice to see that Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL has raised the question of revising the official name of this country, a question which clamours for a prompt decision, for the change is long overdue.

Unfortunately Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL envisages the problem solely from the legal standpoint, and does not begin to realise that the governing factors in the choice of a new name are not political, territorial or geographical, but personal and material.

As regards the first, Russia has set an excellent example by re-christening a great city after her greatest modern hero. The question arises, Have we anyone of such outstanding eminence as to warrant the conversion of his name into a title for the whole country? I admit that opinions may differ on this point. Some might nominate JACK HOBBS, others STEVE DONOGHUE, others again Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE or Mr. JACOB EPSTEIN, or Miss EDITH SITWELL, or COURTAULDS. The question could only be decided by a Referendum or Poll of the People. Personally I incline to the view that the claims of Mr. BERNARD SHAW are paramount. CARLYLE once wrote of "KING SHAKESPEARE," but his advocacy carries little weight, and the Swan of Avon has long been dethroned by the dictator of the Adelphi. "Shawland," or better "Shavia," has the double advantage of being both concise and sure of a world-wide approval. I note that a cigar has been called after him in Berlin, in spite of the fact that he does not smoke. Could one wish for a better tribute to his greatness or a more conspicuous illustration of the maxim *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*?

Should, however, the claims of impersonal nomenclature be preferred, many attractive names are suggested by distinctive features of modern life. I understand that there is a powerful movement on foot aiming at the recognition of the Press as the ultimate arbiter of our destinies. But here again there is a cleavage of opinion between the supporters of three great combines, each group insisting obstinately that preference should be bestowed on its special champion. A compromise, however, has been suggested, by which, in place of a personal name, that of "Stuntland" or "Pulpesia" might be adopted.

For my own part, as I have already indicated, I cling to "Shavia." It is true that so far Mr. SHAW has declined all honours and official recognition, but he could hardly decline the greatest of all. But if he is obdurate I would venture to suggest "Bungalonia" as a substitute at once appropriate and euphonious.

I am, dear Mr. Punch, yours most respectfully,
MARMADUKE MUGGLETON.

THE APOLOGY

(*For an Error on the Links*).

How should I know his handicap was plus,
The man in front that dawdled round the course?
I only know that he obstructed us
And did not hasten or display remorse;
I took the fellow for a common mug,
Of tortoise half compact and half of slug.

Impetuously I drave, nor recked, alas!
What potent majesty was here provoked,
Nor what tremendous doom should come to pass.
Suppose an Ethiopian slave had joked
With high Imperial Cæsar; would not death
Swiftly have stopped that sacrilegious breath?

Behold in me the tactless Ethiop,
And Cæsar in my grim relentless foe;
Like to a beetle 's shall my life go "pop"
Unless I render (yes, he told me so)
Apologies for this my deed of shame,
And Tophet is my home and mud my name.

I 'm to be "dealt with." Furies, what a phrase!
Is there not horror and an imminent grave
In those compelling words? Are not my days
Verily numbered? If I don't behave
With signal reverence and abasement due,
Shall not my bones some hidden bunker strew?

I will express contrition here and now.
Your Plusship, I have done you grievous hurt;
Pray picture me with dust upon the brow,
Ashes for hair-oil, half a sack for shirt;
Imperial one, permit me to bewail
That I, poor minnow, tweaked a Triton's tail.

From an article on wireless:—

"Short earth leads . . . taken to the best possible earth will . . . make a world of difference."—*Daily Paper.*

But this only happens in the best possible of worlds.

HUNT-THE-STORY.



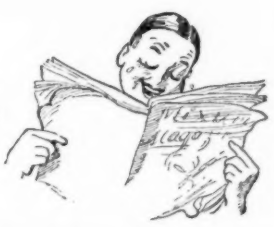
"I SAY, THIS YARN'S A SCREAM . . .!



'HE THEREUPON WINKED SOLEMNLY' [HA!]—



'STEPPED BACKWARDS INTO PERKINS' [HA, HA!]—



'WHO AT THAT MOMENT WAS ENTERING WITH THE' [HA, HA, HA!]—



'CONTINUED ON PAGE ONE-FOUR-SEVEN' [HA, HA, HA!]—



'PAGE ONE-FOUR-SEVEN' [HA, HA!]—



'ONE-FOUR-SEVEN'—[HA!]



'ONE-FOUR-SEV . . . ONE-FOUR . . .'—



WHERE THE DEUCE *IS* ONE-FOUR-SEVEN?—



HANG IT, I'VE PASSED IT TWICE—



AH, HERE WE ARE: 'CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN'—



LET'S SEE—WHERE WERE WE? . . . 'PAGE FOURTEEN'—



WHERE IN THUNDER *IS* PAGE FOURTEEN?



AH, *HERE* WE ARE:—



'WHO AT THAT MOMENT WAS ENTERING WITH THE'—



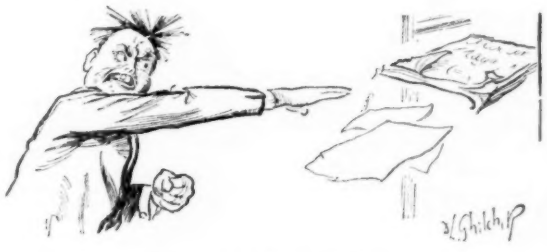
'CONTINUED ON PAGE ONE-FOUR-SEVEN'—



'ONE-FOUR-SEVEN'—



WHERE THE DEV . . .



ANYWAY, IT'S NOT FUNNY!"



SAFETY FIRST IN OLDEN TIMES.

First Man in the Street. "A BRAVE TURN-OUT, I' FAITH! WHITHER GOETH THE GALLANT KNIGHT, ARMED CAP-À-PIE? TO BATTLE PERCHANCE?"

The Other. "DOST NOT KNOW HIM? WHY, THAT IS MASTER GILBERT, SON OF SIR THOMAS. HE GOETH TO MEET HIS LADY LOVE; AND HER FATHER, THE LORD OF KNAVESBURY, MISLIKETH HIM SO MUCH THAT HE OFTEN SETTETH HIS HOUNDS ON HIM FOR SPORT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Life of Benito Mussolini (BUTTERWORTH)—*minus*, as its subject is made to say in his own preface, its "shady nooks" (*angoli d'ombre*)—has been officially written in Italian by Signora MARGHERITA SARFATTI and translated, with compressions, on the whole very competently, by Mr. FREDERIC WHYTE. Signora SARFATTI's husband was "*Il Duce's*" counsel when his opinions in the Socialist *Avanti* brought him into one of his many conflicts with the law; and Signora SARFATTI herself was his colleague on the Fascist *Popolo d' Italia*. So she can speak with authority, sympathy and even a certain impartiality on both aspects of Signor MUSSOLINI's career; with the result that all the honesty and good sense underlying its shifts and extravagances come naturally and attractively to light. Allow time for MACHIAVELLI and KARL MARX to cancel each other out, and you can almost imagine Signora SARFATTI's hero reverting to the austere yet benevolent MAZZINI tradition towards which his father, the Internationalist blacksmith and innkeeper, had so illogical yet lovable a bent. Already his *condottiere* scowl has given place to a smiling frontispiece; and the ideal of "a despotism tempered by throwing the despot out of the window" (*un despotismo corretto dalla defenestrazione*) makes way for more enlightened pronouncements. "We must stand as educators who do not seek success or popularity or salaries or votes." "For the common people the commodities of life: enough money, enough bread, enough—but not too much—wine. But for the thinker, the man of science, the poet . . . endurance and the rule of a calmly-accepted self-denial." Signora SARFATTI's account of Signor MUSSOLINI's foreign policy is not perhaps quite so happy as these domestic excursions. But her insistence that his "gestures" are meant to give confidence in a paternal government to the ever-increasing number of Italians overseas is too like an echo of the *vox Britannica* to be intolerantly dismissed. On the historic and psychological side, her picture of the Romagnolo schoolboy, the Geneva student and the Corporal of Caporetto is well-documented and full of episode and interest.

The inventory style of realism is responsible for the most characteristic passages of Mr. FULTON OURSLER'S *Sandalwood* (HEINEMANN). There is an inventory of the materials and accommodation of an American suburban house, an inventory of the contents of its living-room, best bedroom, sewing-room (four pages), guest-room and kitchen. The gas-range has a paragraph to itself. There is also an inventory of the contents of the apartment, "furnished most simply in an utter chastity of design," from which a lady, who does not, I regret to say, share the quality attributed, to the design of her furniture, issues forth to corrupt the husband of the mistress of the living-room, best bedroom, sewing-room, guest-room, kitchen and gas-range. There is also an inventory of the charmer's more intimate garments, consisting mainly of "tender georgette"; and of those of the lady of the gas-range, which are chiefly of blue sateen and "tub-silk." As far as I can gather, these material discrepancies are intended to symbolize the difference between "the religion of courage and beauty" and the cant of convention. *Faith Waring*, wealthy, beautiful, musical and cosmopolitan, embodies the former; *Lucy Carpenter*, frugal, plain, unaccomplished and provincial, the latter. The wavering *Paris* of these two contrasted goddesses is *Lucy's*

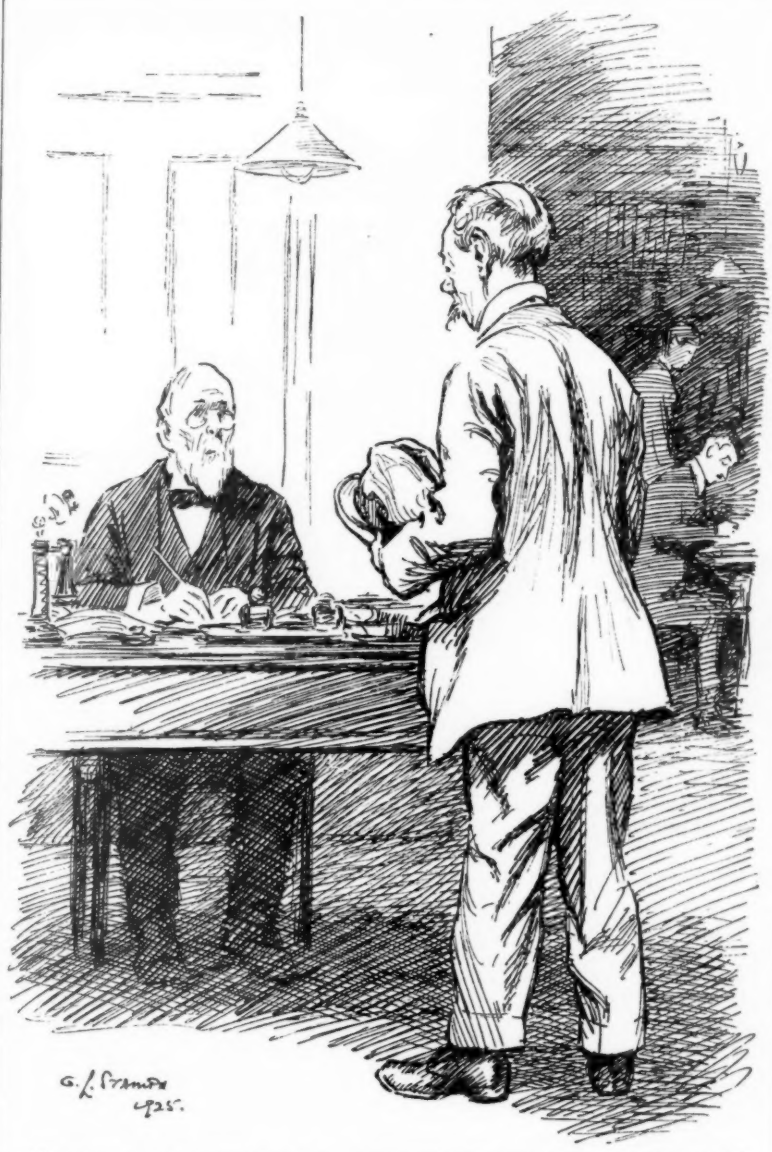
husband, *Eddie*, a piano-salesman, who is supposed to be dying of sleeping-sickness. *Eddie's* contentment with the living-room, best bedroom, sewing-room, guest-room, kitchen and gas-range (not to mention his wife's tub-silk) has been sapped by *Faith Waring* and her superior fitments. He now demands that *Faith* shall be sent for to nurse him; and she arrives simultaneously with the staid and hypocritical relatives summoned by *Lucy* to the death-bed. Treated with Gallic levity, I can imagine this situation (complicated by the invalid's recovery) proving extremely droll. But Mr. OURSLER (whom I shrewdly suspect of owning to a petticoat) is incapable of gaiety; and his blend of crude satire and silly impropriety presents as dreary an aspect of American fiction as I have ever encountered.

For years I have held Mr. CANDLER,
In view of his vision and range
Of experience, the happiest handler
Of themes Oriental and strange;
And, though my acquaintance is slender
And second-hand, he has increased
My sense of "the havoc and splendour"
And spells of the East.

But here, though a flavour exotic
Lends charm to the plot of his tale,
Its fragrance is never erotic
And homely enchantments prevail;
Yet, though I 'm a fervent adorer
Of *Angela*, also her brood,
I find *Uncle Bliss*, the explorer,
Still nearer my mood.

I followed the tale as a serial
In *Maga's* delectable page;
It banished all fancies funereal
And helped my distress to assuage;
And now, when as solace for sorrow
'Tis published by BLACKWOOD, I beg
All my readers to buy, steal or borrow
The Dinosaur's Egg.

Dr. EDWARD LYTTELTON'S volume of reminiscences, *Memories and Hopes* (MURRAY), is in the main a record of his experiences at Wellington, Haileybury and Eton, and "pity the lot of the poor Headmaster" is the burden of his song. Governing Bodies, one learns, are so difficult, the human boy so incalculable and public opinion so slow. These vexations appear to have reached a climax at Eton, where Dr. LYTTELTON found himself in a position of "conspicuous impotence," with the result that he is forced to record the opening of the chapel windows as perhaps the most notable achievement of a twelve years' headmastership. Looking forward, Dr. LYTTELTON makes a moving appeal for a more definitely Christian teaching in our public schools. On the secular side he complains that boys are perpetually being taught how to think without being given anything to think about. His remedy, postponed from one chapter to another, materialises as an emphatic endorsement of the methods of "Miss Mason of Ambleside."

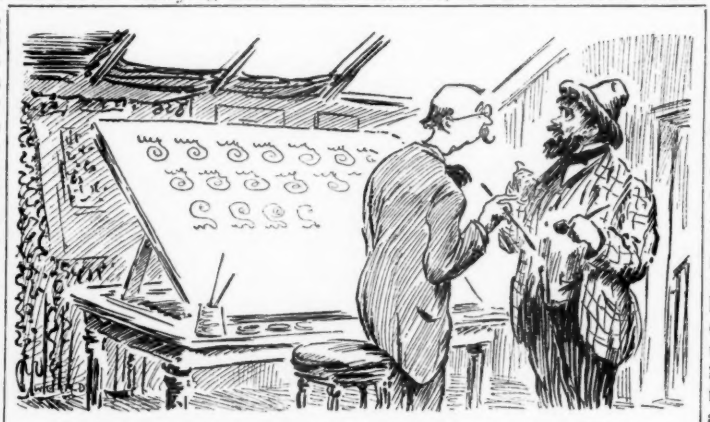


"I WANT A BIRTH CERTIFICATE AND AN UNEMPLOYMENT FORM FOR MY INFANT SON."

In a book intended for the general public some indication of the lady's methods would, I feel, have been helpful. There is a most welcome chapter on cricket, in which the great players of the past live again for all too brief a spell. Dr. LYTTELTON regards the billiard-table pitch as the curse of modern cricket, and suggests the preparation of bowlers' wickets as the only remedy. But where would he stop? Give any groundsman his head and he will turn you out a wicket on which no batsman could make ten runs. It suggests possibilities to which only Mr. GEORGE MORROW could do full justice.

Miss PHYLLIS AUSTIN'S publishers describe her as a "fine stylist," but a certain doubt of their impartiality will, I am afraid, find its way into the minds of many of her readers.

A fine stylist surely would hesitate to describe her heroine as riding "an upright, dignified yet yielding figure in her breeches," or to allow a character, obviously not meant to be a modern *Mrs. Malaprop*, to complain that she has to endure "the humility of an insane husband." But Miss Austin does this and much more. As for her story—*Toby* (Hutchinson)—it is that of a passionate warm-hearted girl who, disappointed in her childhood's lover, agrees for the sake of her parents' comfort to marry an elderly and wealthy knight. Just before the wedding she meets *Hilary South*, the one man in the world for her, and they go off privily for a five days' unofficial honeymoon in Devonshire, returning in good time for *Toby's* official one with *Sir William* in Italy. After that, *Toby's* sufferings, married to one man and loving another, are the subject of the story until her first lover finds out her secret and threatens blackmail. Just when matters are getting too complicated *Sir William*, who is travelling abroad for the sake of an unsatisfactory heart, goes lion shooting—a somewhat unusual form of exercise for an invalid—and disappears. *Toby*, after mourning him with "thoroughness," is on the eve of marrying *South* when back *Sir William* comes, considerably damaged by his adventures but good for a few years yet and confident of her love for him; and there we leave them. *Toby* is one of those books, generally the work of women novelists, in which the numerous descriptions of the beauty and emotions of the heroine become extraordinarily tiresome. I think Miss Austin might write an interesting novel if she would come down to bed-rock, and base it on any firm conception of right and wrong, but that she will ever be a "fine stylist" I beg leave to go on doubting.



"Don't you find this decorative art rather monotonous?"
"Not at all. When I 'm tired of doing curley whirlies I do a row or two of whirly curlies."

Mr. James Agate of *Agate's Folly* (Chapman and Hall) has the faculty of making his everyday routine and accidents or his casual memories of the past interesting to strangers. He is of course a man of varied interests, accomplishments and desires. He trots, or has trotted, champion ponies; he plays golf and talks about it not too badly; he knows his way about books; he has a passion for the theatre and cricket and boxing; he is interested in common folk and takes elaborate pains to identify himself with them. One somehow feels that he would be really well placed bowling along the Brighton road behind a team of greys, with the Regent's coach a little ahead of him to be shortly overtaken. However, he does his best with this mechanical age. He is a courageous and delightful egoist, and in this new volume he has collected for us some four-dozen fugitive papers about anything that has occurred to him that make pleasant enough reading. It is pleasant, for instance, to think of him, gorged with salmon mayonnaise, cold lamb and treacle-tart, wearing a sailor suit, a straw hat with blue ribbon, and cream socks. He makes us laugh sympathetically with him when the famous heirloom which was to be the stand-by of his family, Caravaggio's "Peter, James and John," fetched eighteen shillings at auction, less sixteen pounds for fees, storage and carriage, though I suspect he is not beyond cooking a figure where it suits his frivolous purpose; or when he outrages the *maître d'hôtel* of a pretentious restaurant with, after much consideration, "Donnez-moi du bubble-and-squeak;" or when he is inquiring tactfully about a book of his own which he finds in a country bookseller's shop, "Have you much demand for this author?" and receives the answer, "None at all." These neatly served trifles—this is not the serious Mr. Agate but the flippant columnist—will make a good bedside book; which is not meant as a left-handed compliment.

Mr. Max Brand is described on the jacket of *His Third Master* (Hodder and Stoughton) as "the author with a punch in his pen," from which you will guess correctly that he hails from America. *Dickon Greene*, who plays the lead in this story, was a "teller in the Whittaker Bank" when we are introduced to him. For seven long years he had occupied this position, in fact he had told until he was sick and tired of telling. Then things happened to him. He met *Marie Guilbert*, an actress about whom New York was at the moment crazy, and he was attacked by the madness that spring brings with it. So he resigned his tellership, and was, to put it mildly, in reduced circumstances when he encountered *William North*, who was easily the supreme gentleman's gentleman of the world. Under the tutelage of this master-valet *Greene* was launched upon New York society. Satire, comedy and farce follow. It is all amusing enough, but I suppose that even a pen-puncher can occasionally be off his punch, and I cannot help thinking that in this tale Mr. Brand is below the form which won him his pugilistic reputation.

"Bartimeus" has such a real and sympathetic knowledge of the sea and of those who go down to it in ships that I always look forward to his work as a refreshment. But in *Great Security* (Cassell) I feel constrained to say that the refreshment is over-sweet for my taste. I beg him to abstain from the treatment of topics that should be reserved for novelists with an unlimited aptitude for sentimentality. Included in this volume are nine stories, of which the one used as title must have been given precedence on the ground of its length rather than its artistry. Its conclusion offers glaring evidence that "Bartimeus" is in danger of falling away from the high standard which he has given us the right to expect from him. The shorter stories are of finer quality, and both "The Citizen" and "An Unrecorded Saga" are excellent alike in theme and humour.

"Plumber, Good All-Round Hand, wants constancy."
Advt. in Trade Paper.

Why doesn't he send his mate for it?

"We had always imagined that M. Caillaux spent his nights, as well as his days, in pouring over financial statements."—*Weekly Paper.*

In the hope, of course, of liquidating the French debt.

CHARIVARIA.

WILL criminals please note that owing to recent escapes there are now a few vacancies in Pentonville Prison?

* * *

Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN certainly did well at Locarno, but can he bring peace between Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW and Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES?

* * *

It is pointed out that one result of this Security Pact may be that we shall become the United States of Europe. It is not known who will be chosen by Sig. MUSSOLINI for his vice-president.

* * *

No doubt the Hungarian Member of Parliament who lifted an opponent by the ears had studied oratory under MARK ANTONY.

* * *

Possibly it was after they had seen him in plus fours that the forefathers of the Hamlet were so rude.

* * *

The Daily Mail has unearthed a village with the name of Tadley-God-Help-Us. We understand that our contemporary offered to respond to the call.

* * *

"I have just noticed something I have never seen before," remarks a gossip writer. We know that sort of laundry.

* * *

We read in a contemporary that a saxophone-player landed from an airship by parachute and played his instrument while descending. They omit to give the name of the man who pushed him off the airship.

* * *

An eel measuring seven feet in length was caught recently by an amateur angler at Yarmouth. The latter is said to have severely strained himself in an attempt to illustrate the size of his catch.

* * *

A new dance frock is described as being made of spiders' web. We are glad women are going to wear something comparatively substantial during the cold weather.

* * *

A theatrical paper refers to a certain jazz-band which has been converted. We are glad to hear it, for most persons regarded jazz-bands as being beyond hope of salvation.

The latest cure for influenza is to have the nose vaccinated. We understand that that organ looks extremely chic with a red ribbon tied round it.

* * *

The man who left all his fortune to his lawyers was not unique. Other men have done that who tried to make their own wills without legal assistance.

* * *

A judge asked recently, "What is temperament?" Well, in a woman it's what makes her slam doors; in her husband you call it simply temper.

* * *

Not everybody is glad that Peace is finally settled. Another half-a-dozen conferences, and some of the Swiss photographers would have been able to retire.



ANOTHER BLOW FOR MR. BALDWIN.

"DON'T THINK MUCH O' THIS GOVERNMENT, JARGE; YOU KNOW, THE ONE UP IN LUNNUN."

The demand for sealskin coats made of rabbit skins is so great at the moment that artificial artificial sealskin coats are being made of scalskin.

* * *

Does this idea of equalisation of rates mean that the inhabitants of Kensington and Hampstead will be able to live in the same luxury as those of West Ham?

* * *

The rumour that certain night-clubs are now open in the day-time is denied. What is happening is that they haven't yet shut the night before.

* * *

It is pointed out in an encyclopædia that the Ku Klux Klan was originally formed for amusement only. Well, what is it for now?

* * *

The B.B.C. is to broadcast various strange sounds and listeners are to guess what they are. The owner of a home-made set says he has been doing this ever since wireless commenced.

* * *

Point duty constables at Wandsworth use coloured flash-lights at night. We suppose that the authorities couldn't be persuaded in the interests of a Brighter Suburbia to have the contours of portly policemen picked out in fairy-lamps.

* * *

The Senior Clerk of Assize, we read, is a notable charmer of wild animals. We should like to see him put his head into a counsel's mouth.

* * *

It is reported that a Rugby international has been ordered off the field for kicking the same player three times. It must be very difficult to remember if you have kicked the man before.

* * *

The closing to the public of the Crime Museum at Scotland Yard is a disappointment to thousands who had hoped to see the thumb-print of a man caught trying to buy cigarettes after 8 P.M.

* * *

At a forthcoming Society wedding, it is announced, the bride will have the record number of seventeen attendants. In addition, we understand, to the customary bride-groom.

* * *

Dr. GRIMME's claim to have deciphered the Tablets of Stone discovered on Mount Sinai as a letter of thanks from MOSES to PHARAOH's daughter for rescuing him from the Nile is not accepted by British Egyptologists. They are still hopful that these hieroglyphics will clear up the mystery of where he was when the light went out.

* * *

Since the publication of the message which Sig. MUSSOLINI did not send to our Premier, we hear that ZINOVIEV is protesting that he holds the copyright of the idea of sending unsent messages.

* * *

"I have been thinking of a word for two weeks," says an essayist. What about "Fortnight"?

"We must say, in fairness to the Southern Railway, that the new electric service is excellent in all other respects. What we want to know is where do the first-class passengers stand?"—*Morning Paper.*

The answer to this one is that they stand in the first-class carriages.

BLACK CLOTH AND GREEN CLOTH.

[In a letter to *The Times* Canon WILLIAMSON strongly advocates billiards as a winter recreation. He commends its "infinite variety" and "endless possibilities." Scientifically pursued, with the assistance of an expert, it satisfies, in his opinion, the craving of an alert mind for mental activity.]

I HEAR the Church's health is bad;
They say it 's lost the grip it had;
The sermons which the clergy make
No longer keep the pews awake;
Even the PRIMATE cannot doubt it,
And feels that something should be done about it.

But lo! a cure has come to light
Which ought to put the matter right;
A letter to *The Times* (cut short)
Upon the theme of Winter Sport
Reveals the spiritual plan
Of WILLIAM WILLIAMSON, a clergyman.

He writes to recommend the claims
Of billiards as the best of games;
A Canon (did I call him so?)
And therefore one who ought to know,
He simply loves this recreation
During the period of hibernation.

By steady zeal and stern appliance
Of the exacting laws of science,
He tells us how (*experto crede*)
It keeps your wits from growing weedy;
Regarded as a mental diet he
Finds it affords an infinite variety.

It 's true the CANON in his screed
Don't specify the Church's need;
Yet are the tenets he maintains
Applicable to cleric brains;
His pills, if taken after lunch,
Might well correct a parson's lack of punch.

But I would raise a warning note
About this useful antidote;
If wise, our reverend cuists will
In public haunts disguise their skill,
Lest those to whom they preach the Truth
Suspect them (wrongly) of a mis-spent youth.

O. S.

"THE GOLDEN FLEECE."

"THIS motoring——" began John.

"By the talented author of *If Springs were Left Behind?*" I interrupted wittily.

"Ha," responded John in a dull voice. "That will be all to-day, thank you. As I was saying, this motoring is symptomatic of our effete civilisation."

"Sir to you," I said.

"What does he mean?" asked my sister from the rear seat.

"He 's your husband," I retorted; "who knows if not you? Personally I think it 's something rude."

"Civilisation," continued John bitterly, "has killed Romance. It has left no meaning in the word Adventure. Our little lives are dull. Enterprise, that bright flame, has become a catch-word for the draper and the grocer."

"Stop the car, Alan," said Cecilia; "I must know what 's the matter."

"I think he 's practising advertisements for a new course of Mind-Culture," I said. "I 'll stop at the next doctor we come to."

"But what has it all to do with motoring?" asked Cecilia.

John turned and looked at her.

"Everything, woman," he said fiercely. "Did Ajax go motoring at week-ends?"

A motor-cyclist flashed past us, a flapper clinging to his waist.

"Helen," said John bitterly, "out for a sixty-mile joy-ride with Paris! Was this the face that hrrm da, da, da, da, and 'burned the topmost towers of Ilium'? Bah!"

"But, my dear old codfish, what about it?" I asked.

"I 'm trying to explain," said John, "that I hate this complacent touring, this ambling from town to town without purpose. Here we are, two men of vigour, courage and vision (or one of us, anyhow), and what are we doing? Touring. And to cap everything I 've even brought my wife with me."

Cecilia gave a small scream, but could find no words.

John took advantage of the fact to continue:—

"Do we seek some beauteous damsel?"

"Not with a wife in the rear seat," I agreed.

"Exactly," said John.

Cecilia screamed indignantly again.

"This mess of gear-wheels and inner tubes," said John, punching the side of the car, "should be the good ship *Argo* sailing uncharted seas. You and I, my faithful Achates, should be on some high quest. We should be seeking the Golden Fleece.

"Dido there," he continued, pointing rudely at Cecilia, "has no right here at all. She should have stayed behind and made a pyre of herself on the front lawn, if I remember my classical training."

"You do *not*," I said. "Neither Dido nor Achates had anything to do with the Argonauts or the Golden Fleece. Jason was the gentleman, and the lady in the case (at the other end, by the way) was Medea."

"Well, I don't pretend to be expert at botany," said John, "but I maintain that motoring has killed romance and that wives——"

"You have said enough for the moment," said Cecilia in a clear bitten-off sort of voice. "We 'd better stop for the night at the next town, Alan. I want my dinner. Perhaps John will be good enough to keep his eyes open for a decent hotel."

"A decent hotel!" moaned John, burying his head.

And as he did so the good ship *Argo* (in top gear) sailed up a steep hill into a little English town. Its wide main street, in which the small shop lights were already beginning to twinkle, looked infinitely peaceful. The houses were gold in the setting sun.

"Where shall we stop?" I said.

"Don't speak," said Cecilia; "look."

We looked. In front of us was an inn and from its walls hung a sign—"The Golden Fleece."

"The quest!" said John in an awed voice.

Then, recovering his natural tone, "Come and have half-a-pint," he said. "Dido! Don't you dare to move."

We walked in and found a bar with a beautiful damsel behind it.

John leaned on the counter.

"Is this 'The Golden Fleece'?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir," said the damsel brightly.

"I have been looking for it," said John. "My name is Jason. This is—er, the pilot. I forget his name for the moment."

The girl looked troubled.

"What were you wanting, Sir?" she said.

"Two pints of beer, Medea," said Jason.

Medea understood that easily and smiled.



AFTER LOCARNO.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD WENT TO THE CUPBOARD
TO GET HER POOR DOG A "SCRAP." . . .



THE CULT OF UGLINESS.

Young Woman (to friend who has kept her hair). "MY DEAR, YOUR HAIR IS TOO BEAUTIFUL. YOU REALLY OUGHT TO HAVE IT CUT OFF."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

I HAD come in weary in body and a little exhausted too in spirit. It had been an exciting afternoon.

I had taken off my outdoor things, spent a rather agitated ten minutes considering, a little disconsolately, the results of the activities of the bland and persuasive Bond Street *coiffeur* whom I had just left, and, having achieved at last a more or less satisfactory but none too stable "that's that-ness" of attitude, disposed myself on the comfortable Chesterfield near the fire and in the gradually deepening dusk began idly turning over the pages of the new copy of *Moda* which lay on the little table at my elbow.

I gazed without much interest at the assembly of extraordinarily lank and faintly-decadent female forms that thronged its pages, all very similar except as regards the details of their otherwise equally similar garments, when suddenly my eye was arrested by a paragraph which appeared at the top of a page headed "Paris Causerie."

I read it hastily through, my mind hardly grasping its full import. I started re-reading.

"In Paris," it ran, "the pronouncement has now definitely gone forth that . . ."

I had got so far the second time when I was startled by a soft voice which came from the direction of the hearthrug. Such a pretty voice, clear with the clearness of an Exmoor brook running over pebbles in the sunshine.

"Good evening," it said.

I knew it at once.

"Your Majesty," I said, hastily preparing to spring up.

"No, please, *please* stay where you are," said the Fairy Queen, for of course it was she. "If you move I shall go *at once*. And don't turn on the light, please. You're tired, I can see. I'm rather tired myself, and I'm perfectly comfortable here. I came in just now through the window. You know how I love your hearthrug."

She certainly looked quite comfortable nestling in the soft white sheepskin, with the firelight shining on the soft golden masses of her curls and catching the tips of her folded wings.

For my own part I was rather glad to remain in semi-darkness.

"I've only come in for a minute," the Queen continued. "I'm so dreadfully bothered, and you're always so helpful. But I won't stay long. I can see you've got a headache."

I made what Mr. WELLS calls "polite noises" and settled myself still further down among the cushions. Yes, I was distinctly glad of the friendly twilight. My nerves were a little on edge; besides I was not sure——

"It's those tiresome ladies of mine," went on the purling voice plaintively. "They do get the most ridiculous ideas into their heads. What do you think? They're all worrying me to let them have their hair cut off. To be shingled. That's the word, isn't it? *Shingled.*" The soft voice had taken on a note of utter scorn. The last word had the quality of a hiss—a little silvery hiss. It seemed to go right down my spine.

"They've been talking about it for a long time," went on the Queen, "but I took no notice. I thought it was just a silly passing notion they'd got from hearing about people doing it here. For of course I know mortals do it. But then they do lots of silly things. And anyway the really nice ones, the *fairyish* people, have more sense."

I burrowed still deeper into the cushions with my head.

"But *fairies* . . . Think of it, my dear. A fairy without hair . . . It's inconceivable, preposterous. Haven't we always been noted for it? What would the artists say and the darling poets? The children wouldn't know us. We might as well cut off our wings. But they've got more and more obsessed with the idea, and they won't listen to reason. They say it's fashionable, and they *will* not be unfashionable any longer. My dear," in a dramatic whisper, "*one of them's done it.* Of course I've banished her. She's living all alone on a slag-heap in a colliery district at present; but all the rest of them are frightfully discontented and unamiable, and I simply don't know how to cope with them. It does sound silly, but I assure you I'm at my wits' end. Can't you give me any advice?"

I picked up the copy of *Moda*. The fire was burning brightly and I could just see to read.

The Queen had said I was not to turn on the light. I too had, as I said before, my own private reasons for preferring a modest obscurity.

"This may help you, your Majesty," I said, and read:—

"'In Paris the pronouncement has now definitely gone forth that the hair is no longer to be worn short. No really smart woman is now seen with shorn locks, and hairdressers are very busy with all sorts of devices for camouflaging the absence of long hair. The shingled woman is already hopelessly *démodée*.'"

The Queen jumped up from the hearth like a flash.

"Oh, how splendid!" she cried, clapping her tiny hands. "That 'll do it, of course. I *am* glad I came to you. Can you let me have it? Can you really?"

I was already busy tearing out the paragraph. The Queen flew on to the table and, folding it up, tucked the precious bit of paper carefully into her girdle. She was so elated that she could think of nothing else. She scarcely looked at me.

"You 'll forgive me if I go at once?" she said breathlessly. "I shall certainly be here again at Christmas-time to do some shopping. I'm so grateful. I don't know now to thank you. I'll say a spell for your headache on my way home and send you a pretty dream for to-night. Thank you a thousand times. No, you're not to move. I'll just go off through the window. Good-bye." She was gone.

I got up off the sofa, turned on the light and stood surveying myself in the mirror over the mantel-piece.

"November—December . . . eight weeks," I said. "I wonder whether it will be long enough by then . . . What a good thing I kept the pieces!" R. F.



AN INNOCENT REQUEST.

Artist (to Bricklayer). "Don't move, there 's a good chap."

A MYSTERY FISH.

Up to the present moment everybody seems to have discovered something except me. You can't open a paper without reading about a new kind of animal that has been found in Central America, or a new disease that some doctor has invented in his spare time, or a new germ to account for one of the old diseases, or a new pattern of skull that has been dug up by an allotment-holder in the outer suburbs. The objects discovered, though bearing no relation to each other, have one thing in common, and that is the prefix "mystery," without which no good journalist will allow them to enter a headline:—

"Mystery Animal Amazes Chimbopaxi."

"Mystery Disease Attacks Metropolis."

"Mystery Germ that Causes Indigestion."

"Mystery Skull in Willesden Cabbage-Patch."

Possibly you have been brought up to believe that the word "mystery" is a noun—but this is a digression. The point is that I too am now a discoverer.

I have discovered a Mystery Fish. And, if you think I'm going to let such a thing happen without writing to the papers about it, you are an optimist.

The Mystery Fish never varies in colour, which is dirty white; in consistency, which is flabby; in smell, which is strong; or in taste, which is neutral. As for its name—well, even the people who provide it can never quite make up their minds on this point. Sometimes they describe it as halibut, sometimes as turbot, sometimes as cod and sometimes as brill. But neither halibut nor turbot, neither cod nor brill, is its true name. It is *Piscis Locomotensis*, the one and only, the unmistakable Train Fish.

You know it, patient reader, only too well. You cannot sit down to any meal on any railway journey without meeting it, generally preceded by tomato-soup and followed by roast mutton. It is as inevitable and as monotonous as the grave. No doubt you have often wondered out of what sea or what river this loathsome creature comes, what its habits are, and more particularly why you never meet with it except on railway trains. Well, for many years I have been wondering the same thing; and now after long and diligent research I have evolved a theory which I think is the only plausible one.

The Train Fish is not a salt-water fish. It is not, in the usual sense of the word, a fresh-water fish. It is a hot-water fish. It lives in the boiler of the engine. When meal-times approach and attendants are rushing up and down the corridors shouting "Take-your-places-in-the-restaurant-car," the engine-driver simply plunges a landing-net into the boiler, extracts as many fish as are needed and hands them over to the train cook. The cook then throws them into cold water, which immediately kills them; and there they are, ready boiled and at just the right stage of tepidity to be dished up.

That is my theory about the Mystery Fish. It may not, perhaps, be quite accurate; but at any rate I have managed to make use of the word "mystery" as an adjective. I am now a full-blown journalist.

From an auctioneer's advertisement:

"Pedigree Friesian Ewes, in calf to Pedigree Friesian Bull."—*New Zealand Paper.*

A remarkable experiment in cross-breeding.

ISLINGTON AGAIN.

I NOTICE a growing tendency on the part of those who interest themselves in agricultural problems or follow the practice of agriculture to forget the main issue. The first thing that I (together with the rest of the common-sense hard-working men of Great Britain) demand for agriculture is that it should be picturesque. Mind you, I am not grasping. I waive the WATTEAU shepherdess and dialogue in verse. I do not insist that my smocked boors and swinked hedgers should be perpetually singing to Pan, or that fauns should keep loafing around the byre and the barton, interfering with everybody and upsetting their work. But I do demand that when I am some time motoring not unseen by hedgerow elms on hillocks green, I should not be offended by the monstrously unpleasant spectacle of a steam cultivator. What agriculturists seem to forget nowadays is that it was not Vulcan, but Apollo, the god of music and light, who taught men to till the earth and sprinkle it with bone manure:—

"When by Zeus relenting the mandate was revoked
Sentencing to exile the Bright Sun God
Mindful were the ploughmen of who the steer had yoked,
Who; and what a track showed the upturned sod!

* * * * * *

"Hand-like rushed the vintage; we strung the bellied skins
Plump, and at the sealing the Youth's voice rose:
Maidens clung in circle, on little fists their chins;
Gentle beasties through pushed a cold long nose."



THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE MANGOLDS.



THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE BULL.

All this, I say, seems to have been forgotten, and wherever I go I find farmers dashing about in their Fords, and am terrified by the sight of motor tractors pulling about some tremendous complex of machinery which darkens the sun. Thank heaven, I know a place where they still plough with oxen and, if I am rightly informed, the villagers are about to be re-measured for smocks.

Some people seem to object to the number of large open touring-cars that dash headlong through our countryside; but I do not mind these myself. It is the motor-driven ploughs and harrows and winnowing machines and threshers that annoy me, especially in very narrow lanes, for they are not only ugly but exceedingly difficult to pass without damaging one's mud-guards.

A careful consideration of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S new Land Scheme convinces me that for all his Celtic fire and poetical imagination he too has been neglectful of this point, for I find in his proposals no condemnation of the use of unsightly and elaborate machinery in agriculture. He does not seem to realise that what the people of this country want is to see the meadows dotted with spotted cattle and dappled with apple-cheeked dairymaids, and none of this absurd intrusion of scientific industrialism which destroys romance. Agriculture in fact is at the parting of the ways. Either it must pause in the process of mechanicalisation or—and I shudder to think of the alternative—I shall cease to find it so interesting.

All these thoughts were forcibly suggested to me by the Dairy Show at the Agricultural Hall last week, when I contemplated the various modern devices for purifying, separating, isolating, inoculating, measuring, segregating and disintegrating milk, a pleasant

kindly stuff which I do not drink myself but have always believed should first of all foam into a wooden pail, and then be poured off into blue-and-white china jugs before it has had time to cool.

It was a relief to turn to the marvellously beautiful Friesian cows on the other side of the gangway, who retained their impassive demeanour as if they were quite unaware what a dangerously complicated process it has become to drink milk. It was a relief even to turn to the bulls, though I think that I prefer to see them when they are walking the pastures in kingly flashing coats rather than when they are being violently prodded in the ribs by experts who in these degenerate days do not even have the decency to wear gaiters or straws in their mouths. Tied though he may be in a stall, there is yet a terrible fascination about a bull, though I do not go and prod him in the ribs myself for fear he may detect some kind of insincerity or lack of adroitness in my touch. I merely stand behind him until he slowly turns his head and stares at me as though I were a political enemy.

I had scarcely taken my fill of these simple rural delights when the Illustrator, looking singularly unlike Apollo, led me aside to observe a new wonder—new at least to me, though I fancy it has been in existence for several years. This was no other than a cunningly-devised infernal machine, fitted with pipes and rubber tubes rather like the things you put round the handles of cricket bats, and employed to separate the actual milk from the living cow. It does its work fairly efficiently, I am told, although the cows do not care for it very much and have to have wireless loud-speakers fitted up in their stalls in order to provide the soothing noises to which dairymaids have accustomed them for so long.

Obviously it will not be many years before agriculture, led in the horrid wake of science, has produced a synthetic cow, into which you pour chopped mangolds, turn a handle, and produce on the one side milk, and upon the other cream, sterilized and ready to be poured out into little kegs, which will hermetically seal themselves and roll down an inclined shute to the aeroplane shed.

But I had scarcely visualised this terrible picture before the Illustrator remarked:—

"Oh! there 's a real live dairy-maid." And so indeed there was. Quite a lot of them, in fact, beautiful as of yore. They were about to churn butter, sitting around as in a choir, to the accompaniment, if I make no mistake, of a rag-time band.

I felt happier. The god Apollo was with us once more. One realised that the jocund rebecks still sound to many a youth and many a maid dancing in the chequered shade. It is perhaps not all up with English agriculture even yet.

EVOE.

TO A GOLDFINCH.

(Especially in October.)

ALL the finches please the artist,
But, my Goldie, you 're the smartest;
Though the littlest of finches
By the happiest of inches.

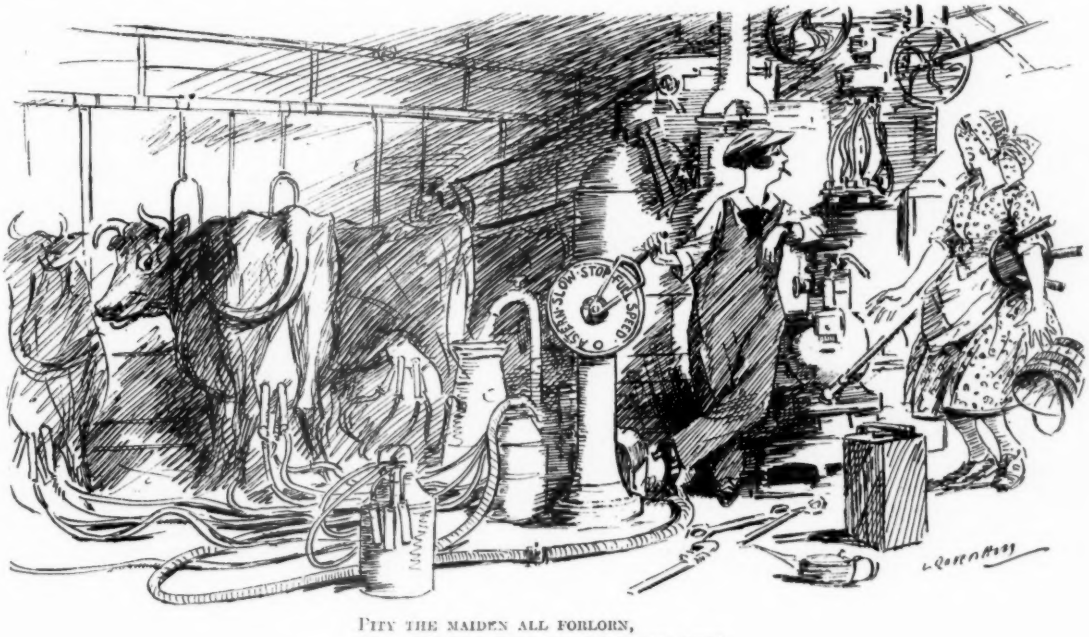
Oh, your cheeks are cherry ripe,
And you 've got a conduct stripe
Smart as any corporal's braid
In the shiny Guards Brigade;

But, when Autumn breezes rustle,
Best I love you as you bustle
Through the rough's outrageous bristles
Seeking figs, of sorts, on thistles.

Then your see-saw flight I see
Through the hedge-top's filigree,
And I say, "No bird at all
Save my little corporal

"Has such stripes, such private sunshine
On his wings (oh, see each one shine!);
June," I cry, "in sooth most sober,
Left these rays for chill October."

Never I 'd have such grace confined,
But a-dancing down the wind;
Never I 'd have it in a shop,
But upon a thistle top.
Oh, you littlest of finches
By the happiest of inches!



PITY THE MAIDEN ALL FORLORN,
ALSO THE COW WITH THE CRUMPLED HORN.

"THE SECRET OF GOOD INDIGESTION.
HOW ANYBODY CAN HAVE IT."
Advertisement Headlines.

Welsh rabbit often paves the way.

CROSS CURRENTS.

A MEMORY OF THE PAGEANT SEASON.

To the Hon. Sec., Pageant Committee.
The Abbey, Pongleton,
July 23rd, 1925.

SIR,—When I suggested that my King Charles spaniel should appear in the Stuart episode of the pageant you are producing for the benefit of local charities, I was under the impression that the part of the King would be taken by a *gentleman*. I hear from a reliable source that Colonel Parfitt, whom you have entrusted with the *rôle*, trod on the poor little animal twice, subsequently referring to the *contretemps* (which was entirely due to his own awkwardness) in language which I should not care to repeat. I have no option therefore but to request you to make an alteration in the cast. Otherwise I shall be reluctantly compelled to withdraw my permission to the organisers to make use of my grounds.

Yours truly, EMILY BOOLE.

The Pageant Committee Room,
July 24th, 1925.

DEAR LADY EMILY,—The Committee desire me to offer you their heartfelt regrets and apologies, and to assure you that there will be no repetition of the incident to which you refer. Is there any friend of your own who would undertake the part of KING CHARLES?

Yours faithfully,
FREDERICK KENT, Hon. Sec.

The Abbey,
July 24th, 1925.

DEAR MR. KENT,—Thank you. You might offer the part to Mr. Tompsett. I noticed that my little dog rather took to him when he dined here not long ago with his wife.

Yours sincerely, EMILY BOOLE.

The White House, Pongleton,
July 24th, 1925.

SIR,—I cannot possibly act with a wretched lap-dog yapping at my heels. If this animal is foisted on me again, as it was at the last rehearsal, I must wash my hands of the whole business and disclaim any further financial responsibility.

Yours, etc., HORACE PARFITT.

Pageant Committee Room,
July 25th, 1925.

DEAR COLONEL PARFITT,—I was just about to write to you when your letter came. The producer was so struck by your acting in the comparatively small part of the MERRY MONARCH that he wants you to throw it up and undertake the more important *rôle* of LEICESTER, in the Tudor episode. I hope I was right in taking it for granted that you would be willing.

Yours sincerely, F. KENT, Hon. Sec.

The Vicarage, Pongleton,
July 23rd, 1925.

MY DEAR KENT,—I feel it such an inestimable privilege to enact ST. WILFRED landing in Sussex, and I do trust that I may acquit myself with credit. At the same time I must confess that in rehearsal the episode struck me as being somewhat hurried and perfunctory. I have composed a brief homily to be delivered by the Saint, and I venture to think that if the Saxons were grouped round me to listen the effect would be most impressive.

Yours sincerely, CLEMENT CANDLIN.

Pageant Committee Room,
July 24th, 1925.

MY DEAR VICAR,—That was a happy thought of yours and we should all have loved an address from you, but when I spoke to the producer he said it would upset his time-table and that it could not be managed. I am so sorry.

Yours sincerely, F. KENT.

The Vicarage, Pongleton,
July 24th, 1925.

DEAR MR. KENT,—Father is fearfully bucked at being ST. WILFRED in your pag. But what about the pet seal? If you've read KIPLING you must know that he is fearfully important. I'm writing now to say that I'm willing to take the part. I think I should look quite all right if I was sewn up in a bag of some shiny black stuff; and I was in London last hols and went a lot to the Zoo, so I know what they do, and I've started practising wallowing and barking. Yours hopefully,

JACK CANDLIN.

P.S.—Father is a good man, but he does not understand the necessity for light relief. It would be rather jolly if some of his converts threw me biscuits, and it wouldn't be an ana—what's-its-name, as they must have had tuck in those days because of KING ALFRED.

P.S. 2.—If the Committee would pay my exes for another visit to the Zoo I could get the bark absolutely perfect. Of course I know ALFRED was later.

Pageant Committee Room,
July 25th, 1925.

MY DEAR JACK,—I spoke to the producer, but he won't hear of it. He says you can be the Lord Privy Seal in the Tudor episode if you like, though personally he thinks you would get more fun out of being the hind legs of the hobby-horse in the revel in episode 4. Let me know which you choose.

Yours regretfully, F. KENT.

Fir Tree Cottage, Pongleton,
July 28th, 1925.

DEAR FREDDIE,—What on earth induced the Committee to try to turn poor Mr. Tompsett into a bold bad man, even for ten minutes and in the cause of charity? The Colonel was bad enough—a stick—but Tomsett is a reed, and broken at that. I tried to put a little pep into my own part of the CASTLEMAINE, but when he took my hand he looked like a sanitary inspector condemning a *passé* mackerel. Of course Mrs. T. was looking on. But anyway I'm fed up. You can write me off your list of performers.

Yours ever, VERA SAVERNAKE.

The Bungalow, Pongleton,
July 28th, 1925.

DEAR SIR,—I am writing to say that I shall not be able to take the part of KING CHARLES after all. My wife, who was present at yesterday's rehearsal, is of the opinion that I am temperamentally unfitted for it. I trust my decision will not cause great inconvenience to the other performers and that you will appreciate my motive in tendering it.

Yours truly,
ARCHIBALD TOMPSETT.

Extract from a Local Paper.—"Owing to unforeseen difficulties in its presentation the Stuart episode is to be left out of the pageant which is to be presented in the Abbey grounds, kindly lent for the occasion by Lady Emily Boole. Our representative, in conversation with the Vicar of Pongleton, learned that the ten minutes thus gained will permit of a further development of the episode of the landing of ST. WILFRED."

Extract from the Pageant Programme.—"As there will no episode 5, the interval of twenty minutes originally allowed for tea will be extended to half-an-hour."

TO RUTH DRAPER, EXHILARATOR.

"BABE RUTH," the Pitcher, leaves me cold,
Though featured in my picture-paper;
Another RUTH takes stronger hold,
RUTH DRAPER.

Most entertainers who unbend
Distress or make me hot all over;
But you can keep me hours on end
In clover.

Mistress of many tongues, you shine
In satire, pathos, wit and *bonhomie*,
Yet practise in your "words" a fine
Economy.

Your going casts us into gloom,
And yet we feel less sad and sober
Since you were able to illume
October.

So *Punch*, though loth from you to part,
Cuts this admiring doggerel caper
In homage to your perfect art,
RUTH DRAPER!



Fare (to Driver of senile Taxi). "MAKE A VERY GOOD HEARSE, THAT TAXI OF YOURS."
Driver. "'APPY TO TAKE YOU AT ANY TIME, SIR."

POETIC REFUSALS.

(*Mr. ROBERT GRAVES refuses to use the rod.*)

ACROSS the room my startled voice I throw
Where you sit reading in bed by candle-light
The newest novel, ears plugged well with fingers.
Our child is doing things you do not know
With grave uncurbed delight.

The scissors clip and snap; her tongue appears
As though to help the mischievous busy hands;
Binda is cutting up a satin cushion!
Victorian fathers would have boxed her ears:
This Georgian understands.

For Binda, trained by Madame MONTESSORI,
Develops some idea, some artist aim,
And so we ought to leave her with the scissors;
While Mother, unheeding, reads a Russian story
Binda can play her game.

And now I take my Bible from the shelf
To read how SOLOMON approved the rod,
ELISHA scolded. Foolish men! My novel
Has shown how I can deal with prophets myself.
Binda has seen me nod.

She knows that I will let her make a bonnet
Of patchwork from the cushion she destroyed;
She must express in this her sense of beauty,
As poets do in lyric, ode and sonnet;
I must not be annoyed.

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

XIII.—ROTORUA.

NEW ZEALAND is a darling. She is more English than the English, more loyal than the Crown; she is as small as Great Britain and as hospitable as the United States; she has a population of a million odd and she produces more per head (including newspapers) than any country in the world; ninety-eight per cent. of her is pure British stock, which is more than can be said of Britain; and there can be no other place where the English tongue is by every class so purely spoken and with so little of accent, dialect or twang. She is beautiful and prosperous and democratic and conservative; she has every virtue and every charm. But why, I wonder, in a country so full of pleasant things, are they so proud of Rotorua?

Every New Zealander says at once, "You are going to Rotorua, of course?" as one might say, "You'll go to Westminster Abbey?" And, knowing no better, we said we would. Rotorua is a health resort, the centre of a region of Thermal Activity. There you have baths in a grand Government Park, sulphur baths and mud baths, Rachel baths and Duchess baths, and all these are good for you. As you alight from the train a great whiff of sulphur greets you and remains with you until you depart. Five days earlier we had been sleeping on deck in the waters about Fiji; the health-resort is a thousand feet up, and a thousand miles and more to the southward. The first bath I took for my health gave me a cold; the second gave me a large boil; and after the third the cold turned to a chill. Once away from the spa I threw off the chill, but the boil (and I have had many) has beaten all records for perseverance and malignance.

The Rotorua is advertised not only as a spa, but as a spectacle. They took us out to Whakarewarewa, where the Arawa Maoris dwell, to see the sights and to smell the smells. They showed us the geyser valley, and "Look!" they said proudly, and we looked; and lo, it was like hell. Steam issued from the earth in all directions; beside the path were bubbling pools of water, deep, blue, bottomless and boiling; hot sulphur oozed among the bushes; steam vents, mud cones, blow-holes, fumaroles, sulphur wells and I know not what were everywhere at work. The whole valley, and indeed the whole country, has been built over a hot bath. Not far away, in 1886, the mountain Tarawera blew up and buried a village; there was an earthquake and electric storms; the beautiful silica terraces of Rotamahana were destroyed; a lake was made and a new island and so forth. New Zealand is intensely proud of this eruption and bitterly resents the small notice that is taken of it. Had more lives been lost, the pamphlets say, the country would have got more credit for the thing. Could they have staged a new eruption for us I know they would have done it, for they are nothing if not kind. As it is, they speak with regret of those old days and of the Waimunga Geyser, which used to shoot sixteen hundred feet high and blow up rocks the size of houses, sometimes playing with them, I believe, in the manner of ping-pong balls which are balanced on fountains at penny rifle-ranges. Indeed one lady told me that this great geyser spouted four thousand feet high. "Two-thirds of a mile?" I said politely. "Is that a fact? You amaze me."

"Oh, well," she replied, "it was something like that, I know."

As it was we saw Pohutu make a "shoot" which was not an inch less than sixty feet. Pohutu spouts by spasms and capriciously. He did not play for the PRINCE OF WALES, neither did he spout for the Admiral of the American Fleet a day or two before us, but we had not been in the valley twenty minutes before up he went, a beautiful Prince of Wales's feathers hot-water fountain; and very fine he was. Our Maori guides (all ladies and very charming) remarked that our Mission was exceptionally favoured by fortune; and so we thought till someone whispered that they are able at will to provoke the marvellous natural forces of Pohutu to artificial activity by the application of common yellow soap. My own guide, Mihi, hotly denied the charge; other geysers, it might be, were sometimes so abused, but Pohutu was wholly unsusceptible to soap. And when I attempted a gentle cross-examination the simple Maori maid replied, "Oh, gosh, Punch—cut the comedy out!" So let us leave it at that.

I liked Pohutu, but I could not share with Honeybubble and his Pansy their general enthusiasm for the minor eruptions of this region. But then they have the gift of permanent enthusiasm. Pansy thought Pohutu was "too lovely." But when we halted (as we often did) before a large pit or hole in the ground, at the bottom of which a sheet of soft white mud was oozing, gurgling, steaming, smelling, and thrusting up large wobbly bubbles like a human eye (as our guide pointed out), or like a poached egg, or like an Arum lily, Pansy thought that these were "too lovely" as well. And when the guide said that before this mud-hole the head of a great chief was once cut off and his brains boiled in it Pansy thought that it was "perfectly sweet."



"EAT UP YOUR RICE, DEAR."
"I DON'T LIKE RICE."
"WELL, PRETEND YOU LIKE IT."
"NO, I'LL PRETEND I'M EATING IT."

Mihi certainly was perfectly sweet; and it is the pleasant custom for a guide (or two) to walk arm-in-arm with the visitor, lest he fall into a bottomless cauldron and be boiled. Nevertheless I decline to rave about the disorderly manifestations of Nature which constitute a "Thermal Region"; indeed, were I New Zealand I should keep it dark. It is as though one took a visitor into one's bathroom, showed him the taps running and the bath leaking, and said, "The drains don't work, and at any moment the pipes may explode. Isn't it capital?"

The Maoris dwell in the middle of this mess. And as long as the village does not explode it is without doubt an aid to village life. It warms the house, makes cooking simple and washing cheap. To boil an egg you go out of



Admirer. "X-RAY APPARATUS, IS IT? WHAT 'S THE IDEA?"
Butterfly. "OH, JUST FOR TESTING CHOCS. I SIMPLY LOATHE THE KIND WITH HARD CENTRES."

the house and put your pot or pan in a hole in the ground and Nature boils it. Mihi showed me the particular hole where they boil plum puddings; to cook potatoes they wrap them in sacking and lay them in a different hole, over a jet of sulphurous steam. And very good they taste. As for the bath, it is always ready and always hot, though perfectly *al fresco*.

Whether it was my boil or what, I know not, but the next day, when I was escorted by Mr. Honeybubble round another area of thermal activity, I had lost all interest in thermal activity. It was pouring with rain, good, pitiless New Zealand rain; my boil was painful and no Maori maiden held my arm. Honeybubble, who had been there before, led on relentless, explaining it all. Imagine a section of Wimbledon Common spotted with bushes, spouting steam, smelling of sulphur and entirely under water. Some of the water was rain and some the overflow from the boiling springs. I had silk socks on and cared not which it was. Cerulean or sulphurous, the water was wet. There were few buildings in this area, and the one sign of life in the damp wilderness was when occasionally we came upon the head of a Maori maiden or a Maori child or two emerging absurdly from a hot pool, where they wallowed contentedly under the rain.

At every pool or mud-hole (except, of course, those mentioned just above) Honeybubble halted and, pointing with his stick, said "Boiling!" in tones of awe; and I said "Wonderful!" Or "White-hot mud," he would say; and I said "Marvellous!" And so it is, by Jove. But in my opinion one blow-hole is much like another blow-hole; and when I had said that a hundred blow-holes were wonderful I had done with blow-holes.

Mud simmered and bubbled and oozed about us; hot oil and water spat at our feet; our faces were sprayed with sulphurous steam; it left us cold. But on splashed Honeybubble, more and more admiring. Sometimes, as others had done, he attempted to explain the whole thing, employing very freely the words "pure sulphuric acid" and "superheated steam." For my part I cared very little what might be the explanation of these things. There is a very simple one, and that is Biblical. Well, what is one to think? I had seen with my own eyes, in the churchyard at Ohinemutu, a small but constant jet of sulphurous steam emerging from the grave of a solicitor.

Just now, however, I was thinking of my boil. And when at the far side of the dreadful region Mr. Honeybubble halted, dripping but delighted, and proposed to return by the same route, "Honeybubble," I said, "I have myself seen quite enough of the excesses of Nature and the disorderly eruptions of the foul powers. I shall now return to the hotel; and anyone who is not so satisfied is free to look at my boil. Which is not less remarkable and quite as unpleasant." A. P. H.

How to Solve the Servant Problem.

"Monsieur seul che che bonne cuisinière. Bons gages et sortie le dimanche en auto avec le patron."—*Belgian Paper.*

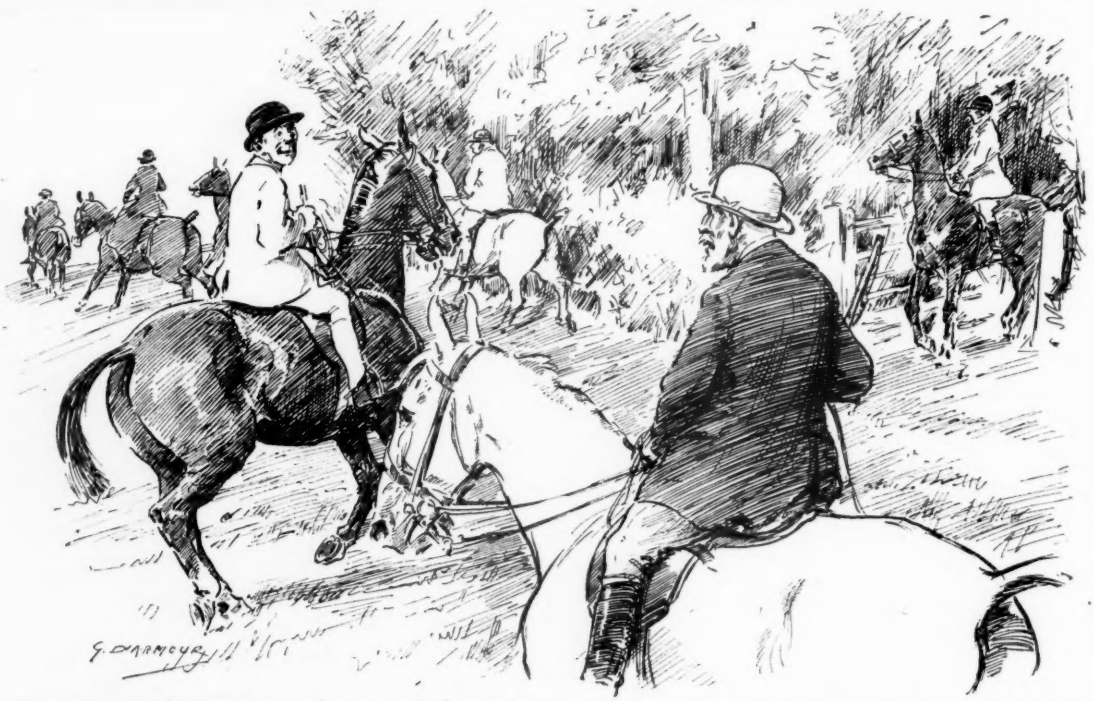
A sort of COOK'S tour, in fact.

"Any gleam of hope that relieves the long and doleful experience of unemployment is welcome."—*Daily Paper.*

"Doleful" is a crisp touch.

"Please send me another fifteen packets of your Crystals. The last cured me of neuritis in my arms, and I do not wish to be without them."—*Advt. in Sunday Paper.*

A very pardonable whim.



Steady-going old Sportsman (to newly-engaged Irish groom). "LOOK HERE, YOUNG MAN, IN THIS COUNTRY SECOND-HORSEMEN ARE EXPECTED TO BE SOME WAY BEHIND THEIR MASTERS."
Irish Groom. "BEDAD, SOME AV THEM 'LL BE THE DIVIL AV A WAY BEHIND THE DOGS, THIN!"

FELO DE SEA.

THERE are stories entirely delightful,
  There are others that give you the creeps;
There are yarns of a boredom so frightful
  That the broken-down listener weeps;
There are some that affect one like magic
  With a pathos one hardly can bear;
And of these is my tale of the tragic
    Demise of a hare.

He stood by the limitless ocean—
  An unusual spot for his kind—
And I watched, for I hadn't a notion
  What on earth he had got in his mind;
But he took like a dog to the water,
  And swam far away out to sea
Till he sank; 'twas a case of self-slaughter
    As plain as could be.

Was it love? is one's early reflection;
  It is that, when the bottom falls out,
That awakens a keen predilection
  In man for his end; and no doubt
It must often unsettle the reason
  In hares; but I gather that Spring
With the animal kingdom 's the season
    For that kind of thing.

Then there 's nagging, which lowers the wedded,
  They tell me, and makes them go mad;
Or, again, did his doe get light-headed
  And elope with a rival (the cad)?
That, of course, is a commonplace feature
  In family stories; e'en so,
Is a hare a monogamous creature?
    That 's what I don't know.

One need hardly enlarge on the weather,
  The cold and the wind and the rain;
They are trifles, but put them together
  And let them work into the brain,
And they 're likely to fester and foment;—
  That a hare can go racially cracked
One 's aware, but we 're not at the moment
    In March, as a fact.

Or perhaps—it 's a matter one mentions
  Unwillingly—might there be grounds
For his act in the pressing attentions
  Of our lively and excellent hounds?
Can the heart of a hare be so craven
  That having retired from a run
He has thought it all out in his haven
    And not seen the fun?

From the music of hooves and the snorting,
  From the cry of the hounds in their bliss,
Did he turn to the wholly unsporting
  Decision to fool us with this?
Nay, for that, there 's a noble old quarry
  Who has given us many a race;
Was it he? That indeed were a sorry
    And desperate case.

We have sworn to attain his quietus,
  Though he 's held in the greatest regard;
If he 's managed at last to defeat us,
  I can only remark that it 's hard;
We 'd have broken him up with the honour
  That a proud-hearted hare 'd have enjoyed;
And I tell you, if that hare 's a goner,
    We shall be annoyed.

DUM-DUM.

THE HORRORS OF PEACE.

CIPHERS.

Division to Brigade.—Cpplakxnbpzogem.

Brigade to Division.—Your code message received.

D. to B.—Cpplakxnbpzogem.

B. to D.—Your cipher message received. (*Half-an-hour elapses.*)

B. to D.—Please forward to-day's keyword.

D. to B.—On no account may cipher keywords be referred to in clear.

B. to D.—Error regretted but cannot decipher without it.

D. to B.—Use yesterday's.

B. to D.—Regret yesterday's keyword destroyed at midnight in accordance with orders.

D. to B.—Surely remember yesterday's keyword.

B. to D.—Mess waiter believes remembers.

D. to B.—On no account should mess waiter remember keyword.

B. to D.—Regret mess waiter does not remember keyword.

D. to B.—Mess waiter should not have known keyword.

B. to D.—Mess waiter did not know keyword.

D. to B.—Cpplakxnbpzogem.

B. to D.—Please forward to-day's keyword.

D. to B.—Your reference to mess waiter not understood.

B. to D.—Error regretted explanation follows.

D. to B.—Expedite explanation.

B. to D.—Xrrxr rxgrxttxd.

D. to B.—What keyword are you using?

B. to D.—Regret cannot refer to keyword in clear.

D. to B.—Cpplakxnbpzogem.

B. to D.—When may keyword be expected please?

D. to B.—Prepare receive by wireless.

B. to D.—Dispositions complete.

D. to B.—Report receipt.

B. to D.—Uncle Toby's talks on tadpoles very clear and interesting but no keyword.

D. to B.—You are on wrong wavelength.

B. to D.—Xrrxr rxgrxttxd.

D. to B.—Verify your last message.

B. to D.—Xrrxr rxgrxttxd.

(*One hour elapses.*)

D. to B.—Presume your message incorrectly enciphered.

B. to D.—Have sent no cipher message having no keyword.

D. to B.—Cpplakxnbpzogem.

B. to D.—Nxt xndxrstxxd.

D. to B.—Are you using regulation code?

B. to D.—Nx.



Tired Man. "You 've put me on to the wrong number."
Voice. "Please repeat the number you want."
Tired Man. "Hampstead 5293."
Voice. "Hammersmith 9253."
Tired Man. "Have it your own way."

Encouragement for Mothers.

"Wanted to Buy, Babes, stripped, must be good and cheap, or would hire."
Advt. in Theatrical Paper.

"North London Protests Against Traffic Facilities."
Newspaper Headline.

That of course is not what it really calls them.

"Dumble. Cumble Lumble Wumble Fumble Strumble Mumble Dumble Mumble. Mumble."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

We are glad to see the rhyme *motif* returning to modern verse.

"Unlike our good old English common law, in which the accused is not to be regarded as innocent until proven guilty."
Weekly Journal.

And even then only by the Stunt Press.



Young Lady (after violent dance). "THERE! MY HEEL'S GONE! THAT'S DONE FOR ME FOR THIS EVENING."
Youth. "OH, BOTHER! DON'T YOU CARRY SPARE PARTS?"

H.M.S. IMPLACABLE.

A SHIP OF THE LINE FOR ENGLISH BOYS.

Mr. Punch is very much concerned to bring home to his readers the fact (already announced in the Press) that a Ship of the Line which fought at Trafalgar can at this moment be secured for the comparatively trivial sum of twenty-five thousand pounds. The public are not asked to invest in a curiosity, but to acquire the ship for the use, pleasure and benefit of English boys. Admiral-of-the-Fleet Earl BEATTY made that astonishing offer in the newspapers last week. He wrote that the old *Implacable* is now in dry dock at Devonport; that, excepting her masts, she can be completely refitted at a cost of twenty-five thousand pounds; and that the Admiralty will execute the repairs if the public will pay for them, for the House of Commons does not permit the Admiralty to spend money on retired ships.

Moreover the Admiralty are prepared, if the *Implacable* is refitted, to hand over the ship on loan to a Committee, by which she will be held in trust as a holiday training-ship for the boys of England, who would thus be made free of the finest ship afloat in the whole world. She would be open to boys of all classes: to boys of the Sea Scouts, Sea Cadets and the like, to boys of all schools and boys in general who want a week or a month on the sea, in Falmouth Harbour, handling boats and learning knots and splices, and entering into the life of the sea, which is so incomparably superior to the life of the land; and to boys who wish to be trained to the sea as their profession. It is proposed to place the ship under the direction of Mr. G. WHEATLY COBB, who for thirty years has maintained at his own expense the *Foudroyant* frigate (formerly *Trincomalee* and renamed after NELSON'S ship), in Falmouth Harbour, as a training ship for boys.

No ship can be more suitable for the purpose than *Implacable*. Her thick oaken sides keep her warm in winter and cool in summer; her vast flush decks, lighted by great square ports, give plenty of room and air. And about her strong timbers cling the gallant and inalienable memories of heroic achievement.

Implacable was originally a French ship, named *Duguay-Trouin*, launched about 1789. Commanded by Captain CLAUDE TOUFFET, she exchanged shots with H.M.S. *Victory* at Trafalgar. Four days later she was captured by Rear-Admiral Sir RICHARD STRAHAN. Renamed *Implacable*, she fought and served for forty years in the Royal Navy, sailing into Portsmouth Harbour in 1842 with the golden cock, sign of the smartest ship in the Mediterranean Fleet, flashing at her main-truck.

If *Implacable* be now saved, the noble trio of the old Navy will be completed: H.M.S. *Victory*, three-decker; *Implacable*, two-decker, both ships of the Line; and *Foudroyant*, frigate.

It is a great chance, and it can never come again; for if the requisite money is not speedily subscribed the Admiralty, as they affirm, must break up the last and only surviving vessel of her kind, unique alike in her splendid history and her superb beauty.

The SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY has very kindly consented to act as Treasurer; and Mr. Punch, who happens to be pretty well acquainted with the subject of this appeal, begs that contributions may be sent to Sir VINCENT BADDELEY, K.C.B., Midland Bank, Westminster Branch, Wesleyan Hall, London, S.W.1.



H.M.S. IMPLACABLE.

MR. PUNCH. "I HOPE WITH ALL MY HEART THAT THIS NOBLE SHIP, WITH ITS SPLENDID TRADITIONS, MAY BE SAVED FOR ENGLAND AND FOR YOU."

[The *Implacable*, under the name of *Duguay-Trouin*, fought the *Victory* at Trafalgar, was later captured after a great fight and served with distinction in the British Fleet for forty years. She is now to be broken up unless a sum of £25,000 is raised immediately to repair her and fit her for use as a training-ship for boys. Earl BEATTY, as Chief Sea Scout, has appealed to the public for this sum. If she is saved to the nation, the *Implacable* will be the only ship afloat of her type. Sir VINCENT BADDELEY, K.C.B., of the Admiralty, will gratefully acknowledge contributions sent to him at the Midland Bank, Westminster Branch, Wesleyan Hall, London, S.W. 1. For further information see opposite page.]

TOBACCO AS FOOD.

(By our Medical Correspondent.)

I AM sorry to observe that so distinguished a member of the medical profession as Dr. ADOLPHE ABRAHAMS adheres to the view that the use of tobacco, in relative or absolute excess, is responsible for various pathological conditions which interfere with efficiency both mental and bodily. Dr. ABRAHAMS, it is true, makes some reserves in his letter to *The Times*, but in the main, I fear, he is to be reckoned as an adherent of the school which holds that tobacco has almost passed out of sight as a therapeutic agent.

Personally I prefer to take my stand with the eminent physician and authority on dietetics who recommended a patient to smoke one cigar a day, though the patient had up to that point been a non-smoker and had moreover a strong distaste for tobacco. But this is not a matter of personal preference, nor do I intend to dwell on the testimony of the poets, or the evidence furnished by the high level reached by shares in leading tobacco companies; or the services rendered to the art of statuary by the heroic figures of Highlanders which used to stand outside the shops of tobacconists; or the fact that the assistants employed in these establishments have taken to wearing Oxford trousers. My allegiance is based on the irrefragable evidence furnished by experiments conducted at the instigation and under the supervision of the best scientific observers.

My friend Professor Goldney Tipper, who occupies the Chair of Dietetics in the University of Virginia, has long made a special study of the nutritive qualities of nicotine, prompted thereto, as he once told me, by his acquaintance with an old farmer who smoked and chewed tobacco continuously to the age of eighty-five, when he took to eating it. Methuselah P. McGinty—for that was his happily chosen name—died at the age of hundred-and-three, and in almost the last words that he spoke he expressed his keen regret that he had not adopted this diet in early youth, for, as he put it with pardonable exaggeration, "I should now be at least a hundred-and-fifty years old."

Professor Tipper has recently written to inform me of the result of an experiment that he has carried out on a number of volunteers who have subjected themselves for the space of a fortnight to an intensive diet which he specially framed. The daily ration consisted of four ounces of shag, four ounces of snuff, twenty-five Manila cheroots and five Havana cigars, twenty-five Virginia and twenty-five Egyptian cigarettes. The following record, dictated to him by one of the volunteers, Miss Atalanta Woglom, is, he assures me, not only authentic but typical. Miss Woglom writes:—

"Though I did not deviate from the *menu* prescribed by Professor Goldney Tipper, I must confess that I added some drinks made of an infusion of tobacco in boiling water, of a strength equal to that used for sprinkling on plants to rid them of noxious insects. The snuff was probably too much, but I got out of the difficulty by diluting it with paraffin and soaking it into hot toast.

"With this fare I increased my weight two pounds in the first week and four pounds in the second. It did not interfere in any way with my rather strenuous labours, as I am in the habit of lecturing on ethical and psychological subjects for six or eight hours every day, and the quality of my work seems, if anything, to have reached a higher standard both as regards precision, elegance of style and cogency of argument.

"I did not feel regret," added Miss Woglom, "for abstaining from meat. But I did feel the loss of tea, being in the habit of taking a cup—alternately of China and Indian tea—before beginning a new paragraph; but this wore off gradually, and I am more than ever convinced of the nutritive value of nicotine for those engaged in intellectual pursuits."



Husband. "REALLY, LAURA, IF THESE SKIRTS GET ANY SHORTER THEY'LL BE HARDLY DECENT."

Wife. "MY DEAR MAN, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? ALL SKIRTS ARE DECENT, BUT NOT ALL LEGS."

AT THE PIT DOOR.

[Playlets written in the styles of established masters round the same stage setting.]

V.—*After* Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER.

(*Being a scene from a chronicle-play, "Richard Cobden."*)

Two Chroniclers (unanimously) :—

The full years and their promise cease;
Disaster rides the storm
To test his soul who strove for Peace,
Retrenchment and Reform.

The evening of March 28th, 1857. The pit entrance of the Royal Princess's Theatre. At the head of the queue, on camp-stools, are Four Staunch Liberals.

Second Liberal. Even Mr. C. KEAN'S acting to-night will not raise me out of my despondency.

Third Liberal. SHAKESPEARE'S tragedy of *Richard the Second!* How tame it will seem compared with the catastrophe which has overtaken RICHARD COBDEN.

Fourth Liberal. COBDEN—RICHARD COBDEN of Midhurst—has lost his seat at Huddersfield. The world is not the same place.

First Liberal. He inspires the respect of his opponents. They are generous to him even in *The Times* newspaper.

[*He reads aloud the leading article in that day's issue.*

Second Liberal. Our hope for Liberalism is that JOHN BRIGHT may yet be returned for Manchester.

First Liberal. COBDEN and BRIGHT! It was in 1839 they came together. Those who were present that day recall that RICHARD COBDEN stood with his hat tilted off his forehead, his coat-pockets bulging with blue-books and, as usual, he was jingling loose change in his trouser-pockets. "We must never rest," he said to JOHN, "until we have ensured a Free Breakfast Table." They have never rested, those two. COBDEN is defeated at Huddersfield, but there is still BRIGHT—JOHN BRIGHT of the silver tongue—fighting over there (*he points to the North*), terribly alone, at Manchester.

Fourth Liberal. There is something—a portent—in the north-west wind which fills me with misgiving. I fear that all is not well with JOHN BRIGHT in Manchester.

First Liberal. Manchester is our stronghold. (*He pulls out a large map of Manchester and its environs and unfolds it against the wall.*) JOHN is fighting up there to-night. He is among his own people. The wards of Manchester (*indicating them*) know his voice. Who shall doubt the issue?

[Richard Cobden *appears at the left. His hat is tilted off his forehead, his coat-pockets bulge with blue-books and he jingles loose change in his trouser-pockets. A* Secretary *with open note-book is shepherding him. The* Staunch Liberals *stand up as* Cobden *approaches.*

Secretary. There is a short cut to the Reform Club through this court, Sir.

Cobden (dictating). . . . and I do not think that examples taken from pagan sanguinary Rome are proper models for the imitation of a Christian country. Furthermore the two questions are inextricably bound up with each other. (*Sudden inspiration*) Tell me the price of a cut-off-the-joint, and I will tell you the charge for a portion of potatoes.

First Liberal. We are sorry to hear of the secession of Huddersfield, Sir.

Cobden (simply). Thank you. Our last hope is in Mr. JOHN BRIGHT. (*He goes to the map of Manchester.*) I know of no nobler constituency than that of Manchester. Surely they will stand by Mr. BRIGHT in this hour. For twenty years he and I have laboured together, not without success, although we had hoped to lose all our Colonies long before this. We have never spared ourselves, and now in our need (*bitterly*) perhaps Manchester will remain loyal to us.

[*A messenger-boy comes up the court whistling "Rule Britannia."*

Secretary. An electric telegram for you, Sir.

Cobden (before opening it, to Boy). Why do you whistle "Rule Britannia"? Cannot you realise, my boy, that the constant assertion of maritime supremacy is calculated to produce kindred passions in other nations? Whereas if Great Britain enunciated doctrines of peace she would evoke similar sentiments from the rest of the world.

Messenger (at a safe distance). Walker!

Secretary (with heat). What are we to do with a boy like that?

Cobden. You speak as a very irritable man. You ask me what we are to do with that boy, and I say, as I have always said, "Secure for him and his children's children the free interchange of commodities and a Bigger Loaf."

[*The* Secretary *stands back, silenced.* Cobden *handles the electric telegram with foreboding. The pit door opens, but the queue, oblivious, watches* Cobden *breathlessly. The theatre-attendant is affected by the scene and stands motionless in the entrance. As* Cobden *reads the telegram a shadow falls over his face. He ceases to jingle his small change. He wilts, and, passing slowly over to a lamp-post, he leans against it in a bowed attitude. At length in low tones:—*

"Manchester has ostracised JOHN BRIGHT."



Local Bully. "WHEN I STARTS FIGHTIN' THE OTHER BLOKE GENERALLY OPENS THE PROCEEDIN'S WIV PRAYER."

"TORTOISE HELL CATS.

Sir,—How is it that although the name of female tortoiseshell cats is legion, a tortoiseshell Tom is practically unknown? There is no 'catch in it.' It is a remarkable fact."
Letter in Morning Paper.

The name of our tortoise hell kitten is not legion, but Fluffikins. We think it is going to turn out to be a lady.

From a speech at a Primrose League meeting:—

"Mrs. —— had been so many years one of the main pillows of the Conservative cause that people in the district had almost come to regard her as the symbol of the cause itself there."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

Just the woman, at any rate, to bolster it up.



A CELEBRATED ACTRESS, NOT AVERSE FROM PUBLICITY, CONCEIVES THE IDEA OF ATTENDING A FASHIONABLE NIGHT CLUB WITH HER OWN HUSBAND.

WHY I AM A BAD CORRESPONDENT.

I DEPRECATE the unpleasant adjective. Say rather acutely sensitive. Temperamental if you will. Say that I value the niceties of language and thought.

There is a kind of person who will sit down and compose an answer to a family letter directly it has been received, and apparently derive a sort of smug self-righteous satisfaction from the barbarous act. This is the sort of person who is always saying to me, "I am simply sick of seeing that letter from your Uncle Richard lying about on your study table. I do wish you'd answer it now and get it done with for good."

As if words have no meaning whatever, as if letter-writing were not an art. The position with regard to my Uncle Richard's letter is that it will receive a satisfactory answer in the fulness of time, when the mood is upon me, when the hour is ripe. It is a letter of a peculiarly annoying and difficult type, and whatever answer I give to it involves, so far as I can see, some subsequent action of a fatiguing nature on my part; it demands the utmost care.

The greatest mistake in the world is to suppose that my delay in answering letters is the result of any physical laziness or undue tendency to procrastinate. Granted that considerable manual labour is involved in the process of assembling and bringing into concerted action the various parts of the following apparatus:—

The pen.
The ink.
The paper.
The envelope.
The hidden blotting-paper.
The profiteering stamp.
The desk.
The uncomfortable chair.
The almanack.
The mucilage moistener.
And (in the case of my Uncle Richard)
The telephone-book
in order to find out whether they made him a Major or, almost unthinkably, a Colonel before he retired.

None the less I am not the man to be daunted by technical difficulties such as these when I have once made up my mind on the exact *nuance* of the phrases which will eventually comprise my reply to Uncle Richard and their probable reactions upon his conscious and subconscious mind.

I will confess at this point that there have been occasions when the difficulty of collecting and arranging material for correspondence has baffled me for a longer period than I should have supposed. Once, whilst I was living in lodgings, I was for nearly two months unable to remember to buy any postage-stamps. I remembered to buy them, that is to say, during the night, but not during the day, and the result was certainly the accumulation of a very large mound or tumulus of letters which needed a reply. When I left these lodgings and went elsewhere I threw all the letters into a white cardboard hat-box and took them with me in a taxicab. My methodical habits stood me, as usual, in good stead. Scarcely a month had gone by when I received a very peremptory letter in my new abode, relating to some urgent family business affair and pointing out that the matter had been under my consideration now for nearly eleven weeks.

For some time I was at a loss. Then, happening to go into my bedroom, I noticed the white cardboard hat-box. Emptying it out on to the floor, I went carefully through the papers it contained, and sure enough, as I had anticipated, the document in question was there. I was thus enabled to sit down instantly and write:—

DEAR COUSIN X,—On reference to my correspondence files I observe that your communication (unnumbered) of date —— contained the following words . . . ."

I then consulted the telephone-book to discover the nearest post-office which employed a special messenger service and sent my answer by hand. This only shows the importance of having a system.

I may remark here that I am entirely opposed to the practice of conducting family correspondence by means of the electric telegraph in order to secure an immediate reply. A near relative who indulges in this very unpleasing practice once sent to me a prepaid telegram inquiring on what date my second cousin Frederick was due to return from Ispahan, and I replied promptly enough, "Dunnoabit." The telegraph-boy in our village happened to have mumps, and the telegram was brought by his young brother, who is not a uniformed servant of the state. When the lad had read my reply he took it first of all to the grocer, and then to the blacksmith, then to his mother and then to the potman of the village inn. I could see all this from my study window, and immediately came to the correct conclusion that they were all attempting to decipher the code. How they worked it out I was never able to discover, but I know that they all backed the wrong horse, and I became so unpopular that I was obliged to leave the place.

By letter alone I find it is possible to convey the exact shade of meaning I desire, but long care and deliberation are frequently necessary before I can commit the thought to paper. Often I map out the whole answer in my mind, even including the final adverb of endearment, directly the letter has been received, only to cast the model aside till the time when mature deliberation shall remould the phrases more nearly to my desire. That is the way in which I am dealing with the communication from Aunt Caroline, which has certainly not been lost, if someone will only look carefully in my dressing-room. One cannot be too tactful and cautious in dealing with these unexpected invitations to lunch or tea. Dinner seems easier, at least if very



THE MARCH OF THE MAN OF CRICCIETH.
A STAR TURN AT THE MANCHESTER HIPPODROME.



Diana. "I JUST LOVE THE BISHOP. HE HASN'T ANY MORALS."
Diana's Mother. "DARLING! THE BISHOP! NO MORALS?"
Diana. "WELL, HE TOLD US ALL THOSE STORIES AT THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE, AND NONE OF THEM HAD A MORAL"

far ahead. But not dinner with Uncle Richard . . . .

It is not merely the effort of making a decision which bids me stay my hand. Too often these letters, which contain unprovoked invitations to meals from friends and relations, are full of small pieces of family gossip and affectionate expressions of goodwill. To convey that precise shade of affability and cordiality in my reply which I desire to convey is always a torture to my sensitive mind, and as the weeks wear on I begin to feel that I am perhaps doing better service by leaving my sentiments unexpressed.

Let us suppose, for instance, that Aunt Caroline and Uncle Richard, who are not, I am grieved to say, upon the best of terms, should happen during the next six months to meet. Both of them since they saw each other last have written letters to me (we will call me Z).

"Have you heard anything of Z lately?" Aunt Caroline will begin for want of anything better to say to the fine old egg.

"Nothing whatsoever. I wrote to him a long time ago, but of course he hasn't replied."

"How characteristic of him. Just what happened to me. I should think he's the laziest and most casual creature who ever existed in the world."

This conversation will establish at once a bond of sympathy between dear Uncle and dear Aunt and make them feel far more friendly to each other than they have felt for years. I shall have been, as it were, a kind of mediator between them. Prompt answers, on the other hand, would have presented my own character in a much more agreeable light to each of them, but would have left them still at loggerheads. Thus my unselfishness and delicacy of feeling will have triumphed once more.

To return to Uncle Richard's letter. I intend to seek an early opportunity of reconsidering the provisional draft of my reply, very likely to-morrow evening, if the inspiration seizes me and I am feeling up to the mark. EVOE.

Smith Minor Again.

Master (to small boy). The boy killed a sparrow. What case is "sparrow"?

Small Boy. Objective case.

Master. Why?

Small Boy. Because the sparrow objected to being killed.

"Old Army Officer's Daughter desires Hospitality for winter months in return for help in house or hostel: no salary; can speak if required."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

But better not, perhaps.

"Mr. —— was sitting in the audience when he was asked to act as second; and taking off his dinner jacket he stepped into the arena. His efforts with the trowel showed he was not used to the job."—*Bristol Paper.*

The proper way is to dig the enemy in the ribs with it during a clinch.

"At the October meeting of —— Urban District Council it was decided that tenants allocated to Council houses must produce marriage certificates proving they had been married five times or more."—*Glasgow Paper.*

A very proper precaution. The mere production of five wives and families is no sort of guarantee of respectability.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SEA-GULL" (LITTLE).

The Sea-Gull's label, "A comedy in four Acts," with its opening lines, "Why do you always wear black?" "I am in mourning for my life," to the revolver shot at the end, which indicates that *Konstantin* the young author has, at his second attempt, succeeded in killing himself, would seem to show that to TCHECHOV the word comedy has a somewhat different signification from that usually given to it by ourselves. *The Sea-Gull* failed when it was first presented to a Russian audience and had to wait for STANISLAVSKY and the Moscow Art Theatre to establish it as a classic of the advanced European theatre. English theatre-goers need not then be too ashamed if they find it difficult. What one can truthfully say is that, while there are patches of boredom, or at least of strangeness amounting to boredom, if one will keep one's wits at the stretch—no unwholesome exercise—and one's attention fixed to



POT AND KETTLE.

First Funereal Individual to Second Ditto. "WHY DO YOU ALWAYS WEAR BLACK?"

Masha . . . . . MISS MARGARET SWALLOW.
Semyon Semyonitch Medvedenko . MR. JAMES WHALE.

gauge the play as a whole, one will be well repaid.

An impression formed at the presentation of *The Cherry Orchard* that the CONSTANCE GARNETT translation, which is so widely accepted by scholars as adequate and faithful, does need some mitigation of its austerity for the stage is confirmed. It is, of course, not the bald transliteration which is so common in foreign plays done into English. But it is difficult for actors to present in a natural manner passages like "But, if it had been my lot to know the heights of spiritual creation, I should, I believe, have despised my bodily self and all that appertains to it and left all things earthly as far behind as possible." While, more obviously still, such phrases as "It 's a queer thing," for "It 's monstrous" (say) or "preposterous," make the dialogue seem stilted and oppressive.

It is all the more credit to the players that they succeeded in large measure in overcoming this handicap and succeeded entirely in supporting the play against the occasional lapses of the audience into listlessness and making us feel the beauty and power of a moving work of art.

The performance of Miss VALERIE TAYLOR in particular as the young girl *Nina*, who exchanges her first fresh love for *Konstantin*, the young author, for a hectic infatuation for *Trigorin*, the spineless, heartless, successful writer of (I imagine) best-sellers, was admirable from her first entrance, embarrassed, out of breath, a little bored already with her young lover's fervour, through the passages of artless obsession for the shallow distinguished man, to the final passionate and more than half-distraught declaration, very persuasively made, that she still loves the man who has lightly betrayed and deserted her, and cannot accept the always faithful *Konstantin* even as a *pis aller*.

Admirable too I thought the quietly distinguished performance of Mr. ALEXANDER SARNER as the whimsical doctor, *Dorn*, a *Don Juan* without his cruelty; while one never sees that accomplished and temperamental actress, Miss MIRIAM LEWES, without being exasperated that we have so seldom the opportunity of doing so. Her playing of *Irina, Konstantin's* mother and mistress of *Trigorin*, with her selfishness, her sexual ruthlessness, her miserliness, her callous cruelty to her son, with the almost buried maternal fondness welling up on occasion, was a really fine piece of work. Miss MARGARET SWALLOW too gave us a very subtle and, in its drab vein, moving picture of the snuff-and-vodka-taking, misery-nursing *Masha*, who loves *Konstantin* and marries the faithful schoolmaster, *Medvedenko*—a part handled with excellent effect by Mr. JAMES WHALE, who—versatile fellow—also designed the scenery, which was effective in the modern simplified manner without being distracting.

As to the two authors—the younger, *Konstantin*, played by Mr. JOHN GIELGUD, and the other, *Trigorin*, by Mr. RANDOLPH MCLEOD—both were bores, and the critic is always placed in a difficulty to assess the skill of the player of unsympathetic parts. I will take the risk of judging that both actors deserve credit for very intelligent handling of difficult tasks. And I have seldom seen Mr. HARBEN as happy as here



A PROPERTY BIRD.

The Man. "WHAT 'S THIS BIRD?"

The Girl. "KONSTANTIN SAYS HE KILLED IT."

The Man. "WELL, IN THE PROGRAMME IT SAYS THAT IT CAME FROM A SHOP IN THE STRAND."

Boris Alexeyevitch Trigorin . MR. RANDOLPH MCLEOD.
Nina Mihailovna Zaretchny . MISS VALERIE TAYLOR.

in the part of *Sorin*, the kindly old invalid and retired Government official.

The symbolism of the *Sea-Gull*, which of course is a sort of nest-fellow to IBSEN'S *Wild Duck*, might be perhaps explained for the non-Tchechovite. *Trigorin* is the sort of fellow who goes about making notes even at the crises of his own personal romances. *Konstantin* has casually shot a sea-gull, and *Trigorin* notes what a jolly little short story one could make of a young girl "who loves the lake here like a sea-gull. But a man comes by chance, sees her and, having nothing better to do, destroys her like that sea-gull here"—a theme that works itself out to its obvious climax in the bitter disillusion and all but madness of *Nina*. T.

"CRISTILINDA" (GARRICK).

Between TCHECHOV and Mr. MONCKTON HOFFE there is a great gulf fixed, and I am afraid we cannot doubt as to which side of the gulf the majority of

our playgoers would wish to find themselves.

Cristilinda is an essay in unabashed sentimentality—a pretty enough thing in its idealistic detachment from anything that is essentially like life. *Cristilinda*, the daughter of "*General*" *Christopherson*, of Christopherson's Royal Circus, is the star equestrienne of her period, "ever so many years ago," and jumps through two hoops backwards on Genevieve, who is a beauty to look at but groggy in the knees—which prepares you for *Cristie's* crutch in a later Act.

"*Martini*," the lightning caricaturist, the son of a retired gunner, *Colonel Thackeray Martyn*, is touring with the show for love of *Cristie*. The *Colonel*, sympathetic but unscrupulously resolute in the interest of his cub's career, persuades her to send his boy away, which she does by asserting — falsely, need I say?—that she has been living with the slack-wire artiste and purposes going back to him.

Young "*Martini*" has under the inspiration of his love painted a wonderful picture of his *Cristie* as a saint with a halo, which is affectionately known to the pair as "Jane Ann." It has been painted on a carefully prepared board supplied by a genial scoundrel, one *Iky-Mo*, who pays twelve sovereigns for the work and extorts a solemn oath from the painter that never in any circumstances will he say anything about the matter. I imagine that our *Iky-Mo* was more confiding than most of his craft, as he carefully explains how "Jane Ann" is to be pickled on a London roof in the foggy season.

Mr. Monckton Hoffe, who is fond of introductions, has already shown us a public meeting in Hammerpool, in which an august person, helped by peers and bishops and unbelieving Labour Members, presents a quite wonderful Filippo Lippi, "St. Etheldreda," to the Catholic padre as a gesture towards reunion. The picture has been discovered by the great art dealer, *Sir Julius Samoon*, and sold by him to a new peer, *Lord Llanelly*, for fifteen thousand—a modest price, I should imagine, for an authentic Filippo Lippi for which there was the keenest competition. This is an engaging enough scene, in which the sufferings of royalty and loyalty, the egotisms, ineptitudes and general humbug of our public meetings are adequately guyed. The only difficulty about it—a testimony to its general truthfulness, no doubt—was that we were apt to be as bored by it as we have so often been by the originals. Moreover I am sure the author is on a wrong dramatic tack with his introductions, and as an audience we intelligently sensed this mistake and began to be distinctly restless.

We now resume our story at a point of time shortly after the meeting in the Hammerpool Magnifidrome. *Christopherson's* circus has dropped the "Royal," and in fact the show has declined to a very shoddy travelling cinema. The old *General* is at his wits' ends for money. *Cristie* hobbles on a crutch.



Cristilinda (*Miss Isobel Elsom*) *to* "*General*" *Christopherson* (*Mr. Allan Aynesworth*). "Father, I cannot tell a lie. I hit him over the head with my little crutch."

Iky-Mo, who has given up Art for Racing, but still holds *Martini's* receipt for the twelve pounds for "Jane Ann," scents some easy money from *Lord Llanelly* and *Sir Julius*—I should imagine that the dealers might resent the implied libel on their intelligence as much as that on their honour. Here's two hundred of the best for the *General* and more to come if *Cristie* will just show her face to the interested parties. *Cristie* with great presence of mind hits him over the head with her crutch and extracts the fatal receipt—a shrewd blow, as he is wearing a capacious bowler.

And now the committee in St. Etheldreda's vestry is debating what to do about the threatened exposure, and is listening to an expert learnedly hedging, but finally voting for the genuineness on the ground that *Mr. Thackeray Martyn*, the eminent painter, could not possibly have painted so beautiful, so magic, so spiritual a work. What did the fogey expert know of the well-known power of first love to produce paintings equal to the best of the great Masters? What, indeed! The painter stands by, obstinately refusing to make any statement, thereby of course giving the show away, as the casuists realised long ago when they invented the entirely logical device of mental reservation. Most of us less obstinately honourable and less stupid would perhaps have assumed that a promise given to a blackmailer who was extorting money through our fidelity to it would have been voided. But that by the way. *Cristie* appears. The Committee gasps. She pleads that her saint shall be left undisturbed to comfort the faithful. What harm will the deception do? She is sure St. Etheldreda won't mind; *Lord Llanelly* can save both money and face; old *Father Reaney's* heart will not be broken; *Cristie*, as St. Etheldreda, *née* Jane Ann, can go on helping people. After all, this is only another version of the "show business," devotion to which is in her blood. An eloquent if ingenuous appeal. The Committee acquiesce (the Anglican bishop emitting a faint groan). The organ plays . . . (No, *Martini* is already happily married to a darling.)

Miss Isobel Elsom was very charming and intelligent in the right vein for the part. Mr. Allan Aynesworth made a jolly old buffer of the *General*, and both characters were attractively sketched in by the author, who knows this part of his business. Mr. Lawrence Hanray's expansive caricature of the picture expert was legitimate, I think, and entirely well done. Mr. Ashley Marvin gave a very touching little study of the old priest. Miss Pollie Emery (*Froggy*) played against a circus-band with resolution and her customary easy skill. Mr. Allan Jeayes, always a conscientious actor, made a careful and, I thought, convincing portrait of the ennobled industrialist, *Lord Llanelly*. Indeed, a cast too long for individual mention did their jobs well.

The play itself seemed to me on the whole a good enough thing of its kind, rather muddled in the making. T.

"Young Lady, experienced con., tob., sta., seeks situation."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*
But is she any good at cross-words?

THE THREE VARIETIES.

THE people from whom one asks the way are to be divided into three varieties. Let us take them in order, beginning with those who, while telling you, repeat their instructions many times.

"Excuse me," you say in your sweetest tones, "but could you tell me the way to Lower Upperdown?"

"Lower Upperdown?" they say. "Oh, yes. You follow this road for about a mile, when you come to 'The Golfers' Arms.' Opposite that is a turning on the left, but you don't take that; you take the next, opposite 'The Footballers' Legs.' Then after another mile you see a turning on the right, and that brings you straight into Lower Upperdown."

"Thank you," you say, and prepare to move on; but you are an optimist.

"Yes," he says, detaining you, "you don't turn by 'The Golfers' Arms,' but wait till you come to 'The Footballers' Legs.' You can't go wrong. There's a sign-post. And then keep on for about a mile. Don't turn to the left there, but to the right."

"Thank you, thank you," you say.

"Don't forget to pass 'The Golfers' Arms,'" he reminds you. "There's a turning there, but don't take it."

"All right, thanks. Yes, yes," you say, looking back.

"You can't go wrong," he calls out. "Turn down opposite 'The Footballers' Legs,' not 'The Golfers' Arms.'"

"Right!" you shout back; "right. Thank you very much."

"You're welcome," he bellows in reply. "You can't go wrong."

* * * * *

Well, that is tiresome enough, but wait till you chance on the man who, as it happens, is going that way himself and will show you. This is the type that most wants a little sociability at the same time that what you most want is to be let alone. Like *Madame Bad Luck* in Colonel JOHN HAY's poem:

> "They sit by your bed
> And they bring their knitting."

Now, disentangling is always one of life's sternest problems, but never more so than to a stranger who has been so unfortunate as to ask the way of one of these.

"It's about two miles," he says, "or perhaps nearer three. I'm not sure. Nearer three, I should say, although it may be only just over two. Distances are hard to judge. It's straight along the road; but I'll show you. It's all on my way: no, you're not taking me out of my way at all. It's a pleasure to show you. I know what it is to be lost myself, and so often there's no one to tell you. Lucky I happened to be going this way too; and it's a bit of pure chance, for I was going the other way if it hadn't been for a message. You can't miss it; it's straight along the road, but I'll show you. We've been having a lot of wet lately, haven't we?"

You are in despair. "But, really, hadn't you better do the other job first?" you say. "It's a shame to drag you along with me like this."

"Oh, no," he replies; "that's all right. I like to help. Besides I'm going your way, and if I show you you can't go wrong. It's right on the road; about a mile-and-a-half now, I should say. Or a mile-and-three-quarters. No, a mile-and-a-half."

You set your cunning to work. "Oh, hang!" you exclaim suddenly, "there's a stone in my boot. I must stop here and take it out. You go on."

"Oh, no," he says, "I'll wait. I'm in no hurry and I like to show you the way. A wonderful chance that I should be going there myself this morning. I haven't been there this year. Have I? Yes, I'm wrong, I was there in April. Funny how one forgets. Don't hurry; I'll wait. Nothing so uncomfortable, I always say, as a stone in one's boot."

Meanwhile you are removing a boot which, as you know, is as free from stones as the centre court at Wimbledon.

"But I implore you not to wait," you say. "It's too bad I should mess up your morning like this. Do go on."

"Oh, no," he says, "I'll wait. I'm going there myself and it's a pleasure to be able to guide a stranger."

With a cry of satisfaction so realistic that it should get you an engagement at the Lyceum, you extract and throw away an imaginary pebble, sigh with feigned relief, replace your boot and accept your destiny.

* * * * *

All things considered, the third variety is best. Much the best. This is the man who is sorry but he is a stranger in these parts.

E. V. L.

"CHRISTENING.

The infant daughter of Dr. and Mrs. —— was christened quietly at Chislehurst Parish Church yesterday."—*Morning Paper.*

If we remember rightly we yelled.

An amateur-built organ:—

"Its sweetest notes come through pipes fashioned from old treacle-tins."

Provincial Paper.

We can quite believe that.

There was an old mate of a sloop who
Endeavoured to teach a young hoopoe
To swear; but the bird,
So at least he averred,
Would never go further than "pooh-pooh."

A NEW ELDORADO.

[It is reported that the Spanish main is becoming increasingly popular as a holiday resort.]

FULL often when I've read in history's pages
Of how our sea-dogs swept the Spanish main,
Braving the tempest's roar, the ocean's rages
To singe the whiskers of the King of SPAIN,
Recalling how our bravest and our best lads
Embraced adventure with a right good will,
I've hummed a bar of "Drake is going West, lads,"
And felt an envious thrill.

Theirs was the life that never failed to lure me;
I felt at one with those intrepid souls;
DRAKE and myself were kin (my friends assure me
I really have a genuine gift for bowls).
Perhaps I lacked his patriotic fervour,
But when it came to loot I had no fear
But that an even prejudiced observer
Would hail me as his peer.

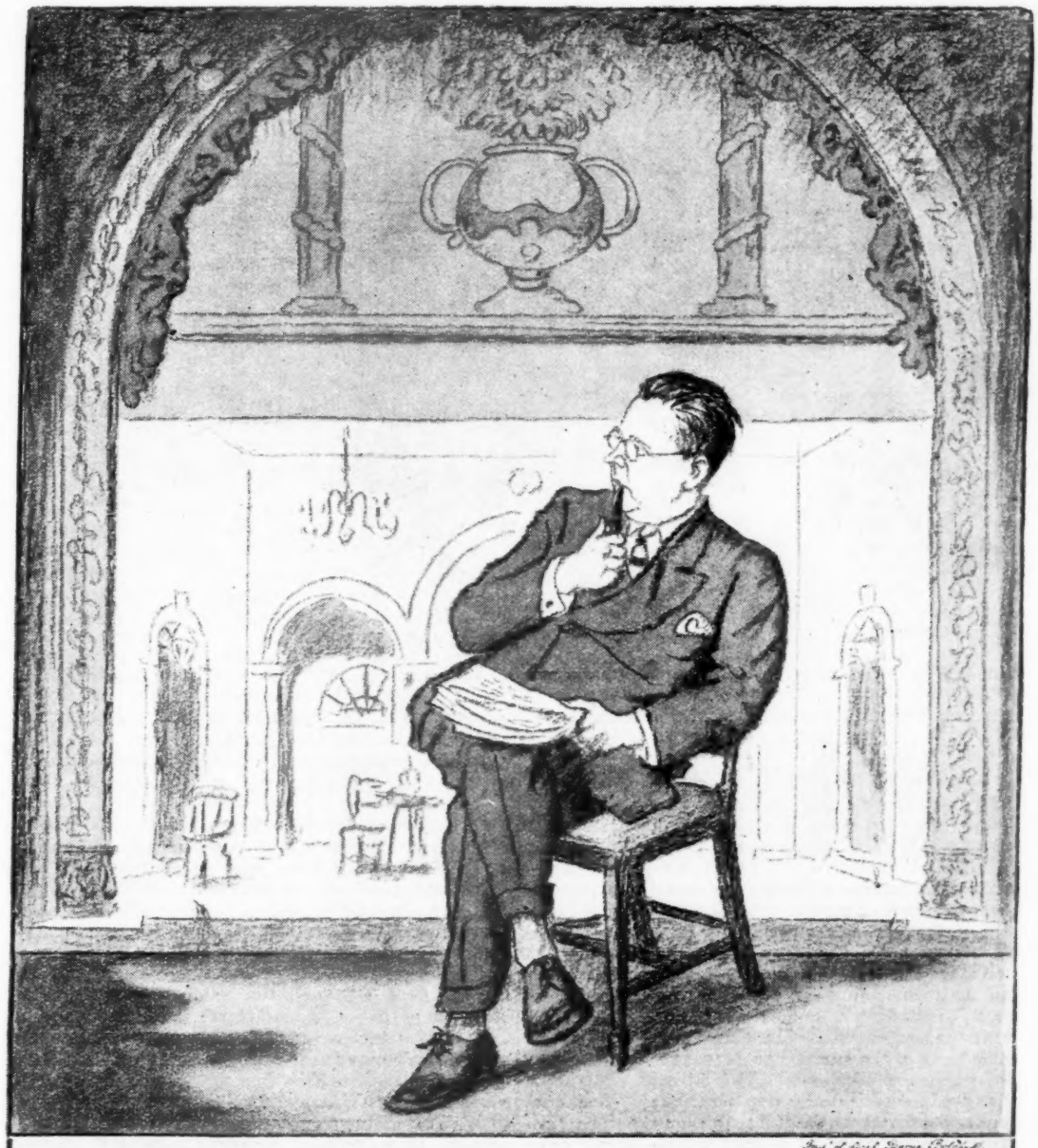
And so I mourned, "Alas! I never shall go
And in my bluff Elizabethan way
Annex the treasure of some proud hidalgo,
Unmoved by fears of what the law may say;
Gone are the days when he who pined for plunder
Knew of a booty he could always win,
And where the Caribbean surges thunder
Would go and rake it in."

And now this grief of mine begins to vanish;
These latest tidings waken hope once more;
Although the victims be not wholly Spanish
There still is plunder on that fabled shore;
The loot that I have long regarded as banned
Awaits me if I open and maintain
A caravanserai (complete with jazz-band)
Upon the Spanish main.

"Speaking on the responsibility of Free Churchmen, Mr. Lloyd George scored a palpable hit. 'To speak on such a topic,' he declared, 'would tax the powers of any man, unless he possessed the tongue of ang es or the religious experience of a popular novelist.'"

Daily Paper.

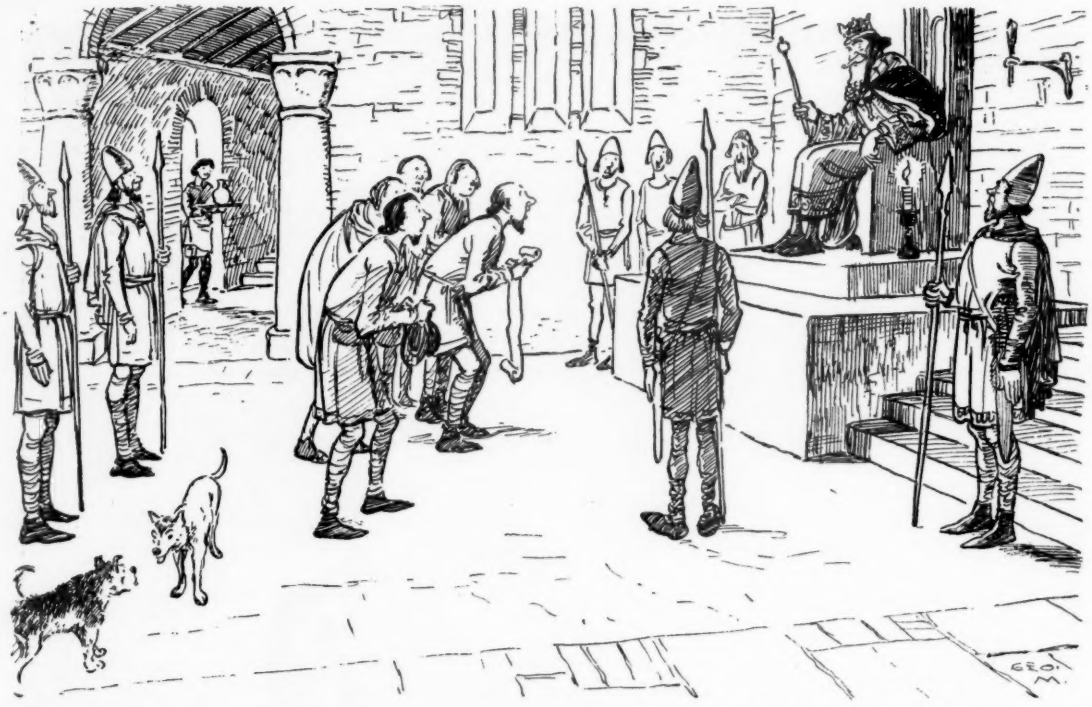
Still even the tongue of Celts can have a wag at it.



Nigel Playfair

No greater name than Nigel Playfair
Occurs in Thespian lore or myth;
'Twas he who first revealed to Mayfair
The whereabouts of Hammersmith.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—II.



Spokesman of Deputation of Master Bakers presenting grievances to KING ALFRED). "WE ARE SURE YOUR MAJESTY WILL GIVE US A SYMPATHETIC HEARING, SEEING THAT YOUR MAJESTY HAS A PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE OF OUR CRAFT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM far from thinking Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON unhappy in the message of his latest book, but I do consider that he is not so happy as he might have been in its form and manner. Almost everything of real value in *The Everlasting Man* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON)—and that is not a little—would have had more chance of acceptance if urged in a work of imagination than argued, as it is, in a treatise. Mr. CHESTERTON has a way of diving into dialectic much as a sea-lion takes a header into its tank—rather to please himself with the exhilarating contact than to enliven (except incidentally) his circle of onlookers. However, now Mr. WELLS has asserted what Mr. CHESTERTON calls "the reasonable right of the amateur to do what he can with the facts which the specialists provide," the latter is undoubtedly entitled to produce a counterblast to the *History of the World*, its origins and derivatives, according to Wellsian rules. His thesis is the unique character of man and the unique character of Catholic Christianity. On these vast and encumbered fields he shows considerable faculty for sustained argument, not necessarily of a purely antidotal character. His plea for a readmission of the antiquity of civilisation against the professor with "a stone axe to grind" is particularly well handled. So too is his exposition of the long parallel courses of philosophy and mythology which "do not mingle till they meet in the sea of Christendom." So too is his vindication of the mellowing touch of ecclesiastical tradition on the austerity of MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE and JOHN. But for most readers the book will remain memorable for the least "encouraged" of its qualities: the paradoxical fun and lyric tenderness which would have given life and distinction to a poem, a play, a novel or a short story, but which (acceptable as they are in themselves) are too arrestive for the studied flow of ideal apologetic.

Essentially and traditionally there is no reason whatever why a story-teller should always "let his characters speak for themselves." It is not only his right but very often his duty to comment and appraise, for the revelation of character by dialogue and action alone is the dramatic, not necessarily the narrative, method. But if you elect to wear an historical dress you must be careful about contemporary turns of speech and still more about contemporary turns of sentiment; and *George, Lord Chertsey*, the nominal memoirist of *The Madonna of the Barricades* (CAPE), is a little inclined, I feel, to lend his attractive early-Victorian voice and presence as a medium for communications from Mr. J. ST. LOE STRACHEY, his nominal editor. This does not worry me personally, because I find both *George* and his "control" equally interesting to listen to; and as regards novels I am much of Sir WALTER'S opinion, that the great matter is to bring in all the good things you have got to say. From this point of view the Editor of *The Spectator* has scored an unqualified success with his first novel. His book deals with a comparatively untrodden by-path, the French Communist Revolution of 1848; and he shows with convincing lucidity the intimate link between this "anonymous" *coup* and the intrigues of the Italian *Carbonari*. To the latter cause his high-souled Venetian heroine, the *Countess Carlotta*, is effectively attached; also, for her sake, the young Radical-Whig lordling, who never makes up his mind which side is right and which is wrong, even during an examination of conscience on the eve of the Paris street-fighting. *Carlotta's* feminine blend of practicality and idealism is admirably rendered; so

too is the accommodating yet dignified character of her platonic lover's alternative mate, *Augusta*. Portraits of such striking contemporaries as LOUIS NAPOLEON, LAMARTINE, THACKERAY and KARL MARX abound; and the England of "port and pleasant after-dinner dialectic" is comfortably contrasted with a tyrant-and-liberator-ridden Continent. The vein of happy aphorism into which the elderly and retrospective *George* not infrequently falls is among the best of the book's many attractions.

It was a happy thought to reprint the *Hunting Songs* of EGERTON WARBURTON (CONSTABLE), for though nearly eighty years have passed since the first edition appeared they remain quite in the first class of their *genre*. The Squire of Arley was much more than a fox-hunter with a gift for stringing rhymes. He was something of a scholar—witness his very neat English sapphics on "The Earthstopper"—and he was deeply versed in the topography and history of Cheshire. The Tarporley Hunt were happy indeed in their laureate because he added to expert knowledge an unfailing gusto and enthusiasm for the sport of which he wrote that "one fox on foot more diversion will bring than twice twenty thousand cock pheasants on wing." His songs live and deserve to live because of the lilt which makes them so peculiarly singable. My favourite is the delightful song, "Stags in the forest lie, hares in the valley-ho," with the exhilarating refrain:—

"Fishing, though pleasant,
I sing not at present,
Nor shooting the pheasant,
Nor fighting of cocks;
Song shall declare a way
How to drive care away,
Pain and despair away,
Hunting the fox."



The Waitress. "IF I *do* ANSWER HIS RING HE 'LL ONLY GO AND ORDER SOMETHING THAT 'LL DISAGREE WITH HIM."

It only remains to add that Mr. LIONEL EDWARDS's admirable illustrations in colour enhance the charm of the text. He is equally happy with hunters, horses, hounds and landscape. My only criticism is that the fox on page 62 hardly suggests the "draggled brush" of the verses. But the epithet could never be applied to Mr. EDWARDS's own brush, which is invariably clean and strong.

Stephen Sorrell, M.C., is in search of a job;
He 's a captain, but penniless since his demob;
His wife is divorced and he 's one little son,
Called *Kit*, about ten (that 's why *Sorrell and Son*
Is the name of this book WARWICK DEEPING has writ
And CASSELLS have published). To educate *Kit*
And feed him and clothe him, poor infant, as well
Stephen signs on as boots in a rural hotel.

That he hates it you won't in the least wonder at,
For his boss *Florence Palfry* 's the worst kind of cat;
So he leaves—for a similar job, it is true,
But under *Tom Roland*, an ex-captain too;
Here *Stephen* cleans boots, carries bags, answers bells,
But he ends as *Tom's* partner in many hotels;
While, coached by a clergyman in the vicinity,
Kit goes up to Cambridge, a scholar of Trinity.

Kit's mother appears, say, a once or a twice,
But as part of the story she cuts little ice;
The feminine element in it is small
And there 's scarcely a maiden who matters at all;
Still had the tale stopped here (it well might have done),
I 'd nothing but praises for *Sorrell and Son*,
Which has style, which has charm, which has sweetness and strength,
But, oh, goodness gracious, just look at its length!

For without rhyme or reason it goes on its way
And it doesn't leave off till ten years from to-day,
When *Kit* 's a young surgeon, a soon-to-be swell,
And close upon thirty and married as well;
And *Stephen*, poor *Stephen*, most terribly dies
In gratuitous detail which seems, to my eyes,
The wrong note to finish this nice book upon;
Oh, dear, Mr. DEEPING, why *did* you go on?

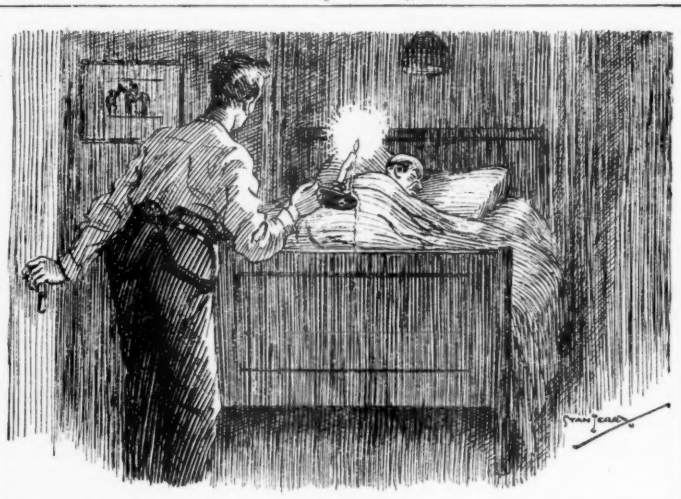
The title Mr. WARD MUIR has chosen for his new book, *Jones in Paris* (LANE), does him, I think, very much less than

justice. It suggests a rather vulgar raffishness, of a kind with which one is unpleasantly familiar. For, although in real life there are *Joneses* of every hue (I knew one myself who was content to grow tomatoes somewhere near Worthing), in fiction there is, or was until the publication of this book, only one kind of Jones who ever went to Paris. Mr. MUIR'S *Jones*—"George John" to his friends—is an essentially decent, clean-minded, intelligent but unsophisticated young man who, having won three hundred and fifty pounds in a sweepstake, manages to spend the whole of it during a stay in Paris of less than a week. He does this, moreover, without suffering any moral damage beyond a partial fit of intoxication. His adventures are recorded with such particularity as almost to constitute a Guide to the Night-life of Paris. Profiting by our modern enfranchisement, Mr. MUIR is frankly outspoken on matters about which our ancestors had to be allusively discreet, but he writes always sincerely and without a touch of vulgarity. He has also humour and a keen sense of character. It is not only "George John" who lives in these pages, but all those with whom he comes into contact. Altogether a very delightful book, which I thoroughly enjoyed and cordially recommend.

I do not remember having met with the name of Mr. KENNETH MACNICHOL before on the outside of a book, but the collection of short stories which he has called *The Nose of Papa Hilaire* (BLACKWOOD) displays no sign of inexperience. In fact, these rather protracted anecdotes, which are supposed to be related at the Café Provençal by one *René Guizet*, journalist, are exceptionally competent pieces of work. It is true they are told all through in that sort of Frenchified English, sprinkled liberally with Parisian *argot* in italics, which is, I suppose, inseparable from stories supposed to be transmitted through the mouth of a pillar of *Le Grand Bavard*. This makes them a trifle difficult to read in bulk; we have to take one or two at a time and then wait for the appetite to return. But they are ingenious; about even the worst of them there is something original and unexpected that redeems them from insipidity. I like best those in which *Papa Hilaire* himself appears. That amiable gentleman, whose genius lay in the combination of delicate perfumes, takes the reader into a walk of life not often handled in fiction. He is certainly a character, and worthy to give his name to the collection. Of the other stories "Nenette and Rintintin" is decidedly the best.

Princess BIBESCO'S *The Whole Story* (HUTCHINSON)—a series of sixteen short studies that are something less or perhaps something more than short stories—seems to me to rise higher and go farther than her *Balloons*. The gentle situations in which she involves her rather remote people are developed with insight, subtlety, not a little wit and sense of character and with a fastidious craftsmanship which will give real pleasure to the perceptive. Her remoteness is however perhaps a little overdone. It is *never* safe to assume that a "he" or "she" refers to anyone mentioned in the preceding sentence or sentences. In one sketch of some thirty pages fourteen characters are introduced with such overwhelming tact that one is never in any certainty as to which is which. If a short *Who's Who* could be attached to each story, or if our author could make a resolution for a little time to introduce her characters bluntly by name, she might prevent this well-known trick for sustaining attention from developing into the rather exasperating fog-producing device which it has become. No man who has ever been a little casual and pompous in love (of course he'd hardly realise it) should miss a charming series of letters, "A Lesson to a Gentleman." The book has fine qualities of its own and the specially charming qualities of its defects.

If I could have allowed myself to read the eight stories in *Y' Understand* at my abundant leisure I might have been willing to subscribe to Messrs. HEINEMANN'S statement that "one is never tired of these tales, twisted and contrived out of the humour of the Ghetto." To Mr. MONTAGUE GLASS as author of *Potash and Perlmutter* I am eternally grateful, but his stories are so similar in humour and in theme that eight of them in quick succession were more than I could manage without fatigue. Mr. GLASS is as good as ever in his dialogue and characterisation, having had these men and women of the Ghetto under microscopic observation, but I found it more than possible to grow weary of their constant efforts to outwit one another. My advice to readers of this collection is not to take them in their order, lest they should be put off by the first story, "Blood is Redder than Water," in which Mr. GLASS seems to me a little under the weather, but to make a good start with the last of all, "Keeping Expenses Down," which is delightful.



Boots of "The Swan." "W-WAKE UP, WAKE UP, SIR! T-THERE'S BURGLARS IN THE B-BILLIARD-ROOM!"
Proprietor (sleepily). "CHARGE 'EM EIGHTEENPENCE AN HOUR."

Mr. Punch offers a warm and fatherly welcome to *Child Verses from "Punch"* (SAVILLE), a selection of poems suitable for the use of schools, and very daintily illustrated by Miss PHYLLIS CHASE. He also gives a hearty greeting to *Angela and I* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), by Mr. L. DU GARDE PEACH, a collection of conjugal and other sketches, most of which are already known to readers of these pages.

Another Impending Apology.

"It has often been said that teaching is a vacation and not an occupation, but I have never met a teacher in whom the sense of vacation was so strongly developed."—*Provincial Paper.*

"Wedding celebrations in a house in Glasgow were interrupted by the intrusion of an unwelcome guest, Patrick ——, who arrived dressed in his working clothes and showing signs that he had looked upon the wind when it was red."—*Scots Paper.*

We infer that he had been attending a breezy Communist meeting.

Punch's Almanack for 1926.



January							February						
S	....	3.	10.	17.	24.	31	S	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	....
M	....	4.	11.	18.	25.	....	M	1.	8.	15.	22.	....	....
Tu	....	5.	12.	19.	26.	....	Tu	2.	9.	16.	23.	....	....
W	....	6.	13.	20.	27.	....	W	3.	10.	17.	24.	....	....
Th	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	....	Th	4.	11.	18.	25.	....	....
F	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	....	F	5.	12.	19.	26.	....	....
S	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	....	S	6.	13.	20.	27.	....	....

March							April						
S	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	....	S	....	4.	11.	18.	25.	....
M	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	....	M	....	5.	12.	19.	26.	....
Tu	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	....	Tu	....	6.	13.	20.	27.	....
W	3.	10.	17.	24.	31.	....	W	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	....
Th	4.	11.	18.	25.	....	....	Th	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	....
F	5.	12.	19.	26.	....	....	F	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	....
S	6.	13.	20.	27.	....	....	S	3.	10.	17.	24.	....	....

May							June						
S	....	2.	9.	16.	23.	30	S	....	6.	13.	20.	27	
M	....	3.	10.	17.	24.	31	M	....	7.	14.	21.	28	
Tu	....	4.	11.	18.	25.	....	Tu	1.	8.	15.	22.	29	
W	....	5.	12.	19.	26.	....	W	2.	9.	16.	23.	30	
Th	....	6.	13.	20.	27.	....	Th	3.	10.	17.	24.	....	
F	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	....	F	4.	11.	18.	25.	....	
S	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	....	S	5.	12.	19.	26.	....	

July							August						
S	....	4.	11.	18.	25.	....	S	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	....
M	....	5.	12.	19.	26.	....	M	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	....
Tu	....	6.	13.	20.	27.	....	Tu	3.	10.	17.	24.	31.	....
W	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	....	W	4.	11.	18.	25.	....	....
Th	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	....	Th	5.	12.	19.	26.	....	....
F	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	....	F	6.	13.	20.	27.	....	....
S	3.	10.	17.	24.	31.	....	S	7.	14.	21.	28.	....	....

September							October						
S	....	5.	12.	19.	26.	....	S	....	3.	10.	17.	24.	31
M	....	6.	13.	20.	27.	....	M	....	4.	11.	18.	25.	....
Tu	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	....	Tu	....	5.	12.	19.	26.	....
W	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	....	W	....	6.	13.	20.	27.	....
Th	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	....	Th	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	....
F	3.	10.	17.	24.	....	....	F	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	....
S	4.	11.	18.	25.	....	....	S	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	....

November							December						
S	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	....	S	....	5.	12.	19.	26	
M	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	....	M	....	6.	13.	20.	27	
Tu	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	....	Tu	....	7.	14.	21.	28	
W	3.	10.	17.	24.	....	....	W	1.	8.	15.	22.	29	
Th	4.	11.	18.	25.	....	....	Th	2.	9.	16.	23.	30	
F	5.	12.	19.	26.	....	....	F	3.	10.	17.	24.	31	
S	6.	13.	20.	27.	....	....	S	4.	11.	18.	25.	....	

Punch's Almanack for 1926.

LIFE'S GROWING DEMANDS.



TIME WAS WHEN ONE COULD TAKE THE YOUNG LADY OF ONE'S CHOICE TO A QUIET LITTLE DINNER—



FOLLOWED BY A LITTLE DANCING—



ROUND OFF THE EVENING WITH A LEMON SQUASH—



AND GET VERY PRETTILY THANKED FOR THE TREAT.



BUT NOWADAYS ONE HAS TO START WITH COCKTAILS AT ONE HOTEL—



DINNER AT ANOTHER—



COFFEE AND LIQUEURS AT A THIRD—



AND HAVING SPENT HALF-AN-HOUR AT A REVUE—



ONE IS HURRIED AWAY—

Punch's Almanack for 1926.

LIFE'S GROWING DEMANDS.



TO DANCE AT THE "CONSULATE"—



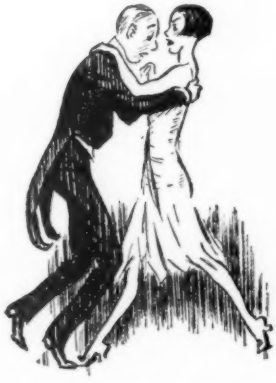
AND A VISIT HAVING BEEN PAID TO THE "1 A.M. IDIOTS"—



DANCING IS CONTINUED AT THE "CÔTE D'AZUR"—



UNTIL IT IS TIME TO ADJOURN—



TO THE "CAT AND KITTENS"—



FROM WHICH, EMERGING IN BROAD DAYLIGHT—

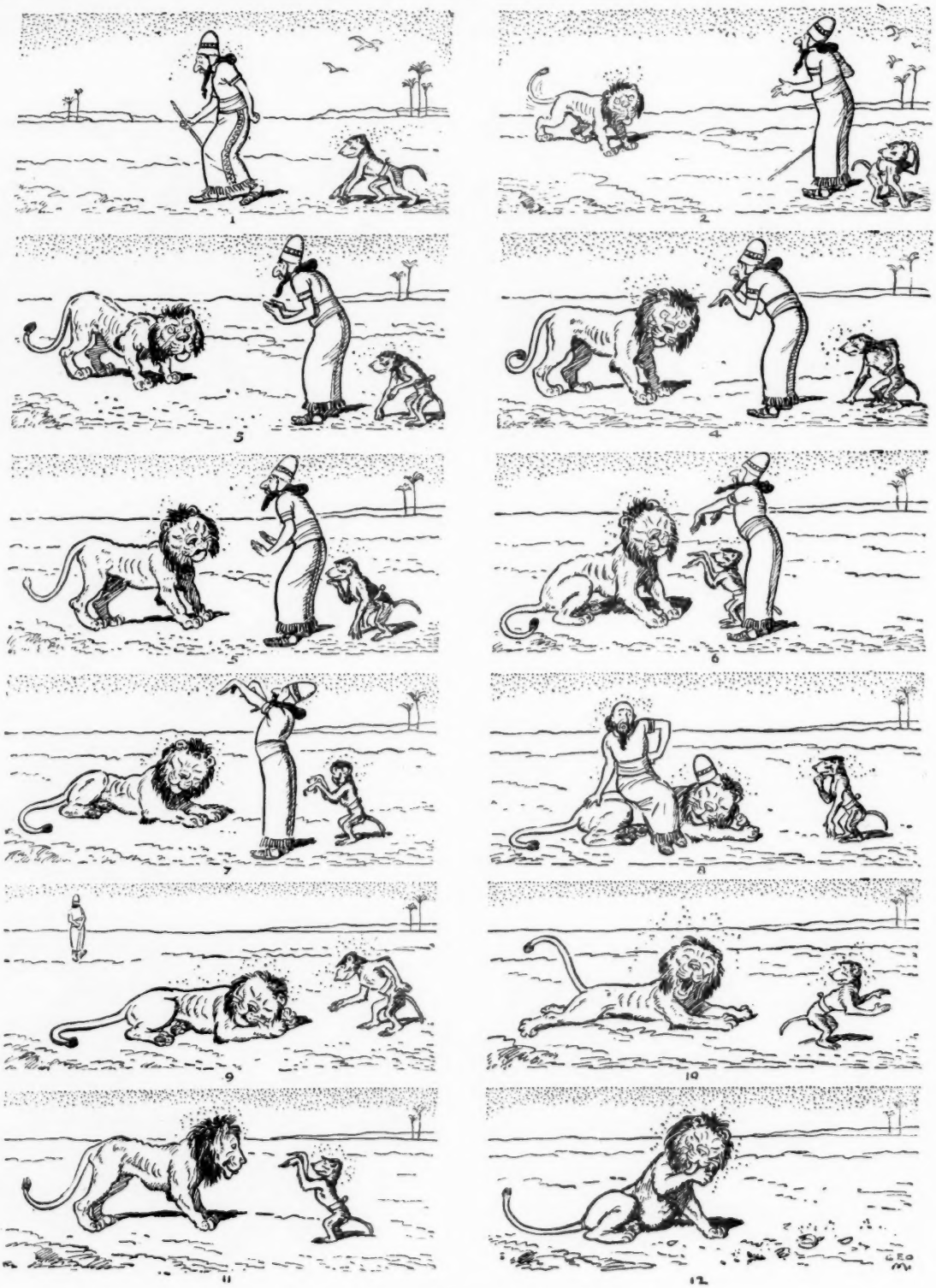


ONE REPAIRS TO THE "KNUCKLE-END" FOR HAM AND EGGS—



AND ALL THE THANKS ONE GETS IS "CHEERIO!"

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THE FATE OF THE IMITATOR.

Punch's Almanack for 1926.



Carol-Singer (doing a house-to-house performance). "YOU GOT THE BEST VOICE, CHARLIE; MIKE A SOLO O' THIS 'N."



Dyspeptic Guest (in haunted room, who suspects practical joking in house full of youngsters). "NO DOUBT YOU FANCY YOURSELF EXCEEDINGLY HUMOROUS, BUT I SHALL CERTAINLY INFORM YOUR FATHER OF THIS IMPERTINENCE IN THE MORNING."

Punch's Almanack for 1926.



WANTED—A "LEGITIMATE" CIRCUS.

MR. OSCAR ASCHE. MISS FAY COMPTON. MR. HENRY AINLEY. SIR GERALD DU MAURIER.
MR. TOBY. MR. OWEN NARES. MR. LESLIE HENSON. MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH. MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN.

MINCE MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artistes.)

TRAVEL in the rush hours to avoid the "Shop early" crowds.

***

Trunk calls wishing friends the compliments of the season should be put in hand at once without further delay.

***

Some remarkable changes in women's fashions are foreshadowed, but we receive with extreme caution the rumour that clothes are to be worn again.

***

Nicotine is very useful in gardening. You should explain this to your wife when she finds you burying those cigars she gave you for Christmas.

***

All is fair in love and the variety of Bridge you let your wealthy aunt play on Christmas-Day.

***

A critic says that a poet must write what is in him. Some of the poets who write the couplets for our crackers must feel glad that they have worked them out.

A lip-stick that won't come off is on the market. It should come in well for the season of goodwill, when there is always a great demand for non-transferable complexions.

***

A well-known doctor says that kissing has an intoxicating effect, so, if you take your Christmas dinner at a restaurant, you must expect the waiter to remove your mistletoe at eleven o'clock unless you order another sandwich.

***

A certain large store is advertising that it can supply everything necessary for a good old-fashioned Christmas. We should like to see the staff busy with an order for a heavy fall of snow.

***

Tokens representing the value of a threepenny-piece were once made from leather. There was absolutely no way of distinguishing them from the rest of the Christmas pudding.

***

"Whisky is the best medicine for influenza," declares a daily paper. This accounts for the large number of Americans who have arranged to come over here to have their colds this winter.

***

A Parisian laments the fact that Englishmen never greet one another except by the formal method of shaking hands. It must be years since we kissed the Income Tax collector when he called on Boxing-Day.

***

One house in Camberwell has been broken into and robbed five times this year. It is expected that the burglar will call upon the householder for his Christmas-box.

***

It is said that we do not taste many articles of food at all, but merely smell them. Particularly gifts of game that come by post during the Christmas season.

***

We hear of at least one father who doesn't play with his child's toy railway train on Christmas morning. He is a Director of the Southern Railway.

***

Motto for Christmas Waits: It is an ill wind that blows a cornet.

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MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE BALLROOM.



THE "JUST-LOOK-WHAT-THE-CAT 'S-BROUGHT-IN" HOLD.



THE "I 'LL-SHOW-YOU-WHO 'S-MASTER" GRIP.



THE "TILL-DEATH-US-DO-PART" HUG.



THE "DROWNING-MAN" CLUTCH.

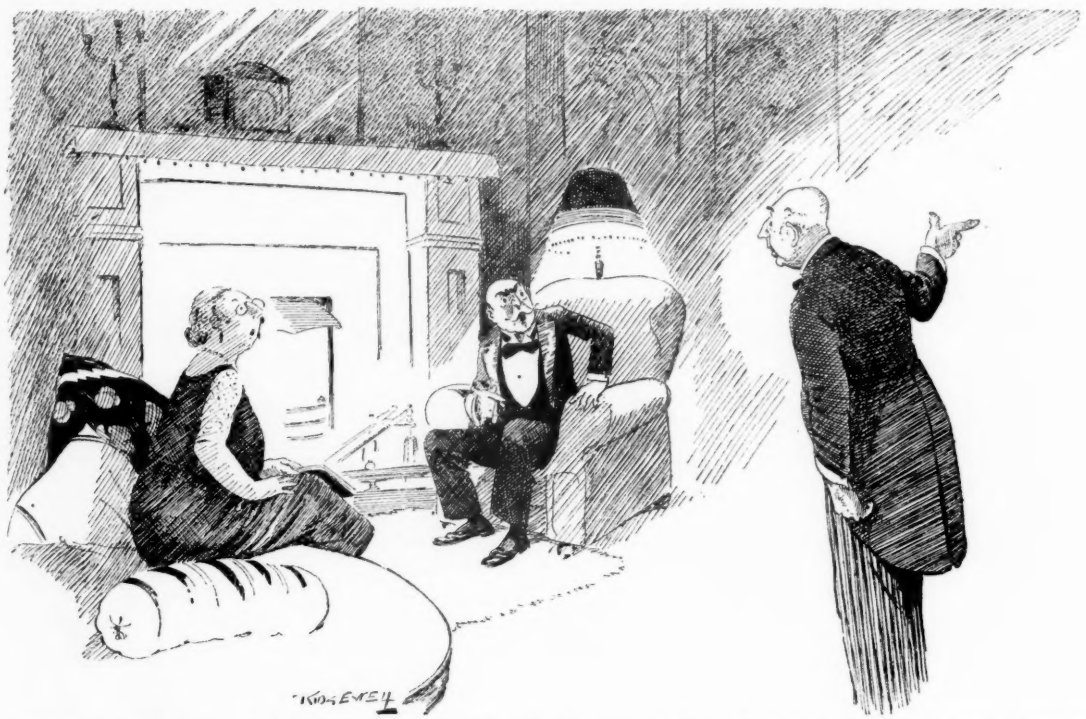


THE "KINDLY-STEP-THIS-WAY-MODOM" WHEEDLE.



THE "DOCTOR'S-ORDERS" MANNER.

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Old Retainer (taken on with the Cast'e, to new mistress). "BEG PARDON, ME LADY, I THINK YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT THAT GHOST OF OURS—THE WHITE LADY. WELL, SHE 'S GONE AND SHINGLED HERSELF."



Householder. "CAROLS IN NOVEMBER! YOU 'RE STARTING EARLY, AREN'T YOU?"
Leader. "YESSIR. YOU SEE WE 'RE GIVIN' 'EM A TRY-OUT IN THE SUBBUBS BEFORE STARTIN' IN THE WEST-END."

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SCENARIOS FOR LOW-BROWS.

THE MONSTER DIAMOND; OR, MAKING GOOD.

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THE JOLLY GOOD OLD TIMES.



What a worthless waster we feel when confronted with the portraits of our exemplary ancestors.



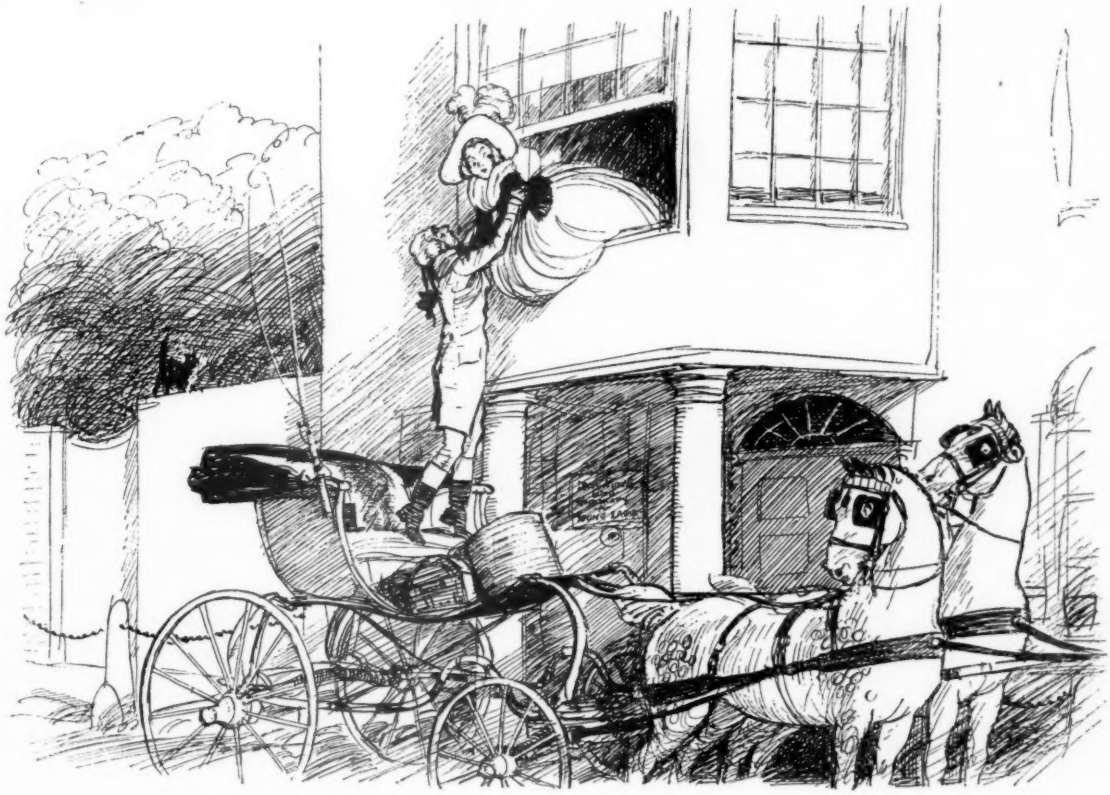
But after all there was that dreadful scandal of Great-great-great-aunt and the handsome footman.



And then to Grandfather's Uncle, the Admiral, is always attributed the origin of that legend, "A wife in every port."

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THE JOLLY GOOD OLD TIMES.



AND GREAT-AUNT MATILDA, *SHE* ELOPED FROM SCHOOL AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.

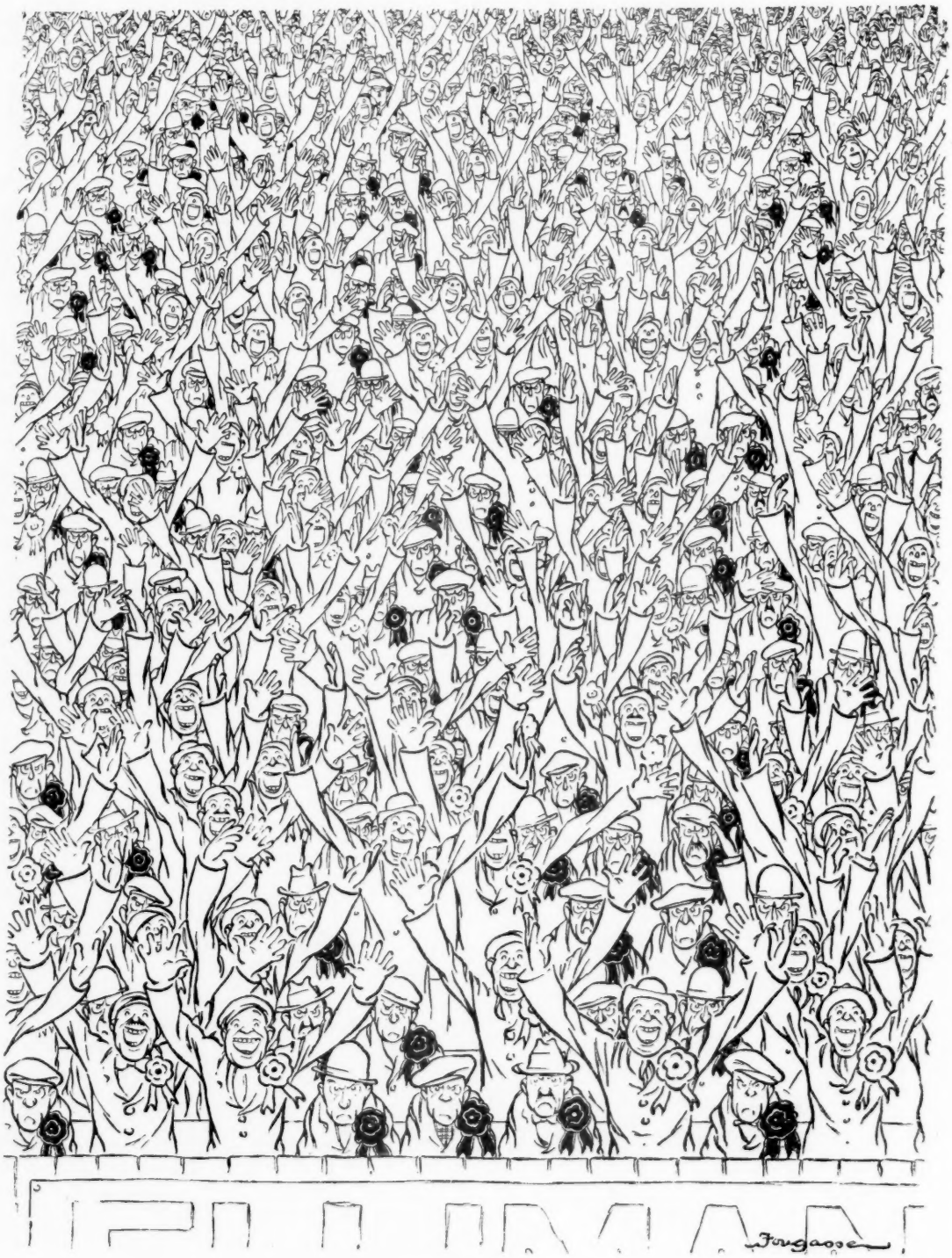


AND THERE WAS THE NIGHT WHEN GREAT-AUNT SUSAN AND THE MAJOR GOT LOST IN VAUXHALL GARDENS.



AND THEN THERE WAS GREAT-UNCLE PERCIVAL—WELL, THE LESS SAID ABOUT *HIM* THE BETTER.

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"GOAL!"

OR, 51,264 MEN'S MEAT IS 48,736 MEN'S POISON.

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THE ENCHANTING PRINCESS.

ONCE upon a time there were a King and Queen who lived in a magnificent palace in the capital of the Mountains of the Moon full of every modern inconvenience that could be devised. But the south-west wing, which overlooked a pond of water-lilies, had been let from motives of economy to an elderly Wizard of benevolent disposition, who wanted a *pied-à-terre* when he came to town.

The royal couple had only one child, a handsome boy named Rotario, who, as may be well imagined, was a Prince; but the King was so much preoccupied with backgammon, which he loved, and the Queen with the enormous tea-parties which were a feature of the gay life of the capital, that they had small leisure to attend to the education of their son, and were glad to entrust it to the Wizard, who, although he knew little but magic, at any rate demanded no fee.



"LYNETTE GOT FULL MARKS FOR HER MAGIC."

The little Prince was not a good pupil, and it is doubtful whether he would ever have listened to a word that the Wizard told him if it had not been for the palace goose-girl, to whom the old man in the kindness of his heart gave lessons as well. She was a very beautiful child. She had eyes which changed colour like the sea, and tawny-coloured hair which had been bobbed, so that when she tossed it round her face she might easily have been mistaken for a chrysanthemum. She was also very quick at her lessons and got full marks for her magic almost every time.

The old Wizard taught them to turn stones into frogs and tufts of gorse into rabbits and water-lilies into white swans, and explained to them that, in magic as in anything else, as one becomes more experienced one is able to do more difficult things. But the Prince was always impatient. At the end of a lesson in the Royal Park, when the old Wizard had gone away and Lynette, for that was her name, would turn a newspaper until the black pieces floated up into the sky and became a flight of starlings, he would say gruffly—

"Come on, let 's play cricket."

And this she very obligingly did, because she admired him so much, although his innings were enormous and often lasted for days and days, and sometimes when he gave her a hard catch and she missed it he would shout "Butter-fingers!" which made her burst into tears.

After a time, however, the old Wizard died, and the Queen said to the King, "Really, my dear, we must make a few more economies in the Palace staff; let us give up our great flock of geese, which are no ornament and have to be cooked with onions, which I detest. What is more, I don't believe that goose-girl is up to any good. She is always about with Rotario."

So Lynette was obliged to go. But before she went she kissed the Prince and said to him, "Never forget me."

And he said, "Of course not; why should I? Look here—I believe this is the way a googly is bowled." And he showed her.

"If you want me," Lynette said wistfully, "you will find me in the enchanted woods."

But as the Prince grew up he forgot all about Lynette and became exceedingly good at golf, which he played with the old Prime Minister, beating him every time; or shot phœnixes in the royal preserves; or drove rapidly about the country in a motor-car, except through the enchanted forests, which were bad for the tyres.

At last the time approached when the King and Queen thought it right that Rotario should be married; but he himself was very much opposed to this idea.

"Why should I want to marry?" he said. "I have my golf and my gun and my motor-car;" and he refused to take any steps in the matter.

So the King summoned a meeting of Parliament and issued a proclamation in the following form:—

OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ!

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE THAT AN OPEN COMPETITION WILL BE HELD FOR THE HAND OF PRINCE ROTARIO.

A SERIES OF TESTS WILL TAKE PLACE IN ORDER TO SELECT THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED MAIDEN IN THE WORLD.

IN THE EVENT OF TWO OR MORE COMPETITORS PROVING EQUAL IN THE TESTS A FURTHER ELIMINATING CONTEST WILL BE HELD.

NO CORRESPONDENCE CAN BE ENTERTAINED.

THE ROYAL DECISION MUST IN EVERY CASE BE ACCEPTED AS FINAL.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS SEE SMALL BILLS.



THE PRINCE DECLINES TO ENTERTAIN THE IDEA OF MATRIMONY.

And this was printed in all the newspapers and shouted through all the streets in the whole world.

Princesses and maidens of high degree came from every land, some riding on palfreys with halberdiers, and some in motor-cars with shingled hair. All of them were extremely beautiful, and many of them had a college education and understood algebra and the use of the globes. The King decreed a seven-weeks' holiday, which, as everybody happened to be on strike, made very little difference, and the whole population assembled to watch

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the maidens compete. Their skill was tested in riding and driving over the mountain of glass and swimming through the river of fire, and also at tennis, badminton and golf. There were likewise trials of dancing, deportment, the spinning of thread into gold, walking upon peas and cross-word puzzle competitions. And when all these were finished the maidens were summoned before Parliament to answer three riddles. The Prince set the riddles himself, but he was very much bored at having to do so, for he had taken hardly any interest in the proceedings.

The Prince's three riddles were:—

When did the whale wail?
Why did the door bolt?
What does the urn earn?

And so difficult were they that when the papers had been examined the Prime Minister announced to Parliament that only one of the Princesses had got all the answers right. "She is the Princess Poinsettia," he declared very solemnly, "of the Land of the Midnight Sun."

There were great rejoicings when the news became known, and a wyvern which had been captured was roasted whole in the market-place, though many of the Socialists thought that it was far better done upon one side than the other.

The Queen invited the Princess Poinsettia to a garden-party that she and the Prince might become better acquainted. Now the Princess Poinsettia was very beautiful, so that one was almost dazzled when one looked at her, but her eyes were hard and cold.

The heralds announced her with a great flourish of trumpets, and the garden-party began. After many polite remarks had been made and a great many ices eaten, "Come," said Rotario to the Princess Poinsettia, "let's have a game of clock golf."

"After all," he said to himself when they had been playing for some time and Poinsettia had shown extremely good form, "I suppose there is something to be said for this girl. She seems to have a great many talents of a practical kind." And so saying he stooped down to putt at the eleventh hole, the line of which was a little difficult.

At the same moment the Princess Poinsettia, who was standing beside the hole, was changed into a frog.

The ball ran up to the edge of the tin, lipped it, and lay about a yard beyond.

"Bother!" exclaimed the Prince, walking after it and swinging his putter angrily in the air. The incident had put him entirely off his game.



THE HERALDS ANNOUNCE THE PRINCESS POINSETTIA.



THE TRANSFORMATION OF THEIR MAJESTIES.

Naturally no one affected to notice anything unusual about the Princess Poinsettia, for that would not be consistent with the etiquette of a Court. But for the rest of the afternoon, as the Prince brought her sandwiches or walked about the shrubbery with her, he became more distant and formal, and an atmosphere of constraint brooded over the whole ceremony.

When it was all over, Rotario consulted his father and the Prime Minister.

"Look here," he said; "you can't really expect me to marry a frog."

"My boy," said the old man, blinking and shaking his head, "I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid you must."

"There's no getting out of it," said the Prime Minister, taking a pinch of snuff. "The Land of the Midnight Sun is very important territory, with boundaries adjoining our own, and diplomatic considerations alone——"

At this moment the Prime Minister was turned into a crocodile.

"Tut, tut," said the King, looking much more worried than he had done about the Princess Poinsettia. "This will do us no good."

"It will lengthen his golf handicap a good deal, I should think," said Prince Rotario. "Does it matter much otherwise?"

"You don't understand affairs of state, Rotario," answered the King not unkindly. "This is exactly the sort of occurrence which gives a handle to Bolshevism and discontent."

He clapped his hands and summoned a seneschal.

"Escort His Excellency to the water-lily pond," he said.

At dinner that night Prince Rotario renewed his protests.

"And I tell you what it is," he said; "I suspect there has been some trickery at work. I can't believe that Poinsettia would have become a frog and the Prime Minister a crocodile unless there was a jolly good reason for it. There's something behind all this, and I mean to get at it."

Both the King and the Queen turned a little pale.

"I hope you're not accusing me," said the King.

He had scarcely uttered these words when he was transformed into a pelican.

"Or me?" cried the Queen.

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and was instantly changed into a sheep.

"Really this is too bad," muttered the Prince, as he handed his mother the parsnips. "It is becoming almost impossible to carry on a conversation nowadays. Bring back the fish course for His Majesty," he said to the third footman.

The third footman bowed and retired.

The Prince now found that the labour and responsibility of government devolved very largely upon his shoulders. Summoning Parliament he had the list of entries to the competition examined; and it was found that the name of one competitor had been erased in red ink. It ran:—

THE PRINCESS INCOGNITA OF ULLALUME.



THEIR MAJESTIES MOTOR IN THE ENCHANTED FOREST.

And a note was written against it, initialled by the Prime Minister himself:—

"Lineage Unknown. Consult Foreign Office."

After this came the two letters "N.G.," and then, in the King's own hand:—

"Transfer marks to Princess Poinsettia."

"Just as I suspected, gentlemen," said the Prince. "This is without a doubt the cause of the recent sudden changes at the palace. There has been a political intrigue."

Looking round the crowded chamber, he perceived that there were changes in Parliament also. The Minister for Foreign Affairs had become a cassowary; on the cross-benches he could distinguish the faces of more than one wapiti, and several Under-Secretaries were now onagers or gnus. So he issued the following proclamation:—

IF THE PRINCESS INCOGNITA OF ULLALUME WILL APPLY PERSONALLY OR BY LETTER TO THE PALACE SHE WILL HEAR OF SOMETHING TO HER ADVANTAGE.
R. S. V. P.

But many days passed and there was no reply. The Prince had now taken the reins of government entirely into his own hands, but in the afternoons, because he was sorry for them, he often used to take his father and mother, the Prime Minister and Princess Poinsettia for rides in his motor-car. And one day, becoming weary of the ordinary routes, he drove along the fringe of the enchanted forest, which occupied the more desolate part of the land. The Princess Poinsettia sat by his side. The King, the Queen and the Prime Minister were together at the back of the car. Suddenly, as he sped along, he heard a voice calling very sweetly, "Rotario! Rotario!"

"Who said that?" he cried, turning his head.

The Princess Poinsettia was staring lumbly upwards at the sky. The Prince glanced over his shoulder. The Prime Minister was weeping silently. The Queen was coughing in a subdued voice. The King was swallowing one or two fish which he had kept in the pouch under his bill. No one had spoken. There was nobody in sight. The Prince Rotario was puzzled.



THE PRINCESS INCOGNITA OF ULLALUME (FORMERLY GOOSE-GIRL).

On the next day the same thing happened again. On the third day the Prince's motor-car was changed into a hippogriff and the whole party had to come home on foot. On the fourth day the Prince was walking disconsolately about the palace courtyard when a flock of geese was driven through the gateway by a little beggar-girl in rags.

"Would you like to have some geese, Sir?" she said to him in a humble voice. "They used to keep geese at the palace in the old days."

"It is almost Christmas-time," said the kind-hearted Prince; "I don't mind if I do." And half-contemptuously he threw the beggar-maid a purse of gold. She tried hard to catch it, but it fell to the ground.

"Butter-fingers," said Rotario.

As he spoke the word the goose-girl suddenly became a beautiful princess, wearing silver robes and a crown, and the geese were turned into page-boys and ladies-in-waiting, dressed in white satin with yellow shoes.

"I am the Princess Incognita," she said, "of Ullalume."

Rotario looked hard at her and saw that she had hair of tawny colour under her golden crown and that her eyes changed colour like the sea.

"Rubbish," he said. "You are Lynette;" and he went to her and kissed her.

Hand-in-hand they strolled round together to the water-lily pond; but, when they reached it, lo and behold there stood the King and Queen talking amiably to the Prime Minister, and all of them in their own natural shapes as if nothing had happened at all.

They made no objection whatever to the betrothal of Rotario and Lynette. A sudden qualm, however, assailed the Prince. Where was Poinsettia? He was, after all, engaged to be married to her. He knew enough now of foreign affairs to realise that there might be awkward international complications if he broke his word. Had she hopped angrily away into the long grass, or had she too become herself again? He questioned the Prime Minister.

"You need not trouble about the Princess Poinsettia," he answered with a wise smile. "By an unhappy accident I swallowed Her Royal Highness whilst we were bathing in the pond."

The astute old man had scored yet another diplomatic success.

Prince Rotario and Lynette were married almost immediately and lived happily ever afterwards. They spend the whole of their mornings in motoring, playing golf and considering the welfare of their people. But in the evenings they study romance.

EVOE.

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Enthusiastic Sportsman (after deer). "I'VE NO PATIENCE WITH THOSE FELLOWS WHO MUST SIT COMFORTABLY IN THEIR BUTTS AND HAVE THEIR BIRDS PUSHED AT 'EM. THEY'LL BE WANTING UMBRELLAS AND HOT-WATER BOTTLES SOON."
Less Enthusiastic Sportsman (faintly). "QUITE."



Sportsman (after much preparation for the shot). "HAVE I GOT TIME TO WIPE MY GLASSES?"
Stalker (in disgust). "OO, AY—CO, AY! YON'S A MAIST OBLEEGIN' BEAST."

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THE TRANSFORMATION; OR, AIDS TO GLADNESS.

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THE DAMOSEL WHO COULDN'T LET WELL ALONE.

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THE WHITE LINE.

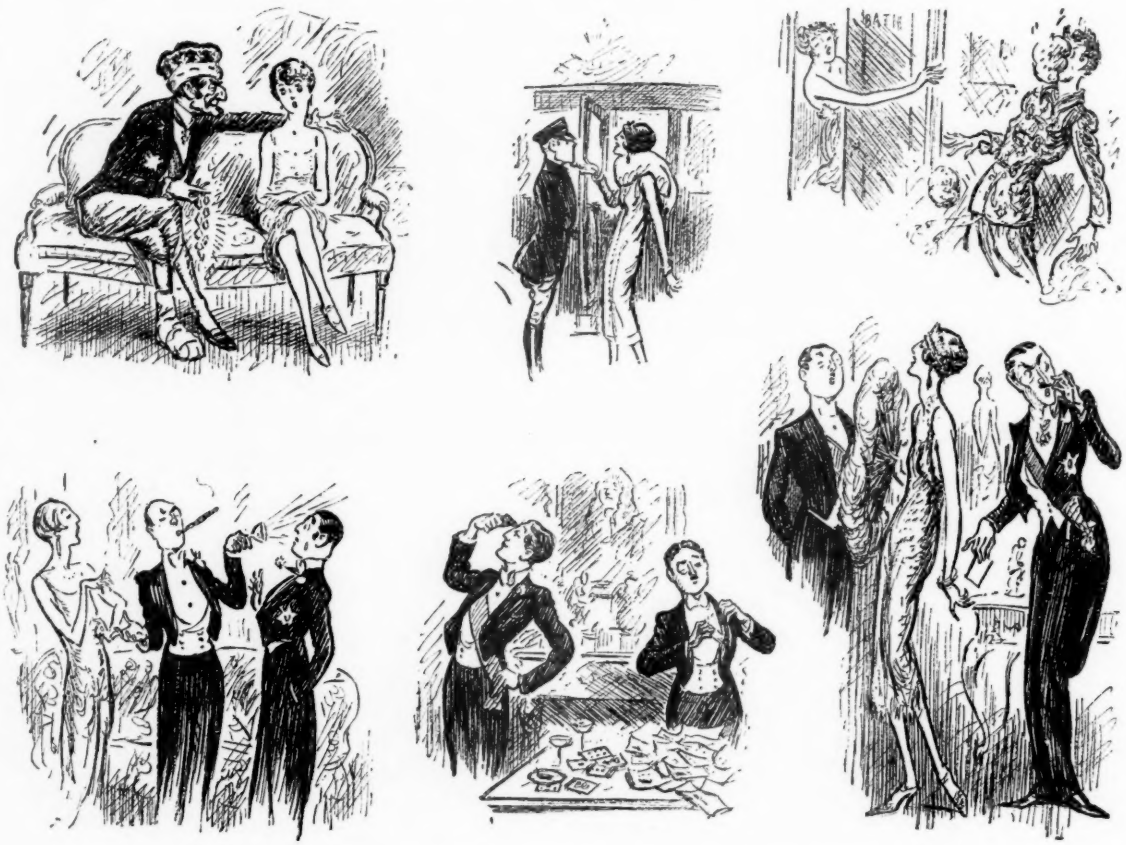
First Reveller. "WE 'RE QUITE ALL RI' NOW. IF ANYTHING HAPPENS *THEY* GET THE BLAME."



Oldest Inhabitant. "FOLK BAIN'T LIKE THEY USED TO BE, WHATEVER YOU DU ZAY. WHY, EVERY YEAR COME CHRISTMUSTIDE I DID USE TO SIT IN THIS OLE SEAT AN' ZED TO EVERYONE AS DID COME IN, 'MERRY CHRISTMUSS TO 'EE,' AND THEY ALLUS ZED TO OI, 'ZAME TO YOU IN A QUARRT O' BEER.' THAT WERE A PROPER WAY TO KEEP CHRISTMUSS, THAT WERE."

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THE POWER OF THE PRESS



THE PAPERS WHISPERED OF TERRIBLE GOINGS-ON IN THE HOMES OF THE INNER CIRCLE.



SO THE OUTER CIRCLE DETERMINED TO GO IT IN THE NIGHT CLUBS OF SOHO.

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THE POWER OF THE PRESS.



"On the contrary," said the papers, "the Inner Circle lead the most blameless of lives."



"What lies the papers tell!" said the Outer Circle, and determined to go it all the more.

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MAN *v.* WOMAN.



THEY LOOK VERY PRETTY—



AND THEY TAP IT ALONG QUITE NICELY—



BUT OF COURSE WHEN IT COMES TO REAL—



LENGTH—



I SAY—



"LENGTH"—



AS I WAS SAYING—

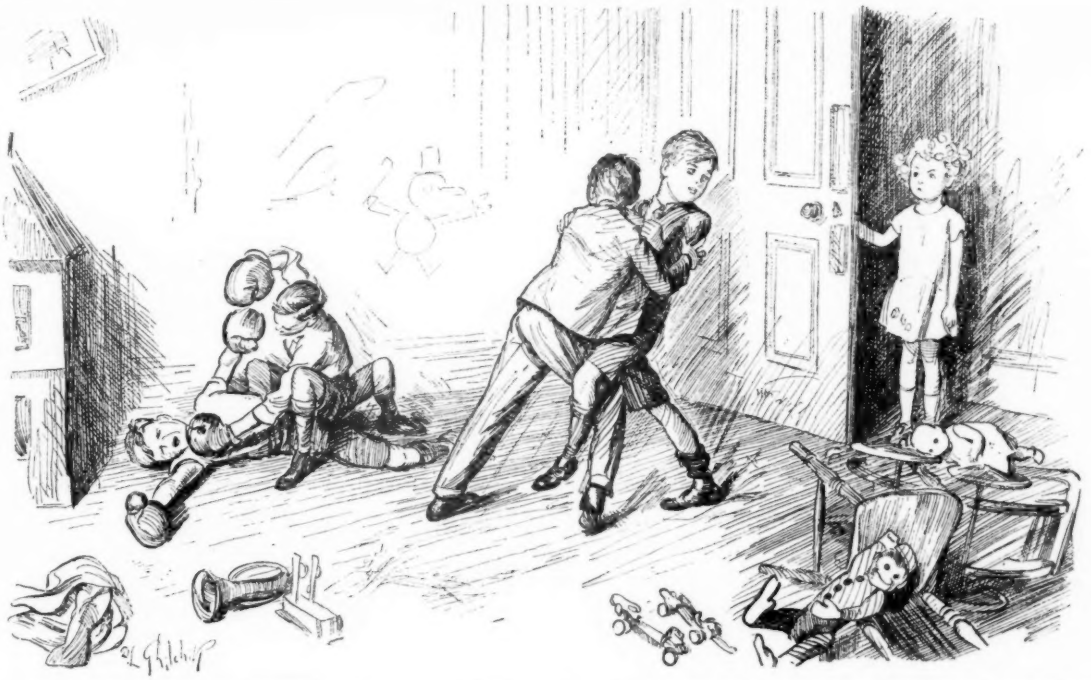


"LENGTH"—



WELL, IT ISN'T A MATCH AT ALL.

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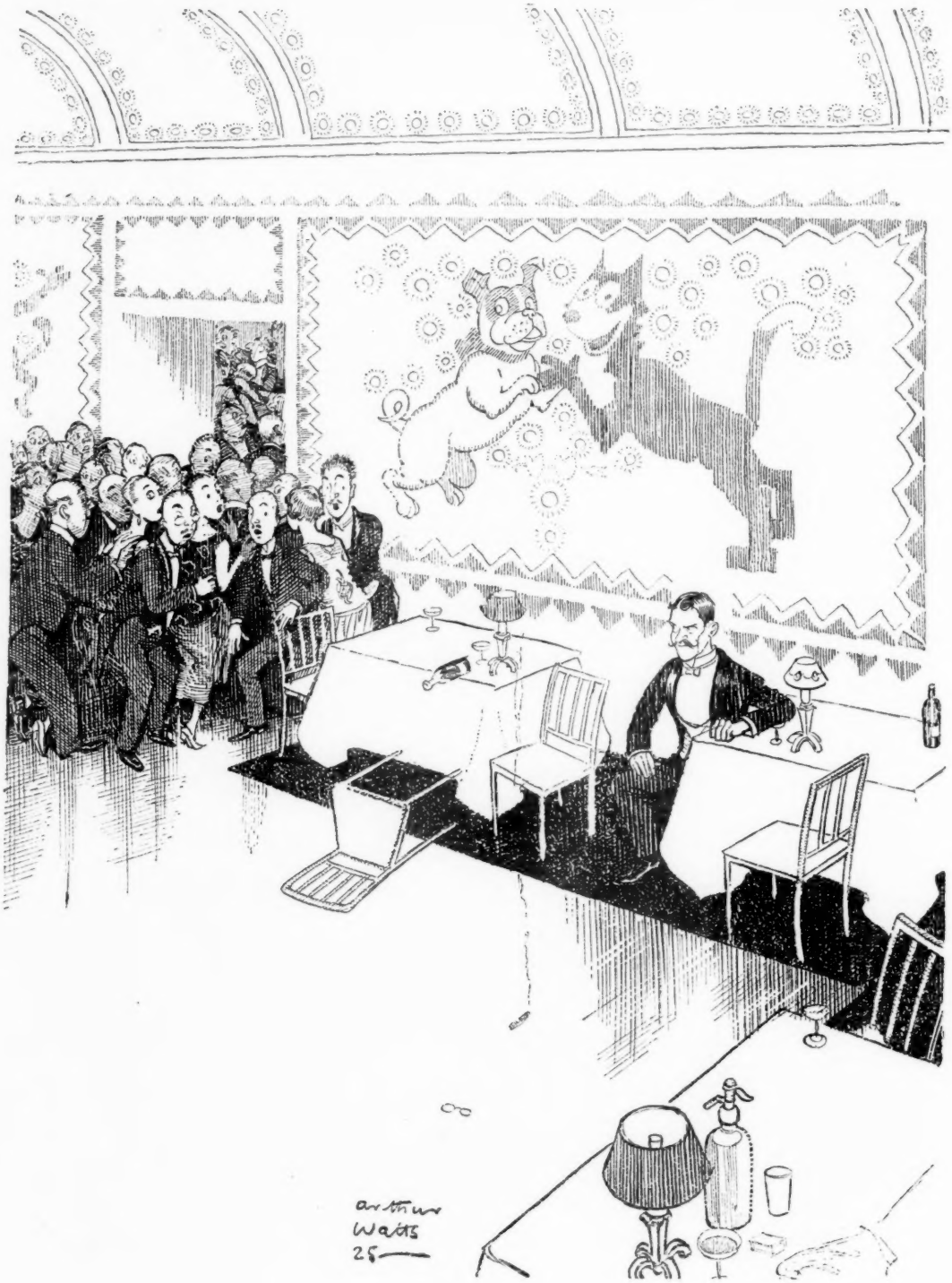


Small Sister. "I WISH TO DOODNESS YOU WAS BACK AT SCHOOL, FRANK. ALL THE HOLIDAYS YOU 'VE BEEN FILLING THE HOUSE WITH YOUR POT-HOUSE COMPANIONS."



M.F.H. (*to ladies whom he strongly suspects of having headed the fox*). "DID YOU SEE THE FOX?"
Chorus (*enthusiastically*). "OH, YES, BEAUTIFULLY! THANK YOU *EVER* SO MUCH."

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THE SUSPECT.

STUDY OF A DETECTIVE MINGLING WITH THE CROWD AT A NIGHT-CLUB.





THE PIRATES.

(Timothy's Wonder.)

I'VE asked a great many people,
But nobody seems to know,
How the pirates kept their Christmas
In the days of long ago.

How many loaded galleons
On Christmas Day they sank,
And how many merchant seamen
They made to walk the plank.

Or whether they chanted carols
As round the decks they rolled,
And made each other presents
Out of their hoards of gold;

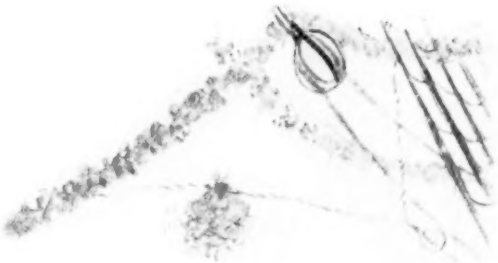
And covered a mast with green leaves
And called it a Christmas-tree,
And hung it with shining sequins
On the shore of a tropic sea;

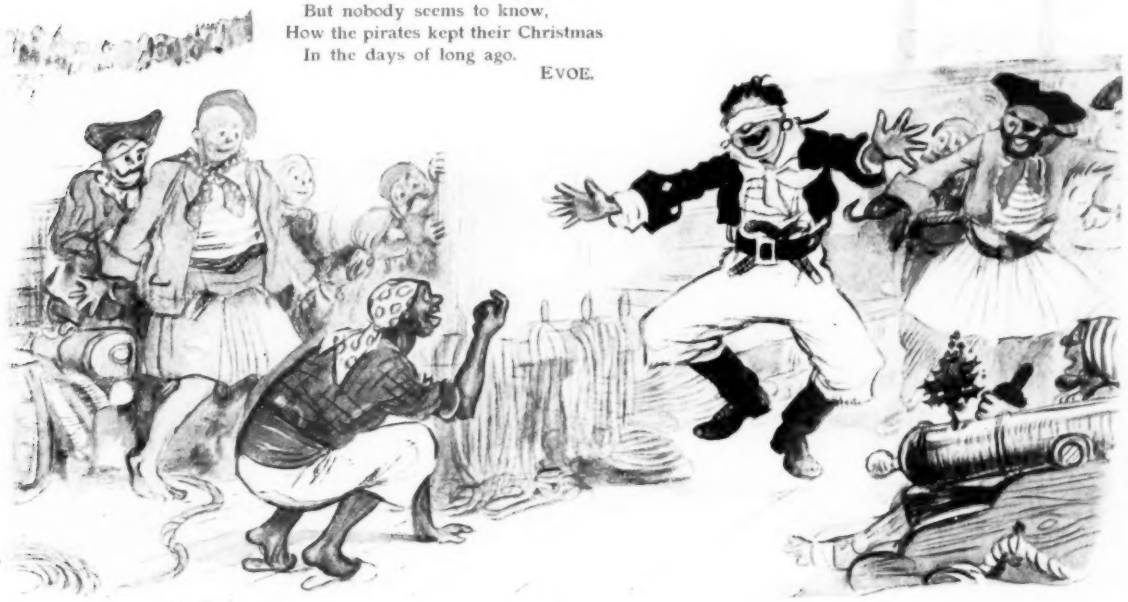
And lit the rum round the pudding
And cursed in a kindly way,
But refused to do any business
Because it was Christmas Day.

I've asked a great many people,
But nobody seems to know,
How the pirates kept their Christmas
In the days of long ago.

EVOE.







BILLIARDS WITH THE MASTERS.



A WAYSIDE TABLE *(after Morland).*



A CUE FARM, MIDDLEHARNIS *(after Hobbema).*

BILLIARDS WITH THE MASTERS.



THE MARBLE TABLE *(after Alma-Tadema).*

BILLIARDS WITH THE MASTERS.



A BILLIARD WIDOW *(after Marcus Stone).*

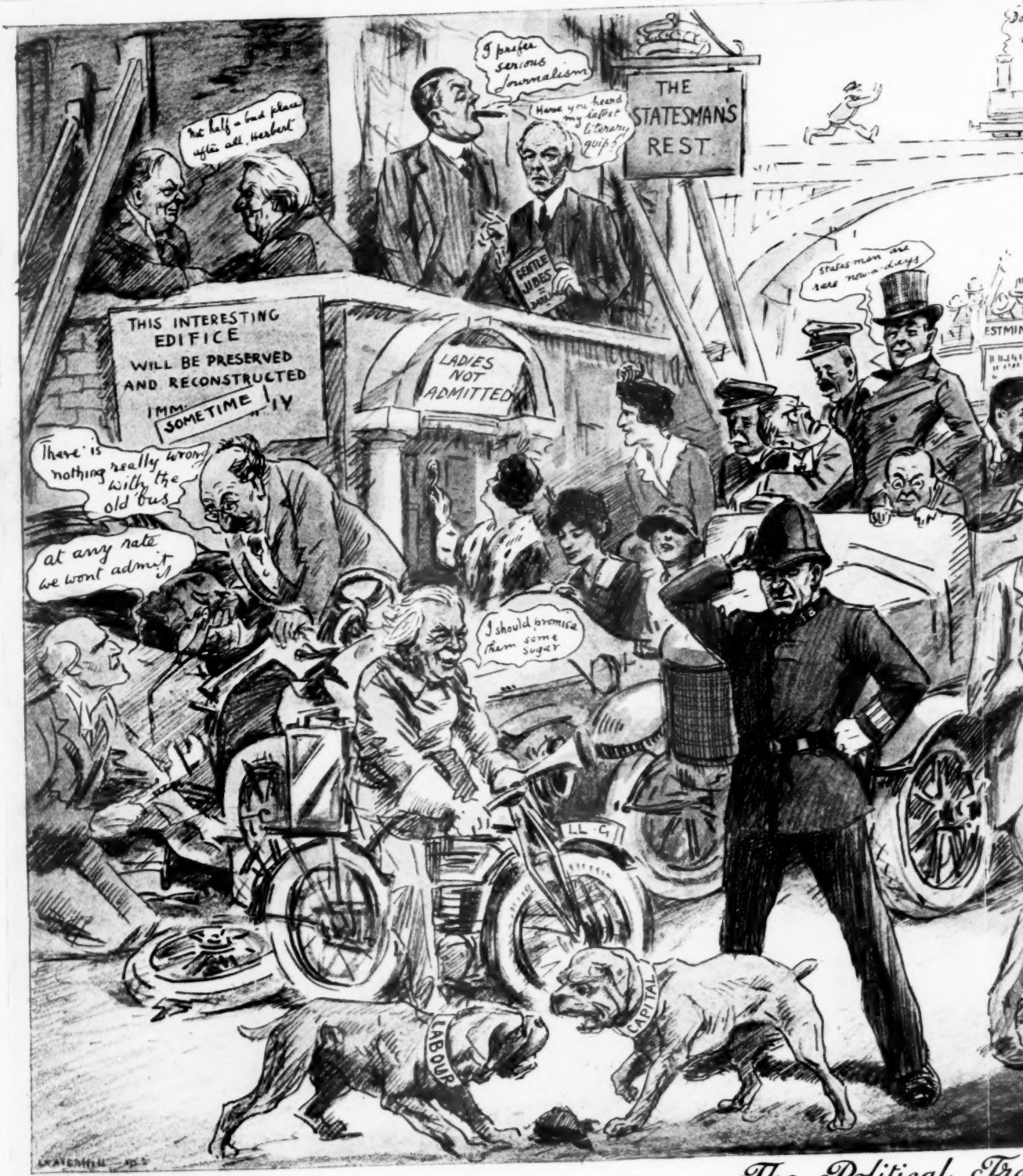
BILLIARDS WITH THE MASTERS.



A LADY AT THE IVORIES *(after Vermeer)*.



ON THE SPOT *(after Landseer)*.



The Political Tra

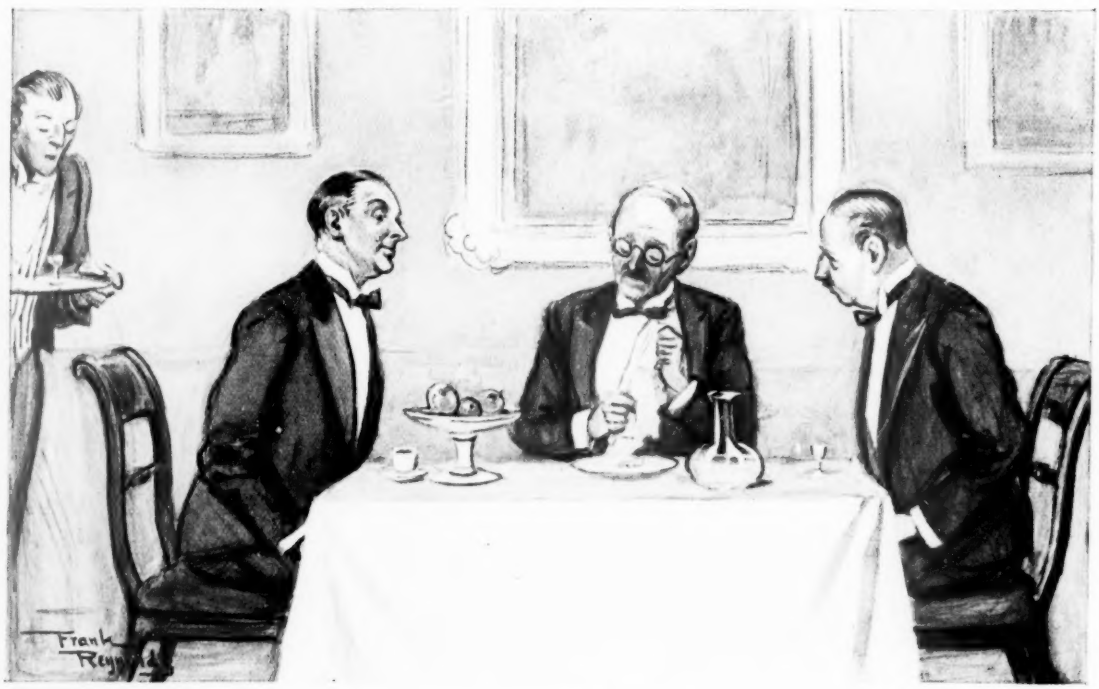


al Traffic Problem

THE DECLINE IN OUR CLUB PERSONALITIES.



OLD STYLE. AN ACTOR. AN AUTHOR. AN ARTIST.



NEW STYLE. AN ACTOR. AN AUTHOR. AN ARTIST.

BEAUTIES OF THE THAMES-SIDE.

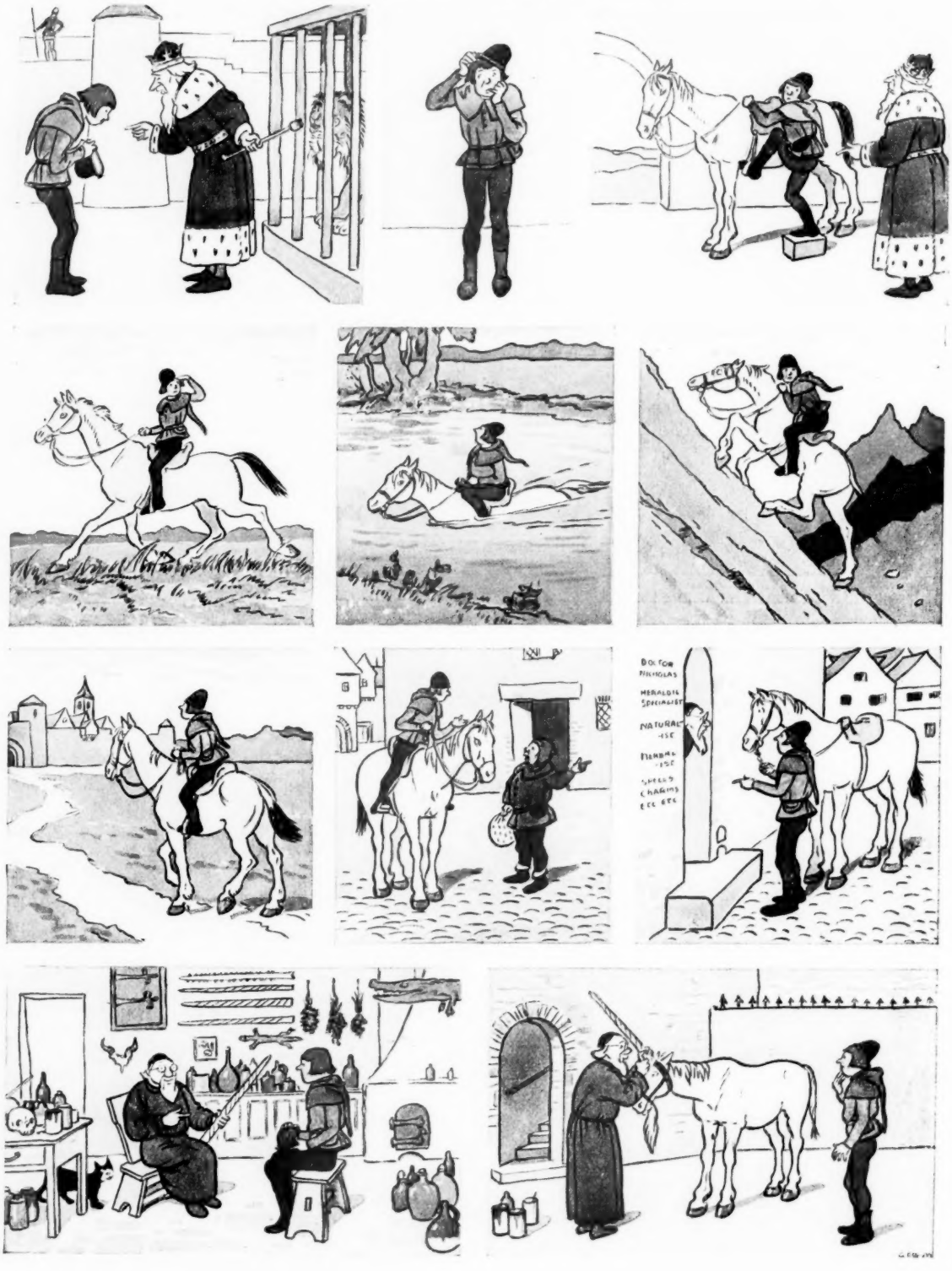


IT WAS WHISTLER WHO FIRST CALLED OUR ATTENTION TO THE BEAUTIES OF THE THAMES-SIDE—



NOW, OF COURSE, EVERYONE'S NOTICED THEM.

THE STORY OF THE KING WHO DESIRED TO MATCH HIS LION AGAINST A UNICORN: OF THE TROUBLE EXPERIENCED BY—

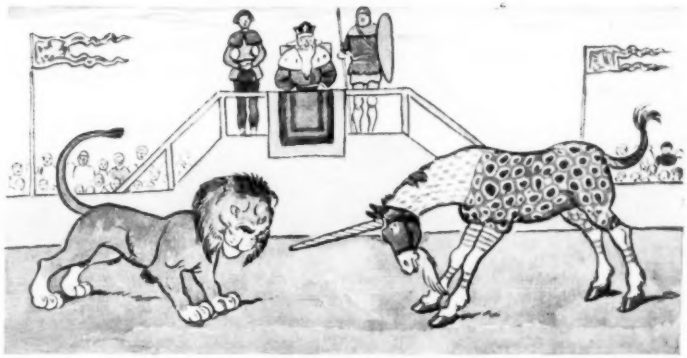


THE MASTER OF THE HORSE IN HIS QUEST FOR THIS FABULOUS ANIMAL; OF THE FIGHT AND ITS ISSUE.

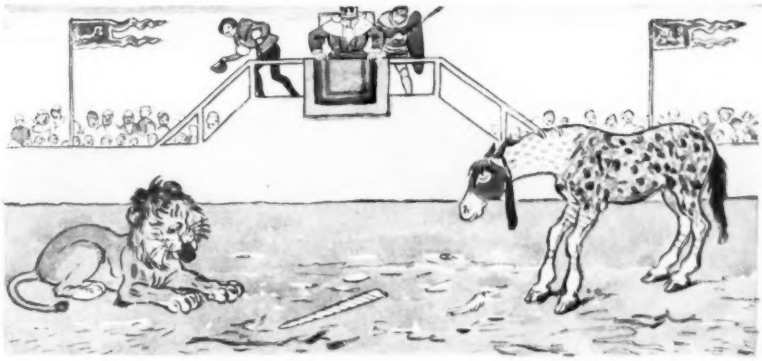


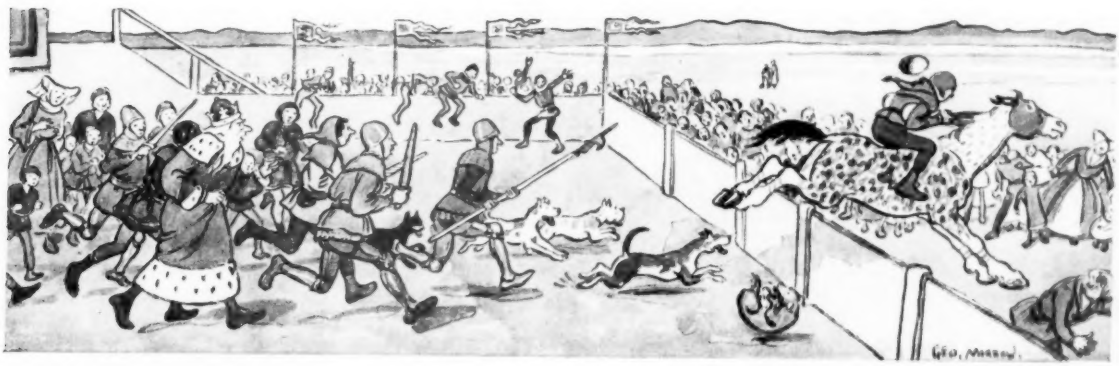














THE HIGHWAYMEN.

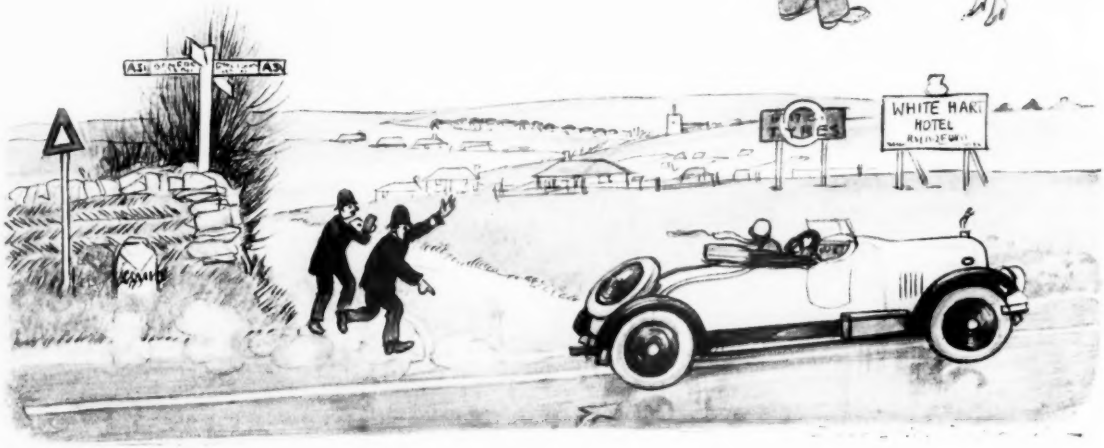
(Belinda's Complaint.)

THEY say my great-grandmother
Was once out driving when
At some cross-roads or other
She met two highwaymen.
They took her bag of money—
She could not well demur;
She did not find it funny,
And I agree with her.

Yet somehow in their sly way
It seems to me these new
Marauders of the highway
Are fiercer than those two;
For, charging down like bisons,
When once their toll was forced,
They took no further licence—
But *mine* has been ENDORSED.

EVOE.





CHARIVARIA.

"Chaliapin Drinks a Whisky," says a headline. He also sings very well.

***

A German writer says that the British occupation of Cologne stinks in the nostrils of Europe. Europe should try some of the local *eau*.

***

An English firm is to send one hundred steam-rollers to Greece. We doubt however if Greece will need much flattening after the League of Nations has done with them.

***

It is denied that Greek officers sharpen their swords on the steps of the Bulgarian Legation at Athens. In view of this *démenti* we are inclined to discredit the rumour that Bulgarian diplomats whet their teeth on the Parthenon.

***

A nine-shooter revolver has been produced in America. Cats are going about in fear of all their lives.

***

Surprise is felt that an artist's claim to have painted the worst picture in the world is allowed to go unchallenged. One would have expected Chelsea to be put on its mettle.

***

A conference of trainers of dancing-bears has been held at Gernsheim, in Hesse; but it is not known if it was decided to adopt the new tango.

***

A party of journalists recently travelled underground to inspect the Post-Office tube from Paddington to Whitechapel. They obtained a capital worm's-eye view of it.

***

According to a Nicaragua message, after ex-President CHAMORROW entered the city the other day eleven men were shot. It looks as if these Central Americans have started dabbling in politics again.

***

Speaking at Cambridge last week Dr. FOXLEY-NORRIS, the new Dean of Westminster, said that an undertaker had written offering to bury him with the greatest efficiency. It is reported that the DEAN wrote offering to officiate at the undertaker's funeral even if he had to postpone some other entertainment.

***

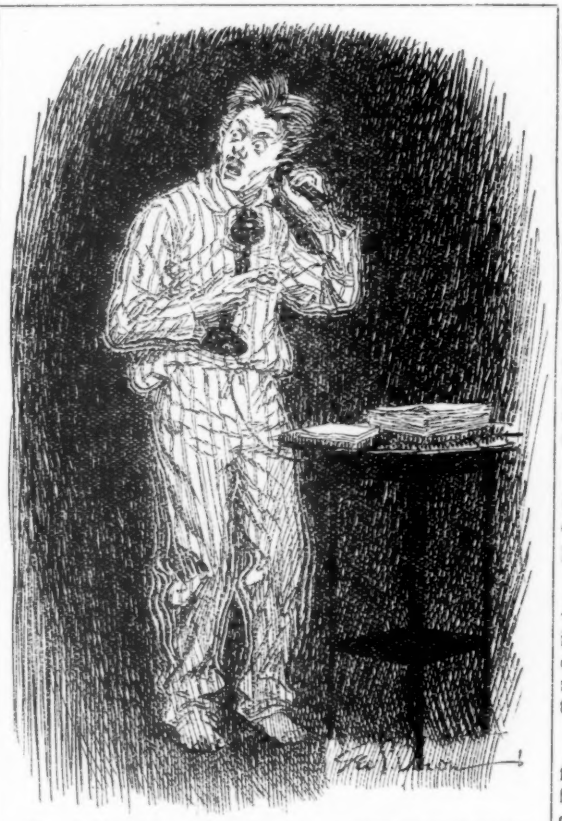
An application to have a dart-board in Staines market has been refused by the local Council. Clearly the authorities are determined to discourage anarchy.

***

There is a great demand for vanity-bags this season, we read. Yet we were hoping that the day of Oxford trousers was over.

***

At the end of this year the Turks will alter their calendar and jump from 1343 to 1926. In view of this change they have already adopted bowler hats and divorce.



Householder (hoarsely). "P-PUT ME THROUGH TO THE P-POLICE-STATION! B-BURGLARS IN THE HOUSE."
Voice from Exchange. "SORRY YOU HAVE BEEN TR-R-OUBLED."

It is said that you can tell a man's character by what he eats, but we should hate to think that Mr. BERNARD SHAW had the temperament of a Nut.

***

A hunting musician says that hounds always remind him of a jazz orchestra. Certainly it 's their music that makes the fox trot.

***

Now that America has barred the British film "The Only Way," it will stay in a far, far better place.

***

When confronted by a woman armed with a scimitar, a Southsea burglar warned her that he was a professional pugilist. Then, of course, she hadn't the heart to strike him.

***

According to Dr. POLORNY, Professor of Celtic Philology at Berlin University, there is evidence that some of the ancestors of the Irish were Eskimos. Probably they made the Arctic zone too hot for them.

***

Professor HERBERT DINGLE points out that the substance of which the stars known as the "White Dwarfs" are composed is so heavy that a child could not lift a piece of it the size of a penny. Parents should therefore dissuade their little ones from making the attempt.

***

"Bishop as a Forward" was a recent football headline. The participation of the Higher Clergy would greatly add to the interest of Inter-Diocesan League games.

***

It is suggested that the loud-speaker will supersede the parson in the pulpit. But of course it won't affect the curate in the drawing-room.

***

An unprecedented demand for Christmas cards is predicted. Still, these gloomy prophecies don't always come true.

***

"Restoring an old Raincoat" was the title of a recent article in a page of useful hints in a daily paper. We hope it may meet the eye of the man who took ours.

***

We hear of a man who for fifty years has never been late for his work in the City. We can guess the railway line he doesn't use.

From a book-review:—

"Someone has said that life is made up of tremendous tr fles."—*Evening Paper.*

Therefore don't give the compositor an inch or he 'll take an ell.

"Two other ships collided, one of them running aground, and a lunch is adrift in the fog."—*Cologne Post.*

We can well believe it.

"Thus a vaccine prepared in Edinburgh is not effective in the case of a Londoner, the reason being that the germ rife in London may be entirely different from that in Scotland."—*Daily Paper.*

Apparently the Scot does not even bring his own germs with him when he comes South.

IF LIFE WERE A FILM.

THREE THINGS THERE BE WHICH EVER STIR THE HEART OF MAN TO PRIMAL PASSION—THE GAME OF GOLF, THE LOVE OF A WOMAN AND THE RIGHTS OF THE RAILWAY-CARRIAGE.

Huddled in one corner of the first-class carriage compartment, Ebenezer Burge, traveller on commission in Wines and Cigars, eyes the man opposite with puny malevolence. His somewhat puffy features do not lend themselves to impressive ferocity, but he does the best he can with them.

"I MUST REQUEST, SIR, THAT YOU PERMIT ME TO CLOSE THIS WINDOW."

Over the top of his newspaper Colonel Gordon Duff-Cholmondeley registers bristling contempt. The Colonel looks like a man who for forty years has never missed his cold bath and glories in the fact.

"AND I, SIR, MUST DECLINE TO BE STIFLED."

These two are the only occupants of a compartment of a train which is a non-stop (except between stations) to Screechly Junction. Realising this, Ebenezer breathes hard, so that his chest rises and falls as much as possible within its C3 limits. His eyes bulge a little to indicate the horrid awakening of aboriginal frenzy.

"I CONTEND, SIR, THAT I AM JUSTIFIED IN SUITING THE TEMPERATURE OF THIS COMPARTMENT TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF MY CONSTITUTION."

The Colonel registers indignation that is first cousin to apoplexy.

"D——N YOUR CONSTITUTION, SIR! WHAT YOU NEED, SIR—WHAT EVERY MEMBER OF THIS ANÆMIC COMMUNITY NEEDS, SIR—IS FRESH AIR. HAVE THE GOODNESS, SIR, TO LEAVE THAT WINDOW ALONE."

With a little imagination you could easily see a whole jungleful of primitive passion welling up behind Ebenezer's slightly soiled shirt-front. He tugs fiercely at the leather strap, but the Colonel has his hairy hand on it, and the Colonel's grey eyebrows are almost electric.

AND SO, AS THE ROCKING TRAIN DASHES AT NEARLY FIFTEEN MILES AN HOUR FROM LONDON TO LITTLE SNUFFLEY, THESE TWO ENEMIES, EACH FITLY REPRESENTATIVE OF HIS OWN INTOLERANT CASTE, STRIVE GRIMLY EACH FOR HIS VAUNTED HERITAGE AS A RAILWAY TRAVELLER.

Scarcely one of the publicity photographs in the compartment has escaped the mis-hits of umbrella and attaché-case, and Ebenezer has bitten every button off the cushions in his desperate efforts to obtain a hold which will prevent his powerful opponent bumping him on the floor. As they sink panting into their seats for a moment's respite the Colonel's ticket tumbles out of his pocket. In a moment Ebenezer has secured it. The amount of demoniacal triumph registered on his face quite alters the shape of it.

"SO, SIR, YOU ARE TRAVELLING FIRST-CLASS WITH A THIRD-CLASS TICKET!"

Colonel Gordon Duff-Cholmondeley's mouth works in a manner entirely unbecoming to his rank and dignity.

"IT WAS A MISTAKE. I ENTERED THIS COMPARTMENT IN HASTE."

Ebenezer Burge smiles sardonically as he lights a sample cigar.

"AND NO DOUBT, SIR, YOU INTENDED LEAVING IT IN HASTE BEFORE THE TICKETS ARE EXAMINED AT SCREECHLY JUNCTION."

From the movement of the Colonel's fiery face you can see that this is true. The man opposite, however, has not finished with him.

"BUT I, SIR, SHALL MAKE A POINT OF NOT ALLOWING YOU TO LEAVE THIS CARRIAGE UNTIL THE INSPECTOR ARRIVES."

What are these visions that flit across the Colonel's agitated mind? See, here is the picture of his aged invalid aunt embowered among the roses of Little Snuffley. Can he inflict upon her a scandal that would undoubtedly affect not only her failing health but possibly the terms of her will? And here is a sunlit and wind-stirred glimpse of the Colonel himself as an innocent child eating unripe apples. And here he is again as the beloved commander telling his brave fellows at kit-inspection exactly what he thinks of them. Not a man of them but would weep to hear that he had been detected travelling first-class with a third-class ticket. At all costs he must keep this thing secret.

But how? Never did the face of man register such a pot-pourri of emotion. At last he prepares to accept the inevitable, even though it means relinquishing the cherished privilege of his bluff beefy breed.

"FOR THE SAKE OF A SICK AGED WOMAN I WILL ADMIT MYSELF BEATEN. AS THE PRICE OF YOUR SILENCE YOU SHALL PUT UP THAT WINDOW."

Ebenezer Burge puts up the window and chuckles. Then with a sardonic leer he leans forward and taps the Colonel on the knee.

"GOOD. BUT THAT IS NOT ENOUGH. BUSINESS IS BUSINESS."

The simple manly old soldier shudders. This is going to be blackmail. His strong brown fingers twitch, but he reverences the law and knows that murder in a railway-carriage is an infringement of the regulations. He chokes back a sob. Ebenezer Burge opens his attaché-case and produces a box of cigars.

"WE ARE SELLING LARGE QUANTITIES OF THESE INQUISITOROS AT FORTY-ONE SHILLINGS THE HUNDRED. FILL UP THIS ORDER-FORM AND I WILL BE YOUR FRIEND."

At the sight of the fivepenny cigars the Colonel registers something in the nature of frenzy. Yet what can he do? As the prospective Conservative Candidate for Screechly he dare risk nothing. The wily Burge continues; you can see he is hissing the words:—

"I SEE YOU ARE TRAVELLING TO LITTLE SNUFFLEY. SO WAS I, BUT I HAVE BUSINESS I CAN DO AT SCREECHLY JUNCTION. I WILL ALIGHT THERE AND GIVE YOU MY TICKET IN EXCHANGE FOR YOUR OWN, ON CONDITION THAT YOU FILL UP THAT FORM."

He proffers a sample cigar. The Colonel's gesture of refusal is superb.

"YOU MAY SELL ME YOUR CIGARS, VILLAIN, BUT YOU CANNOT FORCE ME TO SMOKE THEM."

The train is jolting over the Junction points. With a trembling hand the Colonel fills up the form. A moment later Burge is on the platform. Taking his ticket from his waistcoat-pocket he hands it to the Colonel and vanishes. The inspector approaches.

But what is this that Colonel Duff-Cholmondeley holds in his hand?

LONDON
TO
LITTLE SNUFFLEY.
Third Class.

He has been betrayed. The villain had not got a first-class ticket after all. Well, it is all over now; escape is impossible. Heavens! The inspector is standing erect, one hand raised to the salute.

"GOOD GAD! IT 'S MY OLD BATMAN, BUGGINS!"

Of course it is. Buggins has been promoted from Clopley-Clodhammer to Screechly Junction. The Colonel smiles wanly.

"I SUPPOSE YOU WANT MY TICKET, BUGGINS?"

But Buggins has already caught sight of it. The opportunity of his life has offered itself; but he is a British sportsman, though of humble birth. He coughs discreetly and steps back on to the platform.

"NO, SIR; QUITE ALL RIGHT, THANK YOU. GLAD TO HAVE SEEN YOU AGAIN, SIR."

He salutes again as the train goes out. So does the Colonel. What do we see next? Why, the Colonel sitting beside his invalid aunt, stroking her hair. She is smiling. So is the Colonel. He has just thought of someone to whom he will love to send those cigars. D. C.

"Felixstowe possesses fine courts and lawns for dashing displays of croquet and tennis."
Local Paper.

We swing a rather impetuous mallet ourselves.



THE GUYS THAT CANCELLED OUT.

MR. BALDWIN (*complacently*). "WELL, THEY CAN BOTH BE WRONG, BUT THEY CAN'T BOTH BE RIGHT."



Fair American (to her partner in mixed foursome, on first tee). "SAY, COLONEL, ISN'T THAT TEE SOME HIGH?"

HER BUSY AFTERNOON.

"I HAVEN'T a moment to spare," she said, scarcely taking time to give me her hand, "I 'm so hurried."

"The wise," I reminded her, "never hurry."

"Then the wise," she snapped, "never have to be tried on . . and calls as well . . and meet Tom . . and see Uncle Joe gets the right bus, and he never will . . and match two ribbons, and they never will either . . and two hundred other things all in one afternoon . . and be back in time for tea as well, because perhaps Cousin Mary may be coming. If you 'd had to do just half that, you 'd have hurried too."

"But I have," I protested. "I was afraid of missing you if I didn't."

For a moment she seemed a little surprised.

"But there," she said, recovering quickly, "you aren't really contradicting yourself at all, are you?" Then she grew bitter again. "And what," she asked, "do the wise do when they 're crossing the street?"

"They cease to be wise," I answered simply, "and grow nimble instead."

"And that, after all, is better," she agreed, "than carrying their wisdom to the coroner's court."

"Nasty places at the best," I said, "though apparently growing in popularity day by day."

"Popularity 's not everything," she pointed out. "Look at the telephone. Everybody has one, so it must be popular; yet could you call it really loved?"

"Perhaps not," I conceded; "none the less we must all admit that popularity is much. Look at Treasury notes."

"I never do," she sighed. "I haven't time; they go so quick—like servants, almost."

"It 's what 's so odd about them," I mused. "They always go and never come."

"So unlike one's relatives," she mused in her turn, "who always come and never go."

"Ah, but that," I exclaimed, "is simply the new theory of relativity."

"Is it?" she exclaimed, deeply interested. "Do you know I 've always wondered what that was. How thrilling!"

"There are said to be only three persons in London who understand it," I told her modestly. "It is not known who they are."

"But you are one of them?" she asked admiringly.

"I only practise it," I confessed, "and then only with relatives in town who have a passable cook or with relatives in the country who have decent shooting or fishing."

"Then I think," she declared, "there are more than three people in London who understand that theory, and I don't think it 's a bit new either. But you were talking about the folly of hurrying. Suppose one has to catch a train?"

"You choose," I explained, "one on the Southern Railway. Then you always catch the one before."

"I don't think that 's fair," she cried. "I know a man who missed his train on the Southern Railway because it went at the exact time, and so he had to walk—most annoying, because of course he got there ever so much too soon."

"Punctuality will happen," I said, "even on the worst regulated system."

"I wish I could be wise," she told me wistfully; "but I 've got to hurry instead if I 'm to be tried on to-day, and I 'm half-an-hour late for that already, and you never knew any one so autocratic as Madame Julie if you aren't there just when she says. And then I 've to meet Tom as well, only I can't remember whether he said Piccadilly Circus, opposite the Criterion, or St. Paul's Cathedral in front of the steps—

so very awkward," she sighed; "and, anyhow, I ought to be there now, only how can I?"

"It's absurd," I told her, "for any man to expect the impossible from any wife."

"Isn't it?" she agreed gratefully; "and no one can really be in Piccadilly and opposite St. Paul's at the same time, can they? And I do think Tom ought to have thought of that—don't you?"

"Oh, he will," I said, "he will."

"And that's not all," she went on. "There are those calls I simply must make because I've been owing them ever so long, only how can I? Look at the time, and you know how I've been hurrying—don't you?"

"I do indeed," I said; "it's been heartbreaking merely to watch."

"It's been nearly all," she confided to me, "because of Uncle Joe; but it wouldn't have been kind not to see he got the right bus, would it? Only now I come to think of it, he said he wanted a No. 13, and I'm afraid I put him in a No. 31—or was it 51?—through thinking about 13 being such an unlucky number; and that proves it is, doesn't it? But anyhow he won't know till he gets there."

"Perhaps not even then," I said. "Perhaps by then it may seem all the same to him; in any case in the circumstances it seems to me he simply ought to feel grateful he's got anywhere at all."

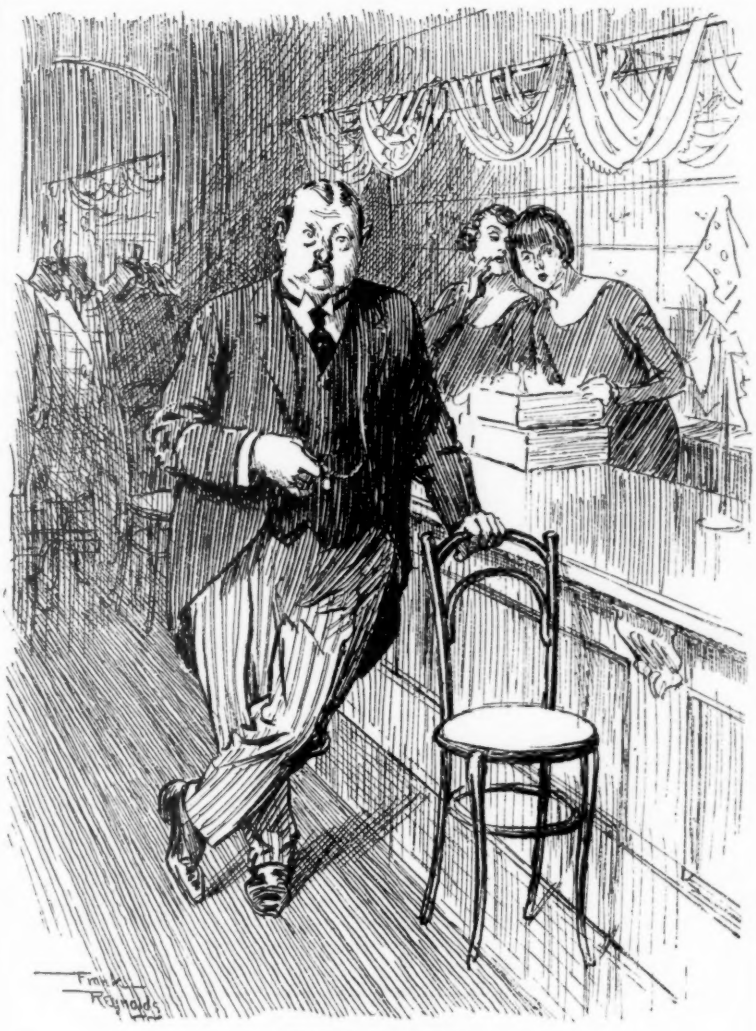
"I hope," she said, though perhaps a little doubtfully, "that's how he will feel; and if he doesn't," she added, more hopefully, "very likely he will take a wrong bus again when he comes to tell me about it. And with such a heap of things to see about one simply has to hurry—wise or not wise—as well as those ribbons to match; and I simply must do that to-day, anyhow, only I can't find them in my bag, so I'm afraid I must have left them on the dressing-table at home."

"It seems a difficulty," I admitted, "but it all goes to prove what I said before, that the wise never hurry."

"Then perhaps as you're so wise," she exclaimed, almost with temper, "you'll tell me how I'm to do all that and meet Tom as well, and get back in time for tea in case Cousin Mary's there?"

"There's only one way out," I said. "Chance Cousin Mary and 'phone Tom you're having tea with me at The Jazz, and he must join us there. It's quite close," I reminded her, "so we shan't have to hurry to get there."

"And after such an exhausting afternoon as this," she owned, "I really don't believe I could hurry—not any more." E. R. P.



TRADE TERMS.

First Assistant (discussing shopwalker). "HE LOOKS A BIT *BEIGE* THIS MORNING."
Second Assistant. "YES, AND HE'S USUALLY SO *VIEUX ROSE*."

THE CHILD AND THE STATE.

[A health survey of eighty-six cities made by the American Child Health Association has proved that in Massachusetts and California the children go earliest to bed, while the children of Tennessee and Ohio are found to be early risers.]

IT'S early to bed in Mass.,
And early to bed in Cal.;
It's there that they take first class
For the health of the boy and gal;
And it's early to rise again
In Chattanooga (Tenn.),
And it's up with the lark, you know,
In Springfield (O-hi-o);
But in Va.
And Ga.
And Kan.
And Conn.
Till late at night there is something on;
And in Wis.
And Miss.
And Ark.
And Ok.*
They lie abed till nine o'clock.
So if, little lad and lass,
You would be strong women and men,
You must go to bed like the child in Mass.
And rise like the child of Tenn.

"—— SPINSTERS' BALL.
If sufficient inducement offers the Bus will leave C.P.O. at 7 p.m. on Tuesday."
New Zealand Paper.

We suspect this ungallant bus-driver of being married, or he could not doubt the inducement.

* Poetic licence for Okla.

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

XIV.—NEW BRITAIN.

IF imitation is the sincerest form of flattery the sincerest compliment that an Englishman can pay to another is to tell that other that he is like himself. Not everyone would like this particular compliment, but New Zealanders appeared to purr when we said it, so let us say it again. Anyhow, it is true. Much of their country is like England without the hedges, a charming blend of the homely and the tropical. It is delightful to see in the same field a common cow and a couple of palms, and the whole sometimes surrounded by a belt of flowering gorse. What they describe as the virgin bush is nothing but the most beautiful English forest with a touch of the jungle, great lilies growing wild in regiments, majestic spreading tree-ferns, hanging creepers, parasitical orchids and so forth mixed up with common trees, so that the virgin for all her magnificence is still simple and friendly.

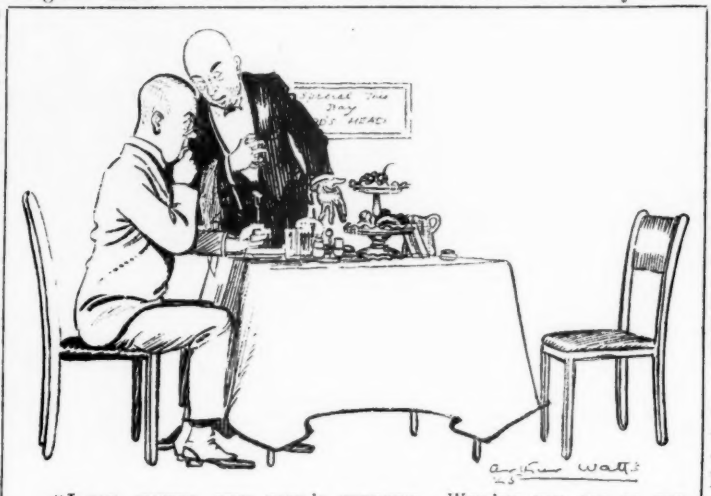
But, alas, the virgin is the prey of civilisation; so one passes alternately through wide stretches of the Garden of Eden and wider stretches like the battlefields of the Somme, where the bush has been "cleared" for settlement and the naked tree-stumps stand horridly protesting. It is true that there are beautiful areas wisely reserved by Government; and it is interesting to see the whole process in its various stages, the virgin untouched, the virgin married and neatly settled (who is pleasant enough), and the virgin who has but published the banns (and she is a horrible sight). If an Englishman must emigrate he can scarcely do better than come to this Britain of the South and grow cows. But, not being a statesman, I should hate to be the man who laid a hand upon the virgin.

* * * * *

The newspapers also are very quiet and tidy, with headlines that, after Canada, the United States of America and even England, seem almost shrinking in their reticence, as if devised by someone anxious to conceal the news. Their editors and leading men know more about current English literature, its cliques and its freaks, than we do. But one most un-English feature is theirs, and that is their number. New Zealand eats newspapers. At every wayside station two new newspapers come aboard the train, and all, it appears, are paying. It is said that wherever two Englishmen live together they form a club; wherever ten thousand New Zealanders dwell they start a newspaper—for that is the rate per head of population, and we calculated that if in Great Britain our rate per head was the same, we should have, not 135 dailies, but 2,435. A good deal is talked about the emigration of the British agriculturist, but what about Fleet Street? No wonder that I met two journalists who said they had come to New Zealand for two years and stayed for twenty-four.

* * * * *

We visited the Parliament in session at Wellington and were at home at once. You must take your hat off in this place and in that, which somehow warmed the cockles of my heart and assured me that New Zealand, however democratic, is on the right lines. In the Chamber we wept hot tears of home-sickness. A member of the Opposition was speaking, and every word he said was straight from the London *Hansard*. "The Government have no policy," he thundered. "They are in the hands of the landed interests, *and they know it!* . . . BUT WHAT," he continued, thumping the desk—"WHAT DID THEY SAY WHEN THEY WERE SITTING ON THIS SIDE OF THE HOUSE?" As usual, it transpired that the Government, when they were on the other side, had said exactly the opposite. But what cared the Government? There they sat in the usual way, knowing perfectly well that they had no policy, some writing letters or correcting documents, one or two reading the newspaper and some just dozing. A Labour Member rose and told the Government quite frankly that, so far as they had a policy, it was a policy of window-dressing. They never turned a hair. Only, on the Front Bench (Government) sat a Maori Minister, the one live figure in the waste of words. Crouching low behind his desk, he fixed his lively belligerent eyes on the speakers and peered across the barrier like one of his warrior ancestors about to spring; and from time to time he flung at the orator a low, polemical, exultant laugh, most disconcerting, I imagine, to his enemy. This gentleman, whose charming family I met, had a grandfather who ate the first Presbyterian missionary to arrive in New Zealand, and modestly attributes his political success, I am told, to his Scottish ancestry. Now, as we cross the Tasman Sea to Sydney, we hear by wireless that the same Maori Minister has provoked a storm of protest by referring to the leader of the Opposition as "Snivelling George." I am afraid that they have little to learn here from the Mother of Parliaments.



"I SAY, WAITER, THIS FOOD 'S SHOCKING. WHO 'VE YOU GOT IN THE KITCHEN?"
"THE BAILIFFS, SIR."

* * *

It is very fortunate we left New Zealand when we did, or George would have married a Maori or two. We were received at the gate of the model *pah* (or fortress-village) of Whakarewarewa with the traditional defiances and brandishings of clubs by a half-naked chief, and entered timidly with a cloud of photographers. There followed a terrifying *haka* or war-dance—slightly impeded by the photographers—eyes rolling, feet stamping, tongues out and so forth. But for my part I preferred the performance of the female of the species. Oh, dear, you should see them dance the *poi*! Deliciously graceful, rhythmical creatures, from the tops of their glossy heads to the tips of their rustling flaxen skirts, they have Hawaiian and Fijian whacked to the wide. They sing as well as they dance, and their songs have melody and harmony and life. In the *poi* they dance and sing too and at the same time do a delicate elusive drill with two toy balls like tiny dumb-bells controlled by a string from either hand. Then there were speeches of welcome by the chiefs, and Mr. Honeybubble replied for the



Girl (leaving cinema after very pathetic film, to weeping friend). "BEAR UP, DEAR; IT 'S ALL OVER NOW."

Mission. This took a long time, for the speeches, sentence by sentence, were carefully translated by an interpreter. But as we watched those terrible naked warriors squatting in the sun, with the women and maidens before them, the bright barbaric dress and long luxuriant tresses, and saw them drinking-in the interpreted compliments of Honeybubble, we felt ourselves far back in the wild past of New Zealand. This effect, however, was a little spoiled when one of the warriors was so indiscreet as to laugh at one of Mr. Honeybubble's most subtle jests before it was interpreted; and it was revealed that the entire tribe of Arawas knew English as well as we did. The whole illusion then crumbled rapidly. They mixed with their own delightful songs such savage ditties as "Juanita" and "Hail, Smiling Morn!" and we heard that in everyday life these roaring warriors and bright-eyed swaying maids became policemen and stenographers and wore boots. We heard that these Maori were not the real thing, that this and that maiden was not "pure-bred;" and poor George was heart-broken.

Indeed whenever we enjoy anything we find that it is not the real thing; but George no longer complained of this sophistication when he found what ease it added to his communion with the maidens. They gave a homely dance for us in a Maori meeting-house, wonderfully carved. They dance the fox-trot as well as they dance the *poi*, divinely, following with uncanny prescience the wildest vagaries of the unskilled male, which is the true test of a lady-dancer. And if our partners were not "pure-bred," then the mixture is amazingly successful whether for wit or mischief or prettiness or grace. They have teeth that would reduce a dentifrice advertisement to shame, and they use these principally for laughing at admirers. George, remembering that the Maori greet by rubbing noses, inquired if kissing was allowed by the custom of the tribe. "Kissing is not allowed," replied his partner, who shall be nameless, "and is punishable by a week's fasting. I owe for ten years," she added. Yet when they parted she would not even rub noses with the boy. Poor George!

One or two of these most loyal and attractive subjects of the Crown complained that they had never been mentioned in *Punch*, and I swore that somehow I would remedy this matter. So here and now I beg Mr. Punch to send his salutes to Tommy the mischievous and beautiful and witty, to Minnie the handsome, and Mihi Winiatu of the flashing teeth, to Hara Tetomo of the Irish blood (or so she said), and little Hanna the shy, and in particular to the Maori maid called Ruggles (or so she said).

A. P. H.

More Commercial Candour.

"BREAKFAST EGGS. 2½D. EACH.
NEW-LAID EGGS. NO BETTER. 3D. EACH."

"The doves and the tigers of Europe are not yet strolling through the olive groves of placid Ticino with their arms round each other's necks."—*Manchester Paper.*

It seems a pity, because we should have liked it for a cartoon.

"Of entirely unique design, this Spanish craft cuts right across all hitherto established aeronautical laws. It is without fings."
Evening Paper.

Not entirely, Rupert. It has one of those funny ickle fings that go wound and wound.

A SEA WOOING.

THERE came a strange man up from the sea,
His beard was black and curly;
He said, "Oh, come you along with me,
Down to the harbour and out to sea;
Off and along and away," said he,
All in the morning early.

"No, but I cannot go," said she,
All in the morning early,
"For who would make my garden grow
And water my pea-stalks, all in a row,
And who would feed my sheep in the pens
And see to my bees and my little white hens
And my pig with the tail so curly?"

"I care not a fig for your pig," said he,
And his voice was grim and surly;
"Come you willing or come you slow,
Off and along and away you 'll go
Where the big sun beats and the big winds blow
And the big sea-horses stamp in a row,
With their manes so white and curly."

"Then, oh! good-bye to the sky," said she,
"To the dawn so pink and pearly;
Off and along and away I 'll drown,
With white sea-horses to stamp me down,
And my poor sad ghost will come back to weep
For my peas and my bees and my pretty silly sheep;
But I know full well I must go," said she,
"For I may not say you a no," said she,
And all in the morning early.

OUR NON-DRINKING UNION.

WHEN the General last inspected us he remarked, after leaving the Mess Secretary's office, that the officers' wine bills appeared to be too high. This was, of course, due to the fact that Lieutenant Holster had had two birthdays last month; but the General naturally didn't know that. Now, when a General remarks, Colonels instantly give orders, Adjutants write several notes, subalterns whizz uneasily about and things happen. In this case it was the formation of a Non-Drinking Union, designed, with the Adjutant's approval, to keep down the wine bills.

Lieutenant Holster and James floated the Union, electing themselves Directors; and, since the chief source of expense seemed to be the habit of standing drinks, the first rule made was that no member of the Union should offer or accept from another member a drink on the Mess premises. This rule necessitated a penalty for non-observance, and it seemed quite natural that this should be fixed at a "chit" order for six glasses of port, to be signed by the offender and handed for custody to James as "Secretary and Keeper of the Privy Chits."

Of course there had next to be an entrance fee, and it was enacted therefore by the Directors that members on enrolment should pay a fee of a signed "chit" for one glass of port per existing member at time of entry. This caused quite a rush on the Union, Captain Bayonet getting in first with a fee of two glasses and the Adjutant joining ten minutes later with thirteen. Country members, *i.e.* married officers who do not often visit the Mess, were allowed to pay half fees.

Lieutenant Holster and James then held a Directors' meeting and made a rule that Directors should be excused from paying entrance fees.

The Non-Drinking Union thus came into being with a subscribed capital of seventy-one glasses of port in signed "chits" from members. This was almost immediately increased to seventy-seven by Lieutenant Holster triumphantly laying down his pen and in a moment of aberration asking what James would have to celebrate the event; James replying inadvertently in the affirmative.

The next question that arose was what to do with our capital of entrance fees and fines, and it was unanimously decided by all members that on one night in the week the assets should be liquidated as far as possible by declaring dividends of one glass of port per member to be consumed on the premises. As it was then Wednesday morning the weekly night was fixed for Wednesday, and that evening five dividends (tax-free) were declared in rapid succession. We went to bed ruminating virtuously on the advantages of now having some organisation for cutting down the consumption of wine in the Mess.

Our assets stood at seven the next morning, but jumped to thirty-one, when the Adjutant at lunch asked who would have a drink, and four members accepted from sheer force of habit. N.D.U.s (*cum* dividend) hardened further during the day, closing eventually at forty-nine, much business being done after hours. The following day, on receipt of a petition from members, we added a rule that transactions with non-members should be allowed as heretofore; and then, in order to discourage those who still remained out of the Union, we introduced a system of diplomas. Any member who could succeed in getting five free drinks out of a non-member without giving a single one in return would be entitled to a framed diploma in three colours. A footnote stated that a diploma could, if so desired, be replaced by an extra glass of port at the weekly general meeting. Naturally it always was so desired; there are several things you can do with a glass of port which you can't possibly do with a diploma—even in three colours. This rule during the week brought in several waverers, who found it would be cheaper to be inside the Union than outside, and by Saturday the stock had touched three figures.

By Tuesday we were getting seriously embarrassed. Our wine-merchant was "acknowledging receipt of your esteemed order" about every day, and we had had to enlarge our cellar and engage another wine-waiter. Had we not known that it was the Colonel's express wish that we should do something to keep down the wine bills we should have been tempted to dissolve the Union, for life was getting too strenuous.

The second weekly general meeting passed off without a hitch, six dividends being declared during the evening. The Adjutant, however, missed the last two. He was not feeling up to the mark, and retired early at 2 A.M. On inspection later we found that there were only five glasses left in the funds, which were not enough for a further dividend. As no one else would retire, but all sat hopefully round, the Directors held a meeting in a corner of the room and amid much adverse comment paid themselves Directors' fees of two glasses each, leaving one over. A further Directors' meeting was then held, at which Lieutenant Holster, the Chairman, proposed that the Chairman be paid a bonus of one glass. The remaining Directors (James) opposed the motion, and it was put to the vote. The voting ran thus:—

For the motion	1
Against	1

The Chairman then gave his casting vote for the motion, which was thus carried by one vote amid frantic opposition from the body of the house.

On the following Sunday, when, through the forgetfulness of some members and the inability of others to say "No" when asked a familiar question, we had again touched a hun-



Proud Father (to son home for half-term holiday). "I SUPPOSE THE BOYS SOMETIMES TALK OF THEIR FATHERS. HAVE YOU TOLD THEM THAT I 'M A LAWYER?"

Son. "I DID TELL ONE OF MY PALS, AND HE WAS AWFULLY DECENT ABOUT IT."

dred, the Colonel unfortunately became aware of what was going on. He appeared to misunderstand the Union's aims and suppressed it at once.

We are now back in the old days of treating—that is to say, if you want a whisky-and-soda after dinner, you feel in duty bound to give drinks to nine other people who happen to be in the room; and then you are even more in duty bound to stay up half the night till you have got your nine drinks back again. A. A.

Modern Improvements in the Dairy Trade.

From a recently published novel:—

"[He] sat in the little flat in Chelsea blissfully eating crumpets, over which Emmy had spread the preposterous amount of butter which proceeds from an overflowing heart."

Our Cautious Journalists.

"It is difficult to see, also, how £20,000,000 would be sufficient capital to bring 1,000,000 acres into bearing, as this would represent only about £20 per acre."—*Daily Paper.*

The calculation appears to be approximately correct.

West African Football Notes.

"The game started at 5.20 p.m. During the first half it was noticed that the Bank was playing with 13 men against 11 of the Rovers; the attention of the referee, Mr. ——, Assistant Engineer, Harbour Works Department, was called, and he ordered the withdrawal of the surplus men. The second half witnessed similar action, but this time it was with 12 men; it was detected and a man was withdrawn."

Local Paper.

A very good plan is to have a chartered accountant to assist the referee.

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

WELCOME, and again welcome, to the cosy, foggy, firelit Little Season, when dear old London is at its *Londonest*, when there 's a comfy intimate air about everything and everybody, and we 're asking each other, "What s'all us play at next?"

"Just-as-you-Are" parties are very popular and are perfectly good fun. Ring 'em all up with, "Come and dance, just as you are," and await developments. Prizes are given for the *most* "Just-as-you-Are." At my last one I rang up Chatterton Soames as he was having his evening shave, and he came straight off in a dressing-gown with his face covered with soap. He got a prize. Pixie Dashmore said I rang her up while she was doing these new Fiji exercises, and, when she blew in, I—well—*really!* And that 's what I said to her. "I 'm not one of the How-*can*-you crowd," I said, "and certainly it 's a Just-as-you-Are party, but *really*, Pixie!"

"Really to you," said Pixie. "I 'm just as I was, aren't I? In fact I believe I 'm juster-as-I-was than any of 'em."

"You certainly are," I agreed.

"Well, then, you 've got to give me a prize. No backing out, Sylvia. I 'll have that pendant you 're wearing."

"No, you won't," I said; "I 'm not giving jewellery. And anyhow you want something bigger than a pendant."

Quite numbers of people one knows are going into business. Some of the poor dears are doing it because, their incomes being reduced to only a few thousands a year, they have to put their shoulders to the wheel. Others have opened shops because they 've a *flair* for business and original ideas. Dear Cecilia Exshire is of the former. The Exshires simply *had* to do things, so, while Exshire was out somewhere prospecting for something, Cecilia opened "Lady Exshire's Fan Shop." The sweetest little boudoir-shop, each wall a great fan, heaps of satin cushions instead of chairs and a riot of flowers. To those who spent a certain amount she gave with their fans a lesson in fan-drill: "Come to me;" "go away;" "I don't care for you any longer;" "I love you more than ever." And so on. (What Cecilia doesn't know about using a fan can be scrapped.)

The suburbs simply swarmed to the Fan Shop, and when they 'd bought their fans and had their lessons in fan-drill they hied them home to Clapham and Streatham and those other funny places and spoke of "my friend the Countess of Exshire." As for *nous autres*, we chiefly went to look at Cecilia's amazing collection of antique fans. There was a wunnerful old fan of MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, with a darling little dim old picture on it, said to be that delicious RIZZIO. Mrs. Tinkeur-Tinkeur (otherwise Tinker), the Queen of Climbers, bought this one for two thou. Then there was poor dear ANNE BOLEYN'S fan, her skilful and fascinating use of which, Cecilia said, had been a prime factor in making her Queen of England. An ancient injury to one of the ivory sticks was caused (to quote Cecilia again) by a vigorous tap given by ANNE to Bluff KING HAL when his compliments became a bit too outspoken.



"'ERE, STEADY ON! YER 'LL BE GETTIN' YER LICENCE ENDORSED."

And just as the Fan Shop was doing a roaring trade a bomb fell. The next Exshire heir, a cousin and an unbelievably odious person, got an injunction or something "to restrain Cecilia Countess of Exshire from disposing of family heirlooms, to wit certain antique fans." Our poor Cecilia in her defence had to confess that there were no such heirlooms in the Exshire family, and that all her antique fans were duds, got from a Manchester warehouse!

And now the Fan Shop is shut and Cecilia 's having a rest-cure.

I hear that Mrs. Tinkeur-Tinkeur, who bought MARY STUART'S dud fan with RIZZIO'S portrait complete, says she 'll keep it and not ask for her two thou. back if she and her daughter, Miss Mabella Tinkeur-Tinkeur, are invited occasionally to parties at Exshire House and week-ends at Exshire Park.

Grace Chadborough set up her Shoe Shop because she 's always made a cult of boots and shoes and wished (she said) to express herself. Her greatest idea is the Chadborough evening shoe, pink satin, with separate toes and graduated half-pearls for toe-nails. They 're selling well, and already adverts are appearing in the dailies: "Lost at such and such a dance, a pearl toe-nail from a Chadborough evening shoe." Good for Grace! Then, when Chadborough was unlucky enough to lose his famous flying filly, Light Heels, Grace let loose another big idea and turned the bad luck into good. She had the poor dear thing's skin made into boots and shoes, selling them at ten guineas a pair. There was a little trouble with a Mrs. Somebody down in the country somewhere, who brought an action against Grace for grievous bodily harm or something, saying that the first time she went out walking in her Light Heels boots they made her run, and she couldn't stop, and ran on till she collapsed and had to be brought home by strangers. The case was dismissed, as the absurd woman was said to be a victim of auto-suggestion, and, knowing her boots were made from the skin of a famous racehorse, began to run, and then thought she couldn't stop.

"It 's done me nothing but good," Grace said to me yesterday. "Though the case was dismissed, people evidently think there was something in it, for running people and tennis people are pouring in orders for Light Heels boots and shoes, and even boxers are coming to me for Light Heels boxing-boots to improve their footwork in the ring."

"But, Grace," I said, "the poor dear thing's skin must be used up by this time."

"Oh, no," answered Grace; "I don't mean it to be used up for a long time yet." And she dropped her left eyelid.

There are a thousand-and-one stories turning on the absurd likeness between Frederica Forfarshire and Delilah, Fragolet's famous mannequin. Delilah is a slinky and delightsome creature with an amazing *flair* for showing "creations."

The other afternoon, at a Fragolet parade, she showed a "Day Dream" rest-gown in such a wunnerful way—yawning prettily, stretching gracefully and finally sinking down among a heap of cushions—that most of us began to go bye-bye. Delilah is a bit younger than Frederica and is more *obviously* pretty (women of her class, if pretty, are generally too pretty; they don't know when to stop; *we do*!); but the likeness is rather startling. In restaurants and places where they stare, Delilah is often mistaken for Frederica, and I hear that the other night at the Sub Rosa, when the famous mannequin was supping with Croppy Carruthers, and some people at the next table pointed her out to each other as the Duchess of Forfarshire, she turned and said to them, "You're wrong, good people. I'm a much more famous and *distinguée* person. I'm Delilah!"

The last story is that one afternoon Delilah was sent (I beg her pardon, condescended to go) to Forfarshire House to show Frederica a particularly last-wordy tea-frock. While she was waiting in the little blue drawing-room, where tea had been brought in, Forfarshire turned up.

"Jolly to find you here, dear," he said. "Going to give me some tea?"

Delilah gave him some tea.

"That's a new frock, ain't it?" he said. "Absolutely top-notch! Never saw my little wifey look so pretty." And, just in time to hear those last words, Frederica happened in, and there was a little *éclaircissement*.

"So this is the last tea-leaf in tea-frocks, is it?" said Frederica; "and a very charming one it is," as she inspected it. "As you're presiding, Delilah, you may give *me* some tea too."

Forfarshire turned to Delilah reproachfully. "Why didn't you put me wise?" he said. "You must have known I was mistaking you for the duchess."

"No, I didn't," answered Delilah calmly; "I simply thought you were being soppy."

And now we're asking ourselves two questions: (1) Did Forfarshire *really* think it was Frederica? (2) Will Frederica ever forgive him for saying his "little wifey" had never looked so pretty as when she was someone else?

"Considerable satisfaction is expressed in Moscow at the official issue of a book by a M. F. Shipulinsky, who revives an old controversy by attempting to prove that the 'world's greatest writer' was not 'the capitalist and exploiter, the illiterate Shakespeare' . . . but a conspirator and revolutionary, Roger Manners, Earl of Rutland."—*Morning Paper*.

Others, of course, believe he was that wild old arch-Communist, BACON.



AN ELECTIONEERING ECHO.

Borough Council Candidate. "WHAT IS OUR POLICY? WE STAND FOR OPEN SPACES."
Half of his Audience (departing). "WELL, AIN'T YER GOT 'EM, MISTER?"

A HYMN OF THE OPEN (?) ROAD.

(*With apologies to Dr. WATTS.*)

"WHENE'ER I leave my smart abode,
How many folk I see
Who fail to understand the road
Is only made for Me!

"Regardless of the risks they run
By claiming extra room,
The footpath or the ditch they shun
And barge into their doom.

"Blind to the countless barrels packed
With surface-smoothing tar,
They trespass on the sacred tract
Devoted to the Car.

"Surely some Power maleficent
Their senses must bewitch,
Who never seem to be content
With keeping to the ditch!

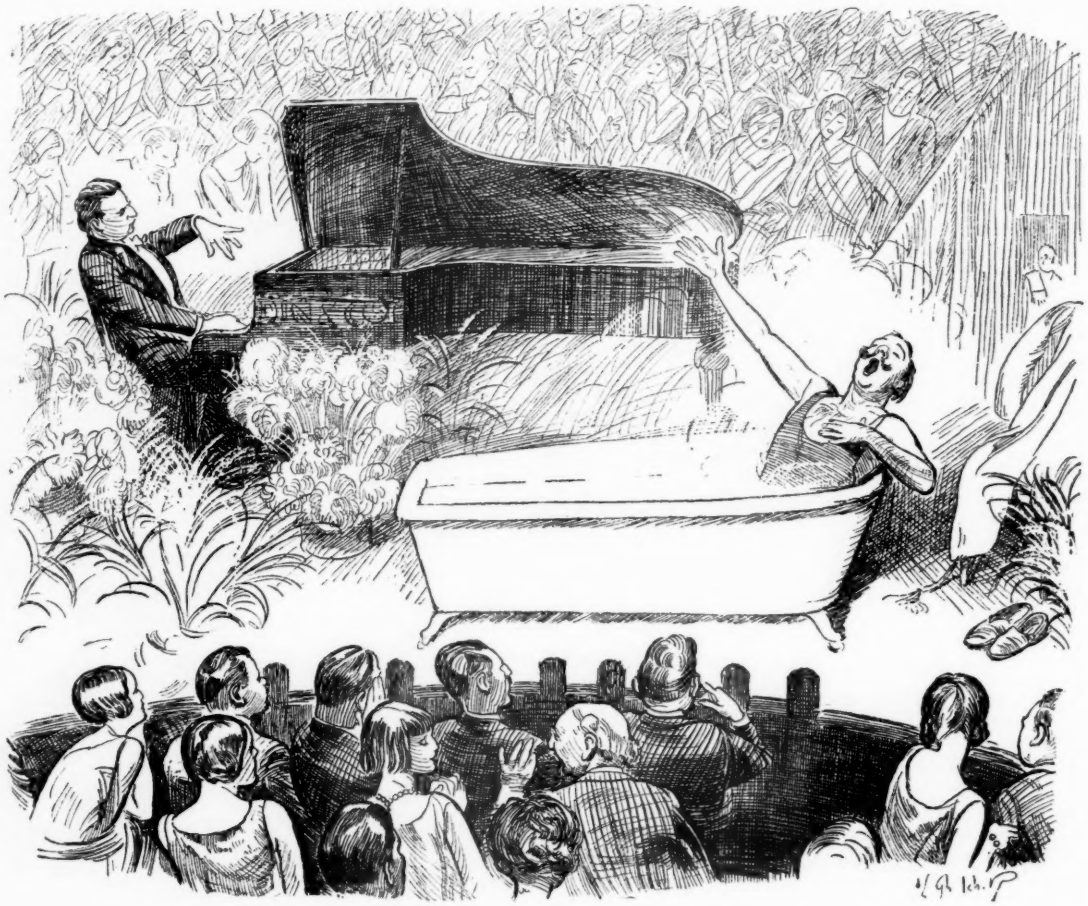
"They make one positively sick;
They never seem to know
That Life to-day is for the quick,
That Death awaits the slow."

Thus, as I perilously trod
The Hog's Back road along,
Methought, a poor pedestrian clod,
I heard the Road Hog's song.

Viceregal Sport.

"Lord Reading, who was in good form, shot a considerable number of the peasants on the high hill at Kandaghat."—*Calcutta Paper*.

Mr. Punch hopes that Mr. E. F. L. WOOD will have a jolly time too.



CONSCIENTIOUS ART.

SIGNOR FORTISSIMO HAS FOUND THAT HE GETS MOST *JOIE DE VIVRE* INTO HIS EFFORTS WHEN SINGING IN HIS BATH.

WHY I LIKE READING THE NEWS.

OFTEN enough the idea of hunting gorillas has presented itself to my mind and attracted me very strongly, and yet somehow, whenever a friend has remarked to me in the smoking-room of the club, "Why don't you go out to Africa and hunt gorillas? You are just the man for the job," I have shrugged my shoulders and laughed the matter off, until now, I suppose, it is almost too late to begin.

The fact is I am a *dilettante*; yet there must be sporting blood in my veins, for whenever I see the magical word "gorilla" in the evening paper it stands out as though written in letters of gold, and I turn away to it even from a *cause célèbre*.

Everyone to his taste, of course, in reading the evening papers. Some people, I make no doubt, like to hear about the Pact, or the arrest of the Communists, or the speed of aeroplanes, or the altered appearance of Regent Street since they took away NASH'S Quadrant or NEGRETTI'S Sextant, or whatever it was, and I own that I have a certain interest in these things too. But when it comes to a keen topical interest give me gorillas every time. I do not care whether they are Central News or Reuter. That is why I am so much attracted by the little story, which may have escaped other eyes, about the capture of Congo, the first gorilla ever brought to the United States.

Unlike English lecturers, he went there against his will. He was captured by Mr. BENJAMIN BURBRIDGE, a retired real estate operator of Jacksonville, Fla., and his son CLINTON, twenty-three. It is a pleasant thing to me to sit in my armchair and sip my whisky-and-soda and meditate upon the doings of CLINTON and BEN. The least envious of men, I do not grudge them the laurels that, but for my habitual shyness and lethargy, I might possibly myself have obtained.

"Mr. Burbridge," runs the story, "in stalking gorillas found after several experiments that the easiest way of tempting the animals into the open was by the snarl of a tiger. Invariably the male and female, upon hearing the sound, rush into the open, leaving the young in the brush unprotected."

That passage alone provides much food for thought. One sees, or perhaps one should rather say one hears, Mr. BURBRIDGE experimenting. The word "several" I take to be an understatement. The tiger, of course, is not indigenous to the Belgian Congo, where the great capture was made. The bellow of the bison, the snort of the

hippopotamus, the neigh of the quagga, the grunt of the peccary, the shrill laugh of the hyena and many other musical allurements must have been tried in vain before Mr. BURBRIDGE hit on the happy noise that enticed gorillas into the open. Young CLINTON, I imagine, helped as well.

"You bellow, Clinton," his father would say, "while I whine. Get me?"

"Yes, Pop."

"Say, Clinton, you bellowed an earful."

"Nothing doing, Pop."

"Try a hinny or two while I bubble."

And so it went on until the golden morning when Mr. BURBRIDGE, now almost in despair, had recourse to the snarl of a Bengal tiger and, to his inexpressible delight, found the talisman succeed.

"One afternoon, as the hunters were crawling through the dense woods, the dark forms of twelve gorillas and two young ones were seen by Mr. Burbridge. He ordered the guides to give the animals 'the wind.' They crawled to the other end of the forest, leaving Mr. Burbridge and his gun-boy alone. As soon as Mr. Burbridge began snarling two gorillas darted from the open, leaving what Mr. Burbridge believed to be the young."

Surely a most gratifying moment for the vocalist after all those weeks of trumpeting and mooing in vain! So does the telephone subscriber feel when, after many disappointments, he receives the right number at long last. The grown-up gorillas darted for the open. Everything now would be as simple as shelling peas.

"In the twilight Mr. Burbridge saw what appeared to be a young gorilla moving about. He crawled to within springing distance, gave a leap and landed on the back of a fine hundred-and-twenty-five pound gorilla, large enough to kill a leopard."

That is just the point where I feel that I as a gorilla-hunter should have failed and where Mr. BURBRIDGE did not. He calculated at the moment of jumping the weight of the gorilla to the nearest pound, and estimated what it was large enough to kill. A diffident man like myself might have put the weight as high as a hundred-and-fifty maybe, and even suspected the animal of being able to inflict injury on a puma or a gnu. Not so Mr. BURBRIDGE. He now merely "looked around for his boy, but he had gone."

I do not think the word "boy" refers to young CLINTON; I think it refers to the gun-boy. I do not know what young CLINTON was doing. I suspect that he was out of the hunt that day. He had a relaxed throat maybe and was chewing lozenges quietly under a upas-tree or practising jumps. As for the gun-boy, for some reason impossible to surmise, he had gone. What a careless casual creature is a boy!

"As soon as he landed, Mr. Burbridge saw his mistake. He grasped the animal by the throat and for several minutes it was a rough-and-tumble battle between them; but the gorilla always got the best of the fight. . . . Infuriated by the attack he pulled Mr. Burbridge's head towards his jaws while they rolled about."

Another man, I submit, might easily have lost his presence of mind at this juncture, but not our Mr. BURBRIDGE. He realised (after all he had been a real estate operator) that, if he once allowed the gorilla to bite pieces out of his head, he might forfeit his sense of self-control and endanger his chances of capturing the animal alive. It was a moment when many of us might have hesitated as to the best course of action to pursue, and perhaps by some hasty ill-considered noise, such as another snarl, would have frightened the animal away into the open for good and all.

"Mr. Burbridge suddenly released his grip on the gorilla's throat and grasped the animal's 'hands.' At the same time the gorilla thrust the hunter's hands into his mouth and began chewing them."

This is a phase in the operation at which I admit I should have felt momentarily discouraged. But Mr. BURBRIDGE rose to the occasion once again.

"With every ounce of strength he pushed his hand down the gorilla's throat to strangle it. He was about to collapse when the guides came up and the gorilla was beaten off."

I like to imagine at this point how young CLINTON, strolling up, remarked affably to his parent—

"Hullo, Pop! Caught a gorilla?"

"Sure thing."

"Attaboy. Some ape."

"You said it."

* * * * *

As I have indicated I cannot really be bothered to change all my old habits and go out hunting gorillas at my time of life. But if as I sit by the November fire you sometimes hear me softly emitting the snarl of an irritated tiger you will know that I hunt them in my dreams.

EVOE.



Taxi-driver (who has received threepence over the legal fare). "THRUPPENCE! 'ERE, THIS AIN'T NO GOOD TO ME. TAKE IT BACK AN' BUY YERSELF A FEW MOTH-BALLS."



Hostess. "YOU HAVEN'T MET MY NIECE BEFORE, HAVE YOU?"
Guest. "NO. CHARMING GIRL."
Hostess. "YES—SHE'S QUITE A DEAR, BUT A TRIFLE OLD-FASHIONED. MEN HAVE TO SPECULATE AS TO HER KNEES AND EARS."

"REMEMBER, REMEMBER . . . ."

"'REMEMBER, remember the Fifth o' November' was what we used to say
When I was a nipper in Rother'ithe an' it come round GUY FAWKES Day,
With an 'andful o' squibs an' a cracker or two an' a gunny sack stuffed with 'ay.

"'Remember, remember the Fifth o' November,' bangin' an old tin can,
But I've 'ad bonfires enough, Lord knows, since them old days," said Dan;
"An' I'll remember the Fifth o' November while I'm a livin' man.

"I was in the old barque *Brig o' Doon*, Clyde-built in 'seventy-three;
A rare old flyer too she 'd been—you 'd know the ship maybe—
An' we loaded coal at Barry Dock an' sailed for the China Sea.

"An' first it started smellin' a bit an' then it got to smokin',
Till we couldn't see the royal yards nor lift a stave for chokin';
An' it kep' on gainin' all the while as if Old Nick was stokin'.

"Ten mortal days we fought it, an' the tenth we 'ad to clear,
An' of all the blessed days there are in all the blessed year
The day we left was the Fifth o' November as true as I stand 'ere.

"The sun dropped sudden like a stone; the stars come out to stare
In their beastly cold off-'anded way as if they didn't care
What made the sea one bloomin' flame an' the sky one bloomin' glare.

"All night we watched the old ship burn like fellers in a dream;
We saw the sparks fall far an' wide from every bubblin' seam;
Like smoke from a hundred burnin' ghauts we saw the black smoke stream.

"We saw 'er yards come crashin' down, 'er masts fall one by one;
All up 'er shrouds we watched the flames like lightnin' leap an' run,
Till the dawn come like a scarlet flower an' she was all but done.

"Nothin' left but a blackened hull of 'er as looked so fine
With decks like snow an' swellin' sails an' brasses all one shine,
An' all her flyin' kites aloft, rollin' down to the Line.

"Nothin' at all but the burnt-out shell of what she used to be;
An' me—I 'ad to turn my 'ead; I didn't want to see;
For she was a grand old ship, Lord knows, an' a good old ship to me—
An' I'll remember the Fifth o' November as long 's I live," said he.

C. F. S.



THE CUTTING-OUT OF CAILLAUX.

M. Painlevé. "YOU WON'T FIND THIS QUITE SO PIQUANT AS THE LAST ONE, MADAME."
Madame la France. "ANYTHING SO LONG AS IT ISN'T UNPALATABLE."

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT HOME.

XVIII.—AN AUTOMATIC MEAL.

"COME along now," said Will; "we can't afford to miss it."

We were dashing to catch a train for golf.

"My dear fellow," I said, "we have seven minutes and only two hundred yards to go. We can't *possibly* miss it."

"I don't mean the train," said he; "I mean lunch."

A great misgiving swept over me. "We can have lunch quite easily when we get there," I said. "What worries you?"

"When we get there we'll have to dash straight on to the first tee if we hope to get round. We'd better have lunch before we take the train."

"Before!" I cried. "Where in the world, do you think you can get lunch and catch a train in five or six minutes?"

"Haven't you ever had an automatic lunch?" he asked me.

"Heaven forbid!" said I. I had never heard of such a thing.

"Too bad," said Will. "Not knowing the ropes may slow you up some. The first time I tried it I took ten minutes. But we'll leave out the salad."

"Why, it takes ten minutes to get a waiter."

"Waiter!" said Will. "There aren't any waiters. It's automatic. You turn a crank. How many five-cent pieces have you?"

"Two," I answered, feeling in my pocket as well as I could at the speed we were travelling.

"Two won't help you much," said Will. "Let me have them. You'll need half-a-dozen. There'll be a woman at a stand near the door who'll change anything you've got to nickels. Give her a dollar. That ought to be enough for both of us."

I passed him my two nickels—passed them very quickly; everything in me seemed to have begun to race. "We'll make it, I think."

"Easily," said Will, beginning to run, "if we leave out the salad."

"Certainly we'll leave out the salad."

"Good," said Will. "How about baked beans for a start?"

"Fine," said I.

"I'll get two beans while you're changing the dollar. Come after me as soon as you have the nickels. Here we are. Get out the dollar."

We leaped down three steps and through some swinging doors. The doors were automatic. I pushed one door and two opened. "Whee!" I cried, quite wrought up.

"There she is," said Will, waving at the upper third of the change woman, just visible over the top of a stone counter with depressions in it which automatically caught all your change and enabled you to scoop it up in a flash and away.

I slid over the tiled floor with the bill held out before me. She snipped the bill from my outstretched fingers, and by the time the rest of me got there twenty nickels were pouring out of the nozzle of a machine which she had nodded at. They skidded into the middle depression.

"Thanks!" I cried.

"Count your change," said the woman automatically.

I caught sight of Will putting two dishes of beans on a high marble table; I skated across to him, the twenty nickels clutched in both hands.

"Attakid!" said Will. "Now some muffins. Over there. Keep calm."

I raced to the wall he indicated. It looked like the side of a post-office; it was lined with little letter-boxes, each box having a glass door and a name-plate. They were the letter-boxes of the Bread family; there was "Corn Bread" and "Rye Bread" and "White Bread." A little farther on were their relatives, the muffins and the rolls. And beyond the glass I could see in each box a specimen dish of the article described on the front. On the door-knob was a coin-slot and a card saying, "One nickel."

"Corn muffins, one nickel." I dropped it in, turned the handle and the door popped open. The process was repeated.

"Two coffees," said Will over my shoulder. "I'll get our dessert. Easy does it."

Just under my right hand was a spigot marked "Coffee, one nickel." In went the nickel; out gushed the coffee. It already contained cream. My heart skipped and fluttered.

When the cup beneath the faucet was full to the brim the coffee automatically ceased to flow.

"Whee!"

I removed the cup, put another in its place, and dropped in another nickel for Will. While the coffee was running I hastily deposited the muffins and the first coffee on the high table with the beans. Will rushed up with two slices of apple-pie.

"Coffee under the spout!" I cried.

Will swooped it over to the table with one hand, beginning on the muffins with the other.

"Sugar, sugar!" said I; "where's the sugar?"

"Automatically sweetened," said Will. "Take it easy. Keep your head."

I then noted the peculiar efficiency developed by having the tables so high. The food being already at about the level of one's chest, the distance which one's knife and fork had to travel was materially diminished. This alone cut off practically one-third of the time it takes to eat.

"The pie, please, old man," said Will in half a minute.

I pushed it over as I took a swallow of coffee. Half a minute after that we were darting towards the door.

"Cigarette?" invited Will. "Catch your light at the door."

Several small gas-gets were burning in wind-shields on the tobacco counter; we paused for a fraction of a second at



The Eagle (*Uncle Sam*) *to the Dove* (*Uncle* ARTHUR). "THERE'S NO ROOM FOR YOU BIRDS OF PREY IN THE LAND OF LIBERTY."

[Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P., has been forbidden to lecture in the United States, on the ground that he preaches dangerous Communist doctrines.]

two of them and bounded up to the sidewalk.

"Never have understood," said Will as we hastened through the gate to Track 27, "why, in a place like that, they don't sell cigarettes already lighted. It could be done quite easily, you know. They could have a machine built on the principle of a vacuum-cleaner to get the thing started——"

"All aboard?" shouted the conductor.

"All aboard," answered Will, and we sprang up the steps.

We rode backwards the whole distance. This was my suggestion, I am rather proud to say; the idea, of course, was to get our eyesight back to normal by the time we reached the golf course. I believe if we could have had half-an-hour more on the train our visions would have been perfectly unwound again. As it was, we halved the first hole in nine. Our eyes may not have been the whole trouble, though; there was also the great burden that was developing near the solar plexus. U. S. A.

THE NEW SELF-CRITICISM.

(*See also p. 501.*)

MR. C. R. W. NEVINSON'S recent action in requesting that his "La Mitrailleuse" should be removed from the Tate Gallery, as being the world's worst picture, must not be regarded as an isolated example of destructive self-criticism. It has already led to several other practical palinodes, the most notable of which we are now in a position to announce.

The COMMISSIONER OF WORKS has received, and has been asked by the writer to publish, the following letter from Mr. Daniel Pepsberg:—

DEAR SIR,—I must request you with all possible despatch to remove the memorial which I executed and which was recently erected in Hyde Park. I should however greatly prefer that it be not merely removed, but either (1) sunk in the deepest part of the mid-Atlantic, or (2) blown up and reduced to infinitesimal smithereens by dynamite, tri-nitro-toluene, lyddite, ammonite or whatever is the most disintegrating form of high explosive. You will appreciate my motives in making this somewhat unusual request when I assure you, with the utmost solemnity and with my hand on my heart, that I am convinced that it is the worst piece of statuary in existence and a standing desecration of the amenities of a great pleasure-ground. Worse still, it has provoked an acrimonious controversy so acute and embittered as to impair beforehand the spirit of international good will engendered by the recent Conference at Locarno. Worst of all, it has enveloped me in a blaze of publicity and notoriety which I have always loathed and detested and have sedulously endeavoured at all stages of my career to avoid and evade.

Trusting that you will see your way to accede to my wishes with the least possible delay, I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

DANIEL PEPSBERG."



Plumber's Mate. "THIS 'ERE JOB REQUIRES A BIT OF THINKIN'."
Plumber. "TAKE YER SPANNER AN' GET ON WITH IT. I 'LL DO THE THINKIN'."

Miss Lilith Eveleigh Standing, the distinguished poetess, has addressed the following remarkable communication to her publisher, Mr. Harold Coxwell, to which, with her entire approval, he begs us to give the widest possible currency:

"In asking you to withdraw my latest volume from circulation I am acting on no sudden impulse, but the irresistible conviction that it contains the worst poems 'ever moulded by the lips of man' or woman. There was a time, I own it with sorrow, when this pre-eminence in ineptitude, this paramountcy in the realm of the inane, filled me with a certain pride and even exultation. But that mood has passed. A careful study of grammar, prosody and the legitimate use of epithets, similes and metaphors has brought home to me with overwhelming force the *lacunæ* in my equipment and decided me to abstain from further publication until I have mastered the rudiments of my art. It is not enough to make one's readers 'sit up,' even to make them sit well up. Surprise, Gongorism and preciosity are but broken reeds; and I am devoting my days and nights to the study of TENNYSON, GRAY and Mr. ALFRED NOYES, in the hope that I may one day attain to the Arcadian simplicity and classical repose of these august exemplars."

Sir HENRY WOOD, who was about to produce at one of his Symphony Concerts a syncopated version of HANDEL'S "Largo" orchestrated for twenty saxophones, ten tam-tams, twelve piccolos, fourteen trap-drums and solo stertoroon, has reluctantly withdrawn the piece from his programme in consequence of the communication addressed to him by Mr. Klaxton Boomer, the composer.

Mr. Boomer writes as follows:—

"While fully sensible of the compliment involved in your intention to produce my "Epileptic Fantasia" on a theme by HANDEL, I must peremptorily decline the honour for reasons which I feel sure you will recognise as convincing. On mature reflection I have come to the conclusion that it is beyond question the worst piece of music in the world. For abuse of sonority, extravagance of ornamentation and general impudence it is without a parallel in the annals of the Art. It also marks a phase in the evolution of my genius on which I look back with unmitigated horror and disgust, having now decided to consecrate my energies to the cultivation of the sublime and the beautiful, the simple and the serene. I may add that I have already destroyed the full score and parts as the most effectual means of consigning the work to the oblivion which it so richly deserves."

"HARROW-ON-THE-HILL, FRIDAY.

'He [the Rev. Lionel Ford] turned out young Englishmen.'"—*Evening Paper.*

This must always be the occasional—though painful—duty of a Head.

"Lost a single stone gentleman's diamond ring."—*Irish Paper.*

This raises once again the all-important question, "Should statues wear jewellery?" We think not.



Elderly Novice. "LET ME SEE—THIS IS THE NINTH. YES—A VERY TRICKY ZIG-ZAG ONE. IT 'S WHAT THEY CALL A GATE-LEGGED HOLE."

Young Novice. "DON'T YOU MEAN DOG'S-EARED?"

A CHILD'S GUIDE TO FRANCE.

THE little student who would fix
His mind on foreign politics,
Especially on those of France,
So interwoven with finance,
Must first of all remember who
The Frenchmen are and what they do.
They do not live, like people here,
In sunless towns and feed on beer,
But in a land of light and song
Where they can labour all day long
And till the surface of the fields
For claret, which it always yields
In such incredible amounts
That farmers grow as rich as counts,
And every man in France is able
To keep some wine upon his table,
While here we only have the label.
But, being stout and true of heart,
The Frenchman does not lightly part
With money when he has a lot,
But keeps it in a chest or pot,
And do I blame him? I do not.
So when the tax-collector comes
And utters loud encomiums
On BRIAND or on PAINLEVÉ,
And asks the peasant will he pay
A bit towards the Foreign Debt,
Or else, to France's great regret,
There 'll be a change of Cabinet,
The peasant—for he is a Gaul—
Politely listens to it all,
But bids the tax-collector go
With "Non," which is the French for
"No."

Then Monsieur BRIAND tugs his hairs
And Monsieur PAINLEVÉ despairs,
And Monsieur CAILLAUX sits and swears,
And not a single cheerful *mot*
Proceeds from Monsieur HERRIOT;
And all go down to see the Bank
And bolster up the falling franc—
A somewhat curious feat which I
Will not proceed to amplify—
And end by saying, "We regret
We cannot pay this Foreign Debt,
But we will change our Cabinet."

By studying these simple rhymes
The earnest student of our times
Should never more remain in doubt
What everything is all about
On reading, "*Scenes of great remorse*
Occurred upon the Paris Bourse;"
And "*Life is looking bleak and gray*
Just now upon the Quai d'Orsay."
The facts are these: that men in France
By some peculiar circumstance
Prefer to till their native soil
For corn and wine and olive-oil,
And yoke the uncomplaining ox
And keep their money in a box;
While we, who live in gloom and grit,
Whenever we have made our bit,
Have learnt the altruistic habit
Of letting tax-collectors grab it,
And filling up with shouts of glee
A thing described as "Schedule D,"
Which still goes on through thick and
thin
Whatever Governments are in;
While France observes with much regret,
"We cannot pay our Foreign Debt,
But we will change our Cabinet."

Why therefore should there be this fuss?
For France is France and we are us.

EVOE.

Mr. Punch on Show.

In aid of the King Edward's Hospital Fund a Humour Exhibition has just been opened at the Spring Gardens Galleries, and will continue for three weeks. Two rooms are devoted to examples of Mr. Punch's cartoons, Parliamentary sketches and social pictures from his beginning to the present day. Part of the HENRY SILVER bequest will be on view. Of the modern exhibits from *Punch* more than half will be for sale in the cause of the Hospital Fund.

"Mr. Caillaux, who is regarded as France's 'financial wizard,' solemn and vehement, depicted the danger of such an epxcetidnETAOIN etaoin nununun an expedient."

New York Paper.

Once again we are foiled by our ignorance of colloquial French.

"Long ago, in one of the Parliaments of the mid-Victorian era, Lord Hartington deposited his manuscript in his hat, which he placed upon the table and repeated from memory quite successfully for about twenty minutes."

Weekly Paper.

WINSTON wouldn't do that. He never repeats his hats.



Young Visitor (contentedly eating meringue). "MUMMY, I'D RATHER BE ILL ON MERINGUES THAN ALMOST *ANYTHING*."

KEY NOTES.

"IF it was her father who locked the door, why should her mother keep the key?" I asked.

Angela looked up from something coloured and complicated with which she was busying herself.

"Whose mother?" she asked.

I looked at the score again.

"The blooming bride's mother," I said.

Angela sat up sharply and two balls of wool fell on the floor.

"I suppose because she knew from experience that she was the only person to be trusted not to lose the blooming thing," she said.

I pulled myself together with an effort.

"Angela!" I said.

"What?" asked Angela calmly.

"*Is* that quite nice language for——?"

"*You* said it."

"Said what?"

"Blooming. You said 'the blooming bride's mother.' If it's nice language for you, then it's nice language for me;" and she started to haul in a thin pink line which led under the book-case.

"I'm afraid you don't understand," I said with dignity. "If you will listen I will read what it says here."

Angela sighed the ghost of a little sigh.

"Are you sure it's fit for me to hear?" she asked.

"Of course it's fit for you to hear," I said, "otherwise I should not be reading it myself. Besides it's a song."

"In that case couldn't you sing it?" suggested Angela. "It might not sound so bad that way. On the other hand, of course," she added, "it might sound worse. However, do whichever you think best, dear."

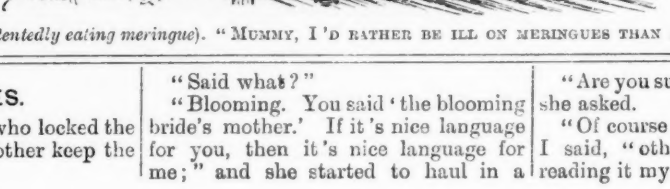
"Are you *quite* ready?" I asked patiently.

"Quite, thank you," said Angela demurely.

But perhaps I ought to explain.

Angela and I have joined the village Choral and Glee Society. Yes, I know it sounds a pretty desperate sort of thing to do, but remember we live in the country and one must do *something*.

Now our secretary had decided to begin operations by putting into rehearsal a glee entitled, "Oh, who will



"'OH, WHO WILL O'ER THE DOWNS SO FREE . . .'"

o'er the downs so free?"—one, I am given to understand, practically never before attempted by any other society. The postman (who is also our tenor) had just brought our copy on his evening round and I was having a preliminary glance through it.

It started quite nicely. I don't suppose you know it—it is an obscure little ballad—but this is how it begins:—

"Oh, who will o'er the downs so free,
Oh, who will with me ride?
Oh, who will up and follow me
To win a blooming bride?"

So far I had nothing to criticise, but the next two lines pulled me up with a jerk and were the occasion of my original remark to Angela:—

"Her father he has locked the door;
Her *mother* keeps the key."

The italics are mine and you see what I mean by them. Obviously a thing like this cannot be passed over. It needs some sort of explanation.

I read it to Angela.

"Well, what about it?" she asked, opening her eyes wide in a dangerously innocent way she has and looking up at me.

"My dear girl," I said, "surely you see that this is a most extraordinary statement. At its best it constitutes a very dangerous precedent; at its worst it strikes at the very roots of domestic authority. Here are these parents—probably kind indulgent parents too—deciding from the very best of motives to lock this girl up. And, mark you, this is no minor affair; it is not a passing tiff between mother and daughter. It is sufficiently serious for the head of the household to be involved in person. That raises the matter at once to the dignity of an occasion. Can't you see him, Angela—the poor old father doing more in sorrow than in anger what he knows to be right? 'There, Miss,' he says—'you shall remain in your room until you come to your senses;' and he locks the door with a dignified snap, turning away with a not unmanly tear in his old eye, for he loves the child dearly."

Overcome by my own eloquence I paused and blew my nose. Angela dabbed absent-mindedly at her eyes with a ball of blue wool.

"Then what happens?" I asked, suddenly changing my tone. "Why, no sooner is this solemn and impressive ceremony over than the girl's mother snatches the key from the old man's trembling hand. Why? I ask you, why?"

Angela pulled herself together.

"I'll tell you," she said. "She knew that, if she let *him* keep it, when they wanted to let the girl out again he'd be doddering round, saying, 'My dear, if it isn't in the pocket of my other breeches then I can't think *what*'s become of it. Someone must have taken it.' *I* know."



"'THERE, MISS, YOU SHALL REMAIN IN YOUR ROOM UNTIL YOU COME TO YOUR SENSES.'"

"Nothing of the sort," I said coldly. "There is not the slightest foundation for——"

"Oh, isn't there?" said Angela. "Have you forgotten how you——?"

"There is no need to drag me in," I said. "In my opinion this is just another instance of that misplaced self-assertiveness which is, I fear, becoming all too common a characteristic of the wives of our time. Observe too that she lets the old man do the unpleasant part; and all the time, mind you, if the thing goes wrong she will say, 'Well, it was *you* who locked her in.'"

"Rubbish!" said Angela.

"Besides," I continued reasonably, "how *could* a man possibly lose a thing like a key? Why——"

Angela rose and, crossing the room, fumbled in her bag.

"By the way," she said, "talking of keys, here's yours;" and she held it out to me.

I took it mechanically.

"Where was it?" I asked feebly.

"In the front-door," said Angela; "I found it there this morning."

She returned to her seat.

"Please read the rest of the ballad, will you, dear?" she said sweetly; "I think I shall like it."

L. DU G.



"'PLEASE READ THE REST OF THE BALLAD, WILL YOU, DEAR?'"

GOLFING RHYMES.

VIII.—SHEEP ON THE COURSE.

He told us in the bar;
His face was ashen-grey;
He bowed his head and humbly said,
"I hit a sheep to-day.

"I did the horrid deed
This morning at the third—
A fearful slice and in a trice
The tragedy occurred."

"That's nothing much, old boy,"
We cheerfully replied.
"Why all this fuss?
Ridiculous!"
"That isn't all," he sighed.

"This afternoon I did
The thing that makes me weep—
The same old spot, the same old shot,
Alas! the same old sheep.

"Two rounds of eighteen holes,
And I must pay the price—
The only man since Golf began
Who hit the same sheep twice."

The Food Council at Work.

"MORE BAKERS TO PRODUCE BOOKS."
Newspaper Headline.

As BROWNING said, "I want to know a baker writes."

Annoying Interruption to Irish Sport.

"A horse took fright from outside the hardware business house of Mr. Dan O'Shea and dashed madly through Francis Street, Kilrush. When he reached the priest's house he got on to the footpath, which is pretty wide and used generally by nurses rolling children."
Cork Paper.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS" (GAIETY).

I suppose they were "good" as well as "old"; but, if we are to judge by this Gaiety production, they seem to have had very little fun in them, except the boisterous mirth of hunting people, a type whose sense of humour has probably always had its strict limitations.

Indeed, it was never quite clear what Mr. OSCAR ASCHE, who produced the play, was trying to do with it. Drury Lane drama always gave us at least a story, and often a very passable allowance of laughter; also some miracles of mechanism. But here both the plot and the humour were an affront to our intelligence; and the stage-settings, excellent in themselves, never showed the slightest activity apart from a brief spasm of snowfall.

What fun there was—if we exclude certain efforts in Irish humour, a form of entertainment that has long ago lost its appeal—was largely achieved under the influence of rum. Stimulated by this heady liquor, the *Countess of Jawleyford* (Miss LAURA SMITHSON), till then merely *banale*, contrived to say two or three good things. (It was this same beverage that disturbed the equilibrium of her maid, played by Miss PAULA CINQUEVALLI, from whom, as the daughter of her father, we looked for a better sense of balance).

The dialogue, rich in *clichés*, was otherwise poor. Even the Irishman's donkey seemed to think so. Left for a moment at liberty, it walked deliberately off the stage. And once I thought I heard a horse behind the scenes neigh contemptuously.

I admit that uproarious merriment was simulated among the company; but then they were paid for it. We of the audience, who received no emolument for our attendance, were much more reserved; though a general titter (not invited by the author) ran round the house when the hero, bitterly chagrined at the loss of the lady of his choice through the machinations of another lady, was, at a moment's notice, consumed with passionate love for the latter.

The period, as indicated by the costumes, was late Georgian, but the language was eclectic and generously embraced many words (such as "ructions") with a strong modern flavour. However, I was glad enough that the general old-world atmosphere threw a kindly veil over the improbability of the proceedings at "The Mitre" (presumably the Oxford "Mitre"); for I tremble to think what the "College Bloods" (so described in the programme) would have been like if they had attempted to represent the University life of to-day.

Mr. PERCY FLETCHER's music was the best feature of the show. Gay or sentimental, it was always fresh, and he had no need to lift, as he frankly did more than once, the air of STANFORD's "Father O'Flynn," or to borrow the lilt of "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?" And there was some pretty good singing. It was no doubt for his vocal gifts that Señor PEDRO BRANCO (said to be a Portuguese discovery of Miss LILY BRAYTON's) was dragged into the business by his heels and hair. It must have been something of a strain (and we shared it) to work a Spanish highwayman with the voice of a nightingale into a British hunting environment. But, once there, he was very difficult to shift. Time and again after he had started to leave the stage he lingered to give us one more turn of song. And he did all his turns well, much the best being a song in Spanish, a very dashing performance, which made one wish that more scope had been given to his peninsularity, though he might have exceeded, as he did here, the temperamental range of a nightingale.

For *Nightingale* was his name in the play, and, though this title is commonly attached to a *prima donna* and sounds a little incongruous for a man and a highway-robber, it was of course justified by the notorious fact that the actual nightingale who sings on the wireless and elsewhere is a cock-bird.

Mr. NORMAN WILLIAMS, as the Boniface of "The Mitre," sang with a right rotundity; but the best work in the play was done by Miss MARGARET COCHRAN (or COCHRANE; the programme gives you your choice) as *Lady Micky*. She is comparatively new to the stage and this was her first performance of a leading part in London. Her voice may not be very strong, but her singing had charm. A piquant and graceful figure, she acted with the greatest ease and *sangfroid*, whether in crinoline or breeches.



AN AMATEUR HIGHWAYMAN.
Michael Horgan . . . MR. HUGH E. WRIGHT.
The Earl of Jawleyford . MR. OSCAR ASCHE.

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE, author of the book of words, has given himself a smallish part (I use the epithet without regard to his physical proportions) in the person of that blustering scamp, the *Earl of Jawleyford*. During the course of high festivities at "The Mitre" he entered swathed in a dressing-gown. It was so apparelled that he was last seen by me on the stage, at His Majesty's. Whether or not this apparition was fatal to the success of the play (*A Royal Visitor*) it is not for me to judge, but it was taken off (the play, I mean, not the dressing-gown) in less than a week. The possible omen rather scares me.

I think that Mr. OSCAR ASCHE would do well to stick to his lucrative Orient. He seems to have heard the West a-calling. He should close his ears to that seductive appeal.

Alas (in conclusion) for the Good Old Days! Enviably young they must have been who did not come away a little depressed by "The ASCHE-BRAYTON Production," and in particular its title. For the "old days" at the Gaiety were so really "good"; so much, much better than the new ones. When will these ASCHES of to-day recover those ashes of the past? O. S.

"THE DESIRE FOR CHANGE" (PLAYHOUSE).

Here is a charmingly ingenuous play

for nice simple minds. *Henry Shifnal Severn*, "one of England's richest" (and stupidest) "men," finds himself "in a sitting-room in an hotel in Europe" what time a plain strike has been declared by the chambermaids and a sympathetic strike by the waiters, or perhaps it was the other way round. But does our millionaire stamp and rave? Or blench? Not at all. Summoning his reserves of courage he sends his valet into the seething town for food and utensils, declares his coffee excellent, actually makes his own toast, invites a striking waiter to share his breakfast, overwhelms him by showing acquaintance with KARL MARX and even BAKUNIN and SOREL (or their names at least) and generally behaves in a very suave and noble way. It then occurs to him to suggest to his daughter (who brings her husband, whose business it is to divert us by coming in without his collar, sitting on plates and making strange dyspeptic noises, the result of his having wolfed *caviare* sandwiches for breakfast) that they shall give pretty *Red Mag*, the chambermaid and leader of the strike, "a chance" by dressing her up as a lady and inviting her to lunch and dinner. It is a play full of meals.

Mag, perhaps not altogether unnaturally, misinterprets the motive behind this asinine proposal, and we are shown our millionaire, who, having lost his first wife in the hunting-field and his second in the divorce court, is contemplating a third in the person of a Polish countess—we are shown him, I say, taking refuge behind his tobacco-jar by way of resistance to the unsubtle and, one must have thought, entirely offensive advances of the spoiled chambermaid.

The desire for change had some time before this begun to gnaw at me. It became positively passionate as we proceeded. *Mag's* comrades, first thinking she has been kidnapped and then finding her dressed up fit to kill in the millionaire's sitting-room, naturally conclude she is a traitor, blackleg and scab, and no better than she ought to be. Two of them proceed literally to tear the clothes off her back, three perfectly good English people and a fine healthy Polish countess standing by, making embarrassed noises but doing nothing to prevent it. Our millionaire however



MARGARET AND HER VIRTUOUS FAUST.

Margaret . . . . . MISS MARY CLARE.
Henry Shifnal Severn . MR. ARTHUR WONTNER.

chivalrously covers with a shawl the charming undergarments which the two furious female strikers had exposed but not (fortunately) rent. A most diverting or touching conclusion, according to the way your mind works.

It seemed to me sad to see clever Miss MARY CLARE trying to make her waxwork effigy of a *Margaret* plausible. Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER (the naïve and offensively patronising millionaire) achieved an air of great ease and affability by the process of slurring all his consonants and uttering a succession of friendly musical vowel sounds, of which the general, if not the particular, meaning was clear enough. Mr. HARCOURT WILLIAMS gave an attractive little sketch of the diffident waiter, *William Peters*. Mr. FREDERICK LLOYD (quasi-comic valet), Mr. EDMOND BREON (comic son-in-law) and Miss MARGARET HALSTAN (*Countess*) did more than could reasonably have been expected of them. But what induced—however, that's none of my business. T.

"LIONEL AND CLARISSA" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR has, I should judge, spotted another winner in eighteenth-century stables. Certainly this revival of the comic-opera *Lionel and Clarissa* (by ISAAC BICKERSTAFFE, with music by "Tom Bowling" DIBDIN, some Italian contemporaries and Mr. ALFRED REYNOLDS, who has revised, arranged and supplemented the score), first produced at Covent Garden in 1768, offers delightful inducement to the many enthusiasts for Hammersmith eighteenth-century which the *Beggar's Opera* tradition has so artfully created.

The plot is simple and obvious without being fatuous, as comic-opera plots should be.

Courtly old *Sir John Flowerdale's* prim daughter *Clarissa* is destined for coarse old *Colonel Oldboy's* popinjay son, *Jessamy*, but loves her handsome solemn tutor, *Lionel*, destined for the Church. *Diana Oldboy*, a demure resolute modernist, has a fancy to win a rake for her husband rather than a tame faithful fellow to be arranged for her by her fond father. *Harman* the rake introduces himself into the *Colonel's* house by a trick, and the dissolute old fellow, approving the young man's plan to run off with a county heiress against the wishes of her stern father, lends him his coach and servants, and even writes for him



THREE WELL-PRESERVED VETERANS.

Sir John Flowerdale . . . . . MR. HERBERT WARING.
Lady Mary Oldboy . . . . . MISS LOTTIE VENNE.
Jenkins . . . . . MR. C. HAYDEN COFFIN.

a letter to break the news tactfully to the poor outraged gentleman. Naturally it is he himself who receives the letter when the young lovers are well away to Gretna; while equally of course penniless worthy *Lionel* and prim faithful *Clarissa* are duly united, both having our sympathy, unless they are to contrive to acquire some pleasing human blemishes before their honeymoon sets.

Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR, who thoroughly enjoyed himself and amused us as the bluff gross old *Colonel*, revealed unsuspected talent as *diseur* and dancer, and made a very pleasant jovial thing of a well-written part. I thought Miss STELLA SEAGER entirely charming as *Diana*, a part of considerable opportunities, which were cleverly used; her voice was most attractive, her acting intelligent. Miss OLIVE GROVES (*Clarissa*), who sang her part prettily enough, was perhaps a little handicapped by the too estimable heroine's uncommon goodness. Perhaps too her register did not blend as well as we could have wished. Mr. RUPERT BRUCE made the foppish and incredible *Jessamy* amusing when he might so easily have become a bore, and Mr. WILFRED TEMPLE'S excellent voice and careful playing held our sympathies for the gloomy paragon, *Lionel*. Miss NADINE MARCH'S pert maid *Jenny* was a most spirited performance, and the dance at the end of the tuneful "Indeed forsooth the Pretty Youth," with *Colonel Oldboy*, well deserved its encore.

It was pleasant to see Miss LOTTIE VENNE'S pained surprise at the reprehensible conduct of her unfaithful Colonel. Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN was in excellent voice and played soundly as *Jenkins* the steward, and Mr. HERBERT WARING reminded us of the excellent elocution and courtly airs and graces of old St. James's. Indeed the veterans acquitted themselves nobly.

A very pleasant entertainment, charmingly decorated and dressed (Mr. NORMAN WILKINSON and Mrs. LOVAT FRASER). I had not the skill to detect which of the songs were pure DIBDIN, or Dibdinised GALUPPI, or Mr. ALFRED REYNOLDS artfully assuming an eighteenth-century mood; but it all sounded very jolly and appropriate. T.

"CORNWALL.—Sitting-room and bedroom. Very wide, 5/6 to 10/- yard. Linen traycloths walk."—*Ladies' Weekly.*

Another of these riotous *pas*.

"Large tiled entrance hall; 2 recep.: 3 good bed; tiled bathrm.; tiled kitchenette and gas; 2 tiled curbs; 2 geysers and certain lions. Apply, etc."—*House Advertisement.*

We do not like this vagueness about the lions.

THE NEWEST PERIL.

Daphne put down her newspaper and laughed that silvery laugh of hers.

"How sweet!" she explained; "the dear old things!"

I looked at her over my spectacles inquiringly.

"They 've begun to play bezique in the Reform Club," she explained.

I must confess that I was profoundly shocked at this news. A rumour had reached me that bezique was being played on the quiet in some of the London clubs; but naturally I had thought of the Turf, Buck's, the Athenæum and others of the kind. That the new craze should have penetrated into the Reform seemed incredible. But a glance at Daphne's paper proved it to be only too true. Three or four tables, I read, are devoted to bezique.

"Aren't they old darlings?" said Daphne.

"Daphne," I replied, "you are very young; you do not understand what this means. I must tell you that not all the members of the Reform Club are old men. There are young men among them—promising young fellows in the forties. This growing passion for bezique is a far more serious thing than you seem to think, my dear.

"It is sad enough to contemplate the peril to statesmen, to judges of the High Court, to great authors and eminent journalists and others of mature years," I continued; "but I tremble to think of the future of this country, nay, of the Empire itself, if the younger generation becomes engulfed in this new mælstrom which is—er—sweeping through the land like a—like a——"

"But, Uncle, a mælstrom——"

Daphne knew quite well what I meant, and I would brook no interruption. I warned her against ever allowing herself to be caught up in this whirlwind as it were.

"Let me be plain, Daphne," I said; "if you yield to this new and devastating pastime do not look to me to pay your bezique debts."

I pointed out that with this bezique madness upon us our dancing-halls and cabarets would be deserted, our wireless industry ruined and our night-clubs would take on an unforeseen and sinister character.

It amazes me that the Press should have abstained from comment, and that the voice of the pulpit has not yet been heard on this peril.

"Respectable Young Woman would sleep in comfortable place as General; don't mind a little washing."—*Provincial Paper.*

Always a refreshing sequel to a good sleep.

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHANN STRAUSS.

[The centenary of the birth of JOHANN STRAUSS the younger, the greatest of the "Waltz-Kings" of Vienna, composer of "An der schönen blauen Donau," "Wiener Blut," "Doctrinen," "Rosen aus dem Süden," and hundreds of other delectable waltz tunes and operettas by the score, was duly celebrated in Vienna on October 25th.]

THOUGH the dynasty, jocund and glorious,
Of waltz-kings be now overthrown;
Though critics, alert and censorious,
Their fathers' allegiance disown;
We elders, who spurn the dominion
Of Jazz as a mountain-born mouse,
Recover on memory's pinion
The magic of STRAUSS.

Nor are we alone in awarding
This tribute of praises and palms;
We can turn to the annals recording
The homage of WAGNER and BRAHMS,
And your namesake of Munich, beholden
To you in his *Rose Cavalier*
For the measures and melodies golden
That crowned his career.

What visions of rapture enchanted
Your waltzes recall to our view,
Ere "the Blues" and the fox-trot supplanted
Your Danube, so "beauteous and blue"!
For who is there now that composes
Such tunes as your gay "Fledermaus,"
"Wein, Weib und Gesang," "Southern Roses"—
Mellifluous STRAUSS?

O would that the Muse of Vienna
Would speed up our slithering feet
And banish for good to Gehenna
The saxophone's petulant bleat,
With the endless inane iteration
Of fussy and pert little themes,
Bedevilled by cheap syncopation,
By squeals and by screams!

O would that your spirit, returning
To earth, where cacophony reigns,
Might kindle among the discerning
A passion for Straussian strains;
Might wean our young folk from devotion
To modes that are futile or false,
Restore them to rotary motion
And bring back the waltz.

"WANTED.
Folding Boys, Hindus preferred."
Madras Paper.

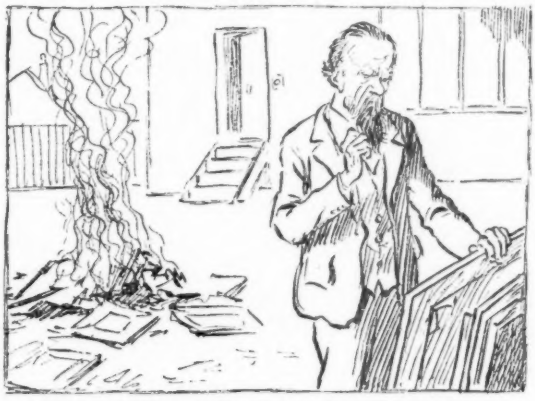
They all fold if you hit them just below the belt.

"Partner (good horseman preferred) for Ford car passenger work."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

It smacks of ostentation, in our opinion, to use outriders with a Ford.

SECOND THOUGHTS IN ART.

[A modern Painter has requested that a picture of his may be withdrawn from the Tate Gallery.]



IT IS COMPARATIVELY EASY FOR A PAINTER TO DESTROY WORK WHICH HE DOES NOT WISH POSTERITY TO ASSOCIATE WITH HIS NAME.



THE CASE OF THE SCULPTOR CALLS FOR A MORE STRENUOUS EXERCISE OF FORCE—



AND THE CONSCIENTIOUS NOVELIST HAS A HOT AND TEDIOUS JOB—



WHILE THE MUSICAL COMPOSER MUST FIND THAT IT REQUIRES ENERGY AND TACT.



BUT THE ARCHITECT ——!



Nervous Sportsman. "THE WORST OF THIS COUNTRY IS THAT THE FOXES ALWAYS SEEM TO RUN EAST AND WEST, AND THE ROADS ALWAYS SEEM TO RUN NORTH AND SOUTH."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is pleasant to find a writer of Mr. HUGH WALPOLE's quality ranging himself further on the novelist's "Right," the ancient and immortal party of story-tellers. His *Portrait of a Man with Red Hair* (MACMILLAN) owes its title perhaps to a more sophisticated school; but "the great names of Hoffmann and Hawthorne" are invoked (with modest reservations) as its godparents, and both illustrious ghosts seem to have shouldered the sponsorship with gratifying actuality. The American's offices are unmistakable. Substitute, say, TIECK for HOFFMANN and you might still have counted on an equal endowment of the romantically gruesome; but only HAWTHORNE or HAWTHORNE'S spiritual child could have begun and ended a book in plain daylight and plunged it midway into such a glamour of spiritual implications. To Treliss, the last unspoilt town in Cornwall, comes *Harkness*, the wistful American, a lovable man afraid of love, a friendly man afraid of friendship, a self-sacrificing man afraid of pain. Imaginary encounters in all three modes are a standing nightmare to him, and he faces the world in the non-committal attitude of a connoisseur. However he has come to Treliss in the hope (or is it fear?) of being pushed over some emotional edge; and sure enough, in an ancient inn on the first night of his arrival, he hears *Hesther Crispin* plead with her frigid and contemptible young husband for a few days' grace before she and he and her evidently omnipotent father-in-law leave England. He hears her refused; he meets *Crispin senior*, with his absurd physical disabilities and his maniac's ingenuity in countering them; he offers a knight-errant's services to *Hesther*; he takes a message to her old lover, *David Dunbar*, and he is straightway drawn into a purgatory in which all these people are used for his regeneration and he (in a measure) for theirs. It is a capital story, meditation and episode being so captivatingly blended that I fancy a third sponsor was present uninvited—the STEVENSON of "Markheim" and "The Sire de Maletroit's Door."

If not precisely a model for the young biographer, *Mother* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) makes very good reading. Herein Mr. E. F. BENSON, since "A. C.'s" death the sole survivor of his distinguished family, tells the story of his mother's life during the twenty-two years of her widowhood. That at least was his intention; but he must very soon have found that a life spent, however beautifully, in the seclusion of a Sussex village offered little material for a biographer. So for one hundred pages (a third of the book, no less) he leaves his mother at "Tremans" while he discourses of Capri, Baireuth, Lady CHARLES BERESFORD, his own intellectual development and his methods of literary composition. (By the way, why does Mr. BENSON say that in private speech we all split our infinitives? We don't.) There is also much of the other members of the family. There is the tragic story of his sister "MAGGIE"; there is a little of ARTHUR; there is a good deal of the restless HUGH; but not too much of any of them. I particularly enjoyed an exquisitely malicious little sketch of the good Catholic HUGH hurrying from the croquet-lawn on the stroke of five to say his

prayers in his private chapel, and returning a moment later to accuse his opponent of moving the balls in his absence. But it is not these trivial, if delightful, incidents which remain in the memory after the last page has been turned. It is most fittingly the picture of a wise and serenely gracious woman who, if she did not see eye to eye with any of her sons, must yet have been a living inspiration to all of them.

It 's OWEN RUTTER's pleasant whim
To test the fineness of a poet
By seeing how dogs take to him
And how his verses on them show it;
That, incidentally at least,
Peeps shyly from the varied pages
Of *Dog Days* (INGLEBY), a feast
Of poems gathered down the ages.

Bards of all patterns swell the list—
Dogs have a taste for poets, clearly—
But most the note of love have missed
And hymned their friends as faithful merely;
Not all are on their highest plane;
SHAKESPEARE is dull and BYRON florid;
Some labour the pathetic vein,
Some the superior, which is horrid.

Hardly indeed till our own day—
LEHMANN and LETTS alone to mention—
Have dogs inspired the subtler lay
Untinged by kindly condescension;
These more than all the earlier clan
Truly translate—not simply guess them—
The thoughts so nearly those of man,
The speech so powerless to express them.



The Woman. "HAVE YOU ALWAYS BEEN SELLING COKERNUTS?"
The Hawker. "OH, NO, LIDY. I WORKED ME WAY UP FROM 'AZELS."

The roots of the present miseries of rural England go very deep down indeed; their conspicuous and usually malodorous flowers are easily enough seen and plucked. It does not need anything like the piercing sight and ruthless grasp of the anonymous author of *England's Green and Pleasant Land* (CAPE) to gather a whole bouquet from the limited field of personal observation. But I cannot see that the feat brings us very much nearer reform. I read several chapters of this particular book, as they appeared in *The Nation*, with a certain interest. But their material, or something very much like it, is the common property of all intelligent country-dwellers; their handling (despite the preface's blushing allusion to COBBETT) is without particular distinction, and, though some of them gain by the qualifications of their successors, others lose to an almost equal degree from over-confirmation. The embarrassing splash of the too-officious tear mars many an otherwise honest page. Thus a description of rustic merry-makers winds up with the poignant comment: "Half of them went home to sleep in unceiled rooms." Now the present writer slept for six years in unceiled rooms (half that time in a bleak clayey corner of East Anglia) and desires no better accommodation, winter or summer, than a thatched loft. Grislier facts of course abound. But it is, I maintain, a distinct loss that these are not voiced in a manner likely to be acceptable to those most immediately able to palliate them. The pen which temperately admits the follies and misdemeanours of the poor is seldom able to deal charitably with those of their "betters." Farmers, squires and parsons are treated according to an ascending scale of severity. They may be doomed to vanish as we know them now, but I hardly see them wholly superseded by Rural Community Councils, village colleges and a schoolmaster as *pontifex et imperator*. This—a curious mixture of the sagacious and bizarre—is the ultimate drift of the book's constructive chapters.

In *The Confessions of a Capitalist* (HUTCHINSON) Sir ERNEST J. P. BENN makes a valiant attempt to let in a little wholesome daylight on questions at present much—and foggily—discussed. Frankly, even brazenly, declaring his income to be ten thousand pounds a year, he denies that anyone is the poorer for that, maintaining, on the contrary, that his own wealth is the mathematically inevitable condition of the vastly greater sums that are, thanks to him, paid annually to others in wages and salaries. His way of discussing such dry subjects as the relation of wealth to exchange, say, or the validity of PARETO's Law of Distribution, is distinctly novel, for, instead of sticking to text-book

methods, he makes his whole volume an autobiographic illustration in economics, drawing his deductions from his own business experiences. His praise of thrift, for instance, begins with his own savings of half-a-crown a week. When he wants to make the point that losses on failures must be set off against profits on successful transactions, he is able to do so by summarising the history of the many journals which he has controlled, only a proportion of which now survive; while to emphasise the capitalist's place in the scheme of things he can instance a particular hundred pounds which has three times been lent without security, each time enabling the borrower to start in business, and each time coming safely home again. The whole book, though written without much seeking after literary style, has a virile straightforwardness that makes it uncommonly easy reading. Opponents of the author's opinions will not, of course, admit that he has answered or, I should say, even faced the whole of their case, but certainly, even if he may not teach them how to become millionaires, he brings into clear relief issues well worth their consideration.

There has been of late, it seems to me, a vast number of novels dealing with Jewish life. Or perhaps it is merely that two or three in succession happen to have reached me, with the result that I am beginning to think more meanly of myself than is quite healthy. For these Hebrews, in fiction at all events, do continue to regard themselves as the Chosen Race; we others are but *goys*, an offensive word possibly the source and origin of the American guy. Still, it is always interesting to learn how they live, these sojourners in our midst. *Jacob Ussher* (BUTTERWORTH) has been adapted by the authoress from *Birds of a Feather*, by the late H. V. ESMOND. As a novel I think it suffers from insufficiency of motive. The first half was good enough. I liked the early life of *Jacob*—his beginnings as a merchant, with a barrow in Petticoat Lane and then a marine store in Limehouse, and the diamond gamble with Messrs. *Wilberforce* and *Cohen*. Then we come to the house in Berkeley Square after the failure of his aristocratic marriage, and the writer seems rather to lose her grip of things. There are three live characters in the book—*Jacob Ussher* himself, his sister *Grace* and his daughter *Leah*—and for these three it was worth publishing. But young *Heringham*, the secretary who falls in love with his employer's daughter, is a failure. And the whole machinery of the story gets out of gear towards the finish. *Leah* is made to forge a cheque in order to start gambling, so that she and *Heringham* may have something to live on when they marry. Why she should have gone to the trouble of doing this when she could have got the money easily by asking for it, or why *Rupert Heringham* should have been frightened into abject cowardice by the father's threats to prosecute the girl he loved better than anything on earth—these are fences that can only be taken in the reader's stride if he has been really excited by the pace of the story. And Miss (or possibly Mrs.) NAOMI JACOB has not worked up the interest quite enough for that.

The strong silent man of fiction is a sufficiently alarming kind of person, but when he finds his tongue he can be more overpowering still. The hero of Miss M. J. STUART'S novel, *Grafted Stock* (FISHER UNWIN), is a case in point. He is one of those "loose-limbed," beetle-browed, prognathous persons who stalk through life with a whip in one hand and a revolver in the other, quelling what are termed with a delightful vagueness "natives"—of a town, in this case, "on the borders of Morocco," where he holds some kind of nebulous official position. I hasten to add that *Valentine* does not—as I fully expected he would—use the first-named implement on his wife, but confines his sheikish activities to sending her for his sun-helmet. In place of the taciturnity usually associated with his type he displays a degree of egotistical garrulity which is capable of carrying him triumphantly through several pages without anyone else getting in six words edgewise; and indeed I was hardly surprised when one of the objects of his eloquence "quietly and unobtrusively fainted." Miss STUART shows a disregard for the fetters of punctuation and spelling which is positively refreshing. "Canabalised," for example, is, as the Americans have it, "a new one on me." But she has distinctly the narrative gift, and if she would only write about real people, instead of the sort of "impossible he" in whom lady novelists are, not without justice, said to specialise, one feels she might do something very more worth while.



"WHAT EVER IS THE MATTER, DEAR?"
"I WANT YOU TO RUN OUT AND GET PART 2 OF THIS BOOK. PART 1 DOESN'T TELL ME HOW TO REVERSE."

No sooner had *Jeremy Laytree*, who was *The Imperfect Impostor* (HEINEMANN), consented temporarily to impersonate the *Hon. Arthur Arthurton* than the latter's father most inconveniently died. This was followed by his elder brother's death in a motor accident, and so the sham *Arthur* could not avoid coming into the title. By this time he had fallen in love with the real *Arthur's* sister; and she, for reasons that are sound enough if not too keenly investigated, aided and abetted him in maintaining the deception. Let me hasten to say that *Jeremy* was not out for loot; he happened to be extraordinarily like *Arthur Arthurton*, who wanted to get away for a few weeks' liberty and begged *Jeremy* to exchange identities with him. *Jeremy*, you must try to believe me, was honest, but it is difficult to impersonate a peer without occasional lapses into inexactitude. Indeed his position became so difficult that desperate efforts were made to trace *Arthur*, who continued to cruise about in total ignorance of all that was happening. Mr. NORMAN VENNER has created a pleasant and amusing character, has developed with skill and restraint a situation that might easily have become too ridiculous, and produced an agreeable yarn which is not a word overspun.

CHARIVARIA.

"I HAVE never danced with a man in my life, and I hope I never shall," said Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS the other day. This dashes our hopes of seeing him perform a *pas de deux* with Mr. WHEATLEY.

* * *

Under the foot-and-mouth disease restrictions a Yorkshire golf-course has been closed. Some of us have always regarded golf as a form of this malady.

* * *

Scotland Yard has been asked to extend the hours during which people are allowed to stand in buses. It is felt that there is far too much of this curtailment of our simple pleasures.

* * *

In order to avoid congestion in the newspaper Press at weekends it has been decided that Rugby footballers will only be suspended on Wednesdays in future.

* * *

The dismantling of Wembley continues. We understand that the task of putting the British Empire back where it was before is no light one.

* * *

Certain theatre managers are said to be sorry that Wembley is finished. They've got no excuse to offer now when a bad play fails to succeed.

* * *

An historian says that the seeds of the present Balkan trouble were sown in the Middle Ages. The trouble about this is that *The Daily Mail* can't blame either the Government or the Socialists for it.

* * *

At one of the large London stores a boy is never employed without being sent to a phrenologist to find out which department he is fitted for. The general adoption of this method would prevent many a young fellow with the bump of Fancy Goods strongly developed having his career ruined by being put into Haberdashery.

* * *

A correspondent of *The Daily Express* considers the strong silent man a deadly bore. But not such a deadly bore, we think, as he would be if he talked—or wrote to the Press.

* * *

The film *Livingstone* is to be shown at No. 10, Downing Street. Featuring Lord BEAVERBROOK, who was of course discovered by STANLEY?

* * *

A famous singer relates that once by mistake in the dark he gargled with ink. For a time it was feared that he would have to confine himself to negro melodies.

* * *

With reference to the strike in the book trade, it was feared at first that authors might "down pens" in sympathy with themselves.

* * *

A contemporary thinks that something should be done to encourage emigration. The series of two-hour addresses being organised in the cause of Prohibition ought to be helpful.



"HAVE YOU SEEN OUR OYSTER DIVE?"
"I DIDN'T KNOW THEY COULD."

Writing in *English Life* Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD says that one cannot live on a pound a week in Downing Street. That decides us against a political career.

* * *

A Munich man when being arrested on a charge of murder broke a mirror over the head of a detective. It is thought that this may mean some bad luck for him.

* * *

"Apple dumplings should be baked and not boiled," says an expert. "And then what do you do with them?" asks a dyspeptic correspondent.

* * *

The fact that there are seventy-three lady bookmakers in this country makes one wonder if it is very difficult to work out what 19*s.* 11¾*d.* to 6*s.* 11¾*d.* comes to in shillings if the horse is backed for a place.

* * *

A reader of a certain popular contemporary is asking why we should call this the "Georgian Age." Why, indeed, when the Christian name of the proprietor of the paper is Harold.

* * *

A Member of Parliament recently said that it cost him large sums to justify his actions to his constituents. If this means the upkeep of his halo he might put it down to overhead expenses.

* * *

A physician says that ugliness is often due to ugly thoughts. Never visit the photographer on the day you receive your income-tax assessment.

* * *

According to an old saying, "Three removals are as bad as a fire," but you'd be surprised how difficult it is to make an insurance company see things in this light.

* * *

A three-ton steam wagon which recently ran into a barber's shop is said to have got away before the barber could sell it a bottle of brilliantine for its radiator.

* * *

We understand on good authority that the Anti-rat campaign was a great success last week. Several old rodents who have consistently ignored the published propaganda are said to have been severely dealt with.

* * *

Golf now ranks second among all sports in the United States, says a *Daily Express* writer. The idea that golf is a sport and not a religion will cause offence in some quarters.

* * *

We are asked to state that Lord ROTHERMERE'S article, "Back to Conservatism," may be sung in public without fee or licence.

Our Post-Futurist Generals.

"Born 1858, General —— served in the Afghan War of 1880, and Isazai Expedition in 1992."—*Daily Paper.*

He seems to have a brilliant past in front of him.

"It may be that some of our girls, too suddenly emerging from the swaddling clothes of former repression into . . . short skirts . . . are occasionally inclined to step over themselves."—*Provincial Paper.*

These short skirts must have been in TENNYSON'S mind when he spoke of people rising "on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

A TOO-INSULAR DEMAGOGUE.

WHEN Mr. COOK ascends the rostrum
To notify his little nostrum
For making every son of labour
As rich and idle as his neighbour,
And hints that if he had his way
He 'd whittle down the working day,
Arranging for a six-hours' touch
(Except for parasites and such),
I wish that, when he simply boils
To think how hard the toiler toils,
And tells us straight that England might,
If she could only see the light,
Correct the evil at its core
By working less and earning more—
He 'd talk instead about his pals
In all those Internationals,
Explaining clearly why his arts
Are not employed in foreign parts
To propagate their splendid plan
And boom the Brotherhood of Man.
Because I feel (though we should lose
The joy of being told his views)
His leisure would be better spent
In stumping round the Continent.

With brother Bosch he might begin,
And point him out the deadly sin
Of working much too long a day
And pouching far too little pay.
This lack of spirit he should blame
As apt to spoil the British game,
To hearten those who lay their ban
Upon the Equal Rights of Man,
And so postpone till Kingdom Come
The dawn of that Millennium,
When to whatever gods remain
Men shall uplift a Soviet strain
(For choice, the glorious Red Rag tune),
Acknowledging this noble boon
Unnamed in any old *Te Deum*—
That *tuum* 's tantamount to *meum*;
And, as in Eden ere the Fall,
Nobody needs to work at all.

O. S.

The Oldest Inhabitant on Record.

"Here is another even more remarkable record. We have living in our parish a lady who has recently kept her hundredth centenary."—*Parish Magazine.*

"In his [a country horse-dealer's] town they sell one modern book a year, but 'Hanbury Cross' and 'Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour' are given to babies when cutting their teeth."
Daily Paper.

No doubt they learn to ride a cock-horse to Bandley Cross before they cut their wisdom-teeth.

"The chief item was Vaughan Williams' Sea Symphony, a work of which the greatness impresses itself the more at each hearing. The chorus was at its best, especially in the great climaxes of the final movements—'The Explosions.'"—*Yorkshire Paper.*

When we last heard it the final movement was called "The Explorers." We assume that the composer has altered it to suit submarine warfare.

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES.

[A film-distributing agency has declined to handle a British-made picture because there is no American star in it.]

"THAT sure don't surprise me any," said my friend Cyrus B. Schooter. "You gotta be careful with historical stuff. That wayback European flapdoodle is darned apt to be a bum. QUEEN ELIZABETH and J. CÆSAR and all that bunch of What-ho!-minion galoots don't cut much ice with the movie fans on our side. So we 've just gotta have Gillian Wish or some other peach from Peachville to hand out the sob stuff in that class of thing. You get me?

"And besides that you 're not vurry popular just now. Our folks are sorry for Europe, but they are kind of disappointed with her present and they don't figure that her past is anything to write home about. Still there 's no denying that some of it can be fixed up to suit our culture. I got a whale of a picture just finished that deals with a story hiked out of your history-books. Lady JANE GREY. I guess you 've heard of her. Gosh! but it 's a great picture. Twenty-five thousand have taken part in this super-film, and the Traitors' Gate through which the heroine passes on her way to her doom is a model, exact to scale, of the original in the Tower of London, Eng."

"Rather a depressing subject," I said.

"There 's a happy ending," said my friend. "You 'll be tickled to death. But of course we put her through it first. I 'm featuring Cary Wickford, and we start in with her playing with the next-door neighbour's boy in the hayfield, while a cloud like a crown appears and vanishes again in the sky. Symbolic—see? Then you get her in the spectacular Court scenes, dukes and earls all around; but she hands them the frozen mitt on account of the neighbour's kid. There 's a fade-away of his face coming and going——"

"Quite so," I murmured. "Like the 'Cheshire cat.'"

"When she 's taken to the Tower he 's there, having got a job as under-gaoler. We used up several thousand feet of film on the execution—executions are a cinch if you keep to the rules—and Cary is some heart-twister. It 's me for the tear-waggon every time with her. You gotta see her picking up a stray kitten on the steps of the scaffold and saying good-bye to it. Gosh! I nearly cried myself. And there 's a close-up of the headsman, black against a stormy sunset, that 's real artistic.

"And then the under-gaoler gets busy. Did I tell you we 're featuring Lug Chairbacks in the part? He 's never done anything better than his leap on to the scaffold just as the axe is falling. They do a getaway in a boat to his dear old mother's farm in the backblocks and finish with the symbolic cloud functioning again while JANE rocks the baby."

"Very nice," I said, "though a little hard on Lord GUILDFORD DUDLEY."

Mr. Schooter looked blank. "I never heard of the guy. But anyway he 'll have to lump it. I guess we 'll make good with that one. We 're working now on a screen version of the *Iliad*. The original is a bit long-winded, and it isn't so darned easy to reconcile the general theme with the present urge for social betterment. A crowd of tough Dagoes, if you ask me, and *Helen* no better than she should be. And you don't get the most popular vamps to take parts where they can't wear Paris models. But we 've brightened it up and improved it, and we 're featuring Wee Willie Hogan, the Wonder Baby of the films, as *Astyanax*, and we 'll get a lot of wholesome fun out of him playing his monkey tricks on his momma.

"Of course his life is saved at the last. We get a big thrill that way, with galloping horses, and a close-up of the tears rolling down *Andromatch's* cheeks. And we 've taken the scenes right there and got the swords and drinking-cups and that copied from antique models."

"What 's the use of that," I said, "if you save *Astyanax*?"

"Oh, shucks!" said Mr. Schooter. "Haven't I been putting you wise? The story 's nothing. What you want is the right stars and stunts. That 's all there is to it."

"And all there ever will be?" I asked.

"Yep," he said, and looked at his watch. "Sorry. I gotta beat it. Fixed up a date with a duke wanting to unload a REYNOLDS. Sort of a Christmas card for Mrs. Schooter. We 'll tell the world. Sure thing."

"Attracted by a fight between a cat and a stoat for possession of a rabbit on the roadside, a cyclist killed the stoat, drove off the cat, and appropriated the rabbit."—*Weekly Paper.*

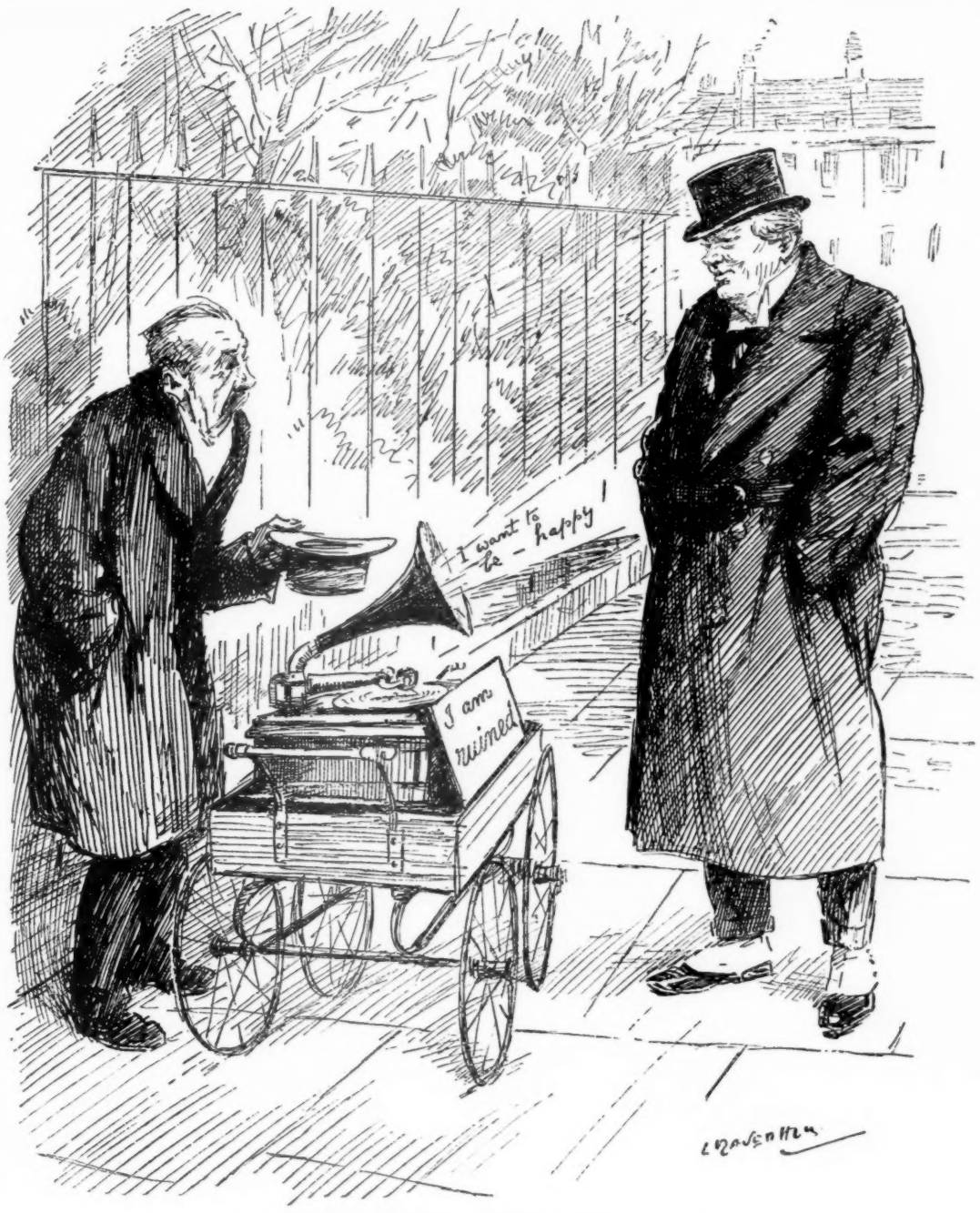
It is rumoured that the cyclist is a lawyer.

"The Prince was wearing a dark overcoat over a great suit."—*Daily Paper.*

We trust this does not mean that his Royal Highness is pioneering an extension of the Oxford (Trouser) Movement.

"Miss —— sang the song 'Hark, hark, the Dark,' to Schubert's setting."
Provincial Paper.

The first line of which runs as you remember:—"Hark, hark, the dark doth bark."



"FOR THIS RELIEF . . ."

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL. "I'M AFRAID I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANY PECUNIARY ASSISTANCE; BUT I'LL DO THIS FOR YOU—I'LL GIVE YOU LEAVE TO LEND YOUR SUPERFLUOUS CAPITAL TO ANYBODY YOU LIKE."

BRITISH TAXPAYER. "THANK YOU VERY MUCH." *[Collapses in an ecstasy of gratitude.*

[The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has removed the embargo on the issue of Foreign Loans.]



Friend (to lady of the house who has got into trouble with her husband for gadding about). "WELL, YOU CAN SAY IT 'S HARRY'S AND MY FAULT."

Lady of the House. "OF COURSE THAT 'S THE FIRST THING I DID; BUT HE SAID IT WAS MY OWN FAULT FOR KNOWING PEOPLE LIKE YOU."

THE STRAIN OF LIFE.

THE train has started and the young man and I are alone.

I am pretending to read. He is staring across the carriage with doubt (or is it fear? or is it shame? or is it despair?) in his eyes. Not being in the cinema business I cannot say exactly what he is registering; but it wrings my old heart to see such a look in a face so fresh and young—a look piercing enough to go right through to the next compartment (which I had avoided because it contained two jammy children), through to the engine, through to the blackness beyond. . . .

The strain in his eyes grows tenser; his lips are moving. Given a shred of encouragement, pity (or is it curiosity?) would send my manners scurrying. After all, I am old enough to be his father. One word—advice, encouragement, sympathy—might avert a tragedy.

I give the most friendly cough and half close my book.

His fingers are working nervously to and fro on his knee. Still his eyes, bent upon a hyperbolic statement about somebody's soap, search the dread future in mute agony.

Cash? I wonder. I know the sort of boy. He wouldn't allow a word about that from a perfect stranger; but hang it! I can't sit still and watch him in that state of distress.

A girl? Thrown him over; some chit in an Eton crop, with precious little more brain than hair; turned out by the thousand like the frock she 's wearing; and he thinks she 's the only one. Boy, boy, don't take it so hard. It will heal.

Or has he done the wrong thing—some tin-pot bit of bad form (I 'm sure it 's no worse than that) giving his young conscience the dickens of a twisting? It 'll come out in the wash, boy.

I *must* get him to speak. Just the right word and he 'd out with it, all of it, and maybe half-an-hour of common sense (after all, I *have* knocked up and down this old world a bit) would smooth out that strained frown and bring back the grin that ought to deck such a clean-cut open-air face.

"Do you mind if we have that window up?" A rotten opening; and anyhow I hate a fug, and, now that I look at it, it *is* up!

But he has not noticed. A shrug of the shoulders, a swift shake of the head—"Do what you like, and don't bother," as plain as if he had said it—but he has not taken his eyes for one moment off the horror (or whatever it is) of the Beyond. Still his lips are muttering some fruitless spell against the unknown evil.

"Look here, my lad, you must pardon an old man's impertinence, but I *can't* let you carry on alone with that worry you 've got. Won't you confide in me? Couldn't I help you?"

The agony fades from his eyes as they switch from the Beyond and seek mine with a gleam of hope.

"You might, Sir," he says. "Very good of you. I 've just been having a tango lesson, and I *know* I 'll forget it before I can get home and set the gramophone going. Now after the four steps forward—the stealthy ones, you know—and then left foot over right—pause—te-tum-tum-tum—what comes next?"

From an Admiralty announcement:—

"The undermentioned Acting Sub-Lieut. promoted to Sub-Lieutenant, with seniority as stated: W. S. Thomas, Aug. 30, 1824."
Morning Paper.

Too late for Trafalgar, of course; but in plenty of time for Jutland.

"The true, the unchallengeable test of progress is seen in yesterday's headlines: 'Meals in the Air: Luncheon Served at Hundred Miles an Hour.' That brings the aeroplane down to solid inevitable earth."—*Provincial Paper.*

The meal seems to have been absurdly heavy.

"THE DISCOVERY."

[The Royal Research ship *Discovery* has embarked on a new expedition to the Antarctic in order to study the habits of whales. Her oak sides measure twenty-six inches through. She is a barque with auxiliary steam power.]

MANY a time on a tedious day
My thoughts push off from the land away,
Following after the little *Discovery*,
Where she goes southward to study the whales,
Pleased with her funnel and proud of her sails.
I would be
Voyaging down to the Arctic sea;
I who am weary of paper and pen,
I who am tired of studying men,
I could just fancy a funnel with sails;
I could be happy observing the whales.
Oh, why didn't the little *Discovery*
Wait for me?

Many a time on a perishing day,
When the wind is chilling my ribs, I say,
"All is well with the little *Discovery*;
She is much better protected than you;
Twenty-six inches her sides measure through;
And, you see,
She can turn on steam while she gets her tea,
Being a steamer with sails, it would seem,
Or a sailing-ship graciously furnished with steam.
So when the whistling south wind blows
She sits round her funnel and warms up her toes.
Oh, don't pity the little *Discovery*;
Pity me."

Could I get leave for a year and a day,
Leave to put all of my papers away,
Leave to go after the little *Discovery?*
I have a weakness for Poles and for whales;
I adore ships that have funnels and sails;
Now would be
The time to go if I put to sea;
No good in waiting until I am white—
Very rheumatic I felt in the night;
Cod-liver oil doesn't help me a bit;
Blubber, I fancy, might keep me fit.
Oh, why didn't the little *Discovery*
Wait for me?

Many a time at a drear day's close
Strong brave words such as "grampuses," "floes,"
"Pemmican" speak of the little *Discovery*—
Words that I read from a magical page
Under the bedclothes at eight years of age—
"Sledge" and "ski,"
"Penguin" and "porpoise" and
"Polar sea."
I could be happy observing the whales;
I could just fancy a funnel with sails;
I who am tired of studying men,
I who am weary of paper and pen.
Oh, why didn't the little *Discovery*
Wait for me?



Myopic Lady (*unacquainted with the Russian boot epidemic*). "PARDON ME, BUT I FEEL SURE YOUR STOCKINGS ARE COMING DOWN."

An Accommodating Pet.

"Lost, Black or White Fox Terrier."
Channel Islands Paper.

From a list of "Books Wanted":—

"Portraits of Winning Houses, Derby, Oaks and Leger. 1812-9."—*Weekly Paper.*

It sounds as if they won "by a street."

"A new 'felt-lined' track is being laid by the L.M. and S. Railway in the Dunblane and Stirling area. Noise and vibration are greatly reduced by placing a thick layer of felt between the chairs and the sleepers."—*Daily Paper.*

Club Committees please note.

WHY I NO LONGER LISTEN-IN.

IN the interest of science I have recently established a series of tests over a period of six evenings spent alone, on none of which I had a particularly interesting novel or book of reminiscences to peruse, and the results are very surprising indeed.

I seated myself in an armchair, quite close to the handsome mahogany box. The earphones lay on a table within easy reach of my right hand. I had nothing to do but press a small lever upwards, connect the crystal and cat's whisker and adjust the headstall, which is only slightly painful, to my scalp. Yet I did not do these things. Why?

One may say that I forgot—that I have become so used to the presence of wireless in the drawing-room that I do not think about it or remember to use it any more than the ash-trays on the mantelpiece. But this would not be true. During the whole of this series of tests the wireless apparatus was not only a factor in my subliminal consciousness, but the subject of frequent mental telepathic communications and conscious ideo-motor cerebro-activity. Very often a reflex action of the brachial muscles brought my right hand within a few inches of the box, and I realised that the valves of my cardial dynamometer had quickened perceptibly. But nothing occurred.



Very new Office-Boy (who has just handed long column of figures to employer). "I 'VE ADDED THOSE FIGURES UP TEN TIMES, SIR."

Employer. "GOOD BOY!"

Very new Office-Boy (handing up another slip of paper). "AN' HERE 'S THE TEN ANSWERS, SIR."

It seems difficult to account for this strange psychic phenomenon, for when the mahogany box was installed in the home it numbered among its votaries none so ardent as was I. It is my belief that I was the first to attempt to discover the effect of aerial communication on the auditory organs and mental reactions of dogs. The result was rather curious. My dog does not take any notice of aerial communications. It is true that the earphones do not fit him very well, and being a Cairn he is restive under the strain of novel sensory stimuli. I tried him, I remember, first with one of Mr. JAMES AGATE's eloquent discourses on dramatic criticism. He showed no sign of terror, pity or rage; he merely looked vaguely uncomfortable and slunk away into the corner of the room. And yet the same dog unfailingly recognises his mistress's voice on the telephone and rises instantly from slumber and proceeds to the door when the clock strikes eight, the hour at which we are (falsely) supposed to dine. He also believes that rabbits live in trees . . . But I forgot. I have strayed from my purpose. We were not talking about my dog. We were talking about the wireless.

Another wireless experiment where I maintain I was first in the field was the attempt to fix earphones to the mouthpiece of a machine called, I believe, a dictaphone, a specimen of which we had in the house at the time. This instrument records the human voice on rotating wax cylinders by means of a sensitive needle, and the cylinders can afterwards be stored in cardboard boxes and fitted in again at any time to reproduce through a transmitter the sounds originally received. I thought it would be very pleasant to obtain records in this way of the evening radio programme and listen to them through the dictaphone in the morning, when I was supposed to be working in my study. But this experiment, like the one with the dog, was a failure. The strains of the Savoy band were not sufficiently violent to waggle the little needle about or revolve on the wax cylinders.

But I have said enough to show that I approached the subject of wireless from the beginning in the spirit of an earnest investigator, humbly and without irreverence, in the desire for knowledge and truth. Why then have I ceased to react instantaneously to the mahogany box?

A tempting theory is that listening to the radio programme is too simple an operation for a bold active spirit such as mine. There is this fault about many of the so-called miracles of modern science, and it applies in some measure to the driving of a motor-car. The mechanism is made too simple for us. We do not operate our machines so much as permit them to operate on us. We are sufferers rather than agents. There will never again, I suppose, be any thrill of triumphant achievement for the ordinary man comparable with that of mastering for the first time the use of the safety or push bicycle where the owner supplies both the triumphant power as well as the mechanical skill.

The truth of this, I think, may be seen in the fact that vast numbers of those who own wireless sets do not listen-in at all, but, longing to give play to the free adventurous spirit of man, merely fool about with valves. It is their joy to pick up a speech on German politics by Herr STRESEMANN, or an opera from Buenos Ayres, or the far-flung sound of a bull-fight in Toledo. They do not want to hear these messages. They do not indeed understand the absurd languages that these foreigners talk. But that does not matter, for they never listen for more than a moment or two, and then go on to broad-catch something else. They want to be up and doing. They want to have control.

If my ambitions lay in the direction of electrical enterprise, there is no doubt that for this reason I should long ago have been discontented with the simple mahogany box and sought fresh valves and wave-lengths new. But I do not understand electrical things. The language alone daunts me. I can picture myself sometimes acquiring a knowledge of Russian or Hebrew or Chinese; but I cannot picture myself learning electricity. It is not therefore a contempt for the apparatus that makes me disinclined nowadays to listen-in.

Nor is it the pain of the earphones, to which I have already alluded above, for this is little more than is suffered by any forward in a Rugby football scrum, and I was ever one to bear pain with fortitude; whilst during the annoyance there is always the consolation



[The new Lord Mayor is Master of the Worshipful Company of Plumbers.]

In order to carry out the principles of his order he should have proceeded on foot to the Law Courts and then gone back to the Mansion House to fetch his carriage.

that the ears are gradually forced to grow close to the sides of the head, thus enhancing the physical beauty of the sufferer.

Naturally again I make no criticism of the musical selections which form so large a part of the radio repertoire, nor of the soliloquies of humorous reciters who leave such a convenient pause for laughter at the end of each remark; nor of those Church services to which I have sometimes listened-in on Sundays, invariably removing my pipe from my mouth even during the offertory.

It is a minor inconvenience perhaps that the search for the radio programme through the pages of the evening papers is still arduous and long, and that, whenever one thinks one has it at last, one finds that it is the Official Scratchings over again. But the true secret of my *laissez-faire* attitude towards wireless is to be found, I think, in the recent importation of so many speakers whom (whether I know them personally, or not, but still more if I do) I have a violent desire to interrupt and criticise. They no longer confine themselves to subjects like the flora of Borneo or the ancient civilisation of the Aztecs, where I am in the position of a humble inquirer, but, sheltered by electricity, they come into my drawing-room to talk to me about ethics and art, and I cannot show them how violently I disagree. For I know that it will not affect them in the least if I hurl the handsome mahogany box, as I am often tempted to do, on to the floor . . . Evoe.

The New Humanitarianism in Spain.

"Ezra sank into a chair like a bull when the toreador drives home his sword."
Story in a Monthly Magazine.

"Ten years ago I arrived in the town with only one shiling."—*Evening Paper.*

And even that seems to have been an imperfect specimen.

"Breadwinners! Wet feet may lead to more than discomfort. For your own sake, for the sake of those dependent on you, buy a pair today."—*Advt. in Weekly Paper.*

We have one, thankyou.

"If you see your cat lying on his head be sure there is rain about."—*Weekly Paper.*

If we saw our cat lying on his head, instead of on the easiest chair in the room, we should consult a brain-specialist.

GOLFING RHYMES.

IX.—In Praise of the Great Ones.

It must be jolly to punch like Tolley—
I do it myself, in bed;
On a nightmare course, with incredible force
I hit 'em like Wethered.

How fine my humour if I were Boomer!
I *should* be a cheery lad
If I sometimes played like Mitchell or Braid
Or Taylor or Barnes or Gadd.

I 'd give a fiver to wield a driver
Like Glenna or Leitch for choice,
Or to push 'em home *à la* Mam'selle Chaume
Or wallop 'em hard like Joyce.

My pencil quavers in praise of Havers;
That man is a King, no less;
And I often feel I could easily kneel
At the feet of His Holderness.

"The portrait of her carries a face like a benediction, pen in hand—a fountain-pen, too, looking right at you, calm and resolute and still."—*Provincial Paper.*

We like them best like this, when they keep quiet and don't squirt ink.

A BALLAD OF LOST PIGS.

["Five live pigs have been stolen from Elmer's End Farm, Beckenham."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHERE stately Beckenham stands aloof in a land of Kentish peace
There 's a farmer mourning like one bereft, there is work for our smart police;
And neighbour is turned from neighbour, friend is averse from friend,
For five live pigs have been stolen, stolen—lifted at Elmer's End.

Whose was the larcenous hand that stole them? How was the black deed done?
These were pigs of a ripened figure, not to be snatched in fun;
These were not for a poacher's back, but mellow, inert and stout;
Where did he stow those five live pigs, and how did he get them out?

Was there never a cry when the foe came creeping out of the brooding dark?
Did never a rooster lift his yell or a lurcher arise to bark?
Did the voluble goose forbear to loose the noise that of old saved Rome?
Was there never a sound from the world around when the five live pigs left home?

No sound, no sound; and even the pigs, for some strange cause, forbore
With the five-fold throat of an outraged sty to riddle a farmer's snore;
Yet the pigs were five, they were also "live," and, if those live pigs were mute,
That they freely went with their own consent is a matter beyond dispute.

Did the call of the wild come to them? Did one of them stir and cry,
"Brothers, our fathers were free pigs, under an open sky;
True, we are shorter in wind and limb, and not as our fathers were,
But we 'll have one go for a larger life, under a wider air."

And the others perhaps had faltered; but, led by the stronger will,
They toddled away on their trotters o'er valley and stream and hill,
Till at dawn they won to the wooded weald where the private badgers are,
And the tread of a human foot is rare, and the human farms are far.

Or perhaps he came that took them, a youth with a ribboned coat,
With long soft russet leggings and the dainty step of a goat,
And a pipe with stops for his fingers, a pipe that could coax and croon,
For the pipe he played was a fairy pipe and the tune was a fairy tune.

And he leaned o'er the sty, still piping, and the five live pigs were sad;
And he changed his magical piping, and the five live pigs grew glad;
And he turned away with his piping, and the five live pigs arose,
And he led them forth with his music, and whither they went, who knows?

You may ask of the mourning farmer, you may ask of the C.I.D.,
You may question the ghosts of midnight, so long as you don't ask me;
There was matter beyond solution, a mystery still unkenned,
When five live pigs were stolen, stolen—lifted at Elmer's End.

DUM-DUM.

OUR SMELL.

THE other day we had a smell in the barracks. It occurred in the Adjutant's office and was no ordinary smell. It was a SMELL.

Most of our offices have ordinary smells. "A" Company office, for instance, always has a vague odour of tobacco and confidential files. "B" Company for the last week or two has smelt very strongly of fish owing to an argument between the Orderly Officer inspecting breakfasts and the Messing Officer, in which "B" Company Commander's decision was sought. "C" Company Commander is often on leave and his office therefore smells largely of whitewash.

"D" Company office does not go in for smells at all. Its strong point is heat—sheer concentrated heat. "D" Company Commander has seen a lot of service in the East and wears a greatcoat in August. In winter-time he retires into his office, which is a small airtight room built round a large red-hot stove, and then spends most of his time feeling round the walls for draughts. He just says he likes to be warm and makes offensive remarks about Greenland if anyone tries to open a window.

One memorable day last January a caterpillar which had chrysalised happily in a ventilator came out in the office in full glory as a butterfly, under the impression it was summer. It fluttered round for a day or two, looking longingly at the snow outside, and then died of heat apoplexy. On another occasion what seemed like a sudden mist and heat-wave in the barracks one morning turned out to be simply "D" Company office-door left open by a careless orderly. It may be gathered that no smell of any kind would stand a chance in "D" Company office unless it were in cold storage.

The SMELL we had in the Adjutant's office was first noticed on a Wednesday morning. It was then a pale blue smell, emanating apparently from under the office desk. The Adjutant was inclined to let the matter drop, but on the following morning the wind changed and the smell, taking on a purplish tinge, penetrated to the Colonel's room. An era of intense activity at once set in. That afternoon the Adjutant took a holiday and several men pulled a lot of his office floor and walls to bits. It may here be noted that the first board had not been properly lifted before Captain and Quartermaster Ledger, with two minions and several Army forms, was on the scene asking to whom the damage was to be charged.

The only articles of interest discovered under the floor were a bottle of pre-war whisky (empty), the skeleton of a mouse and a note-book belonging to a R.S.M. of the early 'eighties. Nothing else was found, though this may have been due to the fact that Private Rifle was looking for the SMELL with an acetylene bike-lamp, the reek of which was enough to outfight anything else. The floor was afterwards relaid, and looked as if it had had two rounds with an earthquake.

On Friday the day was hot and the SMELL was terrific. It was described to the Adjutant (who, having caught a cold, had now lost touch with it) as being deep crimson with red-and-blue edges and an *arpeggio* in the bass for solo trombone.

The Colonel came down, took one sniff (most of which he returned) and went back hurriedly to his quarters, leav-



Lady. "A SAVAGE GAME, I CALL IT, HAVING TO WEAR THOSE BANDAGES ROUND THEIR HEADS."
Companion. "THEY 'RE ONLY CAPS TO PROTECT THEIR EARS IN THE SCRUM."
Lady. "JUST SO; FROM BEING BITTEN."

ing strict orders that the SMELL was to be found even if the whole block of offices were pulled down.

It was then that James took charge, being Orderly Officer for the day. James has been on a course with the Artillery, and he collected a party and tackled the question on a sound-ranging basis. By the afternoon various holes had been made in the floors of all the offices of the block, and one saw nothing for an hour or so but the south aspects of James or his helpers, with their heads under the boards sniffing hard and calling out, "About ten paces south-south-west from here;" while an answering voice boomed out from another observation post, "Five paces due north from here." At intervals they chalked out lines of smell on what was left of the floor.

At 4 P.M. James delivered his attack by sending Private Sling in underneath with directions to crawl according to a complicated list of bearings and directions which James had worked out on a bit of paper.

James's smell-ranging was successful. Scent was good and hounds ran true. Private Sling found the SMELL, his precise method of doing so being deduced from his language. It turned out to be Bonzo, one of Private Rifle's five cats.

Ten minutes later Private Rifle was digging a grave. Five minutes afterwards the Colonel came back to the office. Five minutes after that Private Rifle was sorrowfully digging four more graves. A. A.

First Arrivals for the Millennium.

"A Handsome Cargo of Archangels now discharging at —— Wharf."
From a timber-merchant's circular.



Groomsman. "ARE YOU A FRIEND OF THE BRIDE OR BRIDEGROOM, SIR?"
Testy old Gentleman. "I DISLIKE THEM BOTH INTENSELY."

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

XV.—THE GLOW-WORM AND THE GUIDE.

THE caves of Waitomo (N.Z.) are full of stalactites and stalagmites; they have halls like cathedrals and grottoes like shrines, and these are adorned with miracles of carven stone, with fretwork and filigree, with pendants and pillars, with crystal and colour; and they are very wonderful. But they are not so wonderful as the guide. The stalactite grows down from the roof, and the stalagmite grows up from the floor; and when at last a stalactite meets a stalagmite, they marry and have a baby, and this baby is a monster and its name is a guide. And it is a question whether that guide, or any such guide, should be allowed to live.

I do not resent in a guide a certain enthusiasm for the wonders of creation which it is his duty to exhibit; but I do object to any suggestion that he created them. Our guide, who had the voice and temperament of an ill-controlled sergeant-major, and drove us through the mysterious vaults booming words of command, referred continually to the crystals and stalactites as "the work." "No smoking! No cameras! And don't finger the work, which is very delicate." "This work," he would yell as he turned his lantern towards a fairy grotto, "is acknowledged to be the finest piece of work of its kind." And one was left with the impression that the Caves of Waitomo, with their adornments, were the work of some local artist and that, owing to his unfortunate decease, they couldn't be replaced. By the time we were well into the bowels of the mountain the identity of this artist was only too plain. It was impossible now for anyone to grope his way back unguided to the freedom of the bush outside, and the guide threw off all scruple and restraint. Not content to indicate the general splendours of "the work" and leave his victims to their own conclusions and taste, not content with having created the place, he must needs relate to us the ingenious names which he had bestowed upon his handicraft.

And such names! "The Blanket," he boomed, his light moving swiftly across the dusky pillars of the cavern. "The Pig! The Saucepan! The Poached Egg! Over the arch my Two Doves. And there in the corner is my Harry Lauder!" And dutifully our eyes roamed gaping after the light.

To me it seemed hard that where Nature (or the guide) had taken great trouble to produce a beautiful and unusual thing it should be likened to an object so common and so little attractive as a blanket or a poached egg; but this we might have endured had we been able to identify the objects so named. For my part I looked in vain for the Blanket, the Poached Egg, the Leg-of-mutton or the Onion. All I saw was a forest of stalactites of singular grace and colour, only that, occupied in the hopeless search for the Poached Egg, I seldom saw these very clearly, and while we were still prosecuting our search the light was withdrawn and the guide was booming in the next vault.

Crossing at last a narrow bridge we saw below us the distant bottom of a kind of pit, where the flickering lantern

revealed for a moment or two a little heap of whiteness. "Bones," said George gloomily—"the bones of guides." George is well up in the local history, and it appears that this is the place where guide after guide has been flung to destruction by infuriated visitors. I shuddered at the ghastly sight and passed on, my fingers itching.

On the way to the Glow-worm Cave the guide abandoned himself to the worst excesses of guiding. The Glow-worm Cave is a great marvel, a cavern in a hill, through which a river runs, and it was discovered by a Mr. MACE, who must have had a very healthy nerve. All alone he floated himself upon a raft into the heart of the hill, and after many adventures climbed up and out through winding caves and weird black passages of monstrous architecture to daylight. The story of these adventures one would have wished to hear, but the guide, knowing we were in a hurry, elected to cut this story and give us, however pressed, the full benefit of his own conceits and whimsies; nor would the most violent of hints persuade him, for example, to cut out one instant of the "shadow-shows," in which, with artful shiftings of his lamp behind a rock, he invited us to observe and wonder at the lifelike shadows of bull-dogs, terriers, Australians, Tommies and turkeys upon the cavern's walls. During these exhibitions I had to keep a tight hold of George, who otherwise, I know, would have led the man gently back to the narrow bridge and cast him pitilessly into the Grave of Guides.

However, at long last we reached the Glow-worm Cave, and what Mr. MACE thought when all alone he first beheld it I cannot begin to imagine. The roof of the dark cave through which the little river runs is a mass of glow-worms, all a-glowing. Differing from our own little creatures, they have their light in the head and not in the abdomen (or so the guide said—it may be that he lied); and from them there are hung fine threads or streamers for the catching of insects, which, being caught, are drawn up upon the streamers and devoured (or so the guide said). Certainly in a corner of the cave where he showed a light we saw the thin curtain of threads, and we saw a dim white insect or two flutter round below them. The guide said that the lights are lit to attract the prey; but George and I prefer the old romantic theory that they are the lights of love and courtship.

At any loud noise or even talking the lights go out; so, bellowing injunctions to be quiet, the guide led us to the landing-stage in the main part of the cave and embarked us in a boat. Honeybubble of course was breathing heavily, and we had some trouble with him before he would refrain from conversation. The boat has no oars, but is hauled along by a wire, and without a sound, save for Honeybubble's breathing and the guide's rebukes, we moved across the invisible water under that fantastic roof, a firmament starred with the living lamps of love (or hunger, as the case may be).

I tried to think of Mr. MACE floating astonished and alone upon his raft in the stillness and the darkness, no sound but the drip of his paddle, no light but the dim rays of a lantern, and above him those softly shining multitudinous eyes which no man had ever seen before. Now even Honeybubble was silent, and we held our breath in wonder, for it seemed that a single sigh must surely put out that delicate illumination.

But after a little of this the deplorable George—I know not whether goaded by some hoarded resentment against the guide, or it may be inflamed by those love-lights (as I suppose) in the ceiling—the intolerable George, I say, who was sitting next to Pansy Honeybubble in the boat, said suddenly and loudly, "PANSY, MY DEAR, I LOVE YOU," and I firmly believe he pressed the creature's hand. At any rate the volatile Pansy screamed shrilly in the darkness, and forthwith, by ones and twos, by tens and twenties, the fairy lights, the lights of love, were extinguished and went out. The guide said sternly, "Now what did I tell you about conversation in the cave?" And in utter blackness and disgrace the boat moved back to the stage. Never again shall I go round the world with George. A. P. H.



"I WANT SOME GOLF-BALLS FOR A GENTLEMAN, PLEASE."
"CERTAINLY, MADAM. WHAT SORT DOES HE LIKE?"
"WELL, THE ONLY TIME I SAW HIM PLAY HE USED A SMALL WHITE BALL. BUT I CANNOT SAY I GATHERED THE IMPRESSION THAT HE EXACTLY LIKED IT."

"We do not think we shall be contracted when we state . . ."—*Manx Paper.*
But they were. The printer saw to that.

OUR BRIDGE TABLE.

THE worst of your humourist is that he is apt to upset the steady course of life, especially club life. Since Wragg joined the club (and that is not more than three months ago) it has become quite a difficult matter to make up a table at bridge. And yet he is perhaps the best player we have.

We used to go on in the old days comfortably enough. Of course we had old Colonel Spicer (late Indian Army), who used to get rather abusive if we did not fall in exactly with his own ideas of play. And there was Flack, who would keep chattering all the time: a terrible fellow if you had a difficult hand to play. And Vignoles, who played the cards usually quite well when he would take the trouble to keep awake, but could not be relied upon in the very least for calling—a man who would let you down for five or six hundred above the line, in the first game of a rubber, without the smallest justification. And finally Moffatt.

Moffatt, I suppose, was the very worst player in the club, perhaps in any club. I cannot trust myself to describe his incompetence as it deserves. He had, and has, a positive genius for doing the wrong thing.

It was not as though he were exactly a fool. As a matter of fact he had been a Chief Justice or something of the kind out in one of our sub-tropical dependencies, and had quite a respectable number of letters to stick after his name. He took no end of trouble over the game too. He was perpetually coming up to one of us with the current number of *The Rattler* or *The Skit*, or one of those other papers that go in for Bridge Competitions and trying to sound us as to what Z, as dealer, ought to call in certain contingencies. He rather fancied himself as a caller, though he would admit that he sometimes made mistakes in the play of the hand.

"I don't pretend to be one of your great players," he would say modestly. "Fact is, I know what I ought to do, but I occasionally forget to do it. Ha! I can't concentrate."

This was his common excuse when he committed a more than usually ridiculous blunder. And he was curiously fond of that artificial mirthless laugh ("Ha!" or sometimes "Ha, ha!") when he thought he had made a point.

I liked Moffatt, except, of course, as a partner. He was tall, thin, angular and very courteous, in a pleasant, old-fashioned way. Like many judges, he had big bushy eyebrows, which were apt in moments of excitement to wave like the antennæ of some insect. Wragg used to say he could tell by those eyebrows what particular mistake Moffatt was going to make next.

Curiously enough, these two began by being great friends. Moffatt, you see, was present on the famous occasion when Wragg first encountered Spicer. I will say that Wragg did make a good impression that time. He always was a cheerful cove, and when Spicer, in the course of their first rubber together, began using the most violent language because his partner had, quite legitimately, gone two hearts over his original spade call, he merely smiled sweetly, while extracting a little tin box from his waistcoat pocket.

"Quite so, quite so, Colonel," he said. "Here, try one of these."

"What the devil do you mean, Sir?" Spicer turned the colour of a boiled beetroot as he looked at the tiny round globules within.

"Liver pills," Wragg explained politely. "Excellent things when you're feeling a bit upset. Take a few."

The Colonel got up and left the room, and we saw him no more for a week. When he did come back his power had miraculously disappeared. No one feared him any longer. And he had been autocrat of the card-room for at least ten years.

Moffatt was enthusiastic over this.

"By Jove, you know," he said to everyone he came across, "I couldn't have done it. Ha! Lost my temper, probably. Now that fellow Wragg—ha! ha!—cool as a cucumber. I trust that's put an end to Spicer at last. Ha!"

A week or two later it was the turn of Vignoles. And no doubt he had been calling exceptionally wildly, even for him. He had a way of never leaving things alone. You might have supported his original call of hearts or spades, and, when it came round to him again, out he would burst with a sudden call of four clubs or three diamonds. He belonged, in fact, to that pestilent school who insist on showing you everything that they have. He began this sort of thing with Wragg, and then Wragg took charge and never let him play a single hand. He made some outrageous calls—one of seven clubs on five to the ace, king, without another possible trick in his hand, after Vignoles had opened with one heart. They went down three thousand that rubber and were lucky to get off as cheap. Then Vignoles left, very red in the face and muttering to himself.

"Worth thirty bob," said Wragg, shuffling the cards philosophically for the next game.

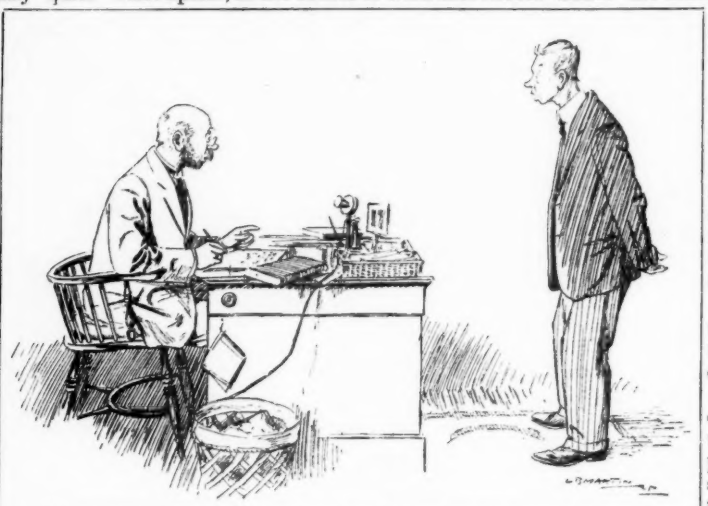
By degrees he weeded out a good many of our usual lot. Flack complained that he had said something caustic about the place being like a poultry-yard, and, further, that calling one club when you wanted no trumps was a coward's refuge. There was a lot of talk about this. "Coward" stuck in Flack's throat; besides it was true he had made the call on three clubs to the queen, and got left in with it, when he could have romped home in almost anything else.

But Moffatt held firmly by Wragg all the time.

"The best player in the club," he maintained, "and no respecter of persons—ha! You should have seen him with Spicer and Vignoles. Ha! ha!"

Personally he admitted he liked to discuss the hand afterwards—in a gentlemanly manner. Not one of your violent post-mortem inquests, but calmly and dispassionately, for information and instruction.

"Now I wonder, Mr. Wragg," he would say, his face all puckered up with eager concentration, gazing at the oracle—"I wonder now if you would mind tell-



Absent-minded Employer. "BY THE WAY, JONES, AS MY MEMORY IS NOT AS IT SHOULD BE, WILL YOU REMIND ME ON FRIDAY TO GIVE YOU A WEEK'S NOTICE?"



INDIFFERENCE; OR, THE POWER OF THE RACING PRESS.

ing me exactly why you led—ha!—that small diamond then?"

"Throwing the lead, old thing. Eleventh trick. Wanted him to come up to me for the last two."

I could see a slight shiver, as it were, pass across poor Moffatt's face. He could never get quite accustomed to the free-and-easy modern style of address.

"Ah, yes, of course. Ha!" But it was clear the poor chap was hopelessly puzzled. "The eleventh trick, you say? Ha! Of course, the eleventh." And he stored away in his mind some absurd idea that it was a good thing to lose the eleventh trick, irrespective of what might happen afterwards. He advanced this as an excuse some days later when, having the game in his hands, he had deliberately given away the last three tricks.

"Sorry, partner," he said to Wragg (who, to do him justice, had not uttered a word). "Don't think there was any more in it. You saw I gave away the eleventh trick?"

"I did," said Wragg drily. "In fact I saw you give away the last three."

And Moffatt could not see it even then, until it had all been explained at length, with the cards laid out on the table.

"There are days when it seems as though I can't concentrate," he complained. "Of course I see it now. Ha!"

"Bridge is a game of odd tricks," said Wragg, "but they aren't often quite so odd as all that. Ha!"

He shouldn't have done it, of course, but there was something comic about the old man's perpetual laugh. And Wragg had got the intonation exactly. Moffatt clearly did not like it. He sat silent, slowly growing redder and redder in the face, his eyebrows twitching violently every now and then.

The climax came only last week.

I must say Moffatt had been even worse than usual. Like most bad players, he had his days, and this was about the worst of them. He had revoked once and been terribly slow all the game, and finished by messing up the play of the final hand in the most complete and disastrous manner conceivable. He went down two tricks, doubled, when he ought to have gone game and rubber, having carefully got rid of dummy's only card of re-entry, and then proceeded to block his long suit.

"Sorry, partner," he said, when it was all over. "Bad luck! You see I couldn't get back into that hand."

Wragg was dealing out the next hand, looking, for him, quite solemn.

"Muffins, old man," he said at last, putting down the final card, "I give it up. Some things do lie too deep for words."

It was the style of address touched Moffatt on the raw; the points of his bushy eyebrows began to revolve in circles.

"I will thank you, Mr. Wragg, not to invent comic names for me," he said with acidity.

"They would have to be uncommon comic to suit your style of play," retorted Wragg, not without reason. "Fact is, old thing, I've seen it coming for some time. You're beginning to concentrate."

Moffatt threw his cards on the table and left the room in a white heat of passion. We had to rope in a stranger to complete the rubber.

Yesterday, when I went into the card-room, there was Moffatt sitting down at the far table with Spicer, Vignoles and Flack, and we couldn't make up a table at all until nearly six o'clock.

That is the worst of your humourist.

"Rev. F. G——'s sermon on the 'bruised need' and 'smoking flare' will not soon be forgotten."—*Methodist Paper.*

Certainly not by readers of the Authorised Version.



Dancing Instructress. "I SAY, THAT 'S DREADFUL. TRY TO IMAGINE YOU ARE HOLDING A LADY."
Novice. "I AM; MY WIFE."

AUTUMN CROCUS.

THE morning mist lay heavy on the meads;
'Twixt bough and bough Arachne's parlours glistened;
Wooing the wormy host whereon he feeds
The early blackbird tapped the ground and listened;
Forth on a quest we fared, my dog and I—
Rabbits and mushrooms were the dreams that woke us—
When on the leaf-strewn lawn we did espy,
All glistening white, a lovely Autumn crocus.

Not that ubiquitous pale purple thing (1)
That sprouts, unwatered, on our mantelpieces
And throws untidy leaves up in the spring,
And hails from Colchis, land of Golden Fleeces;
Nor that delightful Lily of the Field,(2)
Golder than robe that SULEYMAN ere sat on,
That frail *Flos Campi*,(3) whose attractions yield
Symphonic sweetness to VAUGHAN WILLIAMS' baton

(Although he quickly leaves the Psalmist cold
And draws his *motifs* from the "Song of Solomon,"
Whose *Hints to Gardeners* (4) were top-hole, I 'm told,
But that 's a subject I could write a column on);
Nor that officinal crocus, autumn-flowered,
That fragrance prehistorically sative,(5)
By whose mysterious essence overpowered
The hungriest crocodile became a caitiff;

That grateful Minoans frescoed, that the Greek
Strewed in his temples, that the sensual Roman
Used in his bath not less than once a week,
A harmless pleasure we 'd deny to no man;
That Europe once pronounced the perfect cure
For jaundice, warts and people off their rocker;
That gave their names—the names alone endure—
To Saffron Walden and the tribe of Crocker.(6)

Not these nor any flower of lesser class
Can render self and Ponto so ecstatic;
This was some jewel from Asturias,
We said, or possibly the Adriatic,
Or from that bright bulbiferous Orient
Where (all unmindful of the flowers that spangle
Their native meads) Jew, Turk and Christian, blent
In one red ruin, riotously wrangle.

I seldom know what flowers are at my feet,
And Ponto, when he goes to hide his plunder,
Says that however called they smell as sweet,
Provided there 's a nice ripe bone thereunder;
Experts like Mr. BOWLES without a doubt
Can name a crocus every time they meet it;
Enough for me that it (and I) was out
Before the hateful slugs had time to eat it.

ALGOL.

(1) *Colchicum autumnale.* (2) *Sternbergia lutea.* (3) Ps. ciii. 15. (4) I. Kings iv. 33: "He [SOLOMON] spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." (5) *Crocus sativus.*

(6) Persons engaged in the culture and preparation of saffron were called "crockers."

À propos of the resignation, "owing to calls to business," of Lancashire's cricket captain:—

"Sharp's wonderful career as a player of both football and cricket is too well-known to need much deference."—*Provincial Paper.*

Nevertheless Mr. Punch would like to raise his hat to him.



BALKANDUM AND BALKANDEE.

"JUST THEN CAME DOWN A MONSTROUS DOVE
WHOSE FORCE WAS PURELY MORAL,
WHICH TURNED THE HEROES' HEARTS TO LOVE
AND MADE THEM DROP THEIR QUARREL."—*Lewis Carroll (adapted).*



THE LANGUAGE OF THE AIR.

Lady. "HOW DID IT HAPPEN?"

R.A.F. Officer. "OH, HE JUST STALLED ON TOP OF THE LOOP, DID A ROLL AND LEFT ME HANGIN' ON THE STRAPS; THEN SPUN INTO THE DECK."

THE HORRORS OF PEACE.

CARRIER-PIGEONS.

Division to Brigade.—Two pigeons carrier are being forwarded to you by special orderly aaa they will be attached for rations and discipline as from to-day.

Brigade to Division.—Two pigeons carrier received aaa may orderly be attached also please as nobody else knows how to carry pigeons carrier.

D. to B.—Orderly may remain pending further orders but make arrangements to train substitute forthwith aaa full details contained in instructions on carrier pigeons.

B. to D.—Have searched both pigeons but can find no instructions on their face aaa where are they carried please.

D. to B.—Message refers to pamphlet instructions on carrier pigeons forwarded under this office number div/19/misc/c/a/2093 of April 1921 aaa return orderly at once.

B. to D.—Orderly has proceeded aaa pigeons seem unhappy.

D. to B.—Pigeons must be watered frequently.

B. to D.—Noted but pigeons more unhappy aaa should they be dried frequently also.

D. to B.—Give food and drink every four hours.

B. to D.—What should pigeons eat please aaa both appear very hungry aaa mess cook badly pecked grooming.

D. to B.—Not understood why mess cook grooming pigeons.

B. to D.—Mess cook being trained as pigeon orderly in accordance with your orders.

D. to B.—Not considered suitable as pigeons will be required for active tactical operations.

B. to D.—Mess cook only man previous experience handling birds aaa please supply two muzzles pigeon.

D. to B.—Not necessary if instructions carefully followed.

B. to D.—Regret cannot trace instructions aaa how should messages be attached please.

D. to B.—Holding bird firmly left hand wrap message round near hind leg just above foot securing with elastic band.

B. to D.—Prepare to receive message by carrier pigeon.

D. to B.—Pigeon not yet arrived at pigeon-loft.

B. to D.—Pigeon seems attracted by mess cook and unwilling to fly aaa what action should be taken please.

D. to B.—Bird should be launched as if despatching bomb.

B. to D.—Regret accident prepare to receive same message by other pigeon.

D. to B.—No message received aaa was it in code.

B. to D.—No aaa pigeon english.

The Spread of Communism.

At a flower-show :—

"Mrs. C——'s plain tube frock was worn by Mrs. R——."—*South African Paper.*

"Not until now has a hole been done at Richmond Park since the inception of either municipal course there, and the feat has been accomplished by Mr. —— at the seventh hole on the Duke's Course, which measures 165 yards."—*Evening Paper.*

Now that a start has been made it is hoped that in time the other seventeen holes will be done.

THE LITTLE STUDENT'S GUIDE TO RUSSIA.

THE use of the explosive bomb
Has rendered Russia different from
The kindlier nations of the West;
For always when he felt depressed
And life appeared to lose its zest
The Russian strove to cure his fits
Of gloom by blowing things to bits.

The cause of this peculiar fad
Is that the scenery is sad.
Instead of lots of towns and spas,
With restaurants and cinemas,
The Russian is obliged to go
For miles and miles through tracts of snow;
The railway system is not good,
The houses are composed of wood,
The bread is black, the trees are blue,
The temperature cuts one through,
And evening with its shadowy wings
Involves no change of under-things;
The wolf in winter howls and whines
And everything in fact combines
To make the Russians from of old
Consider earth a mass of mould
On which they have been placed like mats
To wipe the feet of autocrats.

Had they but cast this feeling off
And found an interest in golf
Or football, or some other game
Before the revolution came,
It might not have occurred at all,
The TSAR would not have had to fall,
And statesmen here, like JOYNSON-HICKS,
Would not be hunting Bolsheviks.

But as it was the Russians rose
Through anger with their trees and snows
And smashed their towns, and burnt their palaces
And entertained KARL MARX'S fallacies.

The little student here should note
The name KARL MARX, and try to quote
Some portion of the books in which
He proves that poor men should be rich.

In all these things there is a hitch,
For now does Soviet Russia seem
To thrive upon her changed régime?
Oh no! the nuisance of a Tsar
Is nothing to the kinds there are
Beneath the formidable grip
Of popular dictatorship,
Which means that everyone must do
What everybody tells them to;
If not, they will be punctured through
By bullets just as fierce and hard
As those of the Imperial Guard.

This end of a prolonged discussion
Appeals profoundly to the Russian,
But other people fail to see
What kind of value there can be
In altering all those maps which had
St. Petersburg for Leningrad.

But when it comes to Russian plays
I cannot adequately praise
The thrill they give me when I gaze,
The thrill they give me when I read—
The Russian dancers' poise and speed,
The Russian singers—how serene,
How exquisite, is CHALIAPINE!
The Russian stories and romance,
How vast is their significance!

Where people state that they are sad
One moment, and the next are glad,
And idolise a dancer's grace
Although she has a snout-like face,
And cucumbers and samovars
And *kvass* and the Ukranian stars
And hosts of nice particulars
Enchant me till I murmur, "This
Is life," and am suffused with bliss;
While practically no one looks
For life in any English books . . .
There must be something, I presume,
About the inspissated gloom
Of Russia which creates a bloom . . .

This only shows that all men have
Their uses, even when they rave
As ludicrously as the Slav.

EVOE.

IF OUR FOREFATHERS HAD ADVERTISED.

WHY waste your time and imperil your health by going to the Crusades when you can get genuine Saracenic souvenirs from Isaac's at cut prices? War-dinted shields and helms a speciality. See our cheap line of broken scimitars. Very effective as wall ornaments.

* * *

Do you want to be a favourite with the fair sex? Develop your personality and acquire the elements of social success by attending the Courts of Love. Rudel's Personally Conducted Tours to Languedoc are the best. Cheap return fares by mule or jennet.

You are a gallant by nature, but subject to chills? Let us save you unnecessary fatigue and the risk of getting your feet wet. We have a large staff of trained troubadours at your service day and night. Serenades and aubades sung under any window. Terms moderate. A small extra charge is made for swimming moats, and customers are required to make good any damage caused by watchdogs or irate fathers.

* * *

Learn Knight Errantry at home in your spare time. The School of Tushery will teach you.

A pupil writes: "I used to suffer from diffidence. You cured me. I have just rescued another distressed damsel, the seventeenth since I took your correspondence course."

Another pupil writes: "I have no trouble with dragons now."

Send for a sample lesson: How to mount a restive charger; how to manage a lance; the choice of quests.

* * *

SPARAFUCILE AND SONS,
FAMILY ASSASSINS.

Are you hipped? Come to us. We can help you by ridding you of political opponents, rivals in love and tiresome relatives. No noise, dust or smell. Don't tinker with the thing yourself, but call in a professional bravo. Latest and most up-to-date methods. Try our poisons. Simple, effective and ready for use. Avoid inferior substitutes.

Read these testimonials and send for a sample bottle of Aqua Tofana:—

A nobleman's son and heir writes: "I was greatly troubled with elder brothers for twenty-three years. At last I tried your excellent preparation and am now entirely free of them."

The Duke of —— writes: "My last Duchess was often ailing. I sent for the lotion you advertise and she tried it, with gratifying results."

* * *

FOR SALE, owner having gone to the block. Charming Country Residence in the best Plantagenet style. Banqueting hall, buttery, bower, incorporating every possible comfort and convenience, including oubliettes for the disposal of guests and up-to-date heating installation for the supply of boiling oil, pitch and lead at a moment's notice. Minstrels' gallery could easily be converted to torture-chamber to suit purchaser's requirements.

* * *

Ideal Hovel, detchd, secluded; three minutes blasted heath and cross-roads gibbet. Suit witch. Black cat goes with property.

* * *

Experienced Jester required for quiet Ducal Court. Married man preferred. Must be active, industrious, early riser, good at making faces and slip well on peel; puns not objected to.

* * *

WANTED, Headsman. Good refs. from last employer. Should be willing to help with light domestic duties in off time, and fond of children. Bring own axe.

* * *

Kind home required for elderly Baron who through drinking badly-mixed elixir of youth has been turned into guinea-pig. Well marked; very tame; will eat out of hand; make charming pet. Cage included.

* * *

Sorcerer-astrologer, retiring from business, would exchange divining-rod, crystal and starry robe, very slightly moth-eaten, for good laying pullets.

ROUGH PLAY ON THE INCREASE.

CONCERNING THIS RUGGER QUESTION AS TO WHETHER ROUGH PLAY IS ON THE INCREASE, IT 'S REALLY VERY DIFFICULT TO COME TO A DECISION.



HIGGS SAYS OF COURSE IT ISN'T.



GRIGGS SAYS OF COURSE IT IS.



MIGGS SAYS HE 'S NOT NOTICED IT HIMSELF.



SPRIGGS SAYS HE 'S NOTICED IT FREQUENTLY.



TRIGGS SAYS THE GAME 'S NEVER BEEN CLEANER.



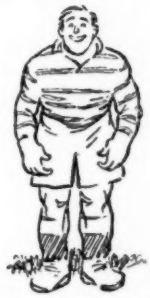
FIGGS SAYS THAT IT 'S DIRTIER THAN IT 'S EVER BEEN.



BRIGGS SAYS THAT THE FINEST TRADITIONS OF THE GAME ARE BEING NOBLY UPHELD.



WIGGS SAYS THAT IT 'S CEASING TO BE A GAME AT ALL.



RIGGS SAYS THAT IT 'S ALL ABSOLUTE ROT—



AND JIGGS SAYS THAT IT 'S ALL ABSOLUTELY TRUE—



WHILE QUIGGS, INTERVIEWED THE SATURDAY BEFORE LAST (WHEN THEY WON BY 39—3), SAID THAT NOTHING COULD BE FINER THAN THE SPORTING SPIRIT INVARIABLY SHOWN IN THE GAME AS NOW PLAYED—



AND BEING ASKED FOR HIS VIEWS LAST SATURDAY (WHEN THEY HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO LOSE BY THREE PENALTY GOALS TO NOTHING) GAVE IT AS HIS OPINION THAT NOWADAYS THE GAME WAS INFESTED BY A CLASS OF PLAYER WHO STUCK AT NOTHING TO GAIN HIS ENDS.

THE WALLPAPER AND THE LEGACY.

IF you 've ever taken hold of a handful of wallpaper or one of those heavy pattern-books you will know it takes some dexterity to release singly each specimen under your thumb. That's what I was doing on the dining-room table and had been doing for a weary spell. My wrist and thumb ached unbearably.

"I suppose it 's got to be done," I said.

"Of course," said my wife, looking at the Legacy.

"Oh, yes, 'm," said the Legacy, "it 's fifteen years since the guest-room was papered and painted. It 's past spring-cleaning. You can't see where you 've been. And didn't you say, 'm, that Lady Titcombe is coming for the winter? Her ladyship is very particular."

The Legacy was cook, philosopher and friend. She had come to us with the house and other bequests, and was the pick of them all. We had asked her advice in the choosing of this paper, believing her in some occult way to represent the general taste of "the family."

On fluttered the patterns. We were all looking at them through Maria Titcombe's eyes. She was my wife's cousin, a widow, rich, childless, influential, critical, nervy.

"I like *that*, 'm," said the Legacy.

"So do I," said my wife. She tore off a bit of Parish Magazine cover, the nearest thing handy, for a marker.

"*That* 's nice too," from my wife.

More Parish Magazine—more flutterings.

"What about *that*?" I asked, partly for my thumb's respite.

No answer either from my wife or the Legacy. No Parish Magazine.

Through the great book again and again we laboured till it was fairly gorged with Parish Magazine. Being churchwarden, I felt uncomfortable in mind as well as body, and testily insisted on a decision.

Finally we chose bunches of roses in a lightish shade of terra-cotta, neatly embellishing the points of the large diamond pattern. This, somewhat elaborated, stood out sketchily on a buff ground.

* * * * *

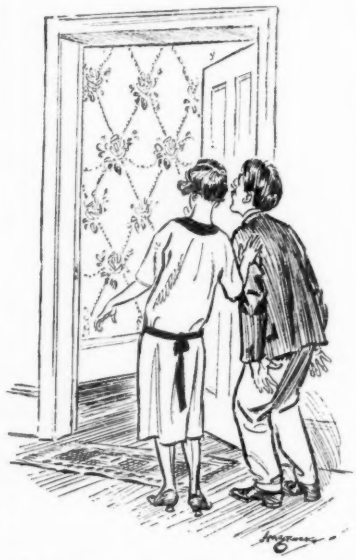
The paper-hangers had just gone away when Cousin Maria called. We discussed plans for the winter and told her we were preparing her room.

"I hope to goodness," said she in her italics way, "that you won't give me pink roses on trellis-work. They have pursued me through every hotel this year and give me nightmare. Good-bye. Can't stay now. So dear and nice of you to have me."



"'I LIKE *THAT*, 'M,' SAID THE LEGACY."

Silently Mollie and I went upstairs together. The guest-room door was open. Oh, horrors! The newly-hung paper was in full possession of the empty room and fairly sprang at us. It was "trellis-work" right enough, the diamond pattern standing out in stark ill-clothed impudence. Enormous.



"THE NEWLY-HUNG PAPER . . . FAIRLY SPRANG AT US."

"How could we judge the size of it from the book?" I said. "Anyhow the roses are terra-cotta."

"They 're pink enough for anybody that doesn't like pink," wailed Mollie. "Oh, what shall we do? We can't alter it now, and we 've *got* to please her."

A brilliant thought struck me.

"Let her have our room," I said. "The paper there is drab enough not to frighten anybody."

"And us to come here? Oh, George! But what about your dressing-room?"

"Leave that to me. I'll rig one up with curtains and things."

After infinite trouble I did so, quite successfully.

"So this is my room," said Cousin Maria. "Oh——ah! Now may I see yours? I like to know my whereabouts... Now *this* is really charming. How well the paper matches your curtains and bed-cover! I'd have loved this room."

"But," gasped Mollie, "we thought you didn't like pink roses and diamonds."

"My dear, you don't call those pink? They 're crushed strawberry—the colour greatly in vogue when that 1880 furniture was bought. And the diamonds are so bold and graceful. The whole thing is most harmonious."

Silence. Nothing for it but our turning out again. We too liked the room.

"Oh," said Mollie, nobly bright, "of course you shall——"

Suddenly we realised that the Legacy had come upstairs. "Beg pardon, 'm," she said, "but I think her ladyship will be more comfortable in the room that has been prepared for her. It 's the only room in which a Titcombe has not died. There 's some queer tales about *this* one, enough to give a lone body nightmare."

Good old Legacy!

MY LANDLORD.

My landlord used to make me rave;
  His slackness was appalling;
He 'd do the needful, true, to save
  The happy home from falling,
But, barring that, he seemed content
To let things rip—and pouch the rent.

To-day the converse is the case:
  I mark in all his movements
A pleasing interest in the place,
  A mania for improvements;
And though he 'll haggle o'er their price
I seldom have to prod him twice.

Such change of heart may well appear
  To be exaggerated;
And since my riddle 's far from clear
  Its answer should be stated:
The ownership has changed, you see;
This messuage now belongs to ME.



Tout (to Roman Centurion). "CHARIOT, SIR?"

OFF WITH THE NEW.

"You look very happy," I said to Mellerby as he took a chair next to mine. "Have you made a lot of money to-day?"

"I don't know," he replied. "I haven't been to the office, but I hope they've not been idle. No, I've merely had a delightful experience. It began with a motor accident."

Now this was an extraordinary opening for Mellerby to employ, because to him a motor accident has always been an unforgivable offence. A car owner almost from the beginning, in those far-off days when you wondered why the runaway horse in the non-existent shafts had suddenly become invisible, he has been true to petrol ever since. No one has had more cars or better, and no one knows so much about them. In fact he would be a bore but for a capacity to mix human nature with his gears, sweetness and light with his four-wheel brakes, jokes with his worm-driven axles and all the rest of it. Strange phrases which leave me gasping are household words with him: governed timing, single sleeves, streamlined bodies. Sometimes driving himself, sometimes driven, he might be described almost as half car, half man, a six-cylinder centaur. But he is no road-hog, and to hear him talking lightly of a motor accident was a shock.

"It happened this afternoon," he said. "A few miles from Bath. No one hurt, but both cars damaged. The other fellow's fault beyond any question."

Perhaps I may have smiled at this. There are certain of the motorist's utterances with which, however ignorant I may be of their esoteric terminology, I am familiar; and this one about the other fellow comes perhaps first.

"No," he repeated, "no doubt about it at all; the other fellow was to blame. Anyway, we were just able to get the car to a garage in Bath; and it was then that a new and strange bliss was unfolded to me. When I say new, I am not strictly truthful; not so much new as forgotten."

"What was it?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I'll tell you the whole story. After I had fixed things up with the garage and left all particulars as to the other fellow's name, the insurance company and so forth, I moved my belongings into a cab and was driven to a great building with a clock on it, where a kind man in uniform welcomed me most warmly. Although a total stranger, directly he saw me coming he opened the door and took out my things and asked me most considerately where I wanted to go.

"I said to London, and he said that if I waited for a few minutes it could be managed.

"After paying the cabman I was led to a little hole in the wall where another man, also a charming creature, asked me the same question. Again I said to London, and he gave me a little piece of card in exchange for a trifling sum of money.

"This card was nearly taken away from me at the door by a man with a pair of nippers, but I managed to get most of it back.

"By this time certain vague memories were beginning to flit hazily through my mind. You know that odd feeling when on a sudden you are mistily conscious that you have been there before? Well, I had this very strongly.

"Those strange long lines of shining metal, parallel with each other, in a kind of gully, on the edge of which people with bags were standing—I had seen those before in the dim past, or they belonged to a previous existence. The awful draught blowing up and down the kind of platform where we all stood—I had actually shivered under that before, or it belonged to a

previous existence. The nerve-shattering turmoil of escaping steam, the ear-piercing shriek of whistles—I had heard them before, or they belonged to a previous existence.

"Suddenly a huge and terrifying monster rushed in and gradually stopped, dragging behind him a long line of little houses on wheels. Rather like the motor caravans that you now have such difficulty in passing because they hold the middle of the road and don't have mirrors; and each little house—there was a lengthy terrace of them—had windows, from which people were peering, and doors, through which other people were getting in or out.

"In a curious hypnotic trance, still thinking I had at some very distant time been through just such manœuvres before, I allowed the kind stranger with my bag to conduct me to one of these abodes, with only two other residents in it, and to deposit me in extreme comfort in a safe corner-seat.

"'You said "Smoker" and "Back to the engine,"' he reminded me as I sank back.

"When had I said it? I had no recollection whatever; but as he repeated the words, and even more as I looked at the scowling faces of the two older inhabitants of the place, I suddenly realised what had happened: I was once again in a train; after years of moving about exclusively in a car, I was again a railway passenger.

"And do you know," he went on, "I liked it. I revelled in it. I liked it all: I liked sitting the wrong way and seeing only the country that we had done with. I liked having no responsibility for the driver. I liked the fury of the man opposite me when I suggested that a little air might be an advantage. I liked the rattle and the jumping about. I liked the notice about pulling the cord. I liked the photographs of the Wye and Brixham, and decided that cars ought to have photographs too. But what do you think I liked most?"

"Getting out at Paddington," I said.

"No," he replied, "I didn't like that at all. I wasn't ready to leave such luxury. No, what I liked best was reading all the weekly papers once more. I used to do all my reading of periodicals in trains, but since I've been a complete motorist I never see them except casually in clubs. You can't read in a car, and so I've missed all except those we take at home. But this afternoon I've read them again; I've read *The Sphere* and *The Graphic* and *The Field* and *The Sketch* and *The Illustrated* and *The Tatler* and *Punch* and lots of others. In fact I've had a most astonishing and glorious afternoon. I hope my car won't be mended for weeks." E. V. L.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SILVER FOX" (ST. MARTIN'S).

A PENTAGONAL variation of the eternal triangle. *Edmund Quilter*, popular novelist, is more than attracted to "*Frankie*" *Turner*, a very modern young woman, who, surprisingly enough, can cook; but he is married to *Helen*, who in her turn loves and is loved by *Christopher Stanley*, Major and poet (unusual but, I suppose, possible combination), and lunches in Glasshouse Street with a dissolute airman.



POETIC INJUSTICE.

Helen. "AND DO YOU THINK THAT BECAUSE I LUNCHED WITH A MAN IN HIS ROOMS AT GLASSHOUSE STREET I AM AN UNFAITHFUL WIFE?"

The Poet. "I DO."

(*Moral:* Those who lunch in Glasshouse Street must expect stones).

Helen . . . . . MISS FRANCES CARSON.

Major Stanley (a Poet) . MR. J. H. ROBERTS.



A CUCKOO LOOKING FOR A NEST.

"*Frankie*" *Turner* . . MISS EDNA DAVIES.

Edmund Quilter . . . . MR. LAWRENCE GOLDSMITH.

What is there about Glasshouse Street that a woman can't lunch there with a man without another man who has known and loved her deeply but honourably for years assuming the worst? It was apparently a question of socks. The *Major* is one of the type that believes that no woman who wears socks with diamonded garters can possibly be chaste. There are always, of course, lots of Majors and others who think this way. (If it isn't socks it's short skirts, or absence of stays, or smoking cigarettes in public—according to the period.) But when our *Major* returned to his great friend, *Quilter*, and said in effect, "I went to see *Belgrave*, the airman, who 's a confirmed co-respondent in his spare time, and behind a screen I saw a pair of legs with suède shoes and silk socks on them. I see your wife has suède shoes and silk socks; therefore she was in *Belgrave's* rooms for lunch, and you are a cuckold;" and when the husband, a kindly soul who only cares for his wife as a friend, said, "My God!" slapped his forehead and believed the tale, I thought it a little unconvincing.

Of course *Helen* wasn't an adulteress at all in fact, but only in intention. And the object of her love was our credulous *Major*. She has gone to *Belgrave's* room because she knows that the *Major* will be calling there, and she arranges the socks and screen business knowing his type of mind. He has put her on a pedestal and worshipped her from afar. She has no wish to be worshipped from afar. On the contrary. This is to show him she 's not that kind of woman, but has strictly dishonourable intentions. Old *Edmund*, good sort, will divorce her, and she can then, artful silver fox, set her teeth into this too honourable rabbit of a *Major*, while *Edmund* can cleave to *Frankie*, who cooks roast beef and Yorkshire pudding so well. And thus it befalls.

I couldn't at first understand why these people made such strange remarks and speeches till a glance at the programme disclosed the fact that Mr. COSMO HAMILTON had freely adapted this play from the Danish. But not freely enough. The mention of "roast beef and Yorkshire" and Glasshouse Street is not sufficient to make it English. Not that that matters much when you have the explanation. I don't mean, of course, that there are no pentagons in modern England, which still keeps in

the van of progress. It 's the manner, not the matter, that seemed odd.

It was pleasant to see Mr. LAWRENCE GROSSMITH, whose *Edmund* was played with great humour and naturalness. Rather a decent sort, *Edmund*. That clever careful actor, Mr. J. H. ROBERTS, did not succeed in making the *Major* quite real. The self-deception which conceals from himself his gnawing jealousy is natural enough, but it is inconceivable that he should not have read *Helen's* mind. Mr. GEORGE CURZON gave a clever little sketch of the airman—a not too easy part. He adroitly suggested the good and bad of a character spoilt by success in two adventurous spheres. Miss FRANCES CARSON as *Helen* behaved very seductively, but I thought she "worked her face" a little too strenuously. (I 'd back "Repose, Repose, Repose" as a motto for the English stage against DEMOSTHENES' "Action, Action, Action"). And this criticism certainly applies to the *Frankie* of Miss EDNA DAVIES. Of course *Frankie* was meant to be a little beast, but if she was such an obvious little beast as this exaggerated performance made her it becomes incredible that she should have been tolerable even to the easy-going *Edmund*. If the producer is responsible for this over-playing, as he well may be, he has made a mistake, I can assure him.

Throughout there were obscure references to white foxes of which I couldn't make mask or brush. But I got the impression that the Danish play, with its sub-title of "An Exposure of Five Egoists in Three Acts," and the proverb, "*Hver ræv varer sin bælg*," which I am glad to learn means "Every fox looks after its own skin," was conceived on rather subtler lines than our adapter's version makes apparent. But that 's of course only a guess. I apologise freely if I am wrong.

A quite good enough entertainment, all told. T.

"CHARLOT'S REVUE" (PRINCE OF WALES).

The November issue of this attractive institution, after an undistinguished opening to allow late-comers to get into their seats, settled down into a stimulating and breathless affair.

I found the "Masque of Millamant," devised and staged by QUENTIN TOD, by far the most attractive item. It was skilfully built up of figures from AUBREY BEARDSLEY'S drawings, the scenery by MICHAEL LIAMMOIRE, and the dresses and bizarre masks by G. K. BENDA. The innocent beauty of *Millamant* (Miss DOROTHY DICKSON) was surrounded by those evil, cruel and decadent grotesques to which that artist of genius gave such sinister life. The black-and-white scene was so well contrived that it seemed to me a pity to introduce the three masquers in scarlet and gold, or at least I felt there was so much scarlet as to spoil the balance. This masque shows very clearly what we have learnt from our Russian visitors of the Ballet, the *Chauve-Souris* and the *Blue Bird*. It also shows us something of what we have still to learn. There is too little repose in the individual players, and this restlessness distracts from the unity and primary intention of the fundamentally beautiful design. I think it would be well worth reconstructing. Some intelligent work on the part of the producer could convert it from a very attractive and promising experiment into a thing of really satisfying beauty—and that surely is worth taking some pains to achieve for artists who really love their work. I suspect we don't realise what rigorous drilling of highly-trained *personnel* goes to the making of the apparently simple Russian effects. We are too light-hearted and casual about it. Beauty is not brought forth without pain. A rather solemn disquisition.



MR. CYRIL RITCHARD AND MISS DOROTHY DICKSON AS THEMSELVES.

For the rest, under the genial guidance of Mr. EDMUND GWENN, who entertains us because he seems to enjoy himself so vastly, the show hustles gaily along. The playlets make perhaps the best part of it. The "Cabaret Drama," presented as it would appear to a guest who in the course of it consumes four bottles of champagne, is a sound laughter-maker, with its obvious but well-arranged duplication and triplication of lovers, butler and maid. The old story of the mean man who, when his wife commits suicide, gives orders that only one chop need be cooked, shows us Miss MAISIE GAY in a rare mood of seriousness. The same artiste, trussed up in a permanent waving apparatus, giving her long-suffering husband (Mr. GWENN) the one supreme opportunity of getting his own back, was very diverting. So also was a playlet in which the audience, being invited to co-operate in the development of the plot, threw off its native self-consciousness in a most remarkable way.



ROUGH WEATHER ON THE PERMANENT WAVE.

The Wife. . . . . MISS MAISIE GAY.

The Husband . . . . . MR. EDMUND GWENN.

The main burden of a heavy and, on the whole, satisfactory evening's work fell upon Miss GAY, Miss DOROTHY DICKSON, Mr. GWENN and Mr. CYRIL RITCHARD. Miss GAY's supreme achievement was the song, "You don't know what you've got," in which a jaded alcoholic land- or char-lady confides to us her doubts and experiences. The duet, "Follow Mr. Cook," with Miss GAY and Mr. GWENN as two grotesque travellers, well written and composed, was sung with extraordinary gusto.

It struck me as sufficiently absurd to hear Miss DICKSON lamenting that nobody could ever be found to love her. Miss DICKSON is a trump card in a revue-maker's hand for singing, playing and dancing, or just merely looking. Mr. CYRIL RITCHARD'S easy acting and graceful dancing were a pretty good substitute for Mr. JACK BUCHANAN'S, which is no faint praise.

Altogether a sound show and provocative of much speculation as to what superb system of physical training the principals undergo to enable them to do these things and live. T.

MORE MUSEUMS.

THE opening of the new MUSSOLINI Museum in Rome on a site once occupied by the Temple of Jupiter might easily be taken as a unique instance of the hero-worship of the living. But we are rejoiced to learn that this laudable tendency is not confined to Italy but has inspired a number of similar schemes in England, as the following authoritative information convincingly proves.

The site of the projected Winstonian Museum has not yet been finally decided, but negotiations are proceeding with the view of acquiring the Exhibition grounds at Wembley for the purpose, and Sir EDWIN LUTYENS has been invited to submit designs for the new buildings on a scale commensurate with the magnitude of the undertaking and the extraordinary number of exhibits for which housing room will have to be found. It was originally intended to purchase the Albert Hall for the purpose and to make the dome an exact phrenological representation of the cranial development of Mr. CHURCHILL. This scheme was strongly supported, especially by Sir ARTHUR KEITH, but was reluctantly abandoned owing to the inadequacy of the building, and also, it must be added, to the hostility of the League of Tarantulation. For the moment the Wembley scheme holds the field, and a resident in the neighbourhood has generously offered a sum of ten guineas to the funds required, if ten thousand other residents will each contribute an equal amount. It is proposed to erect a scenic railway, on a scale never before attempted, with sharp curves and gradients of unparalleled steepness illustrating the vicissitudes of Mr. CHURCHILL'S career, and to surmount the central building with a tower, not less than a thousand feet in height, crowned with a colossal statue of our modern Proteus.

Great satisfaction is felt in Oxford at the resolve to commemorate the services rendered by Lord BIRKENHEAD to his University by the erection of a Museum in his honour in the gardens of Wadham, his old college. Here again the chief difficulty is to render justice to Lord BIRKENHEAD'S multifarious activities within the space available, but it is hoped that room will be found in the adjoining Parks for some at least of the most important annexes, notably those containing the files of the Sunday and evening papers to which he has contributed, and the unique collection of cigar-ends which one of his admirers has generously presented. The annals of Oxford in recent years have not been wholly free from evidences of acute and even internecine strife, but on this occasion the unanimity of all interests and factions is quite remarkable. Jurists, economists, adherents of the Realist philosophy, Indian students, tobacconists, wearers of plus-fours and Fair Isle jumpers are all united by a common and enthusiastic desire to commemorate a great and myriad-minded personality.

The gratitude of Oxford, however, is not exhausted by the resolve to commemorate Lord BIRKENHEAD. Concurrently with this scheme another has been started to pay fitting homage to a second ornament of the peerage and to redeem the neglect of the University in having failed so far to confer upon him an honorary degree. It is accordingly proposed to rename the Bodleian the Beaverbrook Library, and to reorganise that institution on lines calculated to emphasize the incalculable services rendered to journalism by its new patron saint. As the founder, only begetter and inspiring director of the two best papers in the world—the most perfect daily and weekly expression of the highest aims and noblest dreams of the sanest and purest minds of the community—Lord BEAVERBROOK has long been marked out for special recognition by the University which excels all others in the height of its vision and the breadth of its sartorial equipment. We understand that the post of Curator has been offered to Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, a felicitous choice which of itself inspires confidence in the success of the enterprise and would specially appeal to the fastidious taste of the late Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The preservation of at least a large portion of the Ashridge estate as a public park seems to be now secured. But the fate of the house is still uncertain, and an influentially supported movement is on foot to convert this stately mansion into a Museum consecrated to the genius of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. In view of his love of mountains, it is impossible to overlook one drawback in what is otherwise a happy choice—the comparative flatness of the immediately surrounding country. But this drawback can be easily remedied by the removal of Ivinghoe Beacon, which is only a few miles distant, and its re-erection in the immediate vicinity of the museum. Ivinghoe Beacon is nine-hundred-and-four feet high, and, though it compares unfavourably with the altitude of the Snowdon range, would none the less be an attractive substitute. The cost of its removal has been estimated roughly at about eight million pounds, but the promoters of the scheme are confident that it could be raised by a national subscription, and that the imposition of a small entrance fee on visitors to the Museum would repay the expenditure in one-hundred-and-fifty years.

THE WAYS OF A MAID.

[An evening paper reporter, collecting statistics on the reading of Miss 1925, was told by both a bookseller and a librarian that love-stories with happy endings are more popular with the modern girl than any other sort of book; for every girl who selects a serious book ten will choose a love-story.]

THE Modern Girl has caused a stir;
We slang her and we star her;
But when we come to reckon her,
How many maidens *are* her?
With sentiment, we say, she's done,
She's heartless as her diction,
She's bent on freedom and her fun;
Then who is it creates the run
On Sentimental Fiction?

The Highbrow Novel has its vogue—
Some of her doubtless read it;
The Cocktail Novel too, young rogue,
She'll take when she don't need it;
But still the Lending Libraries
Assure us with conviction
That modern maidens buzz like flies
Around the sugary supplies
Of Sentimental Fiction.

Now what shall we deduce from this?
That nothing new's been taught her?
Or that the Ultra-Modern Miss
Is fewer than we thought her,
Since girls still share to-day, it's plain,
Their Grandmammas' addiction
To the "Soft-tears-like-summer-rain-
And-then-the-sun-came-out-again"
Of Sentimental Fiction?

"The genial laird of —— and his good lady are rusticating at Harrogate."—*Scots Paper.*

Won't the "Queen of Spas" be pleased with "rusticating"?



Drawn by George Belcher.

THE LORD MAYOR'S COACHMAN

The man who drives this six-in-hand is he who
Ranks as the City's most impressive Jehu.
There's a divinity that shapes his calves,
And with his Lord Mayors our applause he halves.

Their reins of power a single year will sever,
But he goes driving on for almost ever.
He does it just for love of civic Art,
And never dreams of being made a Bart.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—III.



"JAMES, JAMES, I AM SURE THERE ARE BURGLARS IN THE HOUSE!"
"MY DEAR, WE MUST NOT MIND THAT. AFTER ALL IT IS THEIR TRADE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I THINK I must have been over-idealising the end of the Victorian era and its typical upper-middle-class girl, for Mr. ERNEST RAYMOND'S *Daphne Bruno* (CASSELL) has not only succeeded in describing a rather ungentle aspect of both but in wringing from my conscientious memory an admission that much of what he says is true. Insincerity is of course the most vulgar thing in the world, and both *Daphne* and her circle reek with self-deception, from which the heroine is only just beginning to recover when (with promise of a sequel to follow) her story closes. Her babyhood, school-days and young-ladyhood, her first reactions to love, religion and art are here described at length—rather in Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE'S vein but without his straw-into-gold romanticism. The babyhood and school-days smoulder on too long; but my own interest began to burn up brightly when *Daphne* got away from her farcical educators and found love and the hope of a career on the Continent. The manner in which both passion and literature failed her and the cruelty with which the latter catastrophe reacted on that posturing novelist, her father, are very well indicated. So too is the instrumentality of the triple crisis in bringing about her loveless marriage. Finally, with a not over-welcome reversion to the physical and spiritual circumstances of *Daphne's* own birth, we assist at the arrival of her daughter, who is (or is not?) to be *Daphne* over again. I cannot say that I found Mr. RAYMOND'S characterization quite all that his publisher's fancy painted it, but I am willing to mark him pretty highly for his crude but pathetic little heroine. And *Hollins*, the heavy middle-aged servant who gets up from lighting a fire with "as many divided motions as a camel," shall pass with honours.

There is something impish about the gentleman who, under the cryptic initial "X," has written *Myself Not Least* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH); but then he admits that he was not only thoroughly spoiled as a child but also that he was sent to his first school able to talk French but only broken English—a situation that would have handicapped the best of us. Thence he went to Harrow, and speaks not too respectfully of MONTAGU BUTLER. By the time he gets to Trinity, Cambridge, and becomes a prominent officer of the University Carlton Club we begin to have a suspicion of his identity; when we go on to read of his early experiences in journalism and the Balkan States we are tolerably sure of our man. Dabbling in politics, he was fortunate in knowing several remarkable parliamentarians, including Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. Then he scraped acquaintance with WILFRID BLUNT and became one of the Crabbet Club, whereby he was led to plunge into the maelstrom of Irish politics and became a delegate of the Home Rule Union. There follow some good WHISTLER stories and a few about LABOUCHERE (mostly old ones), and a whole chapter devoted to that remarkable man, HORATIO BOTTOMLEY. This earlier part is decidedly the most amusing section of the book. Wanderings in Greece and Turkey, Serbia and Montenegro do not touch us so nearly. But "X" has plenty to say about D'ANNUNZIO and his Fiume exploit, as about the late

Emperor of AUSTRIA and FERDINAND of Bulgaria, for whom he appears to have had a certain kindness. But his favourite monarch was decidedly the late KING NICHOLAS of Montenegro, as his favourite politician is the present Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. Moving in these high circles, "X" has produced a highly readable book of its class.

H. H. BASHFORD, he must be
A happy man, I think, for he
Writes happy things most happily;

And his new book, *The Happy Ghost*,
That 's held me half to-day engrossed,
Contains the stuff that pleases most.

Here 's fantasy and freakish flair,
And twenty yarns most debonair
Spun with a twist as light as air.

But not derivatively spun,
Though *Saki* seems in more than one
(Remember to read "Farquharson").

And some are creepy, some are not,
But all have humour, all have plot,
And some are not to be forgot.

I 've liked this book above a bit;
I thank the author for his wit,
And HEINEMANN'S, who publish it.

It is highly exciting to have the Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE on your own side of a controversy, and perhaps even more exciting to encounter him on the other. Moreover it is extremely difficult to foretell which attitude a scholar and moralist of such versatility will take up—considerations which lend a certain liveliness to the unloading of a mixed bag of his essays. *Digressions* (MILLS AND BOON) are, I feel, the essays of an advocate, an advocate clever and liberal enough to see his opponent's case if he wants to, but not (for the moment) concerned with it. Take, for instance, "A Wonderful Human Document," in which with the minimum of personal intervention Mr. COLERIDGE allows a murderess in fact and a suicide in intention to tell her own pathetic story. How skilfully the method avoids the introduction of evidence less redounding to his client's interests or more favourable to those whom she accuses of causing her misfortunes! Take "Queen Elizabeth." Personally I think it is high time we adopted a more Strachean attitude towards the Maiden Queen, but to say that the great men of her era were great in spite of their Sovereign is carrying reaction too far. What, I think, induces us to begin to look askance at ELIZABETH is a consciousness of the inadequacy of the more insular ideas of her age. But Mr. COLERIDGE does not share this consciousness—as witness his Froude-like essay on "The County of Devon"—so he should not be too hard on the Monarch who perjured herself for her privateers even if she did not pay for them. However I enjoyed the sentence discounting the Queen's physical courage as a quality shared with "tigers and many animals . . . some criminals and most beetles," and I shall look forward to seeing my next cockroach turn and face me like a TUDOR. "Theobald and Pope's Dunciad" and "The Fourth Lord Chesterfield" show Mr. COLERIDGE eloquently defending two battered literary cockshies; and his preliminary essay, "What is Permanent in Literature," is a sound and pleasant eulogy (refreshing in these iconoclastic days) of the conservative and constructive spirit.



"WANT TO BUY A DORG, DO YER? WOT SORT OF A DORG?"
"OH—ER—ONE WITH A KIND FACE."

VERA HUTCHINSON has a gift denied to, or at least not exercised by, the realistic school, of imagining a situation which she cannot by any possibility have studied at first hand and making it objective and plausible to her readers. *The Naked Man* (CAPE)—on the theme of JOB'S "Naked I came out and naked I shall return"—describes the tragic Odyssey of a miner, *Luke Baddock*, who in childhood has been released for a few beautiful months from the black squalor of a Yorkshire mining village and from his drunken parents to recover from an illness, working on his uncle's farm, Riddings, in the Lincolnshire fens, hard by the sea. The dream of exchanging the drab tyranny of the mine for life and work at Riddings fills his thoughts, but he is caught back into his detested trade, and in course of it is entombed in one of those accidents which are so common that it is difficult to realise their extreme horror. Our author uses this incident skilfully to tell us the history of his life as it passes in review through his agonised mind before he hears the tapping of the rescue party. He has made a marriage of convenience with his elderly house-keeper, and is estranged because she can give him no son; and when his cousin dies, leaving Riddings to him as a trust, and part of his dream is like to be fulfilled, this failure dashes his splendid cup with bitterness. The faithful wife thinks to relieve his disappointment by throwing him deliberately into the arms of the maid at the farm, the pretty, mean-souled, wanton *Cherry*, who gives him a son indeed but, leaving him for a younger lover, deprives him of all his happiness by suggesting in a farewell letter that the child may not be his. The failure of his farming and the unnecessary, because not inevitable, death of his ambiguous little son bring him down almost to the nakedness of JOB; but the return of the faithful *Maggie* and work on his farm as the new owner's steward give him a final peace. A strong tale well told.



Motorist (during argument with villager into whose cottage he has crashed). "... AND ANYWAY YOU WERE ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD."

I have no inherent dislike for that familiar figure of American fiction, the splendid matron who is all tact and graciousness and mature beauty, but my combative instincts are mobilised against her when I find the family sitting around all day saying, "Isn't Mum just too wonderful?" and the visitor on his first introduction to her trying hard not to fall upon his knees. So I think *The Redfields* (METHUEN) would have been a better book if Mrs. GRACE RICHMOND had allowed *Marcia Redfield* to appear unheralded and to reveal herself by speech and action. It is a simple unpretentious little story of life in an American town to which a neurasthenic war-correspondent comes, as a paying-guest of the *Redfield* family, to recruit his health. Apart from *Marcia*, however, the chief figure of interest is neither the war-correspondent nor the pretty grown-up daughter with whom he must surely fall in love. It is the earnest, high-minded, hundred-per-cent.-American he-man, the editor of the *Eastville Arrow*. The production of the *Arrow* is *Eastville's* principal industry, but there is nothing unusual in that. The inhabitants of the Scilly Isles are reputed to live by taking in each other's washing; the inhabitants of the smaller American towns live by reading each other's contributions in the local paper. Greatly daring, Mrs. RICHMOND gives us many extracts to prove that the *Arrow* was really the best ever, and I am bound to say that they do make the claim seem reasonable. This seems to suggest that, in point of style, American local editors "have nothing on" Mrs. GRACE S. RICHMOND. Judging from such specimens of American local journalism as have come my way, I haven't any doubt of it.

When Mr. FRANK ROMER, in *Tit for Tat* (DUCKWORTH), describes *Alf Wheeler* as "a trustworthy man in shady transactions" he takes a lenient view of that incorrigible rogue's character. *Alf* was the leader of a gang of race-course roughs, but when he encountered *Major Tranter* he was up against a proposition which neither his brains nor the brawn of his pugilistic satellites could defeat. The *Major* in fact was the Captain of the *Tits*, and in every encounter which took place between his side and the *Tats* the latter retired hopelessly defeated and often seriously hurt. All the trouble arose from *Alf's* erroneous supposition that a valuable parcel had come into the possession of *Tranter*, and as *Alf* wanted it quite badly he set out to get it by fair means or foul. Followed a great battle of wits and of other weapons, very disastrous for *Alf* and his gang and full of entertainment for anybody who takes even a mild interest in racing. As Mr. ROMER is a grandson of MARK LEMON it gives me all the more pleasure to praise his work—and I praise it honestly—in the columns of *Punch*.

So peppered is the dust-cover of *The Fattest Head in the Fifth* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), with eulogies of Mr. GUNBY HADATH as a writer of school-stories that I embarked upon his latest tale with fear that he might not continue to justify them. No one, however, can read twenty pages of this chronicle of Polehampton school without recognising that Mr. HADATH is a master at his own game. At the moment when *Bannock Major* (of the fat head) is introduced to us Polehampton, an ancient foundation, was suffering from cross-word puzzles and a cat-burglar. But *Bannock's* individual trouble was a younger brother, whose disregard for truth was only equalled by his precocity. I find it difficult to believe that anyone except an absolutely half-baked *Bannock* could have been so patient and credulous as this elder brother. I also think that his Minor is a little overdrawn. But these are small defects in a tale that goes with a swing from beginning to end.

"With regard to the singing, the soloists are rather thin, but there are compensations."—*Daily Paper.*

There are: a good many soloists are much too stout.

CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to the strap-hanging restrictions we hear that several enthusiasts are clubbing together to purchase an old bus in order that they may be able to indulge their hobby after getting home in the evenings.

* * *

A musical cigar-box has appeared. The cigar with a jazz band is of course already familiar.

* * *

The recent rough play at Rugby matches is having its effect on other sports. Only the other day we heard of a dominoes player who accused his opponent of looking too fiercely at him.

* * *

"What are Scotsmen coming to?" asks a contemporary. The answer is England.

* * *

A man who broke into a tobacconist's shop at Luton one night was let off with a caution. It is hoped this will be a lesson to him that burglars must not steal cigarettes after eight o'clock at night.

* * *

Oojah, the pygmy elephant at the Zoo, is now wearing leather leggings. We don't know why. This is not Birmingham.

* * *

"I came by the Marble Arch this morning," says a gossip-writer in a contemporary. Everybody is hoping he came by it honestly.

* * *

A contemporary mentions a man with a flamboyant beard who was seen at a West End theatre the other night. We fear there is no remedy for this sort of thing, for men have a deep-rooted objection to leaving their beards in the cloak-room.

* * *

Professor STEINACH claims to have discovered a new method of rejuvenation which is applicable to women. If this proves successful it will mean that women of fifty-two years of age who used to be thirty-nine will now be twenty-one.

* * *

Children in Johannesburg were recently prevented from attending school by lions. We remember trying a story like this on our head-master once, but he wouldn't believe it.

Two men arrested in Quebec at ten o'clock in the morning were sentenced at ten-fifteen and in prison by ten-twenty. To ensure patronage it is always advisable to treat clients with civility and despatch.

* * *

These Russian boots mark another step upward in women's emancipation; and the best thing about them is that they hide the ladders.

* * *

It is well known that Primitive Man first discovered the art of cooking by accident, when he burnt some of his food, but there seems to be no need for our cook to go on experimenting on these lines.

* * *

So strenuously is this boycott of English goods being carried on in parts of Ireland that we hear of a patriot who refrained from shooting a landlord because the only firearm he had was made in London.

* * *

We are reminded that under the Shops (Early Closing) Act it is legal to buy matches to light a pipe when it is not legal to buy them to light a fire. One shudders to think how many non-smokers' homes are being kept warm by falsehood and crime.



Timid Householder (to huge burglar he has been sent down to tackle). "ER—WOULD YOU JUST GIVE ME A SLIGHT TAP ON THE NOSE TO SATISFY MY WIFE?"

Now that the Spaniards have declared a trade war on Germany, German poison-gas chemists may be expected shortly to produce a synthetic onion.

* * *

First-class season-ticket holders on the Southern Railway are being presented with a booklet. Our fear is that this sort of thing is calculated to foment class-hatred in the suburbs.

* * *

The Southern Railway Company announces that certain trains that have not been running satisfactorily are to be closely watched. We incline to the view that the poor things' wheels hurt them.

* * *

The United States Treasury has imposed a ten-per-cent duty on Christmas-trees from Canada. On the frontier a sharp look-out will be kept for Christmas-tree runners.

* * *

The moving mountain at Troedrhiwfuwch is reported to be giving trouble again. There is some talk of asking Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to adopt it as a touring companion.

* * *

Now that the French military authorities have decided to develop the game of cricket we may look for a fusion of the M.C.C. with the League of Nations.

* * *

A Nairobi message reports that a drought has been terminated by rain. There are, of course, precedents for this curious phenomenon.

* * *

Oxford beat Cambridge in the motor reliability trials. We are pleased to be able to report that Reliability Night in Town passed off without unseemly ragging.

* * *

It is said that in less than a hundred years there will be no oil left in the world. Soho chefs are in despair.

* * *

An eighty-five-year-old man has just learnt to drive a motor-car. We had no idea pedestrians lived so long.

* * *

An American movie star declares that English gentlemen are losing their good manners. We are given to understand, however, that *The Daily Mail* is on the verge of discovering something entirely new for us to raise our hats to.

AMUSEMENT TAX.

GROCK, the famous French clown, declines to perform again in England, it is said, because of the income-tax man. As soon as he arrived at the Coliseum last time he received a demand for two thousand pounds income-tax and super-tax, assessed on his earnings for his previous appearance there, and stated by him to be one thousand three hundred and twenty-five pounds in excess of what was due.

One can imagine him on that sunny Monday afternoon making his way to the Coliseum to open his engagement. As he passes to his dressing-room he rehearses his little bleat to make sure that it is in thorough working order, and he smiles at the thought of the welcome that awaits him, and especially of the clear ringing laughter of the children. He hums a glad little tune as he enters his dressing-room, where the first thing to meet his eye is a demand for two thousand pounds.

Ah, how often there may be a sad heart beneath the motley! On that day little did his audience guess when he came shambling on to the stage, dragging the huge leather bag from which he would take his tiny violin, what a blow had but a few minutes since befallen him. As he gaily pulled the piano to bits and tobogganed down one of the pieces, or juggled ineffectually with fiddle and bow, little did they dream how near to them lay the tragedy concealed in that buff envelope.

And so day after day the laughing crowd had no hint. GROCK might reasonably have stepped down to the footlights and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have to claim your kind indulgence this evening as I am suffering from an income-tax demand for two thousand pounds. Should I play a false note or two on my concertina or show some clumsiness in falling through my chair, I trust you will forgive me. Thank you." But he said not a word of it, and fooled about as if nothing of the kind had happened. Yet there was that buff envelope on his chest, so to speak, all the time. It may be there still for all I know.

I cannot but hope that the income-tax official who was responsible for the demand was in private life addicted to GROCK. It would just serve him right that GROCK should not be seen again on our stage.

But there are others. There are all those people who meant to see GROCK but never did. Now they never will, unless they go to Paris; and even then a famous French clown in Paris is not the same thing as a famous French clown in London.

Sooner or later we shall have to break it to the children that the funny man who played the wee fiddle and made comic noises with his mouth, and looked so nice, although his face was all smeared with paint, will not be seen again in England. These will ask, "But why ever not?" And we shall not be able to hide the truth from them; we shall have to tell them "Because of the income-tax man." Then they will stamp a little foot and say, "I *hate* the income-tax man, and always shall."

I am not writing this in order to stir up trouble for the income-tax people; but they will certainly get the blame for GROCK'S continued absence, and they will thoroughly deserve it. I could mention other instances of their tactless habit of making demands, if space allowed. In fact the income-tax people will find themselves unpopular in this country if they are not very careful.

THE CHILD AT HOME-LESSONS.

"MAMMA dear," said the Kid abruptly, "can you tell me what is life's greatest temptation?"

This did not indicate, as might be supposed, a sudden bent for thoughtfulness in the Kid. She was merely struggling with her Scripture "prep.," and on these occasions she never attempts to struggle alone; Harry and I assist her.

I say this openly, brazenly, certain that it won't catch the eye of Miss Webster, the Kid's form mistress, who is not genial enough for a reader of *Punch*. Indeed I will go so far as to say that I don't like that form mistress. Often she gives Henry higher marks than she does me; grossly unfair I call it.

Henry looked at the Kid with a benevolent eye. "You want me to help you over a new difficulty?" he asked.

He was particularly urbane that evening, owing to getting full marks for a rider to a ridiculously simple theorem, whereas I had lost two marks in declining "*s'asseoir*"—a trivial mistake in the third person plural of the subjunctive that anyone might have made. There was no need for Henry to look so objectionably superior.

The Kid repeated her request and waited with poised pencil to jot down the answer.

"Life's greatest temptation?" said Henry. "That's an easy one. Let me see—er——"

"What is it, Daddy?"

"Yes, do tell us what it is," I supplemented.

"I should say it's—er—er, of course, it's according to one's point of view. A child looks on temptation from a different angle to that of an adult."

"What shall I put, Daddy?"

"Well, perhaps it is to take something that doesn't belong to you."

"Do you mean stealing, Henry?" I inquired, slightly shocked.

"Many respectable people do it, my dear, in various ways. You, for example—have you not at some time or other—half unconsciously, of course—stolen an idea for a story?"

"Certainly not; I am surprised that you should accuse——"

"*Ought* I to say that stealing is the greatest temptation?" put in the Kid. "Miss Webster might think it rather queer. Isn't there some temptation not quite so bad, Daddy?"

"You might put down the temptation to tell untruths," I said. "For example, lots of men tell their wives they're kept late in town on business, and all the time they're enjoying themselves at the club."

"And women suffer from that temptation even worse than men," said Henry. "They'll declare to their husbands that they've only paid twenty shillings for a hat that really cost five guineas——"

"Oh, come, Henry—who's telling untruths now? It was only three guineas."

"*It!* What do you mean, my dear? I wasn't thinking of a concrete instance. I was only speaking in general terms to illustrate my point."

"You were trying to get back on me, and you can't deny it."

"And what about your saying men don't speak the truth? I *was* detained on business the other night. I can prove——"

"Oh, don't let us drag in a concrete instance," I protested.

"You don't want to be convinced," said Henry. "You're like every other woman and can only see one point of view."

"But if it's the right point?"

"It isn't."

"It is."

"It—— Oh, hang it all, this isn't helping the Kid with her prep."

But the Kid was packing her books together. "I've finished now, thank you, Daddy."

"And what did you put for the—er—temptation?"

"I said 'Drink,' Daddy. Then Miss Webster won't think it's one of *my* temptations. You don't know how mingy she can be. I suppose that it *was* all right to put 'Drink'?"

"Quite," I said briskly; "but I'm afraid Miss Webster might not give you credit for thinking that out yourself. She will be sure to think your father helped you."

For once I got the last word.



WANTED—THE FRENCH FOR "OPEN SESAME."

ALI PAINLEVÉ. "I WISH I COULD THINK OF THE FORMULA. I'VE TRIED 'SAUVEZ LE FRANC!' AND 'POUR LA PATRIE!' AND 'ADIEU, CAILLAUX!' AND NOTHING SEEMS TO WORK."



Shopkeeper. "MONDAY YOU LEFT THE GOODS AT THE WRONG NUMBERS. TOOSDAY YOU LET THE BICYCLE RUN AWAY AND GOT IT SMASHED. YESTERDAY A CUSTOMER COMPLAINED OF YOUR CHEEK. WHAT YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?"
Boy. "NOTHINK. I'VE LEFT."

THE DUCK-CURE.

WHEN I grow weary of the din
Of traffic that unceasing roars
And even penetrates within
The Megatherium's sacred doors;
To heal the irksome cares that cark,
The grief that at the heart-strings plucks,
I hasten to St. James's Park
And find refreshment in the ducks.

There for a space can I forget
The last monstrosity in dress,
And all the fever and the fret
Recorded in the daily Press,
The latest scream or stunt or boom,
Even the bags of Oxford bucks,
Thanks to the Royal rake to whom
We owe St. James's Park and ducks.

Dismissing those conflicting claims
Of architects and engineers,
The crisis in finance or games—
Dismissing our recurrent fears
Quem Mussolinus terreat,
Or Communism, or Ku-Klux,
I don my overcoat and hat
And sally forth to feed the ducks.

Amid the teeming human hive,
Untroubled by its stress and strife,
Contentedly they swim and dive
And lead an enviable life;
For no one grudges them their dole
And every one who passes chucks
A gift of crumbs, or pays a toll
Of homage to the blesséd ducks.

Untutored man in earlier days,
Given to misnomers and mistakes,
Coined the inept offensive phrase
That basely libels ducks and drakes;
To-day, all urban joys beyond,
Unfailing in a world of flux,
Is his enjoyment of a pond
Well stocked with ornamental ducks.

"Mr. C——, to calm his agitation, calmly and deliberately brushed his hair and combed his whiskies."—*American Short Story.*

It would have been wiser probably to cut them off altogether.

"Through a misunderstanding of the Bazaarette held last week the proceeds should have been given as £8 14s. 10d."—*Local Paper.*

Female Bazaars were never very good at accounts.

THE WADMATILT.

THE Auditor pored over the Equipment Account of the 7th Battalion of the Royal Exshire Rifles and scratched his head. Under the heading "Articles Missing" there was an entry, recorded in the wretched scrawl of the Quartermaster-Sergeant, for which no explanation was offered. This was bad enough, but what really aroused the Auditor's fighting-blood was the fact that he couldn't for the life of him make out what it was that was deficient. The only letter that he could decipher was the first one, which was undoubtedly a "W," unless it was a very bad "N." Still, something had to be done. He felt unable to shoulder the responsibility alone and sought the advice of the Chief Auditor.

The Chief Auditor examined the document closely. He regarded it in the looking-glass, he held it upside down, he scrutinised it through a magnifying-glass and finally he decided that the cryptic word was "Wadmatilt." Useless for the Auditor to protest that he had never heard the word before. His

Chief pointed out that the battalion were on their own confession deficient in one article; that in his, the Chief Auditor's, opinion this article was called a wadmatilt, and that an explanation must be demanded of the C.O.

The Auditor accordingly despatched a chit asking for information as to the whereabouts of the missing wadmatilt. The reply was brief, "No trace can be found of a wadmatilt ever having been on charge here, please." But the Auditor was persistent and, to bring matters to a head, he sent the C.O. a debit-note for the sum of three pounds five shillings, "being the estimated cost of replacement of one part-worn wadmatilt, deficient."

The Colonel was not pleased to receive the debit-note. He expressed his displeasure in a few terse well-chosen sentences to the Quartermaster and the Quartermaster-Sergeant, and demanded that they should elucidate the mystery forthwith. Now it has been decreed by some military genius, anxious to prevent the Auditor's carping criticisms from interfering with administration, that no store or equipment account shall be rendered for audit until twelve months after the date of the last entry therein. The C.O. was generally full of praise for this rule, but he expressed different views on it with some vigour when the Quartermaster-Sergeant, on being confronted with the document, pointed out that it was the work of his predecessor, Smith, who had been discharged nine months previously, and that he, McGraw, hadn't the foggiest notion who or what a wadmatilt was. The Quartermaster, who prided himself on keeping his mind free from the domestic details of his job, suggested consulting the official publications, but it was found that *King's Regulations*, *The Army Act* and *The Handbook for the 9·2 Howitzer* were alike discreetly silent on the subject of wadmatilts.

The Colonel was a hard man, and he gave the Quartermaster to understand that he would court-martial the whole battalion if the missing wadmatilt was not found. The Quartermaster relieved his pent-up feelings at the expense of the unfortunate Quartermaster-Sergeant and said that, in the regrettable absence of Smith, he (McGraw) must bear the full responsibility for the disastrous deficiency.

But the Quartermaster-Sergeant was an old soldier and well versed in the approved methods of diddling auditors. Moreover he hailed from Aberdeen. That evening he took counsel with the Pioneer-Sergeant.

"Pioneer," he said grimly, "d' ye ken what like a wadmatilt is?"

"A wot?"



Peggy. "POOR DARLING! ISN'T IT A BLESSING IT'S ONLY HIS LEFT PAW?"

"A wadmatilt. It 's no' a joke; it 's a seerious matter for me, for yon gowk Smith wus one wadmatilt defeecient when he wus discharrged, an' it 's up tae me tae find it."

"But wot is it, Quarter?" asked the Pioneer-Sergeant.

"That 's what A dinna ken. Naebody kens what the arrticle defeecient is like, an' it isna described in ony rregulation. But onless we prroduce yin for the Auditorr, A 'll have ower three pun deducted frae ma pay. So, man, we maun put oor heids taegither."

A week later the Auditor attended by request at the headquarters of the battalion. The C.O. greeted him heartily and drew his attention, with a certain justifiable air of pride, to a curious object which lay on the floor. It was made of wood and its shape was highly irregular; odd bits jutted out here and there for no apparent reason, and sundry pieces of metal nailed on at random gave it a somewhat sinister appearance. But there was no mistaking what it was supposed to be, for emblazoned across it in two-inch block letters was the legend, "WADMATILT, MARK II."

Our Female Prophets.

"Long before the Great War Miss —— had seen the vision of a union of peoples which would strive to prevent any repetition of that dread ordeal."—*Monthly Magazine.*

Very clever of her.



Caddie (to friend). "NO GOLFER 'E AIN'T. BUT I *will* SAY I 'VE ALWAYS FOUND 'IM CIVIL AN' RESPECTFUL."

HOW I LISTENED-IN TO CHALIAPINE.

ONE has to make exceptions, of course, from time to time. TETRAZZINI the nightingale, and now CHALIAPINE. The thing that spoilt CHALIAPINE was Gregory, who ought not to be allowed to stay in any house which is interested in the sciences or the arts. A Goth.

"You won't mind stopping talking a little after dinner, will you?" I said to him. "CHALIAPINE 's going to sing."

"When does the bloke kick off?" said Gregory.

"Nine o'clock."

"Just when I thought of a quiet wrestle on the hearthrug," said Gregory. "They never have any idea of the amenities of English life, these foreigners. What is the professor putting over at us?"

I took up the evening paper.

"Night—TSCHAIKOVSKY," I began.

"That's not the way to pronounce his name," said Gregory. "It 's pronounced TSCHAIKOWSKY."

"TSCHAIKOVSKY," I said, saying it my way again.

We pronounced TSCHAIKOVSKY at each other for a bit.

"There 's a song by BORODIN after this," I went on, "and SCHUMANN'S 'Two Grenadiers.'"

"Is all this in Russian?" inquired Gregory.

"Of course. Why?"

"Well, I know the 'Two Grenadiers' in English. I could render you that rather nippily where I am."

He opened his mouth and I hastily put a cigarette into it.

"After that MAX RABINOVITCH plays the piano for a spell, and then CHALIAPINE sings again, 'The Midnight Review,' GLINKA——"

"That sounds pretty brisk," said Gregory. "All the same I don't see how one lad can warble a whole revue. What 's next?"

"'We Parted Haughtily'—DARGOMWIZHSKY."

"DARGOM what?"

"WIZHSKY."

"She couldn't have been a real lady," said Gregory. "Go on."

"'The Song of the Drunken Monk.'"

"I say, it doesn't seem to be a teetotal programme, does it?"

I stopped reading the programme to Gregory.

* * * * *

"Look here," said Gregory a few minutes before nine o'clock, "we must have fair do's over this. Which is the best lot of earphones?"

"One pair of them hardly works at all," I said. "I thought you 'd like to have that one."

"Not a bit of it," said Gregory. "We 'll both use the other. You hold down the job till Brother RABINOVITCH finishes butting in and I 'll take up my shift at the tipsy part. There 's nothing like good staff-work in organising an affair of this kind. When he heads for home and takes the last three fences we 'll listen to him turn about."

* * * * *

I listened-in to CHALIAPINE.

"What 's it like?" shouted Gregory when I had been listening-in for about two minutes and a half.

"The soft tones don't come through very well," I said.

"Whose?" shouted Gregory. "Mine?"

"No," I said, "CHALIAPINE'S."

He began to rustle a newspaper.

"For heaven's sake stop that!" I said.

"Sorry," said Gregory, and put some coal on the fire.

"Stop it!" I cried again.

Gregory started ragging with the dog.

I sat very quiet indeed while Gregory listened-in. His face expressed infinite beatitude.

"It's splendid!" he cried every now and then, tapping the floor with his feet and marking the time with his left hand. "I *say*, you ought to be hearing this. It's too splendid for anything . . . Perfect! . . . Absolutely A1! . . ." He hummed.

I listened-in to Gregory listening-in.

"He's finished now," he said at last. "Old man RABINOVITCH is on again. I have to take this little parcel as well, don't I?"

"You do," I said.

"Hot stuff," murmured Gregory, still waving his arm about. "You know old man RABINOVITCH can get away with the goods as well as the other cove."

"Oh, yes," I said.

"Just look and see what we both come in for in the third part, there's a good chap."

"I have ROSSINI'S 'Don Basilio,'" I shouted, "and you have the 'Song of the Flea.'"

"Free?" said Gregory.

"Flea," I shouted.

"Good," said Gregory; "a merry stave."

"And I take the last one," I said.

* * * * *

I listened-in to CHALIAPINE for three minutes. All the time Gregory stood over me with his hands stretched out in readiness to take the earphones.

"Sure you're not getting away with my flea?" he shouted twice.

When his turn came I handed him the machine.

"I say, this is going to be a pretty snappy song," he said. "They're telling us the plot now. A flea came to the Emperor's Court, you know, and became the chief favourite."

"Not really?" I said.

"Yes; he was dressed up in fine clothes, and he jobbed all his relations into places as well. Rather funny, what?"

"Frightfully," I said.

In a few moments Gregory burst into roars of laughter.

"What on earth are you laughing at?" I said. "You don't understand Russian, do you?"

"No," gasped Gregory, "but the flea's laughing."

"Is Russian laughter much funnier than English?"

"Heaps," said Gregory. "Heaps. You simply ought to be hearing this. It's too priceless for words . . . You ought never to have missed this . . . That's the end."

He handed me the earphones.

"What's the last one?" he shouted as soon as I had got them on.

"'The Volga Boat Song,'" I said.

Gregory snatched the earphones off my head and put them on his own. Keeping me off with his fist he began to troll "The Volga Boat Song" in English, with all the intervals slightly out of tune. In the middle of the loudest swell I got under his guard and hit him in the wind . . . EVOE.



Smallholder. "BUT IF YOU DON'T KEEP BOOKS HOW DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE?"
Giles. "AIN'T GOT NO PATIENCE, I AIN'T, WI' ALL THIS NONSENSE 'BOUT BOOK-KEEPIN' AN' 'COUNTS. IF THE HENS BE LAYIN' THERE BAIN'T NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT, AN' IF THEY BAIN'T LAYIN' THERE BAIN'T NOTHIN' TO PUT IN THE BOOK."

"'HANKIES' FOR DANCE FROCKS."
Headline in Australian Paper.

The Antipodes seem to be well in the movement.

"There is no doubt about it that a fair-sized billiard table would be an enormous asset to our men's club work, and the attraction of the Hall in general. Don't forget to let us know if any of you hear of one going cheap!

A small table for the end of the Church would also be a welcome gift."
Parish Magazine.

In a recent issue we touched upon billiards as a suitable game for the clergy; but we never recommended that it should be played in a sacred edifice.

WIGAN AND THE WAGS AGAIN.

WHY is it that (the problem is a big 'un),
Along with lodgers, beer and ma's-in-law,
Comedians merely have to murmur "Wigan"
To raise the coarse cacophonous guffaw?

Over their knuckles I would like to rap 'em;
They touch not "Peebles," though it sounds absurd,
Nor would they get an audience to clap 'em
Even although to "Tooting" they referred.

There's no dramatic value in "Uttoxeter,"
No mirth in "Merthyr"—not the least applause;
But poor old "Wigan"—everybody mocks at her,
And yet I've never probed the fatal cause.

But, though uncouth buffoons may choose to flout her
And crack their ancient and their threadbare wheeze,
One of these days I'll write a play about her
And make her natives proud they're Wiganese.

So, though her stock at present touches zero,
My drama shall restore it, yea, to par;
And OWEN NARES I'll get to play the hero,
And thus I'll hitch my Wigan to a Star.

THE ONLY MAN.

SOMETHING had gone wrong with my arm. My left arm. I had never had anything like it before; and it was most annoying. It was all right when it was dangling by my side, but when I raised it to a certain position it hurt most horribly.

I took it to my doctor and explained. He said, "Let's have a look at your tongue," and "How are you in yourself?" and "How's the golf been going lately?" Then he had a look at my arm, pulled it about and found out where it hurt. He gave me some medicine, told me not to worry, to take things easy, to rest my arm till it was well, to eat more fruit, to drink less port, and one or two other things like that. He said I'd soon be all right. And I left him comforted and full of hope.

I met Walker. "Hello," he said; "how are you, old boy?"

"Not so good," I replied; and I told him about my arm.

"By Jove," he said, "that's an extraordinary thing. I had an arm exactly like that last year."

"It only hurts," I explained, "in a certain position. When I raise it so—ow!"

"That's it, that's it," he said. "I had just the same thing. It's neuritis. The man to go to is Sir Archibald Harris, 379B, Harley Street. I'll write it down. He's the only man. He'll put you right in no time."

"Thanks awfully," I said.

Then I met Cooper. I told him about my left arm. He grabbed his own left arm with his right hand and worked it up and down like a pump-handle.

"Tell me," he said, pausing with his arm stretched out at right angles to his body—"does it give you a twinge when you get it into that position?"

"Absolutely," I replied.

"Funny thing," he said, "I had precisely the same thing this time last year. It's a slight strain. The damp gets into it and sets up a kind of rheumatism. Lucky thing I met you in time." He scribbled down a name and address on the back of his card.

"He's wonderful," he said. "The only man."

Then I met Boulton. It was an extraordinary coincidence that I should have met Boulton at this very moment. His brother, it appeared, had recently been dying of this very complaint, and if it hadn't been for a man named Switzenberg he would have been dead by now. Switzenberg was nothing short of a miracle man. Believe me, or rather Boulton, Switzenberg massaged Boulton's brother back to perfect health within a few weeks. He gave me Switzenberg's address.

"The only man to go to," he assured me.

Roberts, whom I met after parting from Boulton, had had the same trouble, it appeared, every autumn for years and years until he was put on to an osteo—osteo-something, I can't remember—in Devonshire Square. The only man for the job. He gave me his name.

Thompson's uncle (I met Thompson as I was leaving the Club) had been in a bath-chair for eleven years suffering ghastly pain through this very cause. It spread all down his side into his leg, and—well, now he was playing two rounds of golf a day.

"Here's the name and address of the man who put him right," said Thompson. "He's an absolute marvel. The only man in England."

I went home a little confused and disturbed. I was sorry to have met quite so many people who knew of the only man for me to go to. I felt rather irritated, too, by the way each one had insisted on the unique claims of his own particular man. Foolish, it seemed. At the same time I felt rather annoyed with my own doctor. He hadn't treated my case anything like seriously enough. He had no right to attempt to cure me by himself. He ought to have put me on to one of these experts. A bottle of medicine, indeed! As if I had got a bilious attack.

My arm was very painful, and the pain seemed to be spreading all down my side. It was a miserable business. I ate a couple of apples and drank a glass of water; then took a dose of my medicine and went to bed. During the night I resolved that I would call on Sir Archibald in the morning. Or Cooper's man. No, Boulton's man. Boulton's brother had been at death's door—Switzenberg, that was the name. Then there was Roberts. Roberts had had this rotten complaint every autumn. And Thompson's uncle. . . . The pain was growing worse; I groaned with misery and sweated with fear, until at last I dropped off into a delirious sleep.

The next day was Saturday. That is to-day. I have played two rounds of golf; and, sitting here to-night after an excellent dinner and a couple of glasses of port, I want to tell you this: if you happen now or at any future time to have an arm that hurts most horribly when it gets into a certain position, take no notice of anything anyone tells you; just drop me a line and I'll put you on to a man who is an absolute genius at curing it. He'll put it right in a single day. No fussy treatment or expense—just a simple bottle of medicine. It is positively marvellous. Don't forget. Honestly, he is the only man to go to. L. B. G.

Sinn Fein in Practice.

"IRISH-MADE GOODS.
American 8-day clocks £2 (guaranteed)."—*Advt. in Irish Paper.*

"Parrot, good talker, refinement not essential; good home in country for suitable bird."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

But does the advertiser really think that it will deter his mother-in-law from inviting herself?

"The Phyllida throbbed with whispering engines to the shining, wet landing stage. Thorne caught her lightly and half-lifted her ashore. The rain had stirred the fragrance in her hair, and she was all flushed and shining. He seemed to hold a water-witch for a moment.
'By Jove, you're wet!' he said."—*Story in Evening Paper.*

We hope "the Phyllida" flouted him for making such a fatuous remark.



Robinson. "ARE YOU AWARE THAT THERE WERE AT LEAST TWO ENGLISHMEN TO EVERY SCOTSMAN IN THE WAR?"
McPherson. "OO, AY; JUIST AS THERE WAS AT BANNOCKBURRN."

BRIDLE HAND.

THIS is a black of the rare old sort,
Deep through the heart and coupled short;
One of the kind our sires bestrode
When they took a jaunt on the Great North Road;
One of the type you might have seen
Carrying double to Gretna Green;
The type that a Turpin sat unstirred
When the roll of the London coach was heard.

Though the holsters never have round him hung
Nor a Gretna bride to his pillion clung,
Though he never trots through the darkened oak
Under mid-thigh boots and a riding cloak,
Or is reined in foam at the old inn door
Where the guineas ring on the tap-room floor—
When the gallopers gather in hunting-land
Where will you beat him, old Bridle Hand?

W. H. O.

More General Knowledge.

Q. What is the difference between:
(1) An artist and an artisan?
(2) A member of the Bar and a barman?

A. (1) An artist is a gentleman who paints pictures. An artisan is a lady who does so.
(2) A barman mixes drinks. A member of the Bar drinks them.—*Boy's Examination Answer.*

THE JOOAY.

IT was really a *due*, or Italian two-lire note; but in the fulness of time, when its every detail of appearance and scent had become seared into our very brains, we never referred to it otherwise than familiarly as The Jooay. A revolting bit of currency.

How to describe The Jooay? How account for its insanitary condition? How attempt its history? Who tore it, for example? Who mended it? At what stage in its rugged story did the frenzied fishmonger intervene? Assuming the major repairs to have been carried out by a slaughterhouseman (on duty), are we justified in blaming him for the soot? I think not. Rather do I incline to the theory that the sweep, in attempting to snatch it from the fishmonger—— But what boots it to speculate? Enough that I can give you the recipe for it in case you want one for yourself.

Take a clean new *due* note (I assume that they are to be had); rub lightly with a moribund sardine, tear into six pieces, add a *soupçon* of grated copying pencil, some yolk of egg and sufficient cellar-fungus to lend an atmosphere of ripe old age. Garnish with a sprig of onion and set over a defective paraffin lamp to dry. Next procure a small bundle of stamp-paper. This should be as variegated as possible and just sufficiently gummed to ensure its coming unstuck at an early date. Crush the stamp-paper between the hands (having previously anointed the palms with a little inexpensive bloater-paste), twist it, rend it, beat gently with a beef bone and hang in the steam from a cabbage-vat to soften. You have now only to fashion a thin pad from your prepared stamp-paper, mount your *due* mosaic-wise on the mess, sprinkle lightly with a mixture of soot and sand, and you will possess a Jooay as good—or nearly as good—as the one of which I tell this tale.

It first came into my possession at the hands of a glass-store keeper in Venice. To be precise I had bought a vase. I didn't *want* the vase. It was too gaudy. Also it was topheavy and utterly useless—the ideal kind of vase *not* to buy, in fact. But Henry and I had weakly allowed the cyclonic Venetian to show us so many two- and three-hundred-lire tea and coffee services that I *had* to buy something out of very shame, and the vase appealed as being the cheapest thing in sight. Ten lire it cost me, more than three times its real value. And I left the store trying to convince Henry that we had come off rather well.

"After all," I insisted generously, "the Venetian must live."

That was before I discovered The Jooay amongst my small change. Later, when the miasmic note had contaminated everything in my pocket, I concentrated on Henry. Frankly I was annoyed. To be landed with the vase *and* The Jooay was to be seriously irked; to be reminded of the circumstance at regular ten-minute intervals was more than I could bear. Briefly, I landed Henry with The Jooay.

There is a streak of truculence in Henry's nature. And, if he doesn't always mean what he says, he *did* on this occasion, particularly when the last of his shallow artifices to redress the situation had failed.

"My love for you, Henry," I explained finally, "is a very real, a very beautiful thing; but I'll see you boiled before accepting that clammy horror back, even at your hands."

After which, in weary succession, gondoliers, guides, shop-keepers, steamboat officials—everybody told him much the same thing in effect, until his nerve failed him utterly. And he lowered The Jooay, shuddering, into an empty compartment of his wallet.

* * * * *

Months rolled over our heads. We were at home again. And Henry, whenever he called at our house, would never fail to affect an exaggerated sympathy towards me in the matter of the vase.

"After all," he would exclaim, patting me soothingly on the shoulder, "things might have been worse. If I hadn't been with you you might have bought *two*."

Or he would urge upon me the advisability of bribing one of the younger more inexperienced dustmen to interest himself on my behalf. *A propos* of which I would inquire breathlessly concerning the exact state of putrefaction at which The Jooay had now arrived.

"You shall see for yourself one of these days," he would answer cryptically.

And yesterday, my birthday, I saw.

I was listening-in to the Children's Hour at the time—"joying with the young," as Henry calls it. Not that Henry's opinions matter greatly. He can say what he chooses concerning my weakness for the Children's Hour—he usually does when he catches me at it. He says that the adult who is able to remain awake with the phones on his ears while the various Willies and Tommies are being exhorted by their "Uncles" or "Aunts" to hunt for their respective birthday presents in their fathers' Rolls-Royces or coal-scuttles or aeroplanes, or behind their grandfathers' bath-chairs or whiskers—such a man, according to Henry, can only be a martyr to insomnia. As a matter of fact I myself was beginning to feel drowsy on this particular occasion when——

"Hullo, Frederick Blank!"

It was the voice of one of the "Aunts."

I sat up with a jerk. Frederick Blank is *my* name.

"Frederick Blank of 'The Laurels.'"

Here followed the address—*my* address; and I broke into a gentle perspiration.

"Many happy returns, Freddy! And if you'll look in the quaint old Venetian vase on the mantelshelf you'll find something very interesting. Skip along, Freddy, and don't tumble in the fireplace."

As in a dream I laid the phones aside. My hand trembled slightly. My brain was in a whirl.

Then, crossing to the vase, I lifted it down, and the fell truth struck me like a blow. No need to investigate further concerning the source of that charnel breath. No need to prolong the pain.

With a spasmodic movement I inverted the vase over the fire. And The Jooay, slithering flabbily forth, went up in flame.



Stage-struck Girl. "I'VE GOT AN AUDITION."
Friend. "OH, I SHOULDN'T LET THAT WORRY YOU. IT CAN'T BE AS BAD AS ADENOIDS."



Dear old Lady. "NOW TELL ME, DOCTOR, WHO IS THIS VIOLET RAY I HEAR SO MUCH ABOUT?"

SANDY AND THE GRIFFIN.

(*Griffin is the local equivalent in India for Tenderfoot.*)

THE Griffin sat and groused about the Station;
The Griffin was unsociable and moped;
For India "wasn't up to expectation,"
And India "wasn't half what he had hoped";
And he'd barter all the "highly-coloured swindle"
And the "tinsel" and the "gilding," so he would,
To see again the sun of England kindle
The summer days he loved and understood.

"We-el, I don't care a hoot for Home and that," said Sandy.
"And *you*'ll forget it all as the days go by;
I've done my eighteen years or it may be twenty,
And I've always liked old India good and plenty,
And I bet I carry on liking it till I die.
The heats and the colds of it all; the seasons' shifting;
A sun that's really a sun; the monsoon's lifting;
And a moon your England could never imagine drifting
Through stars in a velvet sky;
If *that*'s not up to your hopes and the rest," said Sandy,
"You're hoping a bit too high."

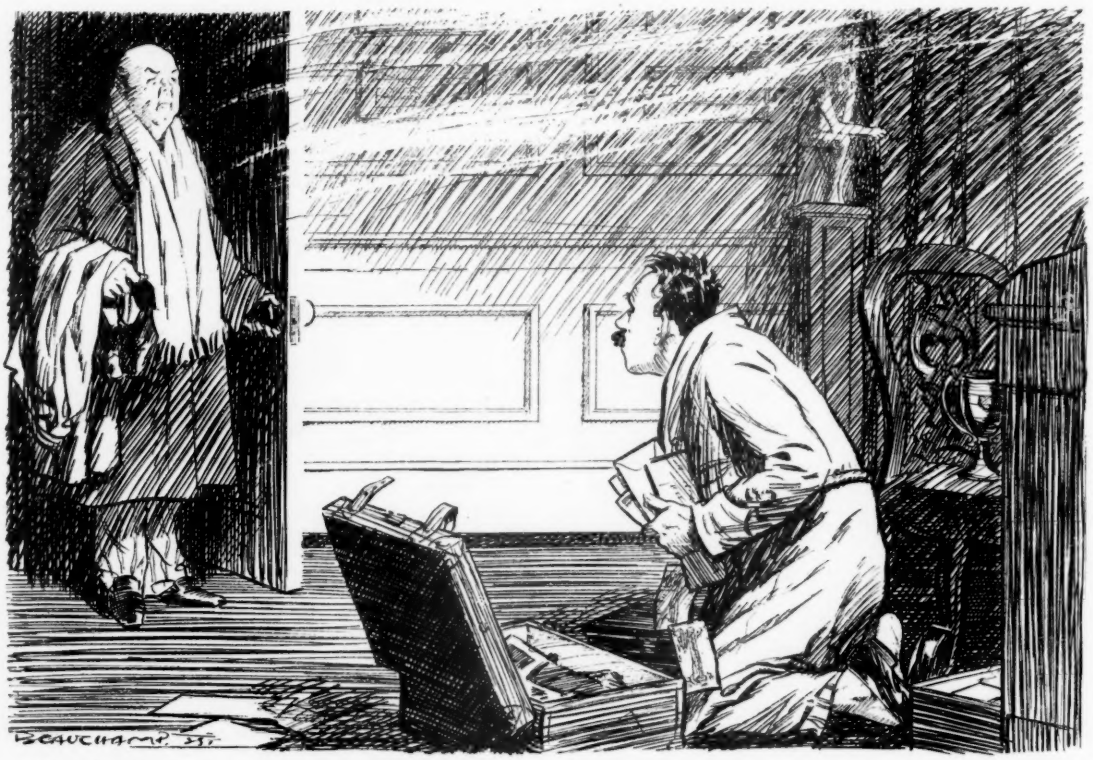
Then the Griffin spoke at length of "disillusion";
He was "used to more society," he said,
And he "felt himself a fraud and an intrusion
In a place where people might as well be dead";
He was losing all his tennis and his cricket
And his music and his dancing, so he was;
And he "really hardly thought that he could stick it"
For these and other reasons and because——

"We-el, I don't care a curse for folks and such," said Sandy,
"And for dancing and music I'll do with a gramophone;
But if so be as you're out for conversation,
You study the other man's personal equation
And the other fellow's feelings—and not your own;
And you'll find there are folk out here well worth the walking
A mile and a bit to hear if you get them talking—
Whites and browns and betweens—but they'll take some stalking
And a change, young man, of tone.
If you try to talk down to the East, my son," said Sandy,
"The East'll leave you alone."

But the Griffin was "disgusted and revolted";
He was "staggered"; he was "horrified" as well;
And he "really wouldn't wonder if he bolted"
From a country "only once removed from hell";
It was brutal, it was savage, it was evil,
And it really had upset him, so it had;
For its manners were "innately mediæval"
And its morals were "irrevocably bad."

"We-el, I don't care a dam for morals and all," said Sandy;
"They go very much by circs and the point of view;
I know the place is this and that and the other,
But I love it all—I love it, man, like a mother,
Outside and inside and through and through and through.
It's wicked, India is, and for sin and sorrow
There's little that hell could lend that it need borrow;
But—if I went home to-day I'd be back to-morrow;
And so will it be with you.
If you don't believe what I say, young fellow," said Sandy,
"You shut your head till you do!"

H. B.



The Perfect Butler. "THE FIRE-ENGINE 'AS ARRIVED, SIR. WOULD YOU WISH ME TO PUT OUT BEER, WHISKY OR CIDER FOR THE FIREMEN, SIR?"

HER TRUE DELIGHT.

THE little compliment I was well able to address her on her appearance that morning she put by with a gentle smile.

"My frock," she said, "is last year's and was never a real success. My hat is last month's—the first week too. And I know my nose came unpowdered in the Tube. All the same——"

"All the same," I echoed, "and indeed even more——"

"It's because," she confided to me with a still gentler smile, "I'm feeling rather happy."

"Splendid!" I cried; "and this morning's post didn't bring me a single bill either. I think that always makes the day seem so much brighter, doesn't it?"

"It's nothing like that with me," she answered disdainfully, "nothing at all. Besides, Tom says now there's no need to worry about bills and things any more, ever."

"Does that mean," I inquired cautiously, "that he has recently inherited a million or that he intends going bankrupt? In either case warmest congratulations."

"Thank you," she said; "but it's nothing like either of those. Tom says that now when you can't possibly pay your way the Government gives you a subsidy. And I'm sure," she added with heartfelt sincerity, "that I can't possibly pay mine, so there you are, aren't you?"

I shook my head.

"You don't get a subsidy," I informed her, "unless you have a COOK to ask for it for you, and you haven't."

"But she only came last night," she cried in dismay, "with the very best references, and she was still there when I came out. What makes you think she's gone already? The registry office people promised faithfully she would stay a week certain if I would put the wireless in, and so of course I said we would. And now you say she's gone, and I know," she cried despairingly, "Tom won't like it a bit if he has sardines for dinner again."

"I didn't mean your cook," I consoled her; "I meant another and a worse."

"A worse," she repeated, bewildered, awe-struck indeed; "you said 'worse'?"

"Yes," I admitted, "but let us forget about cooks—sufficient for eight o'clock sharp are the evils thereof—and be happy again. With the memory of this morning's post in my mind I want all the world to be happy too."

"I was happy first," she reminded me, perhaps just a trifle crossly, "and not merely," she added with severity, "because I got no bills by the morning post."

"Do you think it was only that in my case?" I murmured, quite crushed. "Why try to spoil my happiness? Tell me rather about your own."

"It's not my own," she answered; "it's another's. Only that of others gives us true delight ourselves, I always think, don't you?"

"I'll point that out to the other fellows," I promised, "next time I hold four aces in my own hand."

"You know," she went on unheedingly, "my cousin Harry, don't you? He's just down from Oxford, and he's ever such a nice boy."

"I know him well," I answered moodily; "he took me as far as the doctor's in his new side-car the other day."

"What doctor's?" she asked.

"The one opposite where we upset. But it wasn't serious; he only put two or three stitches in me and a foot or two of sticking-plaster on me and said I could go home."

"And Harry?" she inquired anxiously.

"Oh, he seemed all right," I reassured her; "but I see they've got the road up for repairs now, though whether that's because of where he bumped or because of drains, I don't know."

"Well, I'm glad it was no worse," she said in a very relieved tone.

"If you mean me," I said, "I agree; if you mean him, I don't. If you mean the side-car, it couldn't, because there was nothing left to speak of. If you mean the road—but then no one ever means a road, do they?"

"And do you," she went on, passing over my question, "know Tom's cousin Betty, just back from India?"

"I do indeed," I said heatedly; "one of the few people . . . But there, I had better say no more about her."

"Good gracious me!" she cried. "Betty . . . whatever do you mean? . . . a perfect darling . . . you can't really . . . ?"

"I do—really," I said in a voice from which I strove in vain to banish every trace of angry feeling. "She kissed me."

"Kissed you? Betty! But of course she oughtn't, and it was very wrong, and we had better not tell Harry; but as she . . . well, did . . . well, why . . . ?"

"It wasn't so much the kiss itself," I admitted; "that perhaps was an experience not wholly disagreeable; but afterwards she explained that she always felt she could when people were really truly old."

"I expect," she said, trying to find excuses, "Betty only confused being old with being bald."

"I don't consider I'm old," I said stiffly; "very likely some day I shall see forty again. And I'm not bald either, except on the top."

"Well, anyhow," she said, "they're going to be married."

"Splendid!" I cried. "Then he'll take her out in his next side-car and then I shall be revenged when she too is a *mélange* of stitch and sticking-plaster."

"I didn't know you could be so bitter," she said, shocked.

"But Betty's fair," I pointed out, "with red hair."

"Golden."

"Golden perhaps," I admitted, "when she kissed me—red when she explained why she felt she could."

"Men like fair girls," she argued.

"Men like girls," I corrected; "but Harry has seven sisters all fair, so you can't reasonably expect him . . . can you?"

"I had forgotten that," she confessed.

"Of course Betty could dye her hair," I suggested, "that is if you can dye what a shingle leaves when it's so little. But I didn't know she and Harry had ever met."

"Oh, they haven't," she answered, "but they will to-morrow because they're both coming to dinner. I shall tell them both about each other first, I shall send them in together, I shall tell him her favourite cigarette and her where he buys his ties so that she can guess it when they're talking. They shall dance together, I shall see no one else even peeps into the conservatory, and by the end of the evening their happiness will be my reward."

"By the end of the evening," I interrupted, "the fur will be flying because Harry's just got engaged to Jinny Brown—he was telling me about her when the side-car overturned. And just before she left India Betty was privately married—it's to be announced to-morrow, only I knew before and I was congratulating her when she kissed me—because," I said droopingly, "she felt she could."

But if I drooped at least I did not droop alone.

She said in the smallest voice I ever heard her use:—

"Do you remember what you said when we met just now? You see, my frock's last year's, and my hat's primeval, and my nose I know is a sight, and one does want something to make one feel better, doesn't one? So if you could say it again . . ."

I said it, but torn by an inner conviction that the next post would be heavy with bills.

E. R. P.



The Rector. "NOW WHAT ARE YOU BOYS FIGHTING FOR?"
Sandford. "'E CALLED ME A BLINKIN' LIAR."
Merton. "YOU 'RE A BLINKIN' LIAR; I DIDN'T."



IN VIEW OF THE PREVAILING HABIT OF DANCING IN CROWDED RESTAURANTS, MISS —— AND A STAFF OF QUALIFIED ASSISTANTS GIVE SPECIAL LESSONS IN DANCING THE LATEST STEPS IN A CONFINED SPACE.

THE STUDENT'S GUIDE TO ITALY.

No traveller travelling up and down
This famous country misses
The chance of looking at some town
In valley or on vine-clad crown,
For all possess immense renown
And large-sized edifices;

Not red-bricked, like an English grange,
But stone or marble-fronted;
To some the swift expresses range,
For some the traveller has to change
Because the railways can't arrange
To have their coaches shunted.

These towns are there on plain and hill,
Superb in architecture,
To put the traveller through the mill;
No use to urge that he is ill
Or wants to pay the hotel bill,
He must attend the lecture.

Night comes, and he must still take pains
To read up ancient history,
And not inquire about the drains,
A point where Italy remains,
In spite of taxicabs and trains,
A land of hopeless mystery.

Student, the *Baedeker* is thine!
Luxurious ease is petty;
Thou wast not sent across the brine
Merely to see the mountains shine,
Or drink the curious local wine,
Or feed upon spaghetti.

For Pisa has its leaning tower,
From which one throws down pennies;
Rome was not built within the hour;
In Florence all the churches flower;
And as for Venice, there's a power
Of jobs to do in Venice.

No use at all to loaf about
Nor loiter near the station;
The traveller must be stern and stout,
Untiring, resolute, devout,
And ask for change from guides who shout
And use gesticulation.

Complaints are not the slightest good
When lira notes are greasy;
We have to stand where DANTE stood
And climb to Vallombrosa's wood
And comprehend the saintlihood
Of FRANCIS of Assisi;

Plunge deeply in the storied past
Of saints and nymphs and satyrs;
And, if some portion of the vast
Kaleidoscope that turns so fast
Remains mysterious to the last,
I don't see why it matters.

No traveller need ask to know
What RAFAEL, or BELLINI,
DA VINCI, MICHAEL ANGELO,
Or MARIUS, or CICERO
Have handed down from long ago
To Signor MUSSOLINI;

Nor what BENOZZO GOZZOLI,
Now dead and past all caring,
Wherever he may chance to be,
Would think if he returned to see
The styles in haberdashery
The Florentines are wearing.

Enough to do St. Peter's dome
And not feel fogged and misty
When gazing at the BORGIA'S home—
I should require an extra tome
To tell you why these chaps in Rome
Have called themselves *Fascisti*.

EVOE.

"SHAKESPEARIAN TRIBUTE.

Sir,—The finest tribute was, I think, that spoken by Mark Antony over the body of Julius Cæsar:

His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up to all the world and say, 'This was a man.'"

Letter in Morning Paper.

Except that *Mark Antony* spoke in blank verse, and put all the words in their right places, and did not say them over the body of *Julius Cæsar*, we are half inclined to agree.



A FELLOW FEELING.

Mr. Baldwin. "HOPE THERE WON'T BE ANY ROUGH PLAY BETWEEN OUR TEAMS."

Mr. MacDonald. "OR BETWEEN THE TEAMS AND THEIR RESPECTIVE CAPTAINS."

Mr. Baldwin. "WELL, I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON MY RIGHT WING IF YOU'LL DO THE SAME WITH YOUR LEFT."



THE COSMOPOLITAN TOUCH.

Customer (at busy City chophouse). "HERE! GEORGE!"
George. "BIEN, MEIN HERR—SUBITO."

AERONAUTICS.

SOME little time ago My Lords, walking hand-in-hand about the pleasant purlieus of Whitehall, disguised themselves as the Walrus and the Carpenter and called sweetly for oysters, in the form of recruits for the new Fleet Air Arm, to come up out of the deep sea.

Charles, who has long swayed my destinies with an impulsive hand, decided it would be "rather fun," and when Charles comes to that decision about anything I usually follow meekly with a weather-eye open for squalls.

So we left our ships and came up on dry land. And while Charles was whisked away to the north of Scotland to be trained as a pilot, I, who am one of the few people still left in remote corners of England who have never driven anything faster than a pony and trap, contented myself with the more humble *rôle* of observer.

For some months we lost touch with each other; and then one day, on the completion of our training, we found ourselves appointed (My Lords Commissioners) and posted (My Lord Councillors) to the Very Latest Aircraft Carrier.

I confess I did not share Charles's enthusiasm when I found he was to be the pilot of the machine to which I was delegated as observer. I like Charles very much, but there are limits beyond which it is unwise to stretch even friendship.

However it is one of the amenities of this aeronautical life that an aircraft carrier, even one so Very Late as ours, offers only very limited opportunities for flying, and the Flights therefore spend a considerable part of their time ashore at the base. From there we managed to do quite a lot of practice flying. I had got used to Charles's enthusiastic attempts at the impossible, and was even congratulating myself on having got through a week at his mercy without having my neck broken, when a sinister-looking orderly brought himself to a full-stop before me with a click such as only a Royal Marine can achieve.

"Wing-Commander wants to see you and Mr. Herring, Sir," he remarked abruptly.

I hate orderlies—they are always bringing me messages that someone or other whom I don't in the least want to see urgently desires my presence. However I put a bold face on the matter. "We shall be along in a moment," I said, waving my hand airily. The orderly bent a Parthian bow and let fly. "The Wing-Commander *did* say he wanted to see you at once, Sir," he observed, looking more sinister than ever.

"Perhaps there's some special job on," suggested Charles hopefully.

"That," I said bitterly, "is just what I'm afraid of."

"Your machine is serviceable, isn't it, Herring?" inquired the Wing-Commander as we stood in front of his office-table.

"Rather, Sir," said Charles brightly. "Just finished an overhaul; I tested it this morning."

The Wing-Commander beamed; he likes keenness among the pilots, though fortunately he doesn't bother so much about the observers.

"So I thought," he said. "Well, the Army has asked for a machine over X-battery at ten o'clock to-night for anti-aircraft practice with searchlights, and I want you two to go."

Night-flying terrifies me, and even Charles's ardour seemed a bit damped, for we were supposed to be dining with some rather pleasant people. But, how-

ever much the Silent Service may be allowed to give the lie to its reputation on certain occasions, this was emphatically not one of them, and we both said nothing.

"I shall be interested to hear how you get on," observed the Wing-Commander kindly, dismissing us.

"How often have you done this night-flying stuff before, Charles?" I asked as we gnawed at the messman's sandwiches before going up to the aerodrome.

"Only a couple of times," replied Charles.

"Then you 'll probably break both our necks," I said gloomily. "And to think that at this very moment I ought to be selecting a shirt of surpassing shininess, about to——"

"Cut it out, old man," remarked Charles abruptly.

I waved him aside. "In about half-an-hour," I went on, "we should be sitting down to an excellently cooked salmon, washed down with a glass of——"

"I know—I know," put in Charles testily; "there 's no need to rub it in."

It was pretty dark when we started up, and what with the ring of flame from the exhaust pipes and the difficulty of discovering an horizon which would serve to separate the shore lights from the stars I had no little trouble in finding the way. We got over the place however about ten minutes past ten. Charles was getting very peevish as we flew around in the darkness waiting for the show to begin, and in fact his comments had by twenty minutes past ten become both fluent and picturesque.

At last the beam of a searchlight shot up into the sky and flickered amongst the clouds, followed after a short interval by a couple of others.

"Very nice of 'em," observed Charles; "hope they 've had a good dinner and finished their cigars all right."

For three-quarters-of-an-hour we charged eagerly about the sky, trying to get out of the black night into the beams of the searchlights so that the soldiers below could get on with their game.

At first, whenever the long questing fingers seemed to be coming our way we would circle patiently round waiting for them to pick us up.

The procedure here, however, was invariable. The beam would approach to within a few yards of us, stop and then flick back and start its leisurely crawl towards us all over again.

This was clearly no good, and Charles, who likes to do a job thoroughly whenever he gets a chance, grew desperate. We careered madly after the lights, throwing ourselves desperately in their paths, only to find the wretched things pass disdainfully through us as if we 'd never existed, or swerve aside at the last minute in a determined effort to avoid us.

The grand finale came dramatically. We found ourselves at the end of one of our wild rushes in a position to which all three searchlights appeared to be converging. Charles throttled right down and we waited, expectant, watching the beams grow closer. "At last," said Charles down the voice-pipe; "they *can't* miss us now."

It was a great moment, or would have been but for an unforeseen accident.

For at this precise instant a little cloud, sailing indolently by us, insinuated itself between us and the ground below. For a moment it was illuminated brightly by the three concentrated beams; and then the searchlights, apparently giving up the unequal struggle, petered out one by one, leaving us in a darkness all the blacker by comparison.

The petrol in the tanks was uncomfortably low when we got back, and we found the Wing-Commander in the Mess, just going to bed.

"How did you get on?" he asked genially.

We explained at some length, and Wings was quite sympathetic.

"Just shows how badly the practice was wanted," he said. "Anti-aircraft defence is a matter of vital importance to the Army, and I hope they 'll learn some valuable lessons from to-night's show."

Next day we went up to the club for lunch and found a couple of young soldiers at the next table to us. One of them was talking, and, though at first I tried not to listen, I couldn't help hearing his conversation.

"Life was getting rather dull," he was saying languidly, "so I got the General to ask for an aeroplane to come over and give the battery some Archie practice last night. Arranged it all beautifully so that I had time to finish my dinner in peace and then stroll out and see the fun. And I 'm damned if the blighter didn't fail to turn up after all. Raked the whole blooming sky, my dear boy, as if I 'd had a toothcomb—not a trace of him. If the General hadn't been away I 'd have got him to whack in a good stiff signal about it."

"Why didn't he turn up?" asked his companion.

"Too darn lazy, I should say, from what I know of them," drawled the first chap idly. "Went out to dinner and forgot all about it, I expect."

I leant back in my chair and looked across at Charles. "Can you beat it?" I asked slowly.

Charles couldn't.



ANOTHER MISADVENTURE IN ARGYLLSHIRE.
(After "Mr. Briggs' Adventures in the Highlands.")
Mr. Macquisten. "TUT, TUT—MISSED HIM AGAIN!"
[*Inset:* The beast that got away.]

From an article on the new Regius Professor of History at Oxford:—

"The political fire of Freeman, the literary genius of Froude, the catholic inspiration of Mark Powell and the scientific accuracy of Firth have filled up the years since Stubbs resigned."—*Morning Paper.*

But why no mention of YORK PATTISON?

"Chief-Detective —— told the Court that —— was employed by complainant firm as a carter, and while taking a load of rubbish away had stolen the varnish. Prior to this there had been no stain against his character."
New Zealand Paper.

Even now perhaps a little turpentine would remove it.



INSULT TO INJURY.

Very late Arrival (who has trodden on her neighbour's foot and generally disarranged him in passing). "I SAY, YOU MIGHT TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT AS FAR AS THEY 'VE GOT."

THE FIFTY-THOUSANDTH MILE.

IT was the middle of July when I made the great discovery. Dropping the washleather with which I was giving a final touch of brilliancy to the splashboard fittings I rushed in to tell Marie and Michael. They were quite as excited as I.

"Fifty thousand," she breathed reverently. "Dear Felix! Fifty thousand miles and never a breakdown. At least never one that was his fault," she added challengingly.

I let the statement go. I could have put up a pretty good defence, but loyalty and gratitude to a great-hearted gentleman forbade.

"At the present moment," I said, "the distance is forty-nine thousand seven-hundred-and-twelve-point-six. The completion of the fifty-thousandth mile must be suitably celebrated. The question is how, when and where?"

"The top of Snowdon," suggested Michael, "Southend Pier, nine hundred times round the garden——"

I silenced the boy's levity with a firm gesture and looked anxiously at Marie. Inspiration at family crises comes always from her.

"Smugglers' Cove," she announced firmly, "is the only suitable place, champagne the only suitable medium and the first day of the holidays the only suitable time. And meanwhile," she added, "we shall have to go pretty slow with Felix. You can't get away from the office for another fortnight, there 's less than three hundred miles left, and it 's ninety-nine to Stepping Stone Cottage from this door."

It was true. There was nothing for it but to curtail and revise the pleasure-programme as arranged for the ensuing fortnight. Forthcoming attractions were cancelled with a ruthless pencil; star turns, such as the golf week-end at Rye, were modified into a sort of P.S.A. Southern Railway excursion. It was a heartbreaking business, but we all felt that our debt to Felix must be paid punctiliously or not at all.

Slowly the fortnight of weary limitations dragged itself away, and on the great day we set out with a credit balance of a hundred-and-one miles for Stepping Stone Cottage. This should be just the right distance, for Smugglers' Cove, that fairy inlet where the road runs down to touch the fringe of the shore and up again—an exquisitely-balanced switchback—to the white cliff's top is but six or seven hundred yards from the cottage. We felt that we had run it fine, but not too fine.

On the road, however, man proposes but county councils dispose. "No thoroughfare. Road under repair," said an offensively stolid notice. Anxiously we looped a loathsome loop, regained the track and consulted the speedometer. More than a mile lost! This was running it fine indeed.

As we neared our goal the tension became exceedingly acute, and when we drew up before the cottage door with the final half-mile yet intact our emotions were characteristically expressed. There was a noticeable tremor in Marie's little pæan of thanksgiving; Michael was standing on the back seat and shouting. I jammed on the brakes and as Felix came to a standstill with most unusual violence something flashed past my head and exploded on the road in front of us.

"I simply *had* to wave something, Dad," was Michael's apology, "and the champagne-bottle was just asking for it." There didn't seem to be anything more to say.

A supper-picnic was to follow the

running of that momentous half-mile, and a fourth celebrant would be my brother-in-law, Bill, due from London by the evening train. Happily we cut the sandwiches, mixed the fruit-salad and, having set all things in order, started after lunch with a thermos, a bag of buns and light hearts on a three-mile tramp to the lordly watering-place where our means of libation could be renewed.

Thanks to our paternal laws I could not make our purchase before six o'clock, and it was nearing seven when we saw the figure of Bill smoking comfortably on the back seat of Felix before the cottage door.

"A hearty and hospitable welcome!" he observed drily. "Still, if that's really fizz you've got there I'll forgive you. Anybody's birthday?"

"No, Bill," said Marie solemnly, "the champagne is to celebrate an occasion far more important than any birthday."

"Uncle's deathday?" he inquired flippantly. "Well, fizz is fizz whatever the occasion. By the way, Tommy, I've been giving your old bus a bit of a run round to pass the time. She's a useful old thing still, I should say."

A short howl escaped from Michael. Marie and I looked at each other in silence. I approached the speedometer. Then I eyed the wretched being lolling callously before me.

"The champagne, William," I said grimly, "is to celebrate the running of Felix's hundred-thousandth mile."

"Good Lord, a hundred thousand! Pretty useful—what? And we're going to celebrate it to-night? How many more to do?"

"Only," said I bitterly, "forty-nine-thousand-nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine."

Commercial Candour.

From a seaside hotel advertisement:—

"Separate Tables. Reputed Chef."

From the report of a speech by Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD:—

"'Mr. Baldwin's truth in politics,' he said, 'was apparently looking round the corner, and was based on Epstein's theory that there is no such thing as a straight line.'"

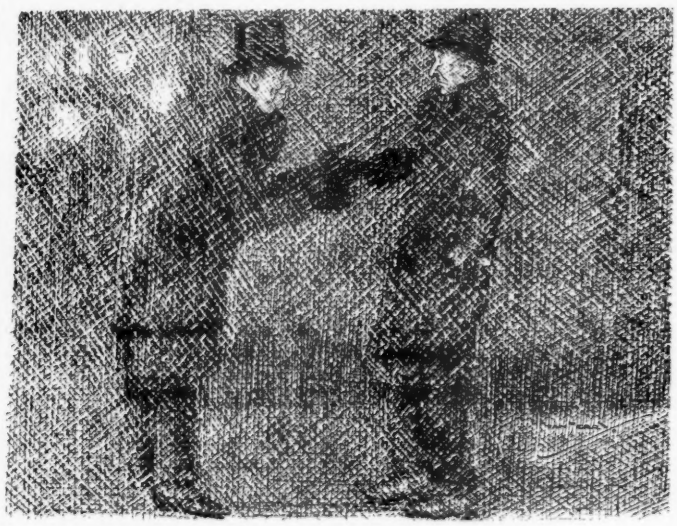
Sunday Paper.

The EX-PREMIER must have been looking at Rima, and got his eyes out of focus.

OUR NEW BRONCHO-BUSTERS.

IT is much to be regretted that the humane and luciferous suggestion of Sir JAMES DUNDAS GRANT has not met with the support that it so richly deserves, and that it has even been dismissed as impracticable by an eminent bacteriologist.

The suggestion, it may be recalled, was that everybody suffering from a cold should wear a veil to prevent the spread of infection. The veil recommended was a small muslin one, sprinkled over with a few drops of scented creosote, and should be worn over the mouth and nose. Sir JAMES DUNDAS GRANT added that he invariably wore one himself when he had a cold and recommends it to his patients. "I am confident," he added, "that, although it may appear a little strange, it is the best method of combating colds, and I feel sure that the habit will come into vogue among all people eventually."



Frightful Bore. "HELLO, BROWN! FANCY MEETING YOU!"
Brown (disgustedly). "YES, IT 'S THIS CURSED FOG."

The only criticism to be offered is on the deprecatory note introduced into the last paragraph—the admission that this salubrious device may appear "strange," an admission on which reactionary obscurantists are certain to seize.

On this point I join issue with the eminent originator. So far from being a drawback, the general use of the nose-and-mouth veil is calculated to add immensely to the picturesqueness and attractiveness of modern dress. It harmonises admirably with the coiffure now in vogue amongst women, whether the Borstal "crop," the new Senegalese Fuzz-Wuzz or the Assyrian "wingle." It goes remarkably well with Oxford trousers or Russian boots, and can be so arranged as not to interfere with the Toreador whisker. In fine it adds to the mystery and glamour of Mode, and may pave the way to the universal adoption of the *yashmak*, which would exert a welcome influence in the reduction of incontinent chatter and the shrill cachinnations of exuberant flapperdom.

It is in fact contrived to pay not one but many debts as (1) a preventive of the dissemination of malignant micro-organisms, (2) a sartorial embellishment in keeping with the spirit of the age, (3) a muzzle for the control of unnecessary and irrelevant noise, and (4) a perfect godsend to the industrious but piffulent journalist in his daily search for a suitable theme for irresponsible embroidery.

It would however be a great mistake to confine the use of veils to sufferers from one special complaint, to restrict the use of the material to muslin, or to limit the choice of aspergents to scented creosote.

Of the many maladies which lend themselves to this method of prophylaxis, that of mumps claims a conspicuous priority. But the swelling of the parotid glands by which it is accompanied calls for a veil or mask of larger dimensions, and the scope of ornamentation, whether in the Japanese or Papuan style, would be proportionately enlarged. It would also add to the animation of our streets if the masks bore a legend notifying to the passer-by the precise nature of the complaint.

The substitutes for scented creosote are numerous and, in some cases, even more efficacious. A tincture of patchouli flavoured with acetylene is perhaps the best of all, but the ointment compounded of Limburger cheese and eucalyptus oil runs it close. A more homely substitute is provided by lavender-water perfumed with Spanish garlic.

As regards materials the choice is practically limitless, but magenta kasha with green spots is specially appropriate to persons suffering from snake-bites, whether literal or metaphorical. So I conclude as I began with cordial congratulations to the Veiled Prophet of Harley Street for his courage and benevolent intervention.



M.F.H. "LOOK HERE, YOUNG MAN. IF YOU CAN'T CONTROL THAT WILD BEAST YOU 'D BETTER GO HOME. HANG IT ALL, HE WAS IN FRONT OF THE HOUNDS MOST OF THE RUN."
Irish Rough-rider. "FAITH, SOR, IF I HADN'T CONTHROLLED HIM IT 'S IN FRONT OF THE FOX HE WOULD HAVE BEEN."

THE NURSING-HOME.

I murmured, "I don't intend to stay
In this tiresome nursing-home a day;
I hate the nurses to comb my hair;
I hate the doctors to ask me where
I feel the pain; and I want to grouse,
And I want to be nursed in a private house."

Yes, of course it was rather rude,
But I quickly altered my attitude,
For I saw that a nursing-home was the
Only possible place to be
In, if you really wished to know
That you wouldn't be dull for a single mo.

For they sponge you down and they brush you up;
They bring you broth in a feeding-cup;
They sew your buttons on tight as tight;
They keep your chart like a sacred rite.
And Jane comes in with her gay demeanour—
"I thought I'd bring you the vacuum-cleaner,
Because," she adds in her cheery way,
"The others are all too ill to-day."

And, if you manage to get a rise
Out of that little glass chap who lies
Between your lips like a cigarette,
Things go faster and faster yet.
The surgeon comes, alert and bright,
And says that he thinks perhaps he might
Remove your heart or enlarge your brain,
And put you quite on your legs again.

(How do the surgeons keep so fit?
Does anyone know how they manage it?
Do they never wake glum like us, and say,
"I *won't* cut anyone up to-day"?)

And matron's dress by the cream-washed walls
Looks sapphire-blue where the sunlight falls;
And pattering in comes her small white Skye,
To cock his ears and to wonder why
You 're foolishly staying in bed like that
When you might be chasing your neighbour's cat;
And before you 've time to be feeling low
They 've got you cured and away you go.

* * * * * *

Cotton dresses of soft smoke-blue,
Faces where kindness and fun show through—
These are the memories that remain
Now that I 'm back in my home again.

"The investigation established the following facts:—
1.—That no papers have been signed between the seventeen American and either the French Government sworn to either government and that, or the Sultan of Morrocco, no allegiance therefore, the Canadians and Americans have no accepted military status, but actually are civilians."—*Canadian Paper.*

The little Moor, and what a lot he has to answer for.

"The memorial is built on high uprising ground and takes the form of a basilisk."—*Scots Paper.*

There may have been something, after all, in Lady OXFORD'S recent strictures upon the character of our war-memorials.

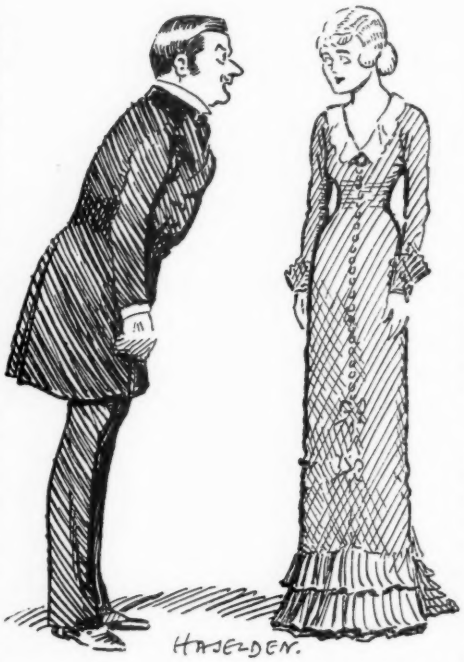
AT THE PLAY.

"LULLABY" (GLOBE).

ONE could, of course, join the chorus of sophisticated persons who sniff at Mr. KNOBLOCK'S moral and describe his play as just an obvious answer to the old question, "The Girl Who Goes Wrong—What Will Become Of Her?" That would be easy enough and quite inexpensive. I will content myself in this connection with casting a polite doubt on his good judgment in anticipating his moral with a superfluous prologue and rubbing it in with a superfluous epilogue.

But the medium which he has chosen lends itself to much more serious criticism. Nobody but a pedant insists to-day upon the unities; but there are limits to the permissible scope of dramatic expression, and here Mr. KNOBLOCK has trespassed heavily on the pitch of a totally different art. In book-form he might at his leisure have told the story of *Madelon's* career, from infancy to the age of sixty-odd; but on the stage he can only show us a few detached episodes, leaving to our imagination the long slow processes that led up to them.

And in default of these processes of nature he has to invent melodramatic excuses for each new development. The working out of the inexorable laws of nature (supplemented by a hard social code) as we know it in such tragedies—the cooling of the passions of lovers, the gradual loss of self-respect, the decline to promiscuousness, the vain effort, perhaps, to retrace the steps in this decline—of all these things he has no time to tell. Instead he constructs a variety of stage devices, exceptional incidents outside the ordinary course of nature, *diaboli ex machina*, to facilitate his scheme. There is the cruel stepmother who intervenes to stop the marriage that would have "made an honest woman" of *Madelon*; there is the father's paralytic stroke which calls another devout lover to America; there is the arrest of yet another (almost equally devout) as a crook. All these aids to nature (first, second and third aids) are possible enough, but none of them has the right air of inevitability.



SWEET '78.

Count Carlo Boretti . MR. A. SCOTT-GATTY.
Madelon . . . . . MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN.

Then again he spends so much time over the nicely, almost imperceptibly, graduated stages of *Madelon's* early decline that he has none left in which to illustrate the most essential part of the tragedy—her surrender, step by step, to the forces that are closing in upon her. We have in fact to jump twelve years from a picture of her still innocent in spirit to a scene in which she is shown as having touched the lowest depths of defilement. By this abrupt transition Miss MARGARET BANNERMAN got her best chance of contrast; but she got it at the cost, to Mr. KNOBLOCK, of any reputation that he may have for a sense of balance.

This scene—at Tunis—gave scope for more colour and imagination than the other scenes; but it was not explained why *Madelon*, who declined to have anything to do with sailors for fear that her own sailor-boy might be one of her clients (you will be reminded of a terrible story of MAUPASSANT'S, set at Marseilles), should have selected a seaport for her residence.

If the play is to live it must be by virtue of the charm of Miss BANNERMAN'S personality. We do not meet *Madelon* till she has made her first fault; yet it would be impossible to imagine a purer or more touching picture than Miss BANNERMAN gave of her innocence. It was the kind that is not lost with the loss of ignorance; and, though you might expect it to suffer by her relations, however idyllic, with her artist lover and by her life with the less spiritual lover who followed, it still retains a virginal quality. A very beautiful performance.



UNMARRIED BLISS.

La Poule . . . . . MISS CONSTANCE BURLEIGH.
Salignac . . . . . MR. HERBERT GRIMWOOD.

Of the rest there is little to commend. In the second of the scenes at the cottage of *Madelon's* father the author showed some observation, not very difficult, of French character—of the type for whom the parting with a *sou* is as the extraction of a favourite tooth; but some of the episodes were rather thin and lacking in local colour, notably the scene of the little party at Barbizon (was there ever a French woman who an-

swered to "La Poule" as an ordinary form of address?); and the passage between the *Baroness* (played by Miss VIOLET FAREBROTHER, who was admirable in an earlier part) and the miserable creature whom she kept might well have been omitted. Her reluctance to satisfy his demand for a motor-car recalled much too closely a passage in *Our Betters*. Miss BANNERMAN, who went through the long run of that play, might surely have drawn Mr. KNOBLOCK'S attention to this unfortunate coincidence.

The costumes recalled many joyous memories of DU MAURIER, and the one worn by Miss BANNERMAN in Act II. Sc. 3—a simple close-fitting blue frock reaching down to her feet—was a pure delight after all that we have suffered of late from the tedious spectacle of shapeless shifts and fatted calves.

If there is any meaning, as I suppose there must be, in the title—*Lullaby*—it never penetrated my intelligence. Certainly whatever faults you may find with the play—and I seem to have found a good many—it was never soporific. O. S.

"BETTY IN MAYFAIR" (ADELPHI).

It began with that delightful domestic dialogue in the vicarage garden which we remembered from the original play, *Lilies of the Field*; and all was going as well as it possibly could when without warning there burst in upon us a dreadful chorus of tennis-flappers with their boys—you know the kind of thing. It looked as if Mr. HASTINGS TURNER'S charming fantasy was going to be forced into line with the old formulas of commerce. My heart went out to the *Rev. John Head*, sitting in his chair on the very green grass and trying vainly to "consider the lilies of the field" against a background of those hardy annuals of the musical comedy stage.

But my fears were not to be realised. Never again after the First Act until just before the final fall of the curtain was this chorus permitted to appear in the dull stereotyped dress of to-day. In the Second Act they came on in a variety of Victorian costumes, which, though the colours and patterns of them were mostly hideous and clearly designed to excite hilarity among the very young of the audience, did at least give a note of character and even distinction to their wearers. And in the Third Act, at a fête in Ranelagh Gardens, they made themselves really beautiful in dresses of gold tissue with crinolines—a most fascinating spectacle. And when "Betty" tore open her lovely dress to make a neo-Georgian exhibition of herself and all the chorus followed suit and became commonplace again, I was glad enough that the curtain fell immediately on this painful reversion.

Already, in the First Act, *Betty* (Miss EVELYN LAYE), as the surest way to win the heart of *Barnaby Haddon* (whose choice between the twins was, you remember, to decide which of them should secure her grandmother's birthday present of a free trip to town) had put on the most delicious Victorian frock. The other twin, though she did her pushful best, had no chance against this dream of a dress and the airs of old-time modesty that went with it. And in the Second Act the pink silk bustle-dress that Miss LAYE wore with side-curls and an unshorn wealth of hair gave her a note of dignity that was very pretty and piquant.

Kitty (her twin) was unlucky to be the only girl in the play who was not allowed a similar chance. But Miss MARY LEIGH seemed more than content with the sketchy costumes of to-day, which she made to appear quite passable by force of her own picturesqueness. And she utilised to excellent purpose the freedom which they gave to her supple limbs.

She must have been glad too that she was excused from singing the kind of serious song that fell to *Betty's* lot. I have tried to picture Captain HARRY GRAHAM, that gay lyrist, sitting down to compose this sentimental stuff, and I have failed.

Mr. LESLIE FABER was admirably restrained in Mr. J. H. ROBERTS' old part of the *Vicar*, whose dialogue with his family was still the best thing in this new version. Mr. JACK HOBBS had to put up with rather a silly part as *Kitty's* lover; but most of the others—and notably Miss LILIAN MASON as "Mum's Mum"—were well served. The spirit of Mr. HASTINGS TURNER'S unforced humour pervaded the play even in its spectacular scenes; and it was delightfully illustrated by the music that Mr. FRASER-SIMSON had made for him. Very light it was and sympathetic and refreshingly free from the element of jazz. By the way, the *tempo* of the air played for the Victorian dancers (OFF) was far too slow for the valse of the period.

Miss EVELYN LAYE, who was asked to express a much wider range of emotions than any of the others, was equal to all demands upon her sympathetic voice and her nice sense of style, and more than deserved her share of the ecstatic applause and the floral homage (very lavish).

But there was a loud call for Miss MARY LEIGH, and for some moments of hesitation we were left in doubt as to which twin was going to make the speech. In the end Miss LAYE made it, and by way of compensation Miss LEIGH was given a twinly embrace.

I don't see why *Betty in Mayfair* should ever stop running. Its irresistible costumes and its delightful setting should appeal to everybody; and while it caters (as they say) for the typical musical comedy audience it also makes generous provision—a most unusual thing in this form of art—for the needs of people of intelligence. O. S.



THE LILIES OF GROSVENOR SQUARE.

Betty . . . . . MISS EVELYN LAYE.
Kitty . . . . . MISS MARY LEIGH.

THE AMATEUR GARDENER'S REVOLT.

[A speaker said recently that the best cure for Bolshevism was a garden.]

SOME dreamer of the city
Propounds his theory thus;
How plausible, how pretty
And how ridiculous!
The garden of his vision
May soften, soothe, refine;
I smile with grim derision
For I 've gone mad in mine.

Once was I well contented
With life and letting live
(I think I represented
The sane Conservative);
But now I 'm ripe for treason,
I brood on bloody deeds,
Bereft of ruth and reason
By slugs and worms and weeds.

He dreams of flowery faces,
All innocence and dew,
Inspiring roughs with graces
Their parents never knew;
Lobelias, he supposes,
Would cool our COOKS at last,
While Reds, amid the roses,
Would blush about their past.

All this is very charming
And somewhere may be true—
That phlox would prove disarming,
And winter cabbage too;
That peas, so cutely clutching
Their jolly little sticks,
Would set a Bolshie touching
His cap to JOYNSON-HICKS;

But let him try *my* garden;
Its mean and spiteful soil
The kindest heart must harden,
The sweetest nature spoil;
There grubs in billions batten
On carrots as they come,
And blackbirds flock to fatten
On every promised plum.

O leisure lost! O labour!
O days I dripped and dug,
The butt of every neighbour,
The slave of every slug!
Now let the earwig ravage,
Let weeds wax proud and spread;
They 're wild, but I am savage,
The reddest of the Red!

W. K. H.

"More than 12,000 people are living by Mrs. ——, a well-vermin in the heart of residential Chelsea, London, declares a sensational report."—*Irish Paper.*

Probably mere malevolent gossip.

"The Duchess of —— yesterday performed the opening ceremony of a bazaar held in the —— Church Schoolroom. Banquets were presented to Her Grace by Miss Irene —— and Miss Kathleen ——."—*Provincial Paper.*

We always like to see Duchesses well nourished.

"SMOKER."

BULLAMORE is a jolly place to shoot at; it doesn't go in for record bags and you needn't be a professional shot to be asked there. Six guns, "first time over," generally get three hundred pheasants or thereabouts; not much compared with some places, but the birds are worth shooting and the same men come to shoot them year after year.

The guns draw for numbers, but all the stands are good. In the lifetime, however, of Great-uncle Gregory (who 'd been an institution at "the covers" since, the irreverent insisted, the days of the arquebus) numbering was invariably dispensed with at the last beat of the day, which, again invariably, was and is the long hanging wood called Four Winds, towards and into which the pheasants are manœuvred all morning and afternoon.

The wood stands darkly on a great tilt of grey down. The guns stand below, far back on the slope, and when the birds are flushed they come soaring and swinging up and out, to sail magnificently across the valley, the sunset behind them, back to their home woods, giving wild and delightfully difficult chances which it is no shame to miss and much better than rubies to accomplish.

The favourite rise is at that corner where the wood thins out above the steepest angle of the long slope, and it was fifty yards down hill from here that Uncle Gregory had been accustomed, by all the rights of use and friendship, to stand when Four Winds Wood was shot, a custom dating from the almost legendary occasion when he had stood there and picked up at the end of the beat twenty-eight tall pheasants for thirty-two cartridges.

Although Uncle Gregory always formally protested against this favouritism, he would, I am sure, have been both offended and very much hurt had he been put anywhere e'se, and so November after November saw him stand there, imposingly kenspeckle in the green jacket of a famous North-country shooting club, happy and eager as any boy; old Smoker, his steady old-style curly-coat retriever, in attendance, and the both of them with their eyes on the windy tree-tops over which the first cock pheasant of the drive would presently aspire, up, up, up, and over.

In or out of form, I believe Uncle Gregory enjoyed that stand more than any other of the season, and when, last June, Robin Bullamore put off a may-fly day on the Kennet in order, as he said, "to see the last of poor old Uncle G.," I tried to imagine the covers at Bullamore without the old gentleman, and especially to picture Four Winds, the beaters' sticks beginning, lacking that familiarly expectant figure at the far corner, natty, grey-bearded; and I simply couldn't.

When I arrived at Bullamore the other evening, old Smoker was lying before the fire in the hall, which didn't surprise me, as I 'd heard that Robin had adopted him.

"Hullo, Smoker," said I, and the old dog lifted his head in abrupt scrutiny. Then he dropped his grey muzzle on his paws again with an air of finality and disappointment, thumped his tail once out of compliment to a guest and relapsed into his dreams.

"Poor old beggar," said Robin, "he seems by with it; he *really* ought to be put down, I suppose, but still—oh, yes, he comes shooting, but he seems slack somehow, misses old Gregory, I expect—don't you, Smoker?" and the old dog thumped his tail once more in acknowledgment of his name.

I don't use two guns as a rule, but next morning Robin ('tis an immemorable custom at Bullamore that Salter, the butler, loads for Robin at the home shoots) insisted on my having out the pair and taking his young soldier servant, at Bullamore for the first time, to load for me.

Guardsman Blake, from Connemara, was a black-haired handsome young Celt with the dreamy grey eyes of a seer, and though he was a little too keenly appreciative of the actual shooting to make a perfect loader he was an eminently safe one. He had a brogue in which cream and honey were equally blent. We got on well.

Though the day had gone on the oiled wheels peculiar to Bullamore, it was later than usual when we got to Four Winds. A gale was rising, the brown leaves leaping aloft on it and flying like 'cock, and I heard Robin bid the keeper hurry or it would be getting dark.

"You 're 'five,' aren't you?" Robin asked me, for to-night custom had passed with Uncle Gregory and numbering was to hold at Four Winds. "Oh, good! You 've got old G.'s place then, and I 'm next you. We should get some corkers. Hurry up; I believe the beaters have started."

I slipped along to the famous corner and settled myself.

"An' what 's got Lady, Sir, that she will not be beside you?" asked Blake, in a voice like soft music. I looked and saw that my young Labrador was sitting a hundred yards off downhill, and her only reply to my peremptory summons was to crawl in, with deprecatory wriggles, some three yards and then lie down. Not a foot nearer would she come.

LEGS AND THE MAN.



DURING THE WEEK OUR VILLAGE BLACKSMITH LOOKS LIKE THIS—

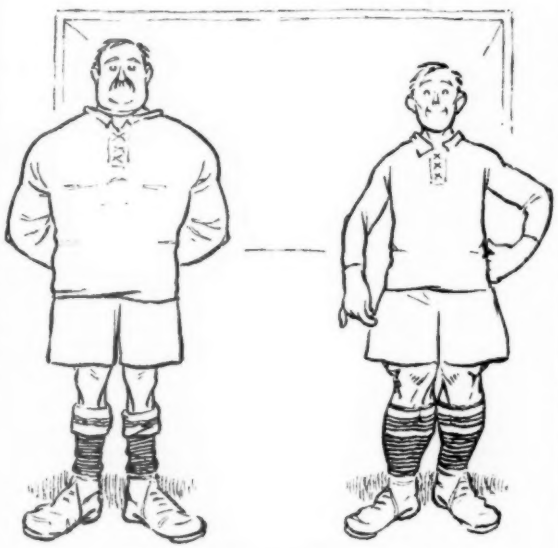


AND OUR VILLAGE POSTMAN LIKE THAT.

"You'd say she'd be frightened, Sir," said Blake.

"Frightened be damned!" said I. "Well, anyway Smoker isn't," I added, for a bare rod behind me sat the old dog. He seemed to have shaken the years off him like water, for was it not but a scarcely more than mid-aged Smoker that sat there, his eyes alertly on the wind-whipped wood, his ears a-cock?

I heard Robin's wrathfully suppressed "Smoker, you old devil, come in!" I saw Smoker give him a half-head's turn of supreme indifference and remain regardant; and then, high over the beeches, came the first pheasant, the wind in the tail of him and his home woods half-a-mile off, and for the next ten minutes or so I'd other things to think of than the vagaries of gun-dogs. . . .



HOWEVER, SATURDAY AFTERNOON LEVELS THEM UP A BIT.

With a last scattered flush the rise was over, and turning, well pleased with myself, I saw that Smoker (neither at my bidding nor, as I afterwards ascertained, at Robin's) was already at work. I could see him away downhill in the gathering gloom; he was hovering along the rusty bracken by the bridle-path. I saw him stop, pounce and pick up my first pheasant, and he returned up the slope with it at a hard gallop.

Five yards from me the old chap dropped his grey muzzle as if to put the bird into someone's hand; then he gave a sort of little lurch and rolled over.

At that moment Lady flung herself upon me in an ecstasy of apology and flirtatious affection.

"'Twas the heart, Sir, an' him galloping," said Guardsman Blake to me a minute later as we stood by the poor "here below" part of the old retriever; "the lad, but 'twas the quick end with him anyway, an' him seeking his friend to give the phisant to an' all."

"Seeking Mr. Robin?" said I.

"Ah, no, then, Sir," said Blake; "who but the old gentleman on the stick, him who would be watching the sport this last drive? But I will not have seen him since the shooting stopped; you'd say 'twas a great liking the dog had for him the way he sat in against him this whole time."

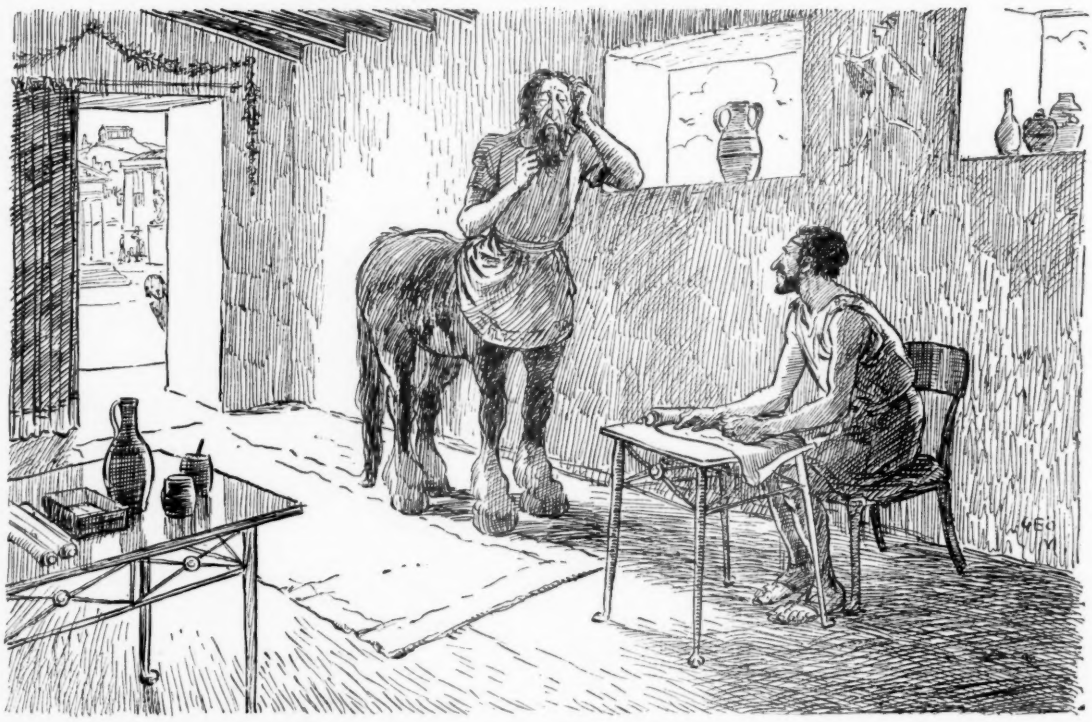
"It wouldn't," I said, half laughing, half in a prickle, "be an old gentleman with a green coat and a short grey beard, would it?"

"And why would it not, Sir?" said Blake; "sure you'd see him yourself?"

But I hadn't for a year.

* * * * *

"Skittles," said Robin when I mentioned the matter to him afterwards; and, as you'll probably share his opinion, let's leave it at that.



Doctor (after making a medical examination). "AH, MY DEAR SIR, THIS TROUBLE LIES RATHER DEEPER THAN YOU SUPPOSED. YOU HAD BETTER CONSULT A VET."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is always a second-rate and not seldom a squalid world that is explored in Mr. W. B. MAXWELL'S *Fernande* (BUTTERWORTH), yet so powerful and humane is the light shed upon its unsightly places that they acquire a visibility never in the least degree trivial and very often impressive. *Fernande Faulkner* is a woman with an abnormal power of kindling passion without consuming herself. This you have on the word of her supposed husband, a clever dissipated editor whose better days are enlivened by his "wife's" charm while his worse are countenanced by her depravity. *Faulkner* and "*Mrs. Faulkner*" are obviously made for each other, though they cannot actually marry, because the lady's legal partner is living. Yet young *Eric Bowen*, an ingenuous provincial recruit to the staff of *Faulkner's* paper, is convinced on a very slight acquaintance with his chief and his chief's domestic life that *Faulkner* is grossly unworthy the most noble and ill-starred of women. Neither man nor wife is slow to grasp "young *Mr. Bowen's*" attitude. But while *Faulkner* warns his callow friend that his love (if he allows it to become love) for *Fernande* will go about as far with that siren as "a snowball in hell," the siren herself chooses to believe that she can change her life and become a new woman in respect to *Eric*. On the highest platonic plane the couple improvise a friendship, to which *Fernande* sacrifices not only *Faulkner* and other lovers but the common though substantially virtuous little girl who might have married *Eric*. Finally comes the question of a really "big" career and a marriage to match, both at the feet of the rising journalist if he will renounce his ambiguous attachment. This situation gives Mr. MAXWELL an unparalleled dramatic chance, and he certainly makes the most of it. I admit I found it hard to exercise as much patience with *Fernande* as he and her circle displayed; but I do not deny that she is the pivot of a very moving story.

It comes with something of a shock of surprise to find an English author acknowledging the courtesy of the present Russian Government. Mr. HAROLD TEMPERLEY, whose *Princess Lieven* (CAPE) is an admirably coherent volume built up on the previously unpublished political diaries and sketches of a notorious Russian *intrigante*, makes it clear that he owes his present opportunity for historical research to the good offices of the Bolshevist authorities. Even if one be minded to view with suspicion gifts from suspicious quarters, yet it must be admitted that these extracts from the secret records of the TSARS do throw a certain sidelight on the political history of the opening years of the nineteenth century. Princess LIEVEN was something more than the wife of the Russian ambassador during her twenty years' residence in London. It would almost be more correct to say that her Prince was the husband of the ambassadress; and to the familiar wiles of a diplomat she added others—not always too admirable—peculiarly her own. She succeeded in winning the confidence, and sometimes the confidences, of such different men as CASTLEREAGH and CANNING, WELLINGTON and Lord GREY, not to mention METTERNICH and GUIZOT; and, though she came off badly second-best in a round with PALMERSTON, and never perhaps, as the author clearly sees, quite exercised so much positive influence on European politics as she was politely given reason to believe,

yet it would seem that she really was a force to be reckoned with. If so she was frankly the kind of force that modern England does not like. Her long-suppressed diaries, as the Confessions of a Hidden Hand, are masterpieces of their sort, but for her own part she stands for nothing that is wholesome; and only the pursuit of abstract historical knowledge justifies her exhumation from the heavy obscurity of the Moscow archives.

MAX PEMBERTON'S seductive pen,
Bubbling with mingled facts and fancies,
Provides his volume, *Lucienne*
(From MILLS AND BOON), with three romances;
And, though I'm not a flighty chap,
I like the way that through its pages
He capers up and down the map
And also up and down the ages.

We start in France to-day; we know
The joy of fifty pages spent there;
We jump a century or so
To Moscow when NAPOLEON went there;
A flick! three thousand years are gone;
We gasp for breath; the scene discloses
The sort of way they carried on
In Egypt at the time of MOSES.

A varied programme, you'll agree,
But I'd (with deference be it stated)
Dispense with items one and three
If item two could be inflated;
The first is sloppy; so indeed's
The third, though fairly grim and gory;
But two has everything one needs
To make a very human story.



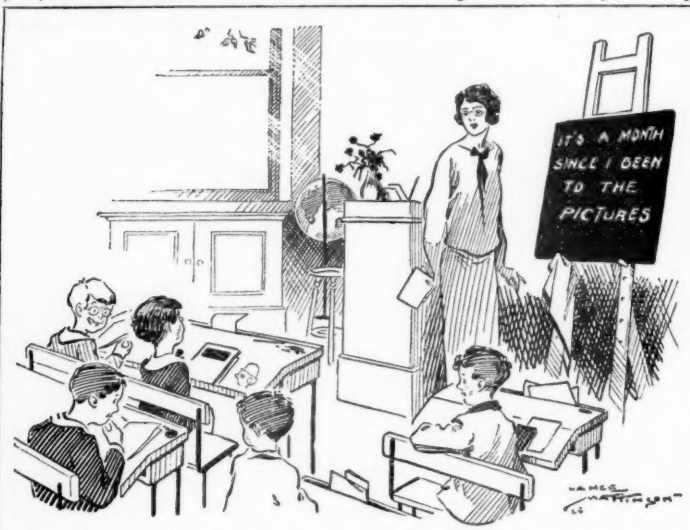
GRANNIE, HAVING BEEN PERSUADED TO SUBSCRIBE TO A CHARITY "LUCKY DIP," WINS A BATHING-COSTUME AND A PAIR OF GARTERS.

There was once a ship which enjoyed a brief renown as "the ship without a flag." The essays contained in Mr. WILLIAM MCFEE'S volume, *Swallowing the Anchor* (HEINEMANN), were written under conditions somewhat resembling those of that nautical curiosity—when he had not only, as the title of the book indicates, said good-bye to the sea as a means of livelihood but had also relinquished his British nationality without as yet attaining the full status of an American citizen. They are distinctly a mixed bag—scraps of literary criticism, fragments of autobiography and impressions of life afloat. On the whole it is the chapters belonging to the last-named category that show their author in his happiest vein. The capacity in which he followed the sea was, as readers of his earlier books will remember, that of a marine-engineer, and since this side of sea-life has been comparatively little written about from the inside it is perhaps rather a pity that Mr. MCFEE has not devoted himself more to the element he has abandoned and less to general literary criticism, which, after all, any mere landsman can write who knows not engine-rooms. His style is pleasant, unaffected and refreshingly free from the studied discursiveness which is the bane of the average essayist. I wish, though, that he were not so inordinately fond of that strange journalistic convention by which he describes himself as "the present writer." Why not plain "I"? It states the case just as effectively and with a considerable saving of labour.

Andrew Bride of Ohio (who wrote himself *André* because his great-grandmother came from Brussels) led from extreme youth the life of an American intellectual. His country right or wrong was anathema to him—and he said so. However, he stayed in New York and fostered the beginnings of a European, and especially a Gallic, spirit in the city and himself by writing about Continental masterpieces in a disillusioned review and drinking a gill or so of prohibited *vin rouge* a day. These pastimes brought him fame and gold, but they also brought him into collision with the authorities. So *Andrew* wrote a valedictory letter for his disillusioned review, gave a valedictory dinner to his disillusioned colleagues and sailed for Europe on a liner full of big business and its complementary culture. On board he struck up acquaintance with a young lady who did not come under either category, a certain *Miss Mary Jackson*, who had been brought up entirely in Europe and was now returning to an incurably gadabout mother after a first visit to the ancestral West. *Mary* was neither a hundred-per-

cent American nor a cosmopolitan carper. She was quite open to believe that there was a great deal lacking in the States, but she was equally convinced that it was the ultimate duty of all gifted young Americans to stay at home and supply it. On discovering that her attractive fellow-traveller was not only the notorious *Andrew Bride*, but had irrevocably made up his mind to become *Andrew Bride of Paris* (CONSTABLE), she dismissed his more than friendly advances and left him to follow his own bent. The remainder of a highly entertaining story in Mr. HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON'S best vein is concerned with the issue of this clash of ideals. Personally I found the combat itself even more engrossing than its two pleasant principals; and I could have wished that Mr. HARRISON had strengthened *Bride's* rather weak case by allowing him a touch of creative genius instead of a purely critical talent.

Dead Man's Dower (JENKINS) is described as a "detective story," which it literally is, but it is not of the kind that keeps its secret until the last chapter. There is not, indeed, a secret in the whole book. Mr. SEFTON KYLE has correctly surmised that the reader's interest can be held without any mystification if the story is well enough told. Wherefore he allows us to be present when old *Geoffrey Branston* is stabbed by the wicked *Nadine*, the bigamous wife of the no less wicked nephew, and we know exactly how the innocent *Joan Eddis* came to attract the detective's wholly reasonable suspicion. Nothing is hidden from us, and we see into the minds of all the characters, good and bad. There is, of course, an objection to this method. Surveying the world from such an Olympian height one is apt to be irritated by the misunderstandings and cross-purposes on which the life of the book depends. It is to Mr. KYLE'S credit that his characters so seldom turn a blind eye to the obvious for the purpose of keeping the story alive. In particular he may congratulate himself on his skill in postponing the triumph of innocence for five years and 312 pages without making a fool of his detective. It is a thoroughly engrossing story, in which the reader's interest is never allowed to flag. I confess to an evening of sustained excitement in the reading of it.



Teacher (referring to sentence on blackboard). "JOHNNIE, WHAT MUST I DO TO CORRECT THAT?"
Johnny. "TELL YOUR YOUNG MAN."

Under the unobtrusive title, *From Home to Strange Adventures* (HUMPHRY MILFORD, Oxford University Press), Mr. A. IRVING has written a jolly good book, which I can heartily recommend to boys of all ages and, if I may say so (though there are only two female characters), of both sexes. The author is in the authentic line of MARRYAT, BALLANTYNE and HENTY. He possesses not only invention but imagination, and wields a style both picturesque and terse, as you will agree when you find one of the most exciting incidents in the story summed up in the words, "Nothing happened." Within a little more than three hundred pages—and not a dull one among them—we learn how three schoolboys, *Paul*, *Gerald* and *Tony Brandon*, ran away from home and an intolerable aunt; were caught in a squall while fishing and picked up by a tramp steamer laden with arms and specie for a South American Republic. How the villainous crew mutinied to get the treasure; how the plot was discovered by *Paul* and partially foiled by the straight-shooting and resourceful *Captain Ross*—a character to rank with *Allan Quatermain*—and how, after a long march through a tropical forest, in peril of jaguars and alligators, the *Brandons* and their heroic little girl-friend, *Joan Leigh*, arrived in time to play a decisive part in the battle that restored that lovable Paladin, *Don Miguel*, to his Presidential Chair. All this you must read for yourself in what I venture to prophesy will be one of the "best sellers" of this year's Christmas books.

When I tell you that Mrs. ALICE WILSON FOX has called her latest story *Charmian: Chauffeuse* (SHELDON PRESS) and has opened it in May, 1914, you will guess the nature of the entertainment provided. *Charmian*, the attractive child of very rich and rather vulgar parents, was engaged to *Sir Guy Randall*, poor but honest, and very much in love. It seemed a sound arrangement, and even his aristocratic old mother approved of it. But *Charmian* was in two minds about it, or, at any rate, a mind and a-half. I think that she would have preferred something less suitable and more thrilling. Then the War came. *Guy* went off to France at once with his regiment, and after some time *Charmian* went over to drive a car. There she met a dazzling French officer, and her state of mind in regard to *Guy* was more wobbly than ever. If your taste inclines to a story whose chief scenes are laid in France at the time of her most imminent peril, you will be enthralled by *Charmian's* adventures; and you will applaud their issue. Mrs. FOX'S style is lacking in distinction, but she tells a simple story with considerable ability and feeling.

Of the writing of thrillers there is no end in sight. But if you are a lover of this *genre* I suggest unhesitatingly that *Broadcast* (LONGMANS) should be added to your list, however long. Not that Mr. JOHN MACKWORTH'S story is exceptional in the matter of incident, though what can only be regarded as commonplace episodes in a modern shocker would, if encountered in real life, startle the most lethargic. The note of distinction that one finds in his work comes from the quality of his style and his sense of character. *Richard Arbuthnot* and *Jacko von Laer*, whose mission was to rescue a dear old Russian professor and his wife from Leningrad, where they were being persecuted by a peculiarly obnoxious Bolshevist, are extremely well drawn. *Kolontai*, the Bolshevist, with his love for music and his lust for cruelty, is a creation less credible, but so cleverly presented that you are not likely to forget him.

CHARIVARIA.

A CONSIDERABLE falling-off of Underground passengers is announced. We can only say that those we have travelled with lately seemed to be hanging on all right.

* * *

There is stated to be a marked increase in the number of Glasgow tramway passengers who travel without paying their fare. This is ascribed to the growing local belief that it is the more economical way.

* * *

"Why aren't there parking places for pedestrians?" asks a motorist. He forgets our commodious cemeteries.

* * *

There is no truth in the rumour that the Riff war has been temporarily suspended under foot-and-mouth disease restrictions.

* * *

The Union of Post-Office Workers has denied the probability of a Christmas strike. And indeed the prospect of our postmen downing Christmas-boxes was unthinkable.

* * *

According to Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, when he was seeking financial aid from certain millionaires for a theatrical venture, he told them they would lose their money. Our bookmaker never tells us that, because he likes to spring it upon us as a surprise.

* * *

Dr. THOMPSON of Belfast regards tea as a dangerous stimulant. If you have never seen the evil glint in the eye of a man who has had a cup too much, then you have something to look backwards to.

* * *

From an article on charms we gather that London stock-brokers are in the habit of wearing violin-strings round their waists as a preventive of lumbago. Our own theory is that they wear them to ward off contango.

* * *

Crime statistics in America suggest that criminals who want to evade arrest would do well to go about disguised as murderers.

* * *

It has been decided to erect a statue in America to Mr. PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON. We are honestly sorry for him, but of course he has brought it upon himself.

"When is a golf-ball really lost?" asks a Sporting journal. When a Scottish player has searched his caddy's pockets three times in vain and gone off broken-hearted to the kirk.

* * *

It has been noticed that many literary men are letting their side-whiskers grow. This is regarded as an indication of a hard winter.



[A chalybeate spring has been discovered near King's Cross Station.]

Outside King's Cross Refreshment Room.

"WILL YOU HAVE ONE?"

"NO, IT ISN'T TIME YET. BUT WHAT ABOUT A SPLIT CHALYBEATE?"

In his address to the British Social Hygiene Council, Sir ARTHUR NEWSHOLME alluded to Man's humble origin. His aspersion is likely to be resented by the Best People.

* * *

We hear that a number of prominent people have been invited to contribute to a symposium in a popular daily paper on the question, "Do we Survive Marriage?"

* * *

Faust is shortly to be produced in Birmingham in modern costume. Another step forward would be the rejuvenation of *Faust* by a real monkey-gland operation on the stage.

* * *

Earrings are being made from fish-bones. Good for the cat-burglar.

* * *

The Bishop of CHATTANOOGA says that America is in trouble on account of her riches, so perhaps Italy is only offering to pay her debt out of spite.

* * *

An American has written a poem a day for thirty years. It is said that the wolf outside his door is still waiting for him to weaken.

* * *

We hear that a new play which is bound to be a success will be produced as soon as it has been refused by all the other managers.

* * *

According to D.O.R.A. one must not buy tripe after eight o'clock at night, which is unfortunate, because it is expected that the first edition of the next day's issue of a certain evening paper will shortly be on sale by then.

* * *

People who live in these new steel houses shouldn't throw magnets.

* * *

It is rumoured that if the League of Nations is going to be such a spoilsport some of the Balkan States may ask for their subscriptions back.

* * *

For the second time in five weeks the shop-window of a Penge jeweller has been broken by a brick and goods stolen. He is now frankly incredulous about the alleged shortage of housing material.

* * *

It is reported that the person who served a subpœna on Miss GLORIA SWANSON is claiming five thousand pounds for having his face slapped by her. Among jealous film-fans there is much indignation at the idea that after receiving so honourable a token of her consideration he should want money as well.

* * *

There have been complaints recently from billiard-players regarding the behaviour of spectators. Any person surreptitiously placing a piece of discarded chewing-gum on the end of a player's cue should be severely dealt with.

TO THE CREW OF M 1.

NOT in the glamour of battle on wide seas set,
Where enemy navies clash and reel
In the smoking haze of the guns' hot breath,
Stunned with the shattering hammer of steel and steel,
Fighting for her, the land of your love, you met
Bright in the under-darkness the gleam of the eyes of
Death.

But, oh, not less, not less have you earned her pride
Than they, borne down in battle, whose names we
bless—
You who have faced the ceaseless fight
With those blind forces that never sleep,
Who have matched your strength with the strength of
wind and tide,
Who have worked your craft from deep to perilous deep,
And now, as still you followed the quest
Where only the brave heart dares the test,
Are whelmed in sudden and lonely night—
Not less is your due of honour who no less
In the service of England died. O. S.

LITERARY BY-PRODUCTS.

IF all the profits made by William Marks Tulger on his last novel, *Chillwaters*, were revealed they would surprise even his agents.

The book was certainly a best-seller, and the serial and film rights amounted to a large sum. Tulger however, as I happen to know, made a very large amount of money out of the book from sources beyond these.

In writing *Chillwaters* he put to the test a brilliant idea of his own which came to him when on a holiday at a South Devon coast resort last year.

While walking along the front Tulger was much struck by an advertisement which read:—

"VISIT THE HARDY COUNTRY BY MOTOR-COACH."

Under it was a large map of Wessex, showing the places mentioned by the famous novelist, with their real names beside them in brackets.

"Ha!" thought Tulger. "They are making money out of HARDY'S genius; yet I doubt if the char-à-bancs are paying him royalties on this by-product."

It was then that the great idea came to him in a flash. Why shouldn't he start a Tulger country and run motor-coaches all round it himself?

At once his mind busied itself with the scheme, and he decided to locate the "Tulger country" in the Fen district.

"Flat roads too; cheaper for the coaches," he reflected.

In order to study what was to be the "Tulger country" he paid a visit to Lincolnshire and went on daily motor expeditions into the countryside. He studied the district from two angles—from the points of view of literary material and of suitability as a tourist centre.

He sought a picturesque spot which would make a good setting for a dramatic best-seller and at the same time would be a fair run from a popular watering-place.

One afternoon he came upon a sad and lonely village, set in the midst of dreary marshes, bearing the almost incredible name of Shivering Vergers.

"This is the spot!" he cried in an ecstasy, half artistic half financial, as he walked down the deserted main street, with its ancient square-towered stone church at one end and at the other a stagnant cow-pond covered with green scum and shadowed by a great chestnut-tree.

Absorbing the atmosphere with the relish of an artist he wandered about the place, working out mileage and fares at the same time. After a while he strolled out of the village down a road on which there was no sign of life. Suddenly his eye was caught by a gloomy farm-house, with a mournful black barn beside it and a group of tall elms which seemed to cluster together from sheer loneliness.

A notice announced that the farm and its outbuildings and land were to be sold. Its name was stated (again incredibly) to be "Goobles."

"I'll buy Goobles, place a murder there and serve teas at one-and-six a head," said Tulger, with a flash of sheer inspiration.

"If there is a good cellar I will stage something thrilling down there—a lover hidden for three weeks—and charge sixpence admission. I could run trips from Skegness, including tea at Goobles, which would help to cut out opposition. Postcards, souvenirs and the sale of farm produce. It's a scheme!"

Tulger very methodically bought Goobles through an agent, installed a managing farmer with an intelligent wife used to catering, and then sat down to write *Chillwaters*.

You all know the story. I suppose there is hardly anybody who has not read this ingenious mixture of strong drama and sentiment, of crime and love. No doubt the scene where *Martha Braize* is followed by *Black Evans*, crazed with love and jealousy, to the cellar where she has been concealing and feeding her lover, *John Granite*, has gripped you. You have followed spellbound that terrible fight where *Black Evans* presses *John* into a cask of ale and is eventually killed by *Martha* with the knife and fork used by *John* in his clandestine meals.

Perhaps, if you have been on holiday to Mablethorpe or Skegness, you have been to Goobles (the "Gables Farm," of course, of the book), travelling in all probability on a motor-coach run by Tulger, though that detail was carefully hidden from you.

If you have been to Goobles you have, I expect, had a good tea in the dining-room where *Martha* and *John* first realised that "love had swept its golden wings across their lives," and thought it well worth the one-and-sixpence.

You have, I take it, also paid sixpence to go into the famous cellar, where you saw the actual cask of ale damaged in the struggle and the bent fork with which *Martha* finished her grisly work.

Maybe you have paid another sixpence to go to the loft where old *Braize* was found hanging from an iron hook with a string of onions as a rope—that ghastly crime of which poor *John* was so falsely accused by *Black Evans* who had done it himself, and which led the young man to eat his meals in the basement as being more remote than the dining-room from the scene of the murder.

No doubt you have bought postcards of the house, and perhaps too those neat little models of "The Cask," to be used as ash-trays, at one shilling each.

No doubt, like myriads of others, you have done all these things. And that is why Tulger is thinking of writing his next book under the name of *Stanislas Glare* and of starting a "Glare country" not too far from Blackpool.

"WASHINGTON, Saturday.
Orders have been issued that in future it will not be necessary for temporary visitors arriving in the United States to undergo examination by the irrigation authorities."—*Evening Paper.*

It will be left to the bootleggers to keep the visitors wet.

"LAUNDRY.—Wanted a packer and sorter, able to pack large customers."—*Local Paper.*

The kind of man that *Falstaff* would have welcomed in the buckbasket scene.



THE GREAT RUSSIAN BOOT MOVEMENT.

BOLSHEVIST. "WHO SAYS OUR PROPAGANDA IS A WASH-OUT?"

[*Passes, whistling "The Volga Boot Song."*



Friendly little Person. "*So* PLEASED TO HAVE MET YOU. WON'T YOU PROPOSE YOURSELF TO LUNCH SOMEDAY? MY NUMBER IS MAIDA VALE 9901."
Mayfair Acquaintance. "AH, THANKS SO MUCH. TRUNK CALL, ISN'T IT?"

PUSS IN RUSSIAN BOOTS.

O WOMAN, lovely when you choose
To shun extravagance in fashion,
And lovable when you refuse
To scorn and flout the tender passion;
Although your costumes charm the eye
At intervals by their appeal, you
More often wring from us the cry,
The ancient cry, *δεινὸν τὸ θῆλυ.*

(I know it 's very rash to quote
From those who wrote in ancient Attic,
The language of an age remote,
Forgotten, dead, undemocratic;
And so I hasten to append,
Lest there should be the slightest error,
A version all may comprehend:
"O woman, you 're a holy terror.")

Forced to accept the "lamp-post" shape
That now confines your curving graces,
The Eton crop, the shaven nape,
The rubrication of your faces—
Man in dismay for respite cries;
But no, the everlasting slyboots
Springs on him yet a new surprise
In these momentous Russian high boots.

Oh, where are now the calves of gold,
Or hues more striking and audacious,
The *teretes suræ*, extolled
By the susceptible HORATIUS?
No longer lavishly revealed,
At the approach of wintry weather
They shelter underneath a shield
Of variegated Russian leather.

O Russia, Poplar's honoured guide,
Though in your morals mediæval,
Red with the stain of regicide
And shattered by your late upheaval—
Strange how you seize on every chance
To undermine our stolid sanity,
Whether by teaching us to dance
Or stimulating modish vanity.

Yours is the triumph, top to toe,
When, all your frightfulness condoning,
Our women in their bravery go
At either end your influence owning;
For while our girls and better halves
Flaunt on their cheeks the crimson banner,
They now conspire to clothe their calves
And ankles in the Russian manner.

"MORE RUSSIAN YARN BUSINESS OFFERED."
Headline in Evening Paper.

ZINOVIEFF at it again?

From a bookseller's catalogue:—
"Graham (W.) The One-Pond Note in the History of Banking in Great Britain."
So that 's how it gets the watermark.

WHY ENGLAND WILL PULL THROUGH.

I SUPPOSE that the moment I came into the room she saw that I looked a little worn and sad.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked. "I mean anything more than the usual things—creditors, servants, the weather, the income-tax?"

"Those are only details," I told her, "the pea beneath the thousand mattresses as it were. This time," I said impressively, "it 's the country."

"But," she pointed out, "we aren't there; we 're in town—and much nicer too at this time of the year."

"I didn't mean the country," I answered; "I mean our country, England, our England."

"Oh, England," she repeated. "But why worry?"

"I 'm not worrying," I said; "I never worry in this peaceful season of the year, when I still owe for the holidays of the summer and the Christmas bills are not yet in. But, like the American lady in the Sunday paper, I am sorry that now at last it seems certain that England is done for, settled, finished, ended."

"All that?" she said, surprised. "No one 's told me."

"Oh, it 's in all the papers every day," I explained, "so it must be true."

She admitted that, of course, and she

looked quite grave, and then she brightened up.

"But perhaps," she said, "they 'll contradict it to-morrow; they generally do, you know, except when they put 'official' after it in brackets."

"It 's practically official," I said. "The best opinion in Chicago (Ill.) and Boomville (Pa.) is unanimous on the point."

She looked grave again.

"I don't like to believe it," she protested, "and I 'm sure our Allies at least will think it too good to be true."

"At any rate," I urged, "you might shed a tear—it would be only patriotic."

"Oh, I daresay they 'll start England again next year," she answered, "in spite of every one, just as they did with Wembley, if you remember . . . because you know they must have something to put in the papers."

"There would still be football," I pointed out.

"Only for the back pages," she reminded me.

"And cross-word puzzles," I continued, "for the rest of the paper."

"They would still," she argued, "need England to fill in gaps."

"True," I admitted.

"And then," she went on with increasing confidence, "there 's the income-tax. There couldn't be an income-tax if there wasn't any England, could there? And I 'm quite, quite sure they 'll never, never, never stop the income-tax—never!"

"Never," I agreed with conviction. "Dear lady"—this with an emotion I could not entirely conceal—"you have saved your country."

"I am so glad," she cried, quite pleased. "I must remember to tell Tom this evening; he 'll be describing how he did the bad thirteenth hole in three to-day, and I shall say, 'Oh, I saved England this afternoon.' Most likely he 'll pretend not to believe."

"If he doesn't," I said indignantly, "don't believe he did the bad thirteenth in three."

"Oh, I shan't," she answered; "I never do. More does he."

"He pushes incredulity too far," I protested. "He should practise believing. I 've a friend who makes a regular habit of studying the evening newspaper placards because he argues that, if by long practice he can come to believe them, in time he may be able to believe himself when he 's telling about his best hole of the day."

"It seems," she mused, a "task beyond human power—at least if his best hole of the day is like Tom's. Or even yours."

"My caddy," I said proudly, "is always there—an eye-witness to confirm my tale."



Dear old Innocent. "CHARMING SIGHT, A BIG STEAMER, CLOSE TO."
Sailor (preparing for a collision). "NOT ARF IT AIN'T—IF YER CAN SWIM."

"So is Tom's," she remarked, "for it is the wise caddy that gets the biggest tip."

"Coincidence," I assured her, "nothing more."

"Though discretion is needed too," she went on, "for Tom says that when you 're telling how you did the fifth in one and your caddie says, 'Fewer than that,' you give him no tip at all."

"But that," I reminded her, "was before England thought of pulling through; to tip then would have been like fiddling to a burning Rome. Now my present caddy is splendid; he can only count on his fingers, so beyond ten he is helpless."

"But to go back to England," she resumed. "I 'm glad I saved her; and of course I had to, hadn't I?"

"If you only saved her for the income-tax?" I suggested, rather in a depressed tone perhaps.

"It wasn't because of that," she defended herself; "it was on account of green going to be the colour of the year."

"Green," I pointed out, "is the colour of every year, especially of the years of England's ruin."

"Oh, no," she protested; "last year everything was old-gold."

"Well, it couldn't be this year, could it," I argued, "when all the gold, old or new, has gone to America?"

"Besides," she went on unheedingly, "if any colour were the colour of every year it couldn't be the colour of the year, could it?"

"Possibly not," I agreed doubtfully; "at least not unless you say that over again a little more slowly."

"And the lovely, lovely thing about

it," she went on radiantly, "is that green is my colour too."

"Mine also," I confessed sadly.

She looked at me with rather a startled air.

"You might try," she decided at last. "A green tie—a green dress-shirt—green trousers? Yes, do try," she urged; "only be sure to let me know that I may be there to see."

"I meant," I explained, "spiritually, intellectually."

"I meant," she explained in her turn, "fashionably."

"A difference," I admitted; "but, fashionably, green is transient; in my sense green is the permanent wear of most men and even some women."

"Why not, if it suits them?" she asked. "And it's my colour and it's the colour of the moment. And," she went on in an ecstasy, "while it's my colour it isn't Amelia's, who must therefore either be green at her worst or unfashionable at her best. I must write her a note at once."

"To commiserate?"

"One is not," she answered coldly, "so banal as that. I shall merely ask her if she'll dine out with us somewhere next week. In a postscript I shall add that I shall wear my new frock, as it's rather smart and the colour suits me. I shall not tell her what colour; she'll know."

I rose to my feet.

"At least," I said, "it is certain England will pull through while her women show such spirit." E. R. P.

Church and Stage.

"It is interesting to recall that one of the first sermons delivered at St. Alban's was by a Canon of Westminster, no less a man than Canon Leslie Henson."
Provincial Paper.

"The organization of women within the Labour Party is one of the most virile parts of its work."
Daily Paper.

Yet we should have thought that was just the thing the women could have done for themselves.

"Nurse Housemaid wtd., small ft.; 1 child."—*Daily Paper.*

They seem to be afraid of her treading on the child.

From the description of a missing man:—

"Brown hair, blue eyes, sallow complexion, tattooed on a double-breasted blue-grey suit."
Local Paper.

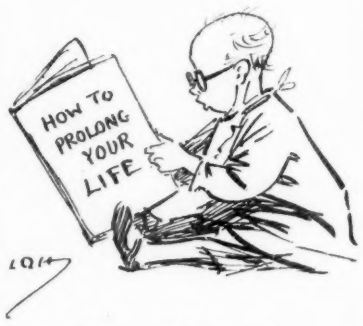
That of course is the most convenient way of being tattooed; but we doubt if our tailor would permit it.

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

(With acknowledgments to "The Evening Standard.")

How indeed?

I had a strong inclination at the present crisis, considering the threatened deficit in the National Budget and the difficulty of obtaining even a small private loan from a personal friend, to alter the subject of this article and entitle it "How to Live Short." But I have my duty to the public to consider, and the public, for some reason or other, wishes to know how I have secured my present longevity (I am well over forty years old), and how (touching wood and keeping clear of the live rail on the Electric Underground) I intend to retain it. Let us away then.



STUDIES IN LONGEVITY.

A CAREFUL DIETARY.

The golden rule of my life has been moderation and not excess. I eat and drink all that I require and nothing more. When I have finished eating I stop. When I want some more I go on again. I follow the same practice in regard to drinking. The only exception I make to this rule of moderation is in the case of greed, or a peculiarly agreeable sensation caused by what I am drinking. In these cases I eat and drink more.

I avoid tapioca pudding, parsnips, Jerusalem artichokes and hake. Otherwise my main occupation is to see that, whatever may be going, I get enough of it. Plenty of red meat, green vegetables, white or brown bread, yellow butter, chocolate-coloured chocolate, pudding, coloured puddings and pink ice-cream supply me with all the essential vitamins I require and often leave some over for a friend. I confine my meals entirely to my waking hours, holding that the body can be sufficiently maintained during slumber without food, though a tin box of sugared biscuits with a picture of KING EDWARD VII. on the lid stands ever ready by my bedside in case I should happen to wake suddenly during the night.

The absorption of an undue quantity of any plain food I consider to be a vast mistake. Five muffins are enough for any man at any one meal, and the breast and wing of a chicken should suffice without attacking the fibrous legs. Very different, however, is the case of *pâté de foie gras*, sandwiches, oysters and meringues. I cannot eat too many of these. I make it therefore my rule to consume very limited quantities of plain food in order to leave as much room as possible for delicacies. I seldom drink anything but wine, spirits, beer, tea, coffee or cocoa during a meal. If I drink anything at all between meals it is a glass of plain mineral water liberally diluted with a little good whisky, when this can be obtained.

By following this programme closely I find that I avoid suffering from either famine or drought. When I feel myself too much overnourished to care to walk, I summon a taxicab. I have no liking for barley-water and seldom eat coke.



"I AVOID TAPIOCA PUDDING, PARSNIPS, JERUSALEM ARTICHOKES AND HAKE."

SMOKING AND EXERCISE.

I do not smoke to excess; few people in my experience do. A pipe now and then, a cigar here and there, a cigarette at intervals—these are all that I allow myself; and not even these at the

theatre, in church, in the reading-room of the British Museum or the lifts on the Tube. I find that smoking to this extent and in this manner does not injure the wind unless one runs or climbs a high flight of stairs. On a moving staircase, however, I find I can smoke without the slightest injury to my health, invariably retaining the ash on my cigar whilst I dismount.

Exercise is a fetish with many writers on health and longevity. Personally I find that the best rule is to take exercise when one feels inclined to take it, and never at any other times. If the desire for exercise is strong, I throw aside all engagements, whether they be those of society or business, and take it. Little good can come of regular exercise, which reduces life to a monotonous machine. On the other hand, when the call of the wild comes to me, wherever I may happen to be it is my practice to follow it. On the Underground Railway, for instance, if I am told to pass down the car and feel the need of healthy exercise, I step lightly and swiftly on the ball of the foot, bracing the muscles of the calves and raising each knee as nearly as possible to the chin. Swedish exercises may be similarly indulged in during an At Home or at the office when the impulse seizes. If this simple practice were followed there would not be so many men about to-day who consider themselves healthy but in point of fact are little better than martyrs to golf. Cold baths are another fetish. Rising from my bed I do not instantly plunge into a cold tub. Rising from my bed I plunge instantly into the cold air, and then go up to the bathroom to get warm again. This in itself is sufficient exercise for an ordinary winter day.

THE PERIL OF OVERSTRAIN.

In my business hours I avoid fatigue. I do this by not doing too much work—the only trustworthy recipe. When I feel that I am working too hard I stop for a little while and read a book or go and talk to somebody or buy a paper at the corner. Thousands of men are living long in England at the present moment who adopt this rational plan, and but for it, in the hurry and strain of modern existence, would in all probability have expired. When I have avoided fatigue long enough I begin working again, unless it is now time for another meal.

There should be moderation also in pleasure. Not more than half-a-dozen dinner-parties, dances, theatres, cinemas, whist-drives or ping-pong tournaments should be attended in a single week, and I attribute a great



"EXERCISE IS A FETISH WITH MANY WRITERS ON HEALTH AND LONGEVITY."

part of my longevity to spending my spare evenings in spotting to-morrow's winners, either on the strength of the photographs of the horses or of the sound of their names. Up to the moment of writing I haven't found that my longevity has been much interfered with by my practice of riding in a motor-car. But one never knows.

Sleep is another important consideration. I do not find that I keep my health if I sleep for more than fifteen hours or less than four. I am referring now to sleep at night-time. I find that if I sleep for more than fifteen hours I have missed a meal, and this weakens the tissues, lowers the vitality, loosens the cardiac follicles and infuriates the vitamins. On the other hand, if I sleep for less than four hours I go to sleep again as soon as the tea-tray comes in. There is nothing nastier than cold tea. During the daytime I rarely sleep, except in trains or for a few moments after lunch at the club.

Over-excitement and boredom are states of mind which I equally shun, the first by never allowing myself to get over-excited, and the second by never allowing myself to feel bored. In whatever company I find myself I hold forth affably and agreeably to the company assembled. When other people begin talking I go away.

My life then follows a calm unruffled routine, varied only by an occasional headache and feeling of fulness or a twinge of gout in the toes; and I am often tempted to wonder whether any of my exact contemporaries, however carefully he may diet himself, has up to the present moment lived longer than I. EVOE.



"MARTYRS TO GOLF."

Vice-Versity Intelligence.

"OXFORD ATHLETICS.

The finals of the inter-collegiate relay races were decided at Cambridge yesterday."—*Daily Paper.*

Indian Angling Notes.

"Every day I have been catching 4 fishes and if otherwise the rules I might have caught more than dozen. Thirty-four too small ones I have returned. My friend Colonel ——, of the ——. once told me that the age of the trout depends upon the weight in lbs. as the years of her age. Taking this into consideration I might thrust my opinion that if the stream is closed for a period of 3 or 4 years, one might be able to catch here plenty of 3 and 4 lbs. fishes when it would be re-opened.

The game is not interesting on the whole if simply small ones are caught simply for belly's sake, but it is really very amusing to catch big ones and to enjoy their silly frisks.

The watcher knows his duty well and seems to be an efficient shikari. Simply through his assistance I have been able to show such a complete number. I wish he must be a head watcher."

From a note by a native Private Secretary.

FIRST LESSONS IN DRIVING.

AIDS TO MEMORY.

I TAKE it that in the time of QUEEN VICTORIA the father might instruct the daughter, but never the daughter the father. Those were indeed good old days. I pine for them. I like instructing. Though I am not a schoolmaster by profession I have a large germ of the schoolmaster in my composition—many of us have—and I hate being instructed; and especially I hate being instructed by my daughter; and very especially being instructed by my daughter in the handling of the mechanically-propelled vehicle. Yet that is now my fate. Phyllis has been knowledgeable in such matters for some time; I have hitherto held proudly aloof.

There is, it seems to me, far too little give and take about a car; certainly there is too little give and take about Phyllis. If I do wrong the car takes no cognisance at all of the fact that I am a beginner. And as for Phyllis . . .

"You *will* make the same mistake every time," she complained; "I wonder whether, if I wrote out a few of the main points in words of not more than two syllables, you could learn them by heart."

A hot retort would have risen to my lips, but it was after a lesson and my spirit was broken, or at least flexed, as the doctors say.

"There is perhaps something in your suggestion," I answered meekly. "But I remember that when I was young there were in the Latin Grammar certain aids to memory in the form of short poems:—

'Common are to either sex
Opifex and artifex . . .'

and

'A, ab, absque, coram, de,
Palam, clam, cum, ex and e . . .'

and so on. You see I remember them to this day, and it is nearly thirty years ago. Don't you think you could put your instructions into verse?"

"An excellent idea," said Phyllis.

She withdrew to the library, where I found her later, seated with a writing-pad and a wrinkled forehead, and drawing mental nourishment from the sucking of a lead pencil.

"Ah, the rhymes?" I said.

She held up a warning hand.

"'Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit.'

In three minutes the work will be completed. It is a trilogy. What rhymes with 'water'?"

"Allowable rhyme, 'daughter,'" I suggested.

"Good," she said.

More pencil-sucking. Then—

"Finis. You will remember your persistent habit of driving with the brakes on? Listen to this:—

'A man may be a bigamist,
A forger and a rake,
And yet not be so base as to
Forget about the brake.'"

"The old fault of over-emphasis, my dear Phyllis——"

"And to this—

'Prison for years and years and years
Should be the penalty for such
As do attempt to change the gears
Prior to putting out the clutch.'"

"I only did that once this morning," I protested.

"And the last of my trilogy—

'Petrol and oil and water,
These are the sacred three;
He who forgets them oughter
Be cast into the sea,
While his beautiful young daughter
Inherits his property.'"

"Does she?" I cried. "What if my reply to that should be to retire from the unequal contest, engage a chauffeur and reduce your allowance to help to pay for him?"

Phyllis came across the room and placed her hands upon my shoulders, an attitude I have always found disarming.

"You'll never be such a coward as that!" she said. "And as to reducing my allowance . . . Ah! if you only knew all."

"Tell me the worst."

"It isn't the worst. It 's the best. When I came in here I began to write a parody of *If*:—

'If you can change your gears without a murmur,
If you can start and stop without a jerk . . .'"

I winced.

"It 's all right. *I tore it up.*"

"Because you couldn't find a rhyme to either 'murmur' or 'jerk'?"

"No. Just conscience."

I stooped and imprinted a benedictory kiss upon the top of a ridiculously boyish head.

"My child!" I said in husky tones. "The reduction of allowance is rescinded. In fact, when I can really drive there may be a small increase."

"Mr. Baldwin feels 'more hopeful about the outlook than for five years.' This from a statesman of Mr. Baldwin's cautious temperament is reassuring."—*Provincial Paper.*

We are not so terribly bucked about it.

"Charles ——, who was found drunk trying to get into ——'s Brewery, Leeds, was charged in Leeds to-day with being."

Yorkshire Paper.

Since when did it become an offence to exist in Leeds? Hitherto we had regarded it merely as an amiable eccentricity.

TOWARDS THE DAWN OF SILENCE.

WE need not despair of the solution of the terrible piano problem, for leading men, who have the best interests of humanity at heart, continue to devote thought to the subject. During the past week both Mr. Justice EVE and Sir HENRY WOOD have made notable utterances on this momentous question.

Mr. Justice EVE leans towards drowning the child-pianist in the bath. The suggestion is not new; but the learned Judge's sanction will turn the minds of sufferers afresh to this expedient. We should fail in our duty to our readers, however, if we refrained from issuing one word of warning. While the proposal is excellent in theory, in practice it is by no means easy.

There is the problem of getting the offending child into the bathroom when desired. With one's own child the thing could be managed, but it is seldom that one's own child is considered a proper subject for lethal treatment. Rather is it the child of one's neighbour; and at once arises the difficulty of getting your neighbour's child into your own bathroom, or getting into your neighbour's bathroom when your neighbour's child is there. And what about the bad blood which might be created, and which one prefers to avoid wherever possible?

Sir HENRY WOOD recommends that we should sell our pianos and buy violins. But would this bring peace? In exchange for one piano it is possible to obtain several violins, so that in a household containing five children each little one would be able to have its own instrument. There is this to be said for the piano, that, generally speaking, not more than two children at a time can play on it; but it would be easy for five children to play on five violins all at the same moment, and not necessarily the same tune. While we have a very high respect for Sir HENRY WOOD'S opinion on musical matters, we cannot help feeling that he has failed to think this proposition out.

We hope our criticism will not have a discouraging effect. It is good to know that the problem has not been shelved. Let the best brains of the country continue to grapple with the evil, and we may hope for a speedy cure for the national scourge of the next-door piano.

From a stores circular:—

"INCLUSIVE TERMS FOR CHRISTMAS TOURS.

Book early to secure best accommodation. Personal accidents and baggage insurance arranged for all trips."

We are not booking.



Mrs. Brown (up from the country, to her husband, who is about to set his watch as the clock strikes). "That 's a fine big clock, James, but I shouldn't trust it. Wait till you hear Big Ben on the wireless to-night."

BAD MR. RUSSELL.

His red coat had Con and his horn all o' copper,
He sat on the mare and he blew his horn proper,
And bad Mr. Russell, no stick-at-home stopper,
Jumped up and jumped over the wall;
And forty fine ladies and fashion-professing,
Con blew 'em, "My beauties, he only wants pressing,
Oh, ask him to dance there, oh, give him a dressing,
Oh, on to him, on to him, all!"

Then bad Mr. Russell, they danced him together,
As sweet as a charm and as light as a feather,
They danced him as surely as pigskin is leather,
The rogue, and he dursn't decline,
But danced of 'em back again all up the middle
Of all the green pastures without any fiddle,
While Con said, "At dancing there 's no one can diddle
These forty fine ladies o' mine!"

They danced on the low land, they danced on the upper,
And Con, when they finished, cast care from his crupper,
And bad Mr. Russell provided the supper,
As such a brave gentleman may;
Now of bad Mr. R. is there anything then else
That ought to be said? Naught, I think, by my pen, else;
But Con 's nailed his nose to the door o' the kennels
And tells of his dancing to-day,
With his "My soul, he was the galloper,
My soul, he was the galloper,
My *soul*, he was the galloper,
Send us another as gay!"

THE JUST APPRAISEMENT.

THE talk was running on the wonderful bargains in Old Masters that had recently been picked up, and as usual nothing was being said about the Old Masters that are picked up and turn out not to be bargains at all: Old Masters whose lineage, in racing phraseology, might be described as by Thought out of Wish. Of these there are many; of the others there are just enough to lunch and dine out on every few weeks.

"I don't know anything about pictures," one of the guests began.

"But," another put in, "you know what you like."

The first speaker, Edmarsh, looked round with a pained expression. "No," he said, "I wasn't going to say that. I was going to say, 'but I know what I don't like.' And at the present moment too many artists are occupied in adding to that branch of knowledge. What I was intending to tell you before I was interrupted," he continued, "was the story of the first picture I ever bought.

"I wasn't in need of one, but there were several connoisseurs among my friends and I caught the infection and thought I would begin collecting too. So one morning, on my way to the Underground, seeing in a marine-store window a little darkish interior in an old frame I stepped in and asked the price.

"The man said it was half-a-crown.

"'Very well,' I said, 'I'll have it.' But when I felt in my pockets for the money I found that I had come out with only a few pence.

"'No matter,' I said; 'I'll come in to-morrow at the same time.'

"Here ends," he added, "chapter one."

The superior man smiled knowingly.

"You can guess," said Edmarsh, "what happened."

"More or less," replied the superior man oracularly. "There are certain fixed varieties of this kind of story, and no doubt yours conforms to one of them."

"What are they?" our hostess asked.

"Well," he said, "one is that in the interim another passer-by spots the picture, offers much more, and the shopman lets the first customer down, saying that he is sorry but he has since found that the picture had already been bespoken. Later the customer comes across a photograph of it in the papers, with a paragraph underneath stating that it was recently discovered by Sir Potiphar Tureen, the famous dealer and expert, under romantic if squalid circumstances; that it has turned out to be the missing Giottibelli, and that it has been sold to the American millionaire, Mr. Canvass B. Duck, of Pittsburg, for fifty thousand pounds—pounds, not dollars. For the rest of his life the customer is eaten up by chagrin, haunts marine stores with his pockets full of money and has no further luck. That," he said, "is one of the variants."

"Yes," we said, "you are strangely interesting."

"Another," he went on, "takes this form. On the next morning the picture is still there, but the shopman says that in the interim he has had an offer which would make a vast difference to his affairs. He admits that in justice the bargain is yours, but—well, he throws himself on your mercy. It is then up to you to pay the extra money or to decline. There are three forms of sequel. One is that you pay and the picture is worth it; another, that you pay and it isn't; a third, that you don't pay and the picture is more than worth it, and again you kick yourself for the rest of your life."

"Yes," said Edmarsh. "And the third version of the main story?"

"Oh, that can also come into this last. It turns on conscience. The customer, after discovering that he has made a most remarkable find, and after selling it at a huge profit, debates in his mind the ethical question as to whether or not he should let the dealer participate and, if so, to what extent.

"Those," he concluded, "are the three main lines on which this kind of story runs. And of course," he added, "but that wouldn't be worth telling, there is the commonest incident of all, in which you merely buy rubbish at the price named, take the rubbish home and it remains rubbish."

"True," said Edmarsh; "but may I say, with all due deference to such an authority, that my experience happens to be different from any that you have mentioned."

"Perhaps you will tell us," said the superior man.

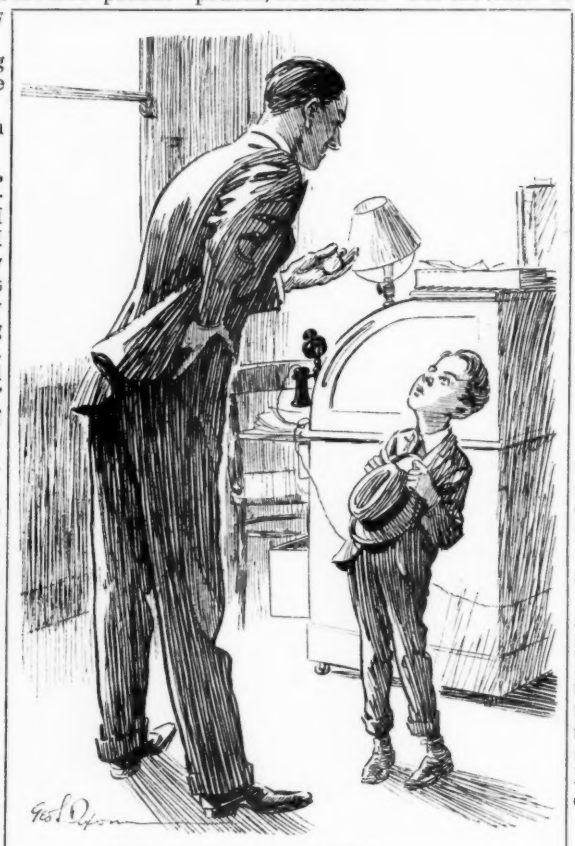
"I was going to," Edmarsh replied. "This is what happened. When I entered the marine store on the next morning as arranged, and said to the man, 'Here I am. I've come for the picture,' he replied, 'Yes, that's all right. Here it is. But I'm afraid it's not half-a-crown any more.'"

Edmarsh paused.

"Ha!" exclaimed the superior man. "Didn't I tell you?"

"Wait a minute," said Edmarsh. "This story now takes a turning of its own. Very well," he resumed, "when the man handed me the picture he said, 'Here it is, but I'm afraid it's not half-a-crown any more; it's three-and-six. You see, after you had gone we looked at the back and found it was by REMBRANDT.'"

E. V. L.



"HOW IS IT YOU 'RE SO LATE?"
"DENSE FOG IN BRIXTON, SIR."
"BUT I CAME FROM BRIXTON THIS MORNING."
"YES, SIR, BUT IT WAS A GROUND FOG."

"The London Press Club is to-morrow giving a kind of 'repition generale,' as they would say in France, of the big ceremonies that are to come later when the Locarno Pact is finally signed in London."—*Provincial Paper.*

They seem to speak rotten French in France.



Inexperienced Golfer. "WHAT DO I DO NOW?"
Caddie. "WELL, IF YOU 'RE QUITE SURE YOU 'RE GOING TO HIT IT, YOU 'D BETTER SHOUT 'FORE!'"

OOJAH SPEAKS.

[Oojah is a small elephant at the Zoo. Owing to errors of diet he is showing signs of becoming knock-kneed. Plaster casts were recently taken of his legs, the better to fit him with irons for their strengthening.]

MOTHER and I were happy in the wild;
We roamed at large and cared for one another;
I was a docile and obedient child,
She an exacting but attentive mother.

But hard men came along, as hard men do;
They slew enormous Mother with their mausers,
And, now they 've got me landed in their Zoo,
Are making plaster mouldings of my trousers.

I know their little game. They mean with these
To fit me with a kind of iron gaiter
Because I 'm getting groggy in the knees,
And, as I grow, they hope to make them straighter.

How can I flourish in a place like this
Where life is all an artificial bungle?
I never heard that there was much amiss
With my young limbs when I was in the jungle.

Mother was careful of these legs of mine;
She took great pains with them; and, as for knock-knees—
Never a symptom—not the faintest sign—
Till I was fed and handled by these Cockneys.

And, after all, suppose I grow up hale
And strong, a beast of elephantine vigour
Such as my father, that majestic male,
They only mean to work me like a nigger—

Make me a joy-ride for the human brat,
A bus for infants, only on the outside,
With here an Auntie, burdensome and fat,
And there an Uncle, also on the stout side;

And every beast that would have called me lord
In our far home will watch me daily, yearly,
And think behind their bars that, though they 're bored,
They haven't sunk so low as I have, nearly.

I would that I were far away from here;
And, for these men, I wish I 'd never known them;
Or, failing that, that I had Mother near;
Oh for that trunk of Mother's! She 'd have shown them.

I 've felt it often; and, as they 'd have found,
It could administer some hearty rousers;
Nor do I think, had she been standing round,
That they 'd have made those mouldings of my trousers.

DUM-DUM.

Another Headache for the Historian.

"Women are accustoming themselves to shorter, brisker steps with the short, wide skirts. Enough movement in walking is essential to show off the swinging flare to its best advantage."—*Sunday Paper.*

"The tango walk is creeping into daily life. Women are taking longer, slower steps, and becoming more languorous and calm in their movements."—*Same article.*

THE MOSQUITO CAMPAIGN.

AMBITION was the cause of it all, the insatiable ambition of our Brigadier craving for fresh conquests. He took advantage of the general mental deterioration usual in the silly season—May to August in our station—when resisting power is at its lowest ebb, to inaugurate a campaign without parallel in the annals of the present Peace for sheer ruthlessness of prosecution.

The first we knew of it was the arrival in office of a puce pamphlet several pages long, entitled, "Anti-Malaria Campaign." The Adjutant sighed. "More *dik!*" was however all he said, and he passed it straightway on to the Quartermaster, who received it with strange oaths. "Old Bosh chasing a C.B. again," was the mildest thing he said, and he promptly filed it and waited for a reminder, which came in due course.

"It is noticed with regret," ran the missive, "that the anti-malarial measures ordered in my number 678/Z/M22 and the attached booklet on the subject are not being carried out by your unit. So far no specimens of mosquitoes and their larvæ (*vide* attached form) have been sent for inspection, testing and cataloguing by the Officer i/c Anti-Malarial Operations.

"This laxity is regarded with grave concern, in view of the extreme danger involved to the lives and health of the men under your command. . . ."

Loud words went out for the Quartermaster.

"What's all this?" asked the C.O. when he arrived. "Why haven't we caught any mosquitoes?"

"I don't know, Sir," replied the Quartermaster. "I'll ask my clerk; he's in touch with the situation."

"Sir," replied the clerk when he had been interrogated, "there are no mosquitoes."

"Nonsense!" said the C.O. "There must be some about the place; it says so here," tapping the pamphlet. "You must catch one at once."

"Very good, Sir," said the Quartermaster, and retired to his lair, where, once more at his ease under a punkah, he summoned the regimental sanitary Dan.

"Bundar Singh," he said, "catch some mosquitoes *ek dum*. It is a *hukm*."

Two days later the Quartermaster strolled into the Adjutant's office with a test-tube in his hand and a smile of quiet triumph on his face.

"Care to see Alfred?" he asked, holding up the test-tube, at the bottom of which, securely hemmed in by wads of cotton-wool, reposed a small black bug.

Alfred was duly admired, numbered, filed, and finally despatched in duplicate to the Anti-Malarial Officer. For three days the whole office remained in a state of tension waiting for the result, and the Quartermaster was heard to remark modestly that this ought to mean a C.S.I. at least.

At last the reply came.

"Ref your specimen No. 1, the reaction to anophelene tests is negative. The insect in question is a common water-fly and is harmless."



Householder (to tramp who has agreed, for half-a-crown, to put a sign on the gate-post which will keep off other vagrants). "WHAT DOES X T STAND FOR?"
Tramp. "IT MEANS 'EX-TRAMP LIVES HERE.'"

"Oh, well," said the Quartermaster, "I'm glad it was harmless. We can't expect to be right first time. We must find out what a mosquito looks like, and meanwhile, if we send him enough likely-looking reptiles, we're bound to hit on the right one sooner or later."

In accordance with this principle Albert, Adolphus, Alfred II. (an error of the Quartermaster, who failed to recognise in him a blood relation of the original Alfred), and Alphonse followed each other in quick succession. Albert turned out to be a flying ant; Adolphus was a "gnat, dangerous" ("We're getting warmer," said the Quartermaster); but Alphonse was a wasp, which had found its way into the test-tube by mistake and devoured the original specimen. This, figuratively speaking, must have stung the Anti-Malarial Officer, for the next move in the game came from him.

"I notice with regret," he wrote, more in sorrow than in anger, it seemed, "that none of those responsible for the very necessary anti-malarial precautions in your lines have the remotest idea of the appearance or habits of the mosquito, anophelene or otherwise. For future guidance I append a few general characteristics of the mosquito, by which it may readily be recognised . . ." Here followed two pages of scientific and technical jargon, at the end of which the patient medico yielded to a fatal flash of humour, for he added: "Its hum is a clear piping note, distinct and unmistakable."

"This is most interesting," said the Quartermaster. "I never knew this before. Its hum, eh?" He looked thoughtful and retired to impart this information to his satellites.

For some weeks an unearthly calm brooded over the campaign in our sector, and in their natural sequence the rains came and the C.O. went on leave. At last, one dank morning in July, the Quartermaster, looking suspiciously innocent, called on the Adjutant.

"I've found him!" he announced.

"Found who?"

"Augustus."

"Augustus who?" asked the Adjutant, mystified and seasonably irritated.

"Augustus the anophelene, the pest of the plains, the bane of Bungipur—I've caught him at last. He put up a great fight, but we got him."

He produced a large matchbox, pricked with holes, from which issued an angry booming sound like an aeroplane in full flight. The Adjutant rose in alarm and backed out of range.

"What have you got there?" he cried. "Don't let it out in here, you idiot!"

Smiling darkly, the Quartermaster put the box back in his pocket and slid out of the office, leaving the Adjutant a prey to conflicting emotions. He was not long kept in suspense. Back by return came a furious letter from the Anti-Malarial Officer.

"Why," he asked, "was it assumed that the orders of the Brigade Commander, on the subject of protection from mosquitoes, were to be interpreted as an excuse for giving licence to the crude sense of humour of incompetent and irresponsible subordinate officers? Forward your reasons in writing, if any, why the matter should not be referred to the Brigade Commander for disciplinary action?"



Doctor. "CAN I BE OF ANY ASSISTANCE? I'M A DOCTOR."
Rescuer. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, MISTER. 'E'S ONLY FULL O' WATER, AN' MY MATE 'APPENS TO BE A PLUMBER."

"Now you've torn it," said the Adjutant, as he showed the letter to the Quartermaster.

"Not a bit," he replied cheerfully; "I've got him taped, you'll see. I'll write the answer to this."

Presently the following document was placed before the Adjutant, addressed to the Anti-Malarial Officer, Bungipur:—

"Reference your No. A M/2936/X2, I would like to bring to your notice the fact that during the past two months an unremitting search for mosquitoes and their larvæ has been prosecuted with all the resources at our disposal, with all possible zeal and with no result. From your above quoted memo I am to assume, I suppose, that specimen No. 6, forwarded to you under my No. 19/6M, proved under the test applied to be negative. This being so, I am forced to conclude that our lines are entirely free from mosquitoes of any kind, which must be attributed to the highly efficient system of protection developed by the officer in charge.

"With regard to the insect in question the error is much to be deplored, but I must point out that, none of our Anti-Malarial Staff having had special training in the subject, the extreme facility of detecting mosquitoes, from the description given in your No. A M/2930/X2, was not apparent. The one salient fact recognisable in this specimen was its hum or piping note, which was most distinct and clear. Not being Zoologists, Bacteriologists, Entomologists or Philatelists, or intimately acquainted with the anatomy of the Culicidæ, I do not see that more could be expected of us."

Attached to this was a small slip of paper, on which was written in the Quartermaster's own spidery hand:—"P.S.—Send back Augustus, there's a good chap. If you've destroyed him, can you give me a hoof?"

"George," said the Adjutant after dinner that night as they sat outside the Mess on the lawn (the Anti-Malarial Office had declared an Armistice and peace reigned *pro tem.*), "what was in that box?"

Just then a large, round, horned beetle zoomed blindly through the air, hit a lamp with a crash and fell on its back on the ground, where it lay wriggling and buzzing in helpless fury. It seemed to the Adjutant that he had heard that noise somewhere else.

The Quartermaster glanced down.

"That's Augustus," he said.

A GENUINE ANTIQUE.

[Approving of the latest Parisian idea of allowing a hat to be signed by "the artist who designed it," a writer predicts a time when "a hat will be in much the same position as a picture in an exhibition."]

Good wife of mine, I did not start
To murmur or complain
When you acquired the work of art
That crowns your shingled mane;
Despite its cost I fully share
Your view that nothing can be finer
Than having one's apparel bear
The name of its designer.

But, when you want to wrest from me
My head's more ancient gear,
Our nuptial unanimity
Begins to disappear;
I really can't endorse the claim
Advanced by you, without reflection,
That its appearance tends to shame
Your own superb confection.

When hats enjoy the high esteem
That pictures long have known,
My unsigned specimen may seem
More modish than your own;
Its dinginess will cease to irk
When hearts of connoisseurs beat faster
For joy of tracing there the work
Of some unknown Old Master.



THE ART OF SUGGESTION: A MASTERPIECE.

In Memoriam.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

BORN 1844. DIED NOVEMBER 20, 1925.

SHE came, as from a vision or a dream,
Veiled, blossom-crowned and marvellously fair;
Through the grey distance still we catch the gleam
Of golden dawn on her long shining hair.

Her beauty made the eyes of England fain,
And love leapt up to meet her as she passed—
The people's love, that like a deep refrain
Went with her and thrilled round her to the last.

For they who loved her under happy skies
Loved her not less when sorrow came with years;
They saw with faithful understanding eyes
A purer light orbed in her falling tears.

They saw that in the changing shadows she
Walked changeless, through the years that left no trace:
They deemed that Time itself paid fealty
To her, and could not mar her queenly grace.

The fabled healing of a royal touch
Seemed to abide in her compassionate hand;
And hers it was, hers who had suffered much,
Not to love only, but to understand.

There was no wrong that left her spirit cold,
No sorrow greater than her heart was great;
And her unwearying pity could enfold
With its wide wings all them that were desolate.

When we who mourn her passing lie with those
Who hailed her coming in the days that were,
In England's heart a never-fading rose
Of dear remembrance will be worn for her.

Hers is the one crown incorruptible now,
Now that light dies and the long day is done—
The crown that shines above her sleeping brow
Like the first star above the setting sun. D. M. S.



To the Memory of the Queen Mother.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 16th.—The House reassembled in a spirit of subdued cheerfulness, enlivened by general congratulations to the Labour Party's new Benedict, Mr. WILL THORNE, who was seen to be exhibiting with no little pride his credentials as a member of the One Big Union. A brightly-sketched picture of us all (including the artist, kind old Mr. LANSBURY himself) being attacked by hosts of British Fascists, perfectly disciplined and armed to the teeth, evoked no answering groans of horror; and the HOME SECRETARY'S assurance that only the white shirts of a blameless life would escape the impartial attentions of Scotland Yard disposed of the matter *pro tem.*

How can a poor hard-working Leader of the Opposition go through the motions of being an Irresistible Force when the Prime Minister persistently refuses to make a noise like an Immovable Body? This unhappy state of affairs too often deprives Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S denunciatory elocution of its legitimate sting-a-ling-a-ling. The customary motion that for the remainder of the Session Government business do have precedence being one on which Mr. BALDWIN was bound to be more or less immobile, Mr. MACDONALD took occasion to be as irresistible as the circumstances permitted. He opposed the PRIME MINISTER'S "hardy annual" motion on the ground that anything that threatened to become a precedent ought to be challenged anyway and also because the Government proposed to introduce a Bill extending the Safeguarding of Industries Act. Nobly unmindful of the enthusiasm with which the Camden Town piano-makers and Coventry motor-builders helped to turn his party out of office at the last election as a *quid pro quo* for his repeal of the McKenna Duties, Mr. MACDONALD announced, amid Liberal cheers, that he would oppose this legislation tooth and nail.

The House then proceeded to play the Parliamentary game of trying to enumerate the subjects you think the House ought to discuss without going into their merits. There are two players, a Member and the DEPUTY SPEAKER. Mr. NEIL MACLEAN played worst. The DEPUTY SPEAKER was all over him. Even his highly metaphysical explanation that he "was not going into the merits, but simply making a general statement of the effects of the merits," failed to save him. Sir ALFRED MOND declared his hostility to any legislation which proposed to assist "minute and microscopic industries." The cynical scorn of the international chemical king for such purely British groundlings as the glass and lace industries was a splendid advertisement for the Liberal Party. Once—but he was a hard old



"BARKIS IS WILLIN'."
MR. W. THORNE.

Coalitionist then—Sir ALFRED was a staunch supporter of the MCKENNA duties. But Satan, as an Irish Member



A SHIELD BORROWED FROM THE ENEMY.
SIR DOUGLAS HOGG AND MR. LANSBURY.

once observed, has a right to rebuke Beelzebub when the cloven hoof is on the other leg.

The one player who outpointed the DEPUTY SPEAKER at every turn was Miss WILKINSON. Time and again he would be half-way on his feet with his mouth open when the lady would whip a neatly-turned phrase of mock apology to the point of the jaw, and the adversary would collapse amid the cheers of the onlookers.

The game then became so popular with the Socialist back-benchers that the closure had to be invoked to bring it to an end. That done and the PRIME MINISTER'S motion duly carried, the House proceeded to discuss, with the judicial detachment that it always shows when it is doing business and not talking politics, the Criminal Justice Bill, one Member even going so far as to summon to the assistance of the House the admirable commonsense of *Mr. Jorrocks*, in whose ideal huntsman Mr. GROTRIAN discovered all the *desiderata* of a perfect magistrate.

Tuesday, November 17th.—The records of the now famous case of *Lansbury* v. *Riley* might have continued to languish in obscurity had not the hawk-eyed PUBLIC PROSECUTOR plucked it forth from its cranny for the purpose of taking twenty pounds off one ebullient British Fascist and binding others over to act like little gentlemen.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S elucidation of these facts should have given satisfaction to all parts of the House. Actually it gave satisfaction to all parts but one, that one being dear kind Mr. LANSBURY, who, far from rejoicing at being used as a shield for Sir DOUGLAS HOGG'S defence, disclaimed all knowledge of the case.

As the ATTORNEY-GENERAL had carefully refrained from asserting that the LANSBURY whose little affair with RILEY had furnished the precedent was identical with Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P., and as nobody save the latter seemed greatly to care whether he was or not, this subject was dropped; and the House was glad to accept Sir DOUGLAS HOGG'S unequivocal statement that no political pressure or pressure of any kind was brought to bear on the PUBLIC PROSECUTOR, who had consulted no member of the Government before making his decision to withdraw an unsustainable charge of larceny against the Fascisti.

Mr. J. H. THOMAS invited the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to see in this case an exact parallel to the CAMPBELL case of a year ago, in which the Labour Government instructed the PUBLIC PROSECUTOR through the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to drop the prosecution, but the present ATTORNEY-GENERAL saw the facts to be precisely the contrary. In politics great minds do not always think alike.

Committee on the Expiring Laws Bill found Mr. SCURR inveighing against the Aliens Restriction Act. "Let 'em all come!" was the burden of his large-hearted plea. He found an unexpected ally in the Conservative Member for Salford North, who urged that his Jewish fellow-countrymen were being discriminated against by magistrates, immigration officers and other hard-hearted Christians.

Colonel WEDGWOOD, continuing the debate in the vein of Mr. SCURR, attempted an unhappy parallel between birth control and alien control, and in elaborating the argument that production and immigration go hand-in-hand left the House quite mystified as to whether strangers or little strangers were the subject of his discourse. Unsuccessful efforts to compel portions of other expiring laws to expire and the Second Readings of various Scotch Bills rounded off the perfect day.

It was no decrepit GEE that rose, on the motion to adjourn, to call attention to the "faked film" and other propaganda of a misleading nature which the Departmental Committee of the Board of Agriculture accused the Humane Societies of putting out in their campaign to stop the export of worn-out horses. One recalled the opening remarks of the schoolboy who was called upon to write an essay on the horse: "The horse is a docile animal, but fiercely defends its young, which seldom number more than one." Captain GEE fiercely demanded Government action in the matter; but, no member of the Government being present, the CONTROLLER OF THE HOUSEHOLD, who is presumably expected to preserve harmony in the Parliamentary stables as well, soothingly observed that he felt sure the ventilation given to the matter by Captain GEE would prevent the kind-hearted public from accepting too readily in future all evidence claiming to be fresh from the horse's mouth.

Wednesday, November 18th.—The FOREIGN SECRETARY paid sincere and graceful compliments to his Locarno colleagues and his predecessors in office, and never once used the word "I," an exhibition of characteristic modesty which will not prevent his own notable share in the good work from receiving its due reward of praise. Mr. MACDONALD expressed himself as delighted to learn that his insinuations that the Pact was a Machiavellian scheme engineered by the British Government to isolate Russia had no foundation in fact, an assurance given and repeated by the FOREIGN SECRETARY with characteristic brandishments of the top-hat. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, adding, as he put it, a leek to perfume Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S bouquet, regretted that the Dominions could not have participated in the proceedings leading up to the Pact, but no practical suggestion as to how it could have been done was offered.

All the principal speakers congratulated the FOREIGN SECRETARY on his share in a notable achievement, and if they felt constrained thereafter to scatter a few brickbats while they might among the "roses, roses all the way" they were the sort of brick-bat that is stuffed with party sawdust and leaves no dent on the fair surface of things.

Thursday, November 19th.—All this week the Peers, like so many plumbers, have been waiting for their mates in the Commons to enable them to get on with their work. And the worst of it is that, owing to the prevalence of foot-and-mouth disease, they could not utilise their enforced leisure by chasing the fox. Lord LINCOLNSHIRE seemed to think that the restrictions of the Board of Agriculture were rather too drastic, and did not appear over-grateful for Lord BLEDISLOE'S concession that poultry-harrying foxes might be "chopped" in covert.



First ex-Chef (*Mr. LLOYD GEORGE*). "H'M, NOT BAD; BUT I SUGGEST A LEEK TO SEASON IT."

Second ex-Chef (*Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD*). "WHAT IT WANTS IS SOME OF THIS CAVIARE."

Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, organising himself into a private O.M.S. to assist the HOME SECRETARY to maintain the essential services of his Ministry against all comers, appealed to the Commons' sense of humour. "JICKS'S" neat reply—that the Hon. and gallant Member could safely leave it to him to deal with any organisation that attempted to usurp the functions of the Government—seemed to satisfy the Member for Central Hull, who, to do him justice, always appreciates a point even when it is scored against himself.

Mr. THURTLE wanted to know if the PRIME MINISTER would reconsider the Channel Tunnel "in view of the new spirit" of the Locarno Pact. Mr. SCRYMGEOUR, who apparently had heard the word "spirit" but not the word "Locarno," looked restive, but was reassured when the PRIME MINISTER indicated that some other pipe-line will have to be found if a constant flow of that new and unfamiliar juice is to be maintained.

The hapless tithe-owner in the rôle of a traveller in foreign lands anxiously trying to decide which particular band of brigands it would be best to fall a prey to was the lively picture presented to the House by Lord HUGH CECIL on the Committee stage of the Tithe Bill. Between the confiscatory snickersee of the Government and the equally confiscatory bludgeons of those who might come after the Government the titheowner had, in the view of several Members, a poor chance of escaping unplundered. The Government, said Lord HUGH, while careless of honesty, was zealous for consistency—another "saying of the week."

"ATHLETIC FIXTURE.

Worthing to Brighton.—Southern Railway A.C. Walking Handicap."—*Daily Paper.*

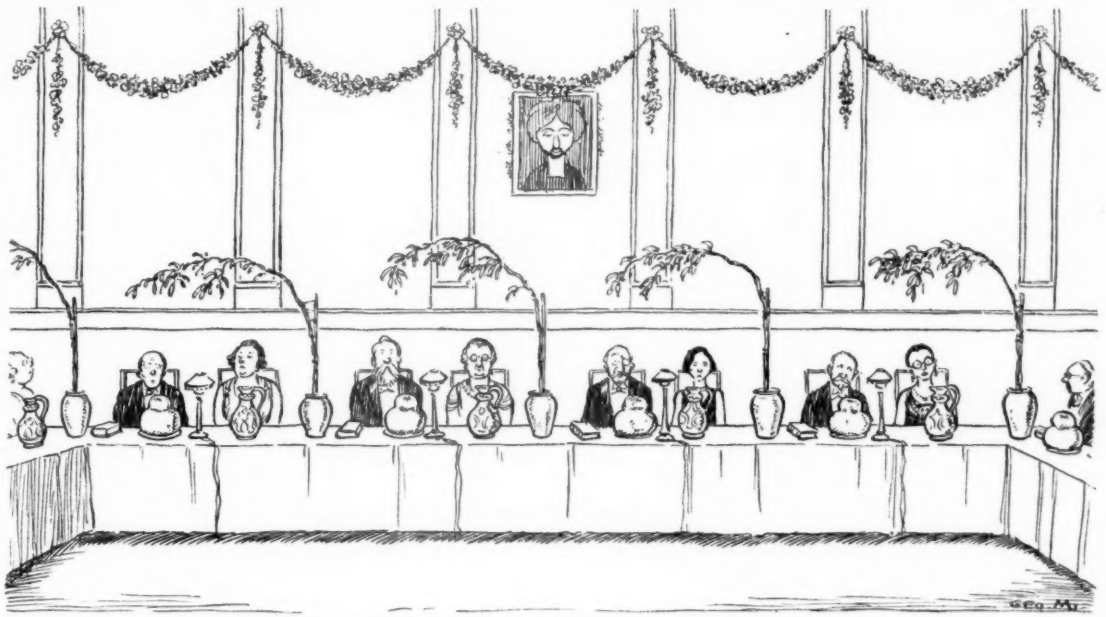
We note with pleasure this evidence of speeding up on the part of the Southern Railway.

"A party of young men visited Epstein's panel of the goddess 'Rima' on the Hudson bird sanctuary in Hyde Park during the night, and daubed green paint over the figure.

Mr. Jacob Epstein stated when questioned yesterday that he had 'nothing to say.'"

Daily Paper.

Like a good sportsman he seems to have accepted it as "a rub of the green."



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE OMAR KHÁYYÁM SOCIETY.

THE WELFARE OF THE NAVY.

(*By our Leader-Writer.*)

"THE Admiralty announce, in reply to a request at the 1924 Welfare Conference, that there is not sufficient justification for the publication of a manual of instruction for officers' stewards, fourth class, and boy servants. The subjects upon which information was asked for were the care and cleaning of silver, crockery, etc., hints on valeting, laying of tables, lists of officers' uniform as per Navy List, recipes for cooking and the mixing of cocktails."

The recent action of the Admiralty, referred to in the above paragraph, calls for the serious consideration of all thinking men and women. This matter is one which goes deeper than at first sight appears. There is more in it than the mere failure of an unimaginative Government Department to grasp an opportunity for enriching the nation's store of official literature.

We have said before, and we say it again, that any policy which reduces the efficiency of the Navy cuts at the very roots of our national well-being, and we hesitate to conjecture how far-reaching the effects of the present ill-advised action may be. No nation whose prosperity, nay whose very existence, is so closely bound up with its maritime position can afford to take the risk of its Naval officers being supplied with badly mixed cocktails; and it is, to our mind, absurd to suggest, as has been suggested, that *Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book* should be sufficient guidance to fourth-class stewards in the matter of naval cuisine.

Perhaps even more important are the questions of valeting and laying the table. That a responsible Department of State should deliberately countenance the haphazard valeting of officers of the senior service is a matter which quite frankly—we make no secret of the fact—passes our comprehension. And that tables in Naval messes should be laid on arbitrary principles, at the whim of boy servants, is, it seems to us, a matter of even graver import.

It is relevant to point out, by the way, that the request which has so ruthlessly been turned down emanated from the 1924 Welfare Conference. Has the Admiralty realised that in coming to its hasty and, as we think, ill-judged decision it has repressed the spontaneous and patriotic desire of fourth-class stewards and boy servants to perform their onerous and responsible duties in accordance with the highest traditions of the greatest navy in the world? What right, we ask, has the Admiralty to decline to interest itself in the cleaning of the silver of a navy which NELSON led at Trafalgar, which covered itself with glory at Jutland?

We feel that the great British public will quickly demand to know on whose authority this momentous decision was taken. The whole matter raises again in a very acute form the question of the amount of discretion which should be vested in civil servants. It is intolerable to our mind that the welfare of the Navy should be at the mercy of officials in a Whitehall office who, for all we know to the contrary, may never have been offered an inferior cocktail in their lives.

We need hardly say, however, that we have every confidence in the commonsense of the British public, and we are convinced that they will lose no time in making their voice heard through their accredited representatives in Parliament.

The welfare of the Navy is at stake. Every badly-mixed cocktail is a stab in the back for British naval supremacy.

From a Liberal election speech:—

"Let Galloway lea the way. o you tGo the ballot boxes to help make your country a little nearer the bonnie Scotland of your dreams; that you may bring the day's march nearer to the aspirations of the Psalmist: 'that our sons may grow up as young plants; that our arners may ue ,ka-aym sggha tyegm the man Temple.'"—*Scots Paper.*

Galloway does not seem to have liked the prospect. At any rate the Conservative got in.

"Cold weather was experienced in Edinburgh yesterday. The sun shone, but its altitude was low for this time of the year."
Local Paper.

Depressed by the cold, no doubt.

BOTTLED BIOGRAPHIES.

(In grateful imitation of Mr. E. C. BENTLEY'S "Biography for Beginners," illustrated by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, which has just been republished.)

THE MAGNANIMITY OF MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN
Said that this was not the same Berlin
As the one which attacked,
So he made a Pact.

THE PROUD ATTITUDE OF MR. H. G. WELLS.

Mr. H. G. WELLS
Thought his novels were better than
Miss E. M. DELL'S
(Or even than "OUIDA'S");
But it largely depends upon the taste
of the readers.

THE INCONSISTENCY OF MR. HENDERSON'S POLITICS.

Mr. HENDERSON said
That he was far from being a Red;
All the same he detested
Seeing the Communists arrested.

THE STUDIOUSNESS OF MR. CHURCHILL.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER
Read right through STEVENSON'S
Wrecker,
But he did not grudge it
For it helped him with the Budget.

THE STERNNESS OF MR. STOOP.

It seems a pity that there are no
Conferences at Locarno
To settle the dispute between
Mr. ADRIAN STOOP and the Newport XV.

THE RAPID ORATORY OF MR. THOMAS.

Mr. J. H. THOMAS
Made a speech without any commas
And only one semi-colon
Pointing out the necessity of keeping
the dole on.

THE FUNDAMENTAL DELUSION OF SIR OLIVER LODGE.

Sir OLIVER LODGE
Has invented a dodge
For making new links
Between Matter and Mind. (So he
thinks).

THE UTTER AGNOSTICISM OF MR. ARNOLD BENNETT.

When the American Senate
Read the series of articles by Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT
On what he believed
They were grieved.

THE EPIGRAMMATIC RESOURCEFULNESS OF MR. BRUCE.

"That has cooked their goose,"
Was the observation of Mr. BRUCE
When he heard about the failure
Of his enemies in Australia.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

What seems to spoil
Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE
Is the number of tomes
He has written without *Sherlock Holmes*.

THE VARYING PSYCHOLOGY OF EMINENT CINEMA STARS.

Mr. HAROLD LLOYD
Always manages to avoid
The danger of grapplin'
With sentiment. Not so Mr. CHAPLIN.

THE PERTINENT INQUIRY OF GENERAL CHARTERIS.

Brigadier-General CHARTERIS
Asked whether the Tartars
Used very much candour
In their war-propaganda.

THE INEXPLICABLE ANGER OF MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES
Has a number of bones
To pick with Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW,
I don't know what for.

THE SPRIGHTLINESS OF MR. BALDWIN.

When Mr. MACQUISTEN
Asked the PRIME MINISTER to listen
To his trouble about the political levy
Mr. BALDWIN told him not to be heavy.

THE RHETORIC OF THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL
Said, "I'm certain these men are all
Conspiring to overthrow
The Government, don't you know."

THE MISSIONARY EFFORTS OF MR. ARLEN.

I wish MICHAEL ARLEN 'd
Been presented with a garland
Of lilies or laurels
For all that he has done for the improvement of our morals.

THE ELOQUENCE OF MR. BIRRELL COMPARED WITH THE ENERGY OF THE ANIMAL WORLD.

If Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL
Had been born a squirrel
He would have been able to climb
beeches
But not to make speeches.

THE HEROIC RESIGNATION OF MY COUSIN MAY.

"I can't ride to-day,"
Said my Cousin May,
"But I *can* wear riding-boots
On the principal omnibus routes."

MY OWN POSITION AS A BIOGRAPHER.

By studying intently
The works of E. C. BENTLEY
I have written these rhymes
Dealing faithfully with the history of
our times. EVOE.

LETTERS THAT HELP.

SLEEPLESSNESS AND ITS CURE.

THE chief aim of those who wish to combat insomnia should be not to clarify the mind but to induce the state which has been happily named Bœotianism. Acting on the advice of an old friend, now resident at Khartoum, I have found an almost certain cure in the composition of Limericks. I append two examples of this method, each of which was followed by an excellent night's rest:—

There was an inquisitive Zulu
Who wished to inspect Honolulu;
But on going afloat
He took the wrong boat
And finally reached Woolloomoolloo.

There was an old man of Peru
Who went out to sea in a shoe;
But while manning the pumps
He contracted the mumps
And afterwards perished of 'flu.

The composition of *vers libre* as a soporific is not to be discouraged, but on the whole the claims of the Limerick are paramount.—*MR. GILBERT PONTIFEX, Boar's Hill, near Oxford.*

THE INVENTION OF THE SAXOPHONE.

There can be little doubt that this instrument was invented by the famous Marshal SAXE, and not, as other authorities maintain, by the Danish historian, *SAXO GRAMMATICUS*.

It is not generally known that the popularity of this instrument, which superseded the bassoon in French and Belgian military bands before the middle of the last century, was a matter of serious concern to COLERIDGE, who would undoubtedly have altered a passage in his *Ancient Mariner* but for the metrical difficulties involved. There is, however, I believe, a copy with a correction made in his handwriting, in which the passage describing the ascent of the sun runs thus:—

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast it shone—"
The Wedding guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the saxophone.

CHARLES LAMB, on being shown the emendation, is reported to have said, "It may be good music but it's d—d bad rhyme," and so the matter ended.—*DR. A. PULLAR-LEGGE, The Oaks, Phibblestown, Co. Dublin.*

THE ART OF THINKING.

Dr. Gizzard's suggestion that thinking could be taught to children contains a germ of truth, but only a germ. Unless and until the whole of our educational system has been scrapped and relegated to the dustbin this germ will never bear fruit. The reason why people do not think correctly is, as Professor Orlo Bopp correctly observes, because they fail to correlate the static and dynamic



LITTLE RHYMES FOR THIBETAN CHILDREN.

THE BIG BEAR.

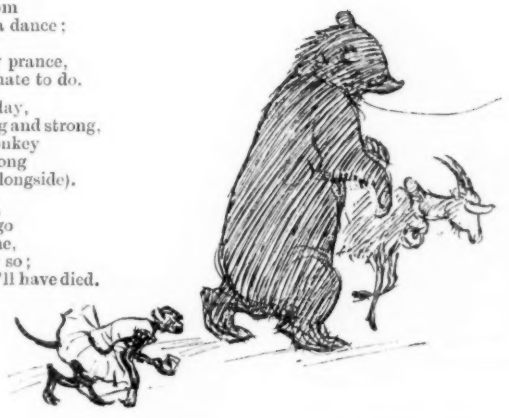
Mundoo has a monkey
With a little yellow coat;
Mundoo has a tom-tom
And a funny jumping goat:
Mundoo has a big bear too.

Mundoo beats the tom-tom
And the monkey does a dance;
Mundoo waves a lathi
And the bear and Billy prance,
Which they simply hate to do.

Mundoo says that some day,
When I 've grown up big and strong,
He 'll let me lead the monkey
To the Fair at Kalimpong
(Billy and the bear 'longside).

Mundoo means it kindly,
And I 'd really like to go
'Cos Billy doesn't butt me,
And I love the monkey so;
But I hope that bear 'll have died.





potentialities of psycho-physical co-consciousness, as expounded by Dr. EMIL BUSCH in his epoch-making lecture at Oxford a couple of years ago. Children are peculiarly sensitive to such instruction, in virtue of the plasticity of their pineal glands and pituitary bodies. I earnestly commend to Dr. GIZZARD the careful perusal of Bopp's great work, *The Pædological Value of the intensive Cultivation of the Aplanatic Foci of the Solar Plexus.*—*MR. MARDY GRASSLER, 445, Skimpole Street, W.*

THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH CHESS.

The progress of the International Chess Tournament at Moscow makes it abundantly clear that our players, and indeed all players of non-Slav origin, are suffering from a crushing handicap in respect of their unimpressive nomenclature. The defeat of CAPABLANCA by ILJIN-ZENEVSKY is not to be wondered at. The best player in the world sits down at the board in the most unfavourable conditions when confronted with an antagonist whose name is a standing menace. I see that DUS-CHOTIMINSKI defeated SPIELMANN. *Of course he did.* It is high time that our chess-players took a leaf out of the book of our dancers, who have Russified their names with the happiest results. If Sir GEORGE THOMAS would, for example, rename himself Prtnkeivitchsvitntchitzky, I feel absolutely convinced that the change would have an equally propitious effect on his play.—*MR. MAGNUS NETHERSOLE, Boot Manufacturer, Leicester.*

We are asked to deny the rumour that the name of *The Daily Mail* is going to be changed to *The Christian Harold.*

"The Ex-Mayor, acknowledging the cordial vote, said he had not had a single cross-word from any member of the Corporation during the past two years."—*Provincial Paper.*

Our hearty congratulations to him on escaping the epidemic.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE OLD ADAM" (KINGSWAY).

MISS CICELY HAMILTON must have had great fun writing this jolly little *jeu d'esprit*. And, when an essentially serious- and lively-minded person gets hold of a good joke and develops it with ruthless logic and intelligence, an audience, however mixed, is sure of delightful entertainment. It was a particularly successful whimsicality to develop what looked at first like a Pacifist tract into something which was ostensibly (but of course not really) the exact opposite.

The scene is laid in the capital of Paphlagonia, a country not at all unlike our own. Ruritania is behaving in an extremely high-handed manner and the Paphlagonian Minister of Foreign Affairs arrives in a state of extreme depression at the house of the Chief of the General Staff after a very unsatisfactory interview with the Ruritanian Ambassador. To them enter the Prime Minister, a windy demagogue, and the Minister for War, a flippant *flâneur*, for an informal council. The latter reports that the army is unprepared to the last button, the other services in like case. The soldier confirms this cheerful estimate. "What answer are we to return to Ruritania then?" "A jolly stiff one." "The time for bluffing is past." "We are not bluffing," says the soldier and produces an old schoolfellow of his, a myopic scientist, who, having, like the rest of us, narrowly escaped death in the streets, has devoted his researches to the invention of a pocket apparatus which will bring any motor to a dead stop at the will of the threatened pedestrian, and has stumbled on a power of tremendous efficacy and almost unlimited range. You touch a button, make sure of your direction, and every Ruritanian ship, plane, gun, railway, motor-lorry, telephone, power-station and factory is put out of action.

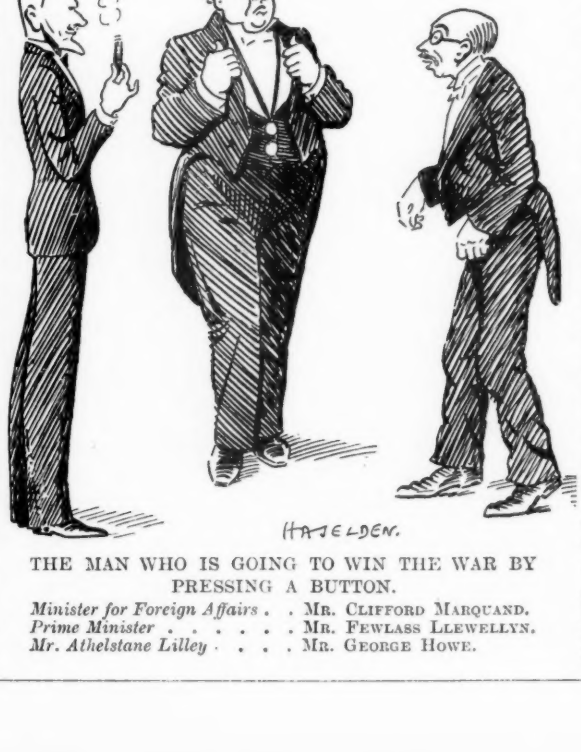
Our Pacifist Premier thereupon changes his tune; he will teach these fire-eating Ruritanians a lesson. The despondent Foreign Minister utters barks of triumphant laughter. Midnight, the great moment of the expiration of the ultimatum, strikes. The button is pressed, and, as the intelligent among us had already foreseen, there is darkness—in Paphlagonia. Not that our scientist is at fault, but his opposite number in Ruritania has also harnessed the negative ray and has pressed his button at midnight. Stalemate. The golden dawn of universal peace!

By no means. The nation has been awakened. The young men are rushing to the colours, the young women applauding. The organisers are busy. ("By the way what are organisers?" the detached Minister for War had asked—a shrewd question.) The horse will again be in the shafts of the transport-wagon and say "Ha! ha!" in the battle. The sword will flash; even the pike and the halberd. And has not *Admiral Joe Bunting*, late fisherman of Lowestoft, organised a fleet of herring-boats and colliers and already won an action in the Narrows? If the will to fight be there the means will soon be found. The first volunteer regiment passes the window. Even that truculent Pacifist the *Bishop of Stephensbury* raises his hand in benediction. The *Old Adam* is by no means dead; is in fact immortal.

A good joke well worked out. Of course Miss HAMILTON very conveniently ignores the insoluble difficulty of victualling her armies and her civilian populations. She doesn't, naturally, suppose that the technique of demagogues at Cabinet meetings is quite the same as on public platforms, but she needs this assumption for our diversion. She would also know that even politicians and soldiers in high places, who are easy targets, have a little more *savoir vivre* than her characters display. I wonder if she was quite wise to introduce a note of tragedy—the death of the War Minister's son—in the diverting passage of broad farce in which the new NELSON, *Joe Bunting*, pours scorn on the fools at the Hadmirality who are trying to fight a really modern negative-ray war with the hopelessly old-fashioned scientifically organised methods. All through, of course, the author was giving a sly cutting edge to her jokes, and this episode was one of her less concealed slashes. Thoughtful farce rather than comedy I should sug-



A NELSON OF PAPHLAGONIA.
Admiral Joe Bunting . . . MR. ROY BYFORD.

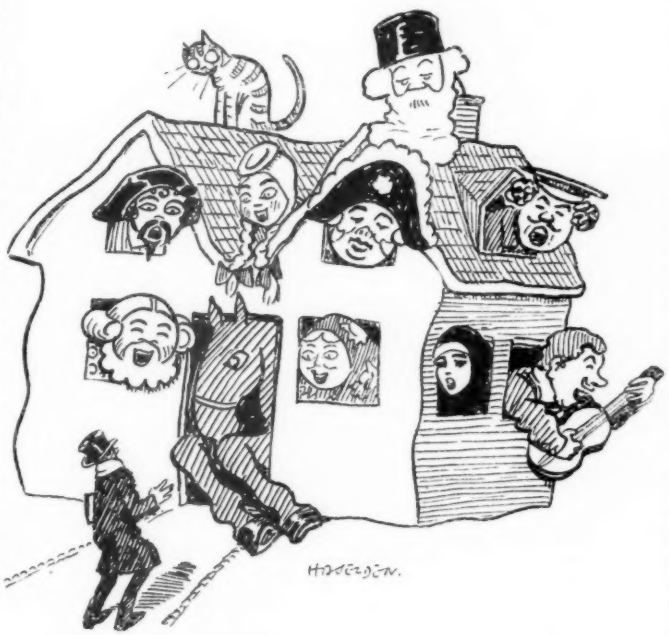


THE MAN WHO IS GOING TO WIN THE WAR BY PRESSING A BUTTON.
Minister for Foreign Affairs . . MR. CLIFFORD MARQUAND.
Prime Minister . . . . . MR. FEWLASS LLEWELLYN.
Mr. Athelstane Lilley . . . . MR. GEORGE HOWE.

gest as a label for her clever piece of work.

Mr. CHARLES CARSON did particularly well with his *Minister for War*, and in the graver mood of the bereaved father showed that he could do something more than merely sustain the rather tiresome pose of the man who believes little and is surprised at nothing. Mr. FEWLASS LLEWELLYN enjoyed his *Prime Minister*, a figure of fun and mark for shafts of well-aimed ridicule. The exaggerations were, I think, Miss HAMILTON'S rather than his own, though it is always difficult for the spectator to be sure. Mr. SCOTT SUNDERLAND'S *Chief of Staff* was more than just adequate, which I mean for praise. Mr. WILLIAM REA was effective in the grand manner as the Catholic pacifist bishop and fighter. He will have to gum his skull-cap to his head, the insistent retention of this form of headgear being no doubt one of the inner secrets of the Church. The *Admiral*, a diverting creation of the author, was interpreted with a rich and, of course, broad humour by Mr. ROY BYFORD; and I liked Mr. GEORGE HOWE'S blandly detached scientist. Nevertheless, on the whole I thought it rather an author's than an actor's night.

There was no doubt of the warmth of the play's reception. T.



BACK TO LABURNUM VILLA AFTER A VISIT TO *CHAUVE-SOURIS*.

"CHAUVE-SOURIS"
(STRAND).
(*New Edition.*)

I should like to believe that the Russian artistes of the Bat Theatre are always expressing in their lighter moods a purely childlike *joie de vivre*; but the studied crudity of their scenery, which recalls the *décor* of the new Russian ballet—and nobody would credit the new Russian ballet with genuine simplicity of motive—makes me suspect (though I hardly dare to say so) a touch of sophistication in their naïveté.

I even harbour a suspicion that M. NIKITA BALIEFF could, if he chose, talk English with great fluency and a perfect accent, and that it is for his own ends—excellent, of course—that in his interludes he adopts so staccato a delivery and a pronunciation so fantastic.

The Second Edition (I can't say what features of it were new) covered a very generous range, from rollicking buffoonery to serious romance and even deep religious sentiment. The scene of "The Arrival at Bethlehem" was played with a very simple reverence, but I thought it a mistake that the figures at the open windows of the inn and the house where the travellers were refused shelter should throughout the episode have remained passive and immobile—except when they moved their lips, once each, to speak in French—as if they were part of the scenery. For this was not a motionless tableau, and if the realism of natural movement was allowed to any of the actors it should have been allowed to all.

Of the romantic scenes perhaps the best was "A Sentimental Souvenir of the Far Past," played with finished grace and an exquisite dignity by Mme. DAYKARHANOVA and M. GORODETSKY. There was nothing peculiarly Russian about this except its perfection as a work of art.

It is not, however, for its serious or sentimental scenes—though "Grief" (sung to an *étude* of CHOPIN) had a true note of tragedy, and the Volga Boatsong (in "Ei Ukhnem") was most effective in its right local setting—that I want to return to *Chauve-Souris*. I want to see again the round-eyed red-cheeked *poupée* face of Mme. PLATONOVA in the many scenes to which she brought the fascination of her incontinent jollity.

It seems that there are some Russian artistes who are not always dancing. Anyhow, I don't think anybody danced here except in the first scene, which was called "Sur le Pont d'Avignon," though I can't imagine why. "*Sur le Pont d'Avignon*" (as we all know, though I have never seen them doing it there, because the old bridge is of course a wreck), *on y danse, on y danse*. But these Provençals did their dance *tous en rond*, and not in the form of a stately *pas de deux*, as it was done here.

"The Scenes," we are told in the programme, "are conceived and devised by Nikita Balieff." That was perhaps why after each episode he himself gravely acknowledged our applause before explaining what the next one was to be about. On this question of applause he let us into one of his delightful confidences. If our reception was warm it meant that his company would ask for more pay. This made things a little difficult for us; we wanted to express our approval, but weren't sure whether M. BALIEFF could afford it. Apart from the threatened cost to his pocket he seemed to enjoy our applause, and regarded us as the most appreciative audience he had ever struck. But this, he told us in another burst of confidence, was what he always said wherever he went.

A charming child of nature, this *rusé* NIKITA. O. S.

Social Candour.

"MRS. —— will not be 'at home' to her friends to-day. PIGS."—*Argentine Paper.*

"I believe the highest aim of all governments must be unity, concord and peace and happiness for me."
Letter in Canadian Newspaper.

The writer should send his name and address to Signor MUSSOLINI?

From a trade circular:—

"Mr. —— writes, . . . the serious leakage in the large reservoir could not be located, but, after soaking with your liquid for four hours as directed, I am happy to say we are now absolutely tight."

We are curious to know the nature of this liquid.

INSULARS ABROAD.

I.—*Ici on Parle Anglais.*

Percival says he speaks both French and Spanish. Personally, I think he must be far better at Spanish than he is at French. I have never heard him speak Spanish, but I have heard him speak French. He himself admits that his French accent is not good, but says he hasn't really got the teeth for it. He thinks one's teeth ought to be arranged differently for speaking foreign languages. Very often portions of a word like "*Intransigeant*"—bad enough to get right at the best of times—slip out through a gap, ahead of schedule; on other occasions the best part of a phrase like "*Garçon, deux café-cognacs!*" gets held up in a maze of molars and doesn't get past at all. This is most annoying, as of course the best part of the above phrase is obviously the word "*cognacs*," and if that gets left out—well, I never did think much of French coffee by itself, anyway. Percival says he at last understands what HOMER meant when he talked about "the barrier of the teeth." It would have to be a "well-winged word" that escaped unhurt past the barrier of Percival's very English ivories.

He makes up for this defect, however, by trying to look like a Frenchman. He says Frenchmen never carry walking-sticks and so goes about without one. Percival, with large and empty hands, with *The Times* sticking out of a side-pocket and with weirdly battered words emerging like walking wounded from his dental barrage, looks awfully French. To complete the illusion, I tell him, he only needs to wear "plus-fours" ("*encore-quatres*," as we say over here).

The other day, though, he was actually mistaken for a Frenchman. We had just squeezed into the Underground, into a carriage so crowded we could hardly move, when a young lady on the far side of Percival touched him on the shoulder and asked him something about "*la station prochaine.*" Percival first of all gallantly raised his hat, just as the French do—inadvertently raising two other hats wedged close to him—and then brought all his French to bear. After a while I was called in as a reinforcement, and we at last gathered, from her inquiries about the next station, that the young lady didn't know her way about the Paris Underground very well. We produced maps and set to work. Then we produced dictionaries and asked her to repeat words. She got terribly excited about it all. These French people never can keep calm, even in the most ordinary conversation. It took some time and we passed several stations while trying to find out where she wanted to go, but we were determined not to give up helping her. Always the politeness! We ultimately discovered that we had passed her station ten minutes ago. It transpired that she had merely been asking Percival if he would stand aside as she was getting out at the next station.

I noticed that she appeared a little hurt about something or other. She was still talking about it when she got out, but we didn't answer much. To begin with, lots of her words didn't sound as if they were in any ordinary dictionary. I merely said "Sorry" in English and Percival raised some more hats in French.

The Paris Underground is certainly a very thorough system. Percival and I used it a lot at first. Anyone who has seen the Paris street-traffic at work will know why. Occasionally a terrified mob of pedestrians manages to pour across, while a frightened *gendarme* with a white baton heroically stems the tide for a few moments before he lets the baton fall and leaps for safety himself; but more often the sporting instincts of the Parisian taxi-driver are too strong. The thought of his quarry getting away scot-free is too much for him and he does not wait for the official unleashing.

In our search for a solution of the traffic problem Percival and I never crossed the street at all the first day. We fed, ate and slept "on the block," as the Americans say. The second day we called at the Morgue and left our names, addresses and descriptions. Percival spread himself over his personal description, but I simply called myself (in French) "the body of a well-dressed man." The third day we crossed the road three times, not because we wanted to, but because we found a place where we could do so in comparative safety and it seemed a pity to waste it. The fourth day we worked out on the map how we could cross by taking the Underground, but that used up most of the day.

Now, however, we have solved our problem. We take taxis everywhere. It is far best, but we find it rather slow, because these infernal pedestrians will *not* get out of the light. A. A.

"Will finder of Suitcase in No. 13 'bus on Fri. return papers therein to ——, as same are of no value to him?"—*Daily Paper.*

Then why worry?

From a City article:—

"Incentive for extensive peculative operations is lacking at the moment in practically all sections of the house, though the mining market occasionally provides a few attractive features."—*Scots Paper.*

An apology seems due to the dealers in mines.

LAYS OF LEARNING.

I.—CO-EDUCATION.

Elizabeth, I sometimes wonder whether,
If you and I had been at school together
And you had watched my feeble start in life,
You ever would have come to be my wife.

Supposing at the kindergarten stage
You had been very forward for your age
And known your tables up to six times six
When I was counting still by means of bricks?

At our preparatory school, again,
You might have looked upon me with disdain
Because you did your French translation well,
While I could neither read nor write nor spell.

You might have been the captain of the games
And I the muff; you might have called me names
Because I let the goal or dropped the catch
Which caused the other side to win the match.

Later, at some extremely public school
You might have been the scholar, I the fool,
Baffled by VIRGIL while you tittering sat
At the next desk and knew the lesson pat.

Lastly, at Oxford University
You might have got a very high degree—
A double-first perhaps—while I, the clown,
Ploughed in a pass-school, might have been sent down.

Were this our past, it 's difficult to see
How in the world you could have wanted me;
And yet you might have done; women are queer;
But then should I have wanted you, my dear? G. B.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Chipping Campden, in the Cotswo'ds . . . is believed by some to have supplied in its main street the model for 'the High' at Oxford. Campden means 'to buy.'"
Daily Paper.

Just as Chipping means "to sell."

"Industries . . . have distributed profits . . . out of all proportion to the profits available."
Daily Paper.

Very clever of them.

"Only about half the world's population is clothed according to civilised standards. Most of the 'other half' are partially clothed."
Weekly Paper.

So are the "better halves" of most of the "civilised," too.



"THE Germans are the guys I dote on,"
Says Mr. Houghton (sounded Hōton;
Yes, that is how—or rather ho—
He calls himself; so now you know).

For in his previous situation
He got to like that "enemy nation,"
Was conquered by their Teuton tact
And doesn't care who knows the fact.

But he 's of Anglo-Saxon stuff,
And, if we treat him well enough,
Perhaps he 'll come—I hope he will—
To like us even better still.

Bernard Partridge.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

IV.—H.E. THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.



Panel-Doctor. "WELL, WHAT 'S THE MATTER?"
Taxi-Driver. "FEELIN' A BIT GROGGY ABAHT THE CHASSIS, DOCTOR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MY main objection, structural and material, to Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER'S new Life of BYRON is that adduced by ST. AUGUSTINE to his mother's method of conducting her conversion. She got clear of Babylon in the end, he says, but she "dallied full long on the outskirts." The outskirts on which Mr. DRINKWATER dallies, to the extent of about seventy preliminary pages, are what he calls "engaging" inquiries into BYRON'S relations with his wife and his half-sister, AUGUSTA; inquiries reinstituted on no new evidence, to no particular issue and cropping up again in their chronological place in the subsequent life. This from a poet and critic of Mr. DRINKWATER'S eminence is, I feel, too bad. Even if the AUGUSTA episode were of the pivotal importance he assigns to it (and this is difficult to maintain, seeing that BYRON'S career from the age of nine to a year or so before his death was continually deflected by love affairs), it is a dead waste of Mr. DRINKWATER'S best gifts for him to deal with it at length. Neither his facts nor his conjectures are happily sifted or impressively marshalled, and his tenderness for moral cripples continually impairs his ethical judgment. But though I take *The Pilgrim of Eternity* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) to have been a mistaken adventure as regards its main purpose—which is to re-create the whole BYRON more or less as Mr. NICOLSON re-created the BYRON of *The Last Journey*—I am profoundly Mr. DRINKWATER'S debtor for the justice of its literary criticism. It praises BYRON'S "qualities of gusto and perfectly-timed mobility." It maintains that "his poetry, great or not, is durably entertaining . . . his letters . . . no less so." Such passages as these, only there are not enough of them, do BYRON'S reputation genuine service. The book also boasts a characteristic gallery of portraits; and extracts, one at least extremely interesting, from the unpublished journal of CLARE CLAIRMONT.

When a young novelist reopens the vein of a previous success in a subsequent volume, the main affair of the critic is, it seems to me, to pronounce whether the new book is a distilled or a diluted version of the old one. Now in *The Love Rack* (HEINEMANN) Mr. CECIL ROBERTS has adopted the matter and spirit of *Sails of Sunset* to a degree that makes some such criterion inevitable; and I am bound to admit that, entertaining and graceful as it is in itself, I found the later story the weaker of the two. Substitute for an atmosphere of Venetian lagoons, and the relations between a normal Englishman and a slightly sublimated Chioggian girl, the air of a Rapallo villa and the fortunes of a violinist of genius in love with the legitimate daughter of the man who was, illegitimately, the violinist's own father—make, I say, this unpromising exchange and treat the less racy theme with a more diffuse sentimentality, and you have a result which may perhaps appeal to a larger public but will inevitably slacken the interest of a more discerning one. Personally I am not going to let myself be alienated. There are several passages of sound workmanship to be found in Mr. ROBERTS' most easy-going chapters, and by no means the whole of his book (though too much of it for my taste) is devoted to modes, menus and melo-

drama. Twice his somewhat unsubstantial hero, *Guy Fauvette*, almost blossoms into character: on meeting a fellow-violinist on the London streets, and on learning that his suit for *Sir John Cheyn's* daughter *Clare* (a very spirited and gallant little study) must inevitably cease. "*Madame Fauvette*," who, like *Caleb Plummer*, has deceived her child from the cradle to break his heart at last, is almost as well made up for the part as if Mr. ROBERT HICHENS had had the handling of the hare's-foot. But I feel she is hardly equal to the strain imposed upon her.

Prime donne, so BERLIOZ declared, are monsters; but he admitted that they were sometimes very attractive monsters, and records the shocking pun which he inscribed in PATTI'S album—*oportet pati*. Dame NELLIE MELBA'S vivacious chronicle, *Melodies and Memories* (BUTTERWORTH), reveals a type wholly different from the singers so amusingly depicted in MAPLESON'S *Memoirs*, compact of caprices, absurdities and jealousies, and calling for the patience of a JOB and the diplomacy of a METTERNICH on the part of their *impresarios*. The difference is due in great part to her Scots parentage and her open-air upbringing. She is an Australian and, like *Mr. Verdant Green* in another context, "prou' title," though quite capable of severely criticising dwellers in the Dominions for their provincialism and their allegiance to another Dame—Dame Rumour. But she is also distinguished from some Queens of Song by other qualities. She gratefully records her indebtedness to her teachers, early patrons and friends however humble. She has not been intoxicated by success and is quite conscious of her limitations. What I like best of all in this book is her frank avowal that she failed disastrously in the *rôle* of *Brünnhilde* "because the music was too much for me." But she has had many consolations, notably the tributes to her musicianship and voice from VERDI and GOUNOD, RUBINSTEIN, JOACHIM, NIKISCH and PADEREWSKI. There are many good and even striking stories of Kings and Kaisers; of CECIL RHODES and Lord NORTHCLIFFE and Lord KITCHENER; of the munificence and meanness of millionaires, the greediness of tenors, and the origin of *pêche Melba*.

Little Devil Doubt is the title which Mr. OLIVER ONIONS gave to one of his earlier novels, and it would have fitted very aptly the story which is in fact called *The Spite of Heaven* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). For it was that same little devil, growing, as time went on, into a full-sized demon, which spoiled the life of *Courtney Ardriss*, a great though financially unsuccessful novelist. What was there between his lovely wife and the Italian *Rossi*, with his wideawake and his cloak and his "little cheekpieces of dark whisker"? There was certainly room for doubt. For long *Ardriss* gave both *Rossi* and his wife the benefit of it, but he disliked the Italian, who was as arrogant a foreigner as ever crossed the Channel; and, being human, he could not but resent the brilliant career as Society miniaturist into which, under *Rossi's* masterly stage management, he saw his wife launched, while he sat biting an unproductive pen. Rightly or wrongly (and we know, though *Ardriss* did not, that it was wrongly) he believed that *Myra* wanted her freedom. Hence his ostentatious attentions to *Mrs. Eustace*, a lady with an ambiguous past and a complicated present. That was a game of which *Ardriss* soon tired; but it was through *Nesta Eustace*, the beautiful and pathetic tool of necessity, that *Ted Rodney*, the other novelist to whom Mr. ONIONS has entrusted the telling of the tale, became most deeply implicated in the events he has recorded. Thus we get, not the usual triangle but a pentagon, which is a mystic figure;



Kindly old Soul. "LOST YOUR MOTHER, HAVE YOU? WHY DIDN'T YOU HANG ON TO HER SKIRTS?"

Small Boy. "I COULDN'T REACH 'EM."

and if there is no mysticism in *The Spite of Heaven* there is at least mystery—a twilight atmosphere. For *Rodney* also saw the situation through the haze of doubt, and could only present it as he saw it; so that all these people seem to move like puppets on a dimly-lighted stage, attached to the wires of Destiny. Yet they are real enough, for Mr. OLIVER ONIONS knows his craft; and if his story is far-fetched he has brought it home intact.

Germany having failed to produce a BONAPARTE in the hour of her attempt to dominate the earth, lovers of the heavy hand still turn to the great Corsican as the model of the "strong man armed," and any genuine addition to the abundant literature of the First Empire is always sure of a welcome. Under the title *The First Napoleon* (CONSTABLE) the Earl of KERRY makes public much new material that he has unearthed from among the previously undisturbed MSS. of the Bowood library. In his book a French ancestor of the LANSDOWNE family, Comte CHARLES DE FLAHAULT, emerges as a striking central figure, amazingly like the conventional English notion of the French nobleman, brilliant, supple, over-fascinating; while many other characters of historic interest, QUEEN HORTENSE, for instance, and the EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, speak again from these recovered documents. But their chief importance is in connection with NAPOLEON himself, for FLAHAULT was aide-de-camp to the Emperor in his later campaigns, and enough of a trusted friend for NAPOLEON, occasionally at least, to write or speak to him with surprising frankness. Contemporary notes of conversations, as well as letters, are here reproduced, and are coupled together with such admirable editorial links that even those of us who can hardly claim to be of the well-informed circle of the faithful may still follow the story and place this new evidence in its proper setting. If it can hardly be said that the volume definitely throws new light on NAPOLEON's character, much less that it either explains him or explains him away, yet it is most surely touched with the fascination, holy or unholy, of a personality whose spell is perhaps in some ways as potent to-day as ever it was.



Modern Girl (living up to her Russian boots). "TWO SMALL VODKAS, COMRADE."

Rose Buddock "hits her foot against a splinter,"
Like *Clementine*, and falls into the "brine";
But *Lewis Craik* retrieves her; he's a lithographic printer
From Town (but Art's his more ambitious line);
He carries *Rose*, unconscious, to her ponderous parents' pub,
Which they own, and make him partner in, because, his pluck to crown,
Lewis gets engaged to *Rosie*; but, ah, now comes in the rub,
Lewis wants to be a painter and get back to London Town.

But *Rose's* heavy sire won't hear of Chelsea
Or of shocking places known as studios;
To "smoky evil Lunnon" *Lewis* mustn't go, or else he,
Mr. Buddock, will deprive him of his *Rose*;
But Art is more than *Buddock*, so they fly to Chelsea's slums
And wed and laugh and suffer and grow perilously lean;
But *Buddock* quite forgives 'em when the little stranger comes,
And they move from "evil Lunnon" out to virtuous Golder's Green.

This book—its title's *Buddock Against London*
(JAN GORDON's author; BLACKWOODS publish it)—
Is quite a pretty story and I wouldn't wish it undone,
For I've read it with enjoyment, every bit;
If the studio "rags" are adequate I don't pretend to know,
For I've never been in studios when "rags" were running rife;
But, since they seem respectable and tolerably slow,
Let us hope JAN GORDON's got 'em in these pages to the life.

Kit Kernahan, in his time a law-breaker, had settled down to dull respectability when he visited Nagasaki and was cajoled and bribed to assist in the stealing of an idol. If I had ever entertained any doubts about the dangers of this form of enterprise they would have been banished by *The House of Crimson Shadows* (HUTCHINSON). *Kit* did not actually commit the theft, but in the course of receiving the stolen article from a professional robber he met a girl whose forlornness appealed so searchingly to him that he added her to the bag on his own account. And thereby he mightily offended another woman who had most inconveniently fallen in love with him. Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE is lavish in providing us with a maze of complications, and, although he makes his way skilfully through it, I felt sympathy with one of *Kit's* confederates when he said, "The funny thing about this expedition is the fact that it's been running on three lines." Mr. STACPOOLE, however, allows no impediment, human or other, to stand in his way. I have not counted up the exact number of obstructive people who meet with sudden and violent death in this sensational story, but I can warrant that not one of them was any loss to the world.

I am far from disputing the power and the skill which Miss I. A. R. WYLIE brings to the making of *Black Harvest* (CASSELL). But I am bound to add that its subject considerably modified my pleasure in reading it. At the outset a German town is being occupied by the French. Among the Colonial troops, at whose head the General makes his entry, is *B'zook*, a child of nature, harmless enough in his sober senses but capable of anything under the influence of drink or lust. The child born to him by a German woman—not very rigid in her morals, but here the victim of violence—is fathered by a man of her own race who marries her before its birth. In the course of years the mother becomes a religious maniac and revels in the belief that her child (for all its taint of black blood) is to be the Divine Deliverer of the German race. The story is told with much feeling and force, but I found its theme a little too painful.

CHARIVARIA.

IF and when an agreement is reached on the Irish Boundary question, the Commission might have a try at a similar and not less difficult problem—that of the feminine waist-line.

* * *

The very latest thing needed is a transparent leather so that ladies can wear Russian boots and still expose a good deal of leg.

* * *

In spite of the censorship it appears that babies are still being born without clothes in Birmingham.

* * *

Captain BENTLEY now claims to be the first inventor of the tanks. The subaltern who originated the idea of overdrafts at Cox's still wishes to remain anonymous.

* * *

An Essex rector has picked four pounds of ripe raspberries in his garden. It was far the best thing to do with them.

* * *

The Oxford and Cambridge chess match and dinner, it is announced, will take place in March. Already we hear that a Dark Blue Bishop has been showing remarkable form in practice games.

* * *

Mr. RUDOLPH VALENTINO, we read, arrived in England for a ten days' visit in a grey suède overcoat with fur collar and cuffs. We shall just go on as if he hadn't.

* * *

Mr. VALENTINO has been good enough to say that he is pleased with London. We have always felt that, given time, the Metropolis would be a success.

* * *

The American Government are introducing what they call "nuisance taxes." We have never heard of any other kind.

* * *

A man who used a penknife to break into a City office the other night has been arrested. Serve him right. He should have known that the proper thing to use for that purpose was a jemmy.

* * *

If it is true that a nation gets the Government it deserves, the French seem to be a very deserving lot.

* * *

We have been reminded that too much fun is being poked at the saxophone. Perhaps that is so. After all the saxophone is no joke.

It has been reported that a fourpenny cigar on sale in Berlin has been named after Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. We hear that Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES contemplates a further volume proving that it was the other way round.

* * *

The exposure by the police of the French fasting man named GALLONI shows that for several days he had nothing to eat but food.

* * *

A French Court has decided that a girl can have her hair bobbed without consulting her father. The general principle involved in this finding has long been accepted in our own country.

* * *

"Girls will be girls," we are told. Yes, but when?

* * *

A writer says that the art of photography has done much to bring the nations together. On the other hand the bringing of the nations together at peace conferences has also done a great deal for photography.

* * *

Five hundred pounds' worth of evening frocks recently disappeared from a shop and left no trace. One theory is that a moth was giving a luncheon-party.



Perfectly innocent Artist. "COULD YOU DIRECT ME TO THE EPSTEIN MONUMENT? I WANT TO PAINT IT."

Since the Swiss Navy has fought a battle with pirates at Geneva there is talk of their producing a sea-chanty with a chorus of "Yodel-ho!"

* * *

When a charge of theft was withdrawn against a man at Bournemouth he kissed a policeman and then fainted. Perhaps he'll think twice next time.

* * *

An Australian bowler's admission that he uses resin on his hand has given rise to controversy in cricket circles. In view of next year's Test Matches it is hoped that careful consideration will also be given to the question of the propriety of English fieldsmen putting butter on their fingers.

* * *

Somebody has written a history of the Welsh language. This is the sort of history that doesn't repeat itself if it can help it.

* * *

Sir A. CONAN DOYLE points out that even an oyster has a soul. It should of course be carefully removed when the oyster is opened.

* * *

The Honorary Secretary of the Rabbit Committee of the British Fur Society points out that breeders are now able to produce rabbits of almost any colour except green. It is hoped however that by judicious crossing of blues and yellows the landscape gardener's ideal of a rabbit to match the grass will ultimately be achieved.

* * *

The stage illusion, in *The Ghost Train*, of the noise and lights of a train that doesn't exist has proved so successful that there is some talk of dramatising *Bradshaw*.

* * *

A gossip writer remarks that Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR seems to have had his top-hat ironed. It is whispered too that he is arranging to have his halo pressed.

* * *

American citizens have been forbidden to enlist for military service against the Riffs. This step deprives us of a ready answer to the question, "Who's winning the Riff War?"

* * *

Rum is being allowed to enter the United States as an ingredient of plum-puddings. We can only say that if the Prohibitionist authorities expect people to be deterred by the other ingredients they greatly miscalculate the lengths to which human nature will go.

INSULARS ABROAD.

II.—THE FALLING OF THE FRANC.

Percival and I have visited the "Bourse" and listened to the franc falling. In fact you can hear it quite three streets away. We didn't know what it was at first and hurried on with blanched faces, thinking that it might be the world-wide Social Revolution which our Mr. Cook (not THOMAS) keeps on promising. But the people seemed unconcerned, and we could see no capitalists hanging from the lamp-posts.

Then we came in sight of a big building in the Roman style with pillars and steps. On the steps and under the porticoes was a seething mass of demented humanity. It had once been quite respectable humanity too, for I noticed fragments of stiff collars and black coats on the outskirts. Every few seconds some portions of the mass would be shot off like asteroids, only to plunge shrieking once more into the vortex. Percival went quite pale, and I hurried him to a *café* opposite. We sank into two chairs and called for two cognacs. After which Percival, looking at the pictures in his guide-book, said the building was the Chambre des Députés.

The waiter however said No, the Chambre des Députés was noisy; this was the Bourse. When Percival said didn't he notice the noise here, he asked what noise; and on being pressed admitted he had observed some sort of a hum in the air, but that it was the same most days.

"Let 's go and have a look close up, old man," shouted Percival above the clamour; "might be interesting."

It was. We asked a fellow at the foot of the steps, just below where the jetsam was being cast up, if the *entrée* was free. He said that it was—in the same pitying sort of way that Ulysses would have used if one of the crew had inquired whether Charybdis was "free."

We buttoned up our coats and moved forward.

Halfway up, the clamouring ebb and flow surrounded us, and Percival disappeared. I heard the poor fellow cry out twice, but mercifully it was soon over. Then someone said "*Pardon!*" and hit me a severe blow in the small of the back which bunted me up four steps at once. I turned to remonstrate, but he had passed on, and before I could turn round again I was caught in the stream and swept up towards the top. Everyone who could spare a moment from shouting yelled at me to keep to the right if I were going out. I was then, I may add, being carried backwards at a steady eight kilometres an hour, with both feet off the ground.

At the top the going was more level and my speed was increased to twelve kilometres. The noise under the portico was terrific and I felt my ear-drums sagging badly. Somewhere behind a pillar I got into an eddy, in which I circulated rapidly for a moment or two.

Then an enormous man yelled "*Pardon!*" and grasping my hat hurled it from him into the vortex. He thought I was inside it, but I had just slipped out in time. Shrieking his fury at this, he struggled to come at me again. I could see my hour was at hand. Already his fist was lifted; already he had shouted "*Mille pardons!*" when a door or a wall or something gave way behind me, and with part of my eddy I was sucked into the main stream inside the building. My speed was raised again to twelve kilometres, at which rate I was swept twice round the Bourse.

I distinctly remember touching bottom twice. The second time was when a man yelled "*Pardon!*" and hit me on the top of the head, momentarily sinking me. Then I saw a door where I hoped I should get into a cross-current, but a small messenger-boy screamed "*Pardon!*" and torpedoed me below the water-line.

I was swept round the Bourse again. A fine building, and I was glad to have this opportunity of studying it. Halfway round the fourth time I sailed in front of a blackboard just as a frantic official was rapidly chalking up quotations. I disorganised him a bit by thus appearing in his midst, and he inadvertently entered up a couple of markings on my back before I was carried off to another part of the hall, where I became for a while the centre of interest. Several people did some good deals on my latest quotation.

As I was starting on my fifth circuit I realised that unless I made an effort I should never get out. So, having selected a small boy who was holding on to a doorpost, I said "*Pardon!*" and hit him under the ear. Then I took his doorpost. I had barely come to anchor for the first time when another man grabbed at my post, and we fought for some while, raining blows and "*Pardons*" on each other. But I had now got my feet firmly braced on a corpse or something and held out till the door opened and a tributary began to sweep out.

I saw my chance. I seized a large man by the seat of his trousers and was rapidly towed out to safety. Just in time too. As we reached the steps his braces burst.

Half-an-hour later I was waiting at the edge of the mælstrom for Percival. His hat was at last washed up and I began to think I should have to stay till the place closed and the *concierge* swept out the bodies for identification, but another wave landed him at my very feet. He was in rags. I wrapped him in my coat and hurried him off.

He at least won't go near the place again, because a big man inside asked him for what Percival thought was the correct time, and on his reply bought two hundred of something or other off him at the price of "*onze heures vingt-cinq.*"

If ever we have to go into business we shall sell matches. It is safer and more dignified. A. A.

LINES TO A NEW STAR.

(*With apologies to the shade of* EDWARD LEAR.)

[Miss VILMA BANKY, a new film heroine, is appearing at the Marble Arch Pavilion with RUDOLPH VALENTINO in a play entitled *The Eagle*.]

How pleasant to know VILMA BANKY,
The star with the wonderful name!
(Whether Czecho-Slovakian or Yankee
To me is exactly the same).

She is tallish, but not the least lanky;
Her figure is gracefully slim;
She is dignified rather than swanky;
She owns a pet ostrich named Tim.

Her temper is sweet and not cranky;
She banks or she bankies with COUTTS;
She believes in the force of 'Ανάγκη,
But *not* in the new Russian boots.

The hymn tunes of MOODY and SANKEY
In private she sings with success;
The *rôle* of the good *Widow Twanky*
She thinks is inferior to *Tess*.

She doesn't know GEORGE LLOYD from
"FRANKIE"
Or WAKEFIELD from HAMILTON-WICKES;
But she 's not in the least charabanky;
Her favourite statesman is "JICKS."

Her methods are *not* hanky-panky,
Though brimming with verve and with pep;
She never says "blinking" or "blanky"
When speaking of EINSTEIN or EP.

And so when I 'm feeling skrim-shanky
I mean in the future to march
To *The Eagle* and see VILMA BANKY,
The keystone and crown of "The Arch."

And, though she may never say
"Thankee,"
If ever she passes my way
I 'll flutter my very best hanky
And loose off my loudest "Hooray."

"Face Lifting Restores the lost contour of the face and removes all marks of age or ill-health."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Besides imparting, of course, that exalted expression.



THE OPPORTUNIST.

SMALL LIBERAL PARTY. "I'M FEELING A LITTLE FAINT. I COULD DO WITH SOME JAM."

NURSE LLOYD GEORGE (*seizing the occasion*). "YOU SHALL HAVE SOME JAM; BUT YOU MUST TAKE THIS MEDICINE FIRST."



"UGH! IF I COULD CATCH THE LITTLE BRUTE THAT THREW THAT SNOWBALL I—I'D WRING HIS NECK!"
"WHY? DON'T YOU LIKE SNOW?"

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

HANDS are being worn a good deal just now. Gesture in conversation is the idea. Most of the beauty-parlours now have a gesture-mistress attached, and people simply crowd there at ever-so-much a lesson. Hands have come into their own, and it 's more important that they should be slender and pretty than it ever was.

Of course gesture comes easily to anyone *de notre monde*, and the hands are used *comme il faut* almost from the first lesson. But there are others. Our champion climber, Mrs. Tinkeur-Tinkeur (otherwise Tinker), and her daughter, Miss Mabella Tinkeur-Tinkeur, have been industriously taking lessons from the great Mélanie at the Toujours Belle Parlour; but poor Mrs. T.-T. seems to have learnt only one gesture, which she produces in season and out of season. Done by Mélanie, this gesture, a slight shrug with the palms of the hands thrown outward, is perfectly sweet and is of course used for doubt, perplexity, slight disapproval—anything of that kind. Well, the other afternoon, at a tea-dance at the Gilded Galleries, that wunnerfully clever boy, Simon Best-Sellar, was chatting with Mrs. Tinkeur-Tinkeur, and she happened to say she 'd just read his last novel (and terribly brilliant it is!), *Morals of the Moment*.

"Hope you liked it," said Simon.

Out came the shrug and the palms thrown outward.

"What!" cried Simon angrily, for the dear clever boy doesn't like criticism and simply won't stand disapproval. "You don't like it? What 's the matter with it? D' you belong to the gang of disapprovers?"

"No, no," cried Mrs. Tinkeur-Tinkeur in distress; "I don't belong to a gang of disapprovers. *Nothing* 's the matter with it. I simply *love* it!"

Her daughter, who was near by, was overheard to say to her *tout bas*, "You used the wrong gesture, Ma. Where 's your book of directions?"

Later in the afternoon Mrs. Tinkeur-Tinkeur encountered the rival climber, Mrs. Smith-Green-Jones.

"That a Fragolet gown?" queried the latter, and was answered with the shrug and the palms.

"Oh, you mean you don't know whether it is or not?" said Mrs. S.-G.-J.

"Of *course* I know. It 's a Fragolet gown."

"Well, then, my dear Mrs. Tinkeur-Tinkeur, you must excuse me for saying that the shrug and the palms should *not* have been used in answer to my question."

"Excuse *me*, Mrs. Smith-Green-Jones," retorted the other; "I think I ought to know my gestures by this time. I've had twelve lessons from Mélanie."

"And *I* 've had twenty-four," countered the rival climber triumphantly.

Many of us use our hands beautifully in conversing, with hardly any coaching. After myself I think Marion Arkwright is the best. Brilliant as her conversation is, to watch her doing the new hand-play while conversing almost takes off one's attention from what she 's saying. She 's introduced an

original feature by making a speciality of her *little* fingers, which are peculiarly slender and sprite-like, and when she lets loose one of those flashing epigrams for which she 's famous she gives it point and pep with those magical little fingers.

Talking of epigrams, now that the spine is so much displayed in the evening, people are having all sorts of things stencilled on their bare backs. The Jolly Juveniles go in for home-made nonsense-verses and limericks and for having their backs signed by famous people, but it 's best of all to beg, borrow, steal, or (if you can) *make* epigrams for your evening back. At a first night lately Marion Arkwright was in the stalls and when she slipped down her evening wrap and her back was seen to be adorned with epigrams (all original and signed with her initials) the people in her neighbourhood lost all interest in the stage and were standing up and leaning over to read Marion's back, while those in the circles were trying to do the same with opera-glasses. The Star of the evening twinkled in vain, for people were so obsessed with Marion's back-chat that they waited impatiently through the Acts for the lights to go up again.

My cousin, Sarah Delamont, is one of those who 've started bureaus for giving lessons in Individuality and Personality to girls of colourless uninteresting character. I warned Sarah from the first that she 'd better let dull alone, and that to try to make a bright confident girl out of a bromide might bring trouble; and, though she 's had some successes, the case of Lobelia Lydgarde justifies my warning. Lobelia was what people call a "tombstone," and, as Chatterton Soames once said of her, "a tombstone without even an epitaph on it." Dull heavy hands in lap, with nothing to say and saying it on all occasions. But after a course of Individuality and Personality lessons her complexes began to assert themselves and she trained on into something quite alarming. She began to talk and went on talking. She gave her opinion on all sorts of subjects, butted into conversations, and one evening when I was dining there contradicted her father flatly in front of everybody.

I could see Sir John was in a towering rage, and later I heard him say to his wife, aside, "What 's the matter with the girl? She used to be a quiet mouse, and now——"

"Oh, dear John, I 'm so sorry," said poor Laura Lydgarde. "I thought she was too quiet and sent her to have some of this new Personality training, and she 's got quite beyond me. But never mind, dear, I 'll send her to Margaret Mallardyne at Little Hedgebury. She 's very successful with forward unmanageable girls. Her husband, the rector, takes backward and delicate boys, and with the backward boys and the forward girls they make a very good thing of it. Lobelia shall go there, and we shall have our quiet mouse back again."



Kind old Lady (to harassed Bus-conductor). "AND HOW DO YOU ENJOY NOT BEING?"

Quite the nicest engagement of the Little Season was Lord Sideshire and Rosebud Rushington's. Sideshire, commonly called Loppy, because Teddy Foljambe once likened him to a lop-eared rabbit, is an excellent match and quite a dear. He 's an indoors man, doesn't care for sport or games, has quiet intellectual tastes and has read several books. He 's also an amazingly beautiful knitter. Extremes met truly when he fell in love with our dear non-stop Rosebud! The marriage is fixed for Tuesday, and on Monday there 's to be an afternoon party to look at the presents.

* * * * *

Later.—Went to the wedding-present party. It was in the ball-room, the presents set out on tables down the centre. Everybody seemed to be there. Lady Rushington and her elder daughter, Lady St. Adrian, were in evidence, but not Rosebud—at first. I thought *my* present, one of the new double vanity-cases given now to young couples, with beauty gadgets for *him* as well as for her, wasn't sufficiently honoured; it was close to three woollen mats made by an old nurse. The League of Jolly Juveniles, of which Rosebud is a leader, sent her a combined smoking-and-spirit-stand, and sent Sideshire an ivory-and-silver knitting-tatting-and-crochet-box. The Tinkeur-Tinkeur

people sent an *absurdly* handsome diamond pendant. In the middle of the afternoon Rosebud blew in, in motor kit and overflowing spirits. She chattered so much and laughed so over the presents that her mother said more than once, with mild reproof, "Rosebud, dear child!"

"I can't help laughing, little woman," said Rosebud; "a wedding-present binge is such jolly good fun, especially this one."

I stayed rather later than the rest. Rosebud was still laughing. She picked up the three woollen mats. "Dear old nursey!" she said. "Well, I may keep *these*, at any rate. Oh, my garters! 'Fraid I shan't survive this joke. All those people chattering and munching and sipping and wishing me joy, and all these presents for me and Sideshire, and bishops getting up the scaffolding to marry us to-morrow, and to think that I——"

"That you what?" asked her sister.

"That I was married to Teddy Foljambe this morning at the registrar's!!" . . .

"Have you *really* done this?" gasped poor Kate Rushington, white and tragic; "with no consideration for your parents and your sister, the wife of a rising public man!"

"Dear little woman," answered Rosebud, "the Girl of the Moment, the Now Girl, is neither daughter nor sister. She is solely, absolutely Herself, and must do what seemeth good in her own eyes." And then she began to laugh again. Well, *really!*

The Viceroy-Designate—As Others See Him.

"Mr. Wood is a member of the present British Government, but he would seem to owe this honour to his birth and possessions, and a certain amount of medicine plodding, more than to anything else."—*Native Paper.*

"Mr. Wood has taken a life-long interest in agricultural matters and no fat stock show in North England was complete without him."
Anglo-Indian Paper.

Those who are acquainted with Mr. WOOD'S elegant figure will be curious to know upon what medicine "doth this our Cæsar feed that he is grown so great."

"Louis XV. had been taught by Mme. Pompadour to say, 'après moi, la déluge.'"
Weekly Paper.

She ought to have known better.

THE GORGON'S HEAD.

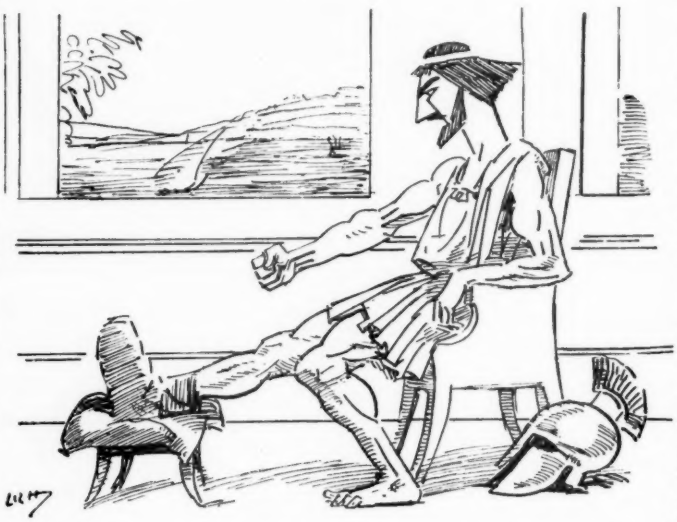
I AM more than a little alarmed.

Is there anything that a wide audience or a large circle of readers is supposed to know on its own account in these degenerate days?

I ask because, in a newspaper paragraph about a flower-show, where a chrysanthemum was exhibited under the name, I fancy, of *Medusa cirrhopetalum*, the explanation was added, "Medusa was a mythical character, with long hair."

She was.

Ulysses was a mythical character who went on a long voyage and then came back to his wife. Achilles was a mythical character who had something the matter with one of his feet. The Cyclops was a mythical character who had a sore eye. Hercules was a mythical character who did a lot of work. Helen was a mythical character who ran away from her husband. These things cannot be honestly denied. Nevertheless they seem to me to err on the side of understatement. They do not explain the whole psychology of the characters concerned. They do not unfold the full flower of the poetical legends in which their names are enshrined. They give the reader a fragmentary, almost a teasing, glimpse of the mythology of ancient Greece. One feels that either more might have been said, or less. And so with Medusa She was a mythical character with long hair. Quite true; she neither shingled, bobbed nor cropped. And yet all the same——



"ACHILLES WAS A MYTHICAL CHARACTER WHO HAD SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH ONE OF HIS FEET."

It is not that I fail to understand the position of the journalist who wrote those pleasant words. Himself he knew all about Medusa. But he felt instinctively that a very large number, perhaps the majority, of his readers would not. They would remark to each other, "Medusa? Who on earth was Medusa? Never heard of the girl."

He had, on the other hand, neither the space nor the appetite for pedantry, which would have caused him to write a short account of the adventure of Perseus with the Gorgons and the cutting off of Medusa's head. So he did his duty manfully by the public, as a man is bound to do. But was he right or was he wrong in thinking that most of his readers had never heard of Medusa? More perhaps hangs on the question than may appear at first sight.

I put aside the point that Greek is being less and less read at our public schools, though as a matter of fact I was told a week or two ago that Greek was ever so slightly on the up-grade again. I put aside the fact that young ladies are no longer supposed to have an acquaintance with the expurgated edition of LEMPRIÈRE. I put aside the names of ships in HIS MAJESTY'S Navy. But how are young readers expected to tackle the mythological references peppered throughout the whole of European literature, at any rate since the Renaissance? Is every classical figure in mediæval and modern painting and sculpture supposed to be a quaint mystery to the public at large? Is it possible any longer to read GEORGE MEREDITH? Is it possible to read CHARLES LAMB? Apollo was a mythical character who went about in a coach-and-four. Ariadne was a mythical character who sat on the beach. How curious that the Racing editor of the paper in which I found this paragraph should have the pen-name of "Castor," and that the Paper Pattern editress writes under the pseudonym of "Minerva"!

It seems to me that, if these brief unsatisfying character-sketches are really necessary to enlighten the reader it would be better to cut out the need for such references at all. Why should we keep the names of pagan deities or mythical personages anywhere? It would surely not be impossible to find new and better names, let us say, for

some of the stars. Why should not the Pleiades be called the Gishes, and Orion be re-entitled Doug? Mr. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is a non-mythical character who wears a belt. He needs no rapid explanation from the journalist's busy quill.

I notice in passing that there are still several roads in the suburbs of London bearing the name Endymion Avenue. Who was Endymion, anyway?

But wait a moment.

There is still one old-fashioned body of people, one obscurantist element in the modern world, which harps on the legends of ancient Greece and thrusts mythical personages continually before my eyes. I refer to our Advertisers.

Nurtured on CHARLES KINGSLEY'S *Heroes* and HAWTHORNE'S *Tanglewood Tales*, and living almost entirely in the past, they refuse to let the old fairy stories die. They are saturated with Hellenic mythology.

As, for instance:—

YOU WANT THAT KNIFE-LIKE CREASE?

Over the foamless long-heaving violet sea came the *Argo* with her crew of immortal heroes, captained by Jason, bound on their dangerous quest. Phineus, the ancient seer of Salmydessus, whom the two-winged sons of the North Wind had saved from the clutches of the Harpies, had forewarned them of the dangerous passage between the clashing rocks.

SMARTLY-DRESSED MEN USE THE SYMPLEGADES TROUSER PRESS!

IT IS THE WELL-TAILORED MAN WHO OBTAINS A RISE OF SALARY.

Or this:—

CULTIVATE THE MEMORY!
MAKE THE BRAIN A STOREHOUSE OF INVALUABLE FACTS.

O swallow sister! O fleeting swallow!
My heart in me is a molten ember,
And over my head the waves have met,
But thou wouldst tarry, or I would follow,
Could I forget, or thou remember,
Couldst thou remember and I forget!

Hundreds of busy men in politics, business and the learned professions owe their prominence to the assistance they have received from

THE DAULIAN MEMORY TRAINING SYSTEM.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET CONTAINING PRELIMINARY INSTRUCTIONS TO-DAY.

I don't say that these are actual advertisements. I say that they are typical specimens of advertising in the most up-to-date manner, and they prove that in business circles the belief in the value of Hellenic legend lingers yet. It seems incongruous with the notion that a name like Medusa has to be explained with a tittering apology.



"HERCULES WAS A MYTHICAL CHARACTER WHO DID A LOT OF WORK."



"WHO ON EARTH WAS MEDUSA?"

(By the way, you might pass the Tantalus.) If I could only recall it, I am very nearly certain that I saw the legend of Perseus and the Gorgons set out publicly on a placard a few days ago. Was it to call attention to the advantages of travelling on the Underground? No, that one went like this:—

BUY A COTTAGE AND LIVE IN THE COUNTRY.

Persephone, wandering on the banks of the river that flows through the underworld, came to a pomegranate tree laden with ripe fruit, and, plucking

SEASON TICKETS AT REDUCED FARES.

one, ate it. So the gods decreed that, as she had eaten nothing else in Hades, she should remain there for only a third of the year, but when the blades

LIVE IN DELIGHTFUL SURROUNDINGS.
ONLY HALF-AN-HOUR FROM YOUR WORK.

of grass came up in spring she should leave her dark and terrible lord, the King of the Dead, and return to the sunlight, to visit Demeter again.

GOLF, GARDENS, GARAGES, WHIST DRIVES, FUN, FROLIC AND FRESH AIR.

Oh, yes, I know what the Perseus advertisement was now. It was a picture of

ANDROMEDA BATH SALTS.

Andromeda was dressed in a bright silk wrapper, and Perseus (holding a loofah) was handing her a big bottle with the Gorgon's head upon it, snaky hair and all. I feel happier in my mind. The paragraph writer was too pessimistic. There must be a great deal of life in the myths of Hellas still. EVOE.

The New Game of Roccer.

"The skipper of the University College (London) soccer team, is doing some remarkable place kicking. The other day, against Reading University, he converted nine tries."—*Evening Paper.*

From a list of London plays:—

"THE GOLD OLD DAYS."

Before the days of the Bradbury and the Fisher.

"An omnibus vote of thanks was accorded all who had taken part, including Mrs. —— and Miss ——, who accomplished the singing of the hymns."
Provincial Paper.

No mention is made of the conductor; he would of course be included in the omnibus.

THE RIGHT TO KILL.

A HOLOCAUST IN ONE ACT.

[It has been proposed many times that doctors should in certain special circumstances have the "Right to Kill" (some of them have of course been doing it for years, but not officially). Meanwhile wives, husbands, jealous lovers and others have rushed in where the more pedantic members of the medical profession feared to tread, and have been acquitted by sympathetic juries. All who have impossible relatives to dispose of will readily agree that the idea might well be extended. In the following play the subject is treated in the characteristic fashion of the modern dramatist.]

SCENE.—*An alcove of a ball-room.*

PERIOD 1930.

An inexpressibly bored and smart young couple sit apart. The girl's head is completely shaven except for two tiny wisps of hair projecting from the side of her head to the middle of her cheeks. Her dress is practically transparent. The young man looks like "Uncle John Balliol, 1860" in the family albums.

She (*drawling lovingly*). My swine-hound!

He (*ditto*). Yes, my reptile? How wonderful your hair looks to-night!

She (*crooning*). My cur. (*Then crisply*) Did you note that yet another woman has put her husband out of his misery and the jury have unanimously acquitted her? The idea of exterminating the too-impossible is gaining ground. Your family is intolerable, my pest.

He. Yours is pretty awful, darling.

She (*icily*). The 1930 girl has no use for early-Georgian pleasantries such as "darling." She likes to face facts.

He (*humbly*). Yes, my hell-cat.

[She *fawns upon him.*

She. Would it not be kinder to put our dreadful families out of their misery?

He. It would be kinder.

She. Mother?

He. Never the same since she lost all her young lovers.

She. Father?

He. Talking of how he did the eighteenth hole in one has lost him all his friends. It would be kinder.

She. The others?

He. What about Janet?

She. In love always with seven men at once—there can be no real happiness for her.

He. Uncle George? Aunt Mary?

She. Neither of them fit to live.

He. Good! Then let us do it.

She (*winding her arms lovingly round him*). Oh, my toad, my toad!

He (*still more lovingly*). My leprous one! How I abhor you!

She. How wonderfully you said that. My sex complex is stirred. [*She shivers.*

He. By the way I suppose we ought to inform the police?

She. Certainly; they might never find out otherwise. Besides, neither of us wants to be bothered with the bodies.

He. Oh, bodies? Yes, I suppose they would have to be removed. (*Looking* OFF) Here is mother. (*Showing stiletto*) Shall I? Or will you?

She. Is it your mother or mine?

He. Mine, I think.

She. Then allow me.

[*The* Mother *comes fluttering in, a dear girl of fifty-five.*

Mother. Mon Dieu! In the arms of another!

He. Mother! Not again already?

Mother. No. He. Another's. Gone to her. They say she is a virgin.

He. Scandal. To you I counsel retirement, chastity and contemplation.

Mother (*giggling*). I'm not so old as that. Every age has its compensations.

She (*to him*). Shall I?

He. Oh, I think so.

[She *shoots the* Mother. *The pistol makes no more noise than a boy's cap-pistol, but it does its work.*

She. Ring the bell, will you? (He *does so.* She *regards the* Mother *gravely.*) After all, she was your mother, you know.

He. I was never sure.

[*Two* Footmen *come in.*

She. Take this away. Inform the police. Say I killed her to put her out of intolerable shame.

[*The* Footmen *carry off the* Mother.

He. Have we done right?

She. I am sure of it. If you will see to Uncle George and your father, I will see to the rest of the family.

He. There are many others at the ball to-night who deserve our attention.

Enter a Profiteer *bemoaning the times.*

She. Who is this? I don't know him.

He. No one does. He is our host.

Profiteer. Oh, oh! You young people don't know what these things cost—orchids glacés—frightful, fifty pounds a mouthful. Bad times now. Bad times. No profits. Prices are too stabilised. It's when prices bound up and down that there are opportunities for men like me with initiative and enterprise.

He (*to her*). Allow me. Shall I?

She. Oh, I think so.

Profiteer (*violently*). What industry needs to-day is bigger and better wars——

[*The* Young Man *slides his stiletto down the* Profiteer's *back.*

He. Ring, will you?

[She *rings. Two* Footmen *come in.*

He. Take this away. Inform the police. Say I killed him in the interests of society. The medal and the illuminated address to be sent here. (*Hands visiting card.*)

[*The* Footmen *remove the body.*

She. I am tired, my emasculate.

He (*kindly*). Put off killing your aunt until to-morrow, then.

She. I will breakfast on a thimbleful of violet tea and see how I feel then. Who are these?

He (*firmly*). These must be attended to to-night. It is either a dramatic author stealing his wit from a High Court Judge, or *vice versâ.*

She. What has the author written?

He. Nothing but a play called "Beastliness" and a few verses on "Putrefaction."

She. Allow me.

He. Wait. The Judge is noted for his witty remarks when a man is on trial for his life.

She. Be generous and let me have both.

He. I should like the Judge, but have it your own way.

She. Many thanks. May I try your stiletto?

He. Certainly. (He *takes her revolver.*)

[*The* Author *and the* Judge *come on nudging each other over their* jeux d'esprit.

Judge. One of the best jokes I ever made was in the Bonnington murder trial—ha! ha! you saw it? Even the prisoner had to laugh, though it told heavily against him.

She. Shall I?

He. Oh, I think so.

[She *pushes the stiletto into the* Judge's *shoulder and he sits down suddenly. The* Author *does not notice anything.*

Author. My new play that I have just finished will take the town by storm. There isn't a single line that isn't delicately suggestive. . . .

[She *stabs him quickly, and the* Young Man *shoots as well, and they go on shooting and stabbing to make sure.*

She. Were we right?

He. We were.

She (*coming over to him*). My chanticleer!

He. My Gorgon's head! I shall always be faithful to you.

She (*looking into his eyes*). That fatal streak in your temperament. It is sad that I shall never be faithful to you. Am I not destined to make you unhappy all your life?

He. Always.

[She *turns from him.* He *raises his pistol and points it at her.* She *turns and sees him.*

She. Allow me. (He *hands it to her.*) Shall I?

He. Oh, I think so.

[She *shoots him.* He *falls untidily.*

She (*gravely*). It is better so. (*She shoots herself.*) And still better so.

CURTAIN. L.



Porter (having found passengers in the wrong part of the train, to Guard). "HOLD 'ARD, BILL—THERE'S A COUPLE O' WRONG-UNS IN 'ERE."

A NEW SPORT FOR TAXPAYERS.

You can say what you like, but I think the Income Tax Commissioners must be rather nice old things.

Last year they told me (on the back of my receipt) whose pearls to buy. I have never been so flattered in my life as at that implication. This year they suggest hotels to stay at (*a*) by the English sea, to recuperate, I suppose, after the awful strain of raising the money, and (*b*) at Monte Carlo, on the off-chance of retrieving it.

What could be kinder or more understanding?

All the same I don't think they have quite made the best of a first-rate idea. A little more enterprise might bring myriads of delinquent citizens rushing to pay their bit.

Now that they are preparing their 1926 campaign I have a scheme to suggest to them which would enormously increase their revenue. Let them take a leaf out of the late Wembley's book and every day of the first week in January and July offer a prize of one hundred pounds to the taxpayer who guesses the correct number of instalments received, last year's figures being given as a guide. All entries to be accompanied by tax due and fee of sixpence for admission to the competition.

All those bright young men of theirs who are so smart at arithmetic could easily check the figures; the department would make an enormous profit out of the sixpences, and paying our income-tax would soon become a popular indoor sport.

"The caligraphy is quite good but the ornithography (in other words the spelling) is simply appalling."—*Irish Paper.*

We are glad to have the explanation of "ornithography," which we took at first to mean "winged words."

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

XVI.—GOD'S OWN TOWNS.

You could almost put England into Sydney Harbour; but you could put the whole population of Australia into London. There dwell in this continent, which is larger than the United States, just under six million people. One-third of these live in the capital cities, and one-sixth of them live in Sydney. In the great bar of the Australia Hotel one hears a good deal about the vast open spaces where men are men; they speak in terms which bring tears to the eyes about the back-blocks and the out-backs, and the *real* Australia. No one, however, shows any signs of going there, with the exception of a few literary men from England. One's host insists on "just one more," makes a pious reference to cattle and sheep and the primary producers and takes you off to the Ambassador's, which is about the most exquisite, merry civilised dancing-place I have seen upon this earth. The real Australia sits in the towns, talking with enthusiasm about God's own country. And, having seen a little of both, I do not propose to blame her.

Charming Sydney—she is like a naughty princess, decked and careless and dancing in a desert! And she is as gay as Paris. She wears a necklace of race-courses, she has a clearer sky than New York, and regiments of beautiful maidens, and she basks in the sun about her bright blue harbour (which is not a harbour at all but a vast piece of ornamental water) thoroughly enjoying herself; and she does not care two hoots about the vast open spaces or the primary producers, the disgraceful girl! In Sydney everybody smiles, and nothing seems to matter much. There is generally a seamen's strike, but the daily race-meeting goes on as usual.

As for Australian hospitality, it beats American; and I can say no more than that. If the Australians give you their hearts (and this they are most ready to do) they also take away your stomach.

They all talk of England as "home"; but I wish I could be sure that when they come home they have as warm a welcome.

So my only complaint occurred when they tore me away from this perfectly good capital to a capital which did not exist. I touch with caution on the delicate question of the capital of Australia, for it is a little argument which has been going on for twenty years and more. At the time of Federation, Sydney, which is the capital of New South Wales, the mother-state, landing-place of Captain COOK and all that, said that the Federal capital should be Sydney. And Melbourne, which is the capital of Victoria (I mention these facts because I know you do not know them)—well, Melbourne, I say, said that the Federal capital should be Melbourne. And it cannot be concealed that neither Sydney nor Melbourne write very long letters home about each other. Their relations are those of a long-married couple who would not separate for the world, but are quite content to live in different parts of the common dwelling. Melbourne says that Sydney is sinful, and Sydney says that Melbourne is asleep; Melbourne says that Sydney is a hell, and Sydney says that Melbourne is a hole. NERO fiddled while Rome was burning, but when Melbourne burns there will be such an orchestra at work in Sydney as never was on sea or land.



"THERE THEY GO AT IT AGAIN. THEY LIVE A DINOSAUR AND BRONTOSAUR EXISTENCE."

However, this difficult marriage of capitals has at last produced, reluctantly, an offspring in the shape of the infant city of Canberra. It was arranged that Victoria should have the temporary capital at Melbourne, while the Government capital was to be built in New South Wales. Melbourne has been the temporary capital for twenty-five years, and Sydney complains that Commonwealth legislation is unduly Victorian. But the Act said that the permanent capital must be at least a hundred miles from Sydney, so that the law-makers will now be kept safe both from Victorianism and sin. This ingenious compromise seems to please nobody very much, except the building-trade, and they simply dote on the whole thing.

Well, they thought of a great many places for the capital. They thought of Armidale, they thought of Bombola, they thought of Orange, and the place called Tumut. The Royal Commission hated them all and recommended Dalgety. The Senate voted for Bombola; the House of Representatives voted for the place called Tumut. So they decided to have the capital at Dalgety, and in 1904 an Act was passed to that effect. And now the infant capital is being born at Canberra. The period of gestation has been perhaps prolonged, as when two monsters, meeting in the primeval jungle after a quarter-of-a-century of restrained affection may have surveyed at last, with small enthusiasm but with more surprise, the advent of a small white elephant of expensive tastes. But if one imagines what Manchester and Liverpool would say to each other if it were proposed to shift the capital of England one wonders at nothing.

Canberra is (or was) a smiling valley, a wide and undulating amphitheatre set high in the hills. There used to be at Canberra four people and one church. There are now an army of builders, joiners and fitters (coining money), half a Parliament House (unfinished), three-quarters of a Government Office (under construction), three hotels, and a hundred-and-one founda-



Visitor. "WHAT A LOVELY OLD FIREPLACE!"
Owner. "YES, GENUINE ELIZABETHAN. HAD IT PUT IN. MUST MOVE WITH THE TIMES, YOU KNOW."

tion stones. And for my part I plump for Sydney every time.

Anyone who has seen the ruins of Carthage will remember what fun it is inspecting buildings which are not there, and it is still more thrilling to be taken over a stately city which never has been there. As we drove down Adelaide Avenue (which is at present a dusty road through an expanse of grass, and has no trees) Mr. Honeybubble, who, when he is seeing sights, is determined to see them even if they are invisible, besought me to use my imagination. And I did so. And it seemed a great shame wantonly to populate this empty valley with civil servants, politicians and Press-men. In the natural course a community develops these complaints when it is full-grown and can stand them, but what must be the character and end of a city which begins with them?

However, I crawled under a ladder, put my foot in some cement and entered the great Parliament House. Æneas, if I remember right, when Dido took him round Carthage, observed the sound of hammers. We heard a noise like a battle. Our guide peered through a forest of beams into a space floored with corrugated iron, in the middle of which a cement-mixer was noisily at work.

"THAT IS THE SENATE!" he shouted.

"VERY FINE!" we replied at the top of our voices.

He took us to look at a crowd of men hard at work in a cloud of dust.

"THE LOWER HOUSE!" he said with a proud gesture.

"MAGNIFICENT!" we responded, coughing.

High up along one wall ran a couple of naked beams. This turned out to be the accommodation for the Press, and we voted it inadequate.

In this way we clambered all over the immense ruin, imagining the Library, the Opposition Recreation-room, the Speaker's Bath-room, and all sorts of splendours. Finally they took us out on to a grand terrace, from which we surveyed with awe and wonder the whole capital of Australia. Our friend pointed to an empty field and said, "That is the National Library." "Remarkable," we said; and so it was, for at that moment there was passing through the National Library a real Australian cow.

"But of course," he continued, "this is only the temporary Parliament House. The permanent Parliament House will be on the hill yonder."

"Temporary!" we gasped.

"For about fifty years."

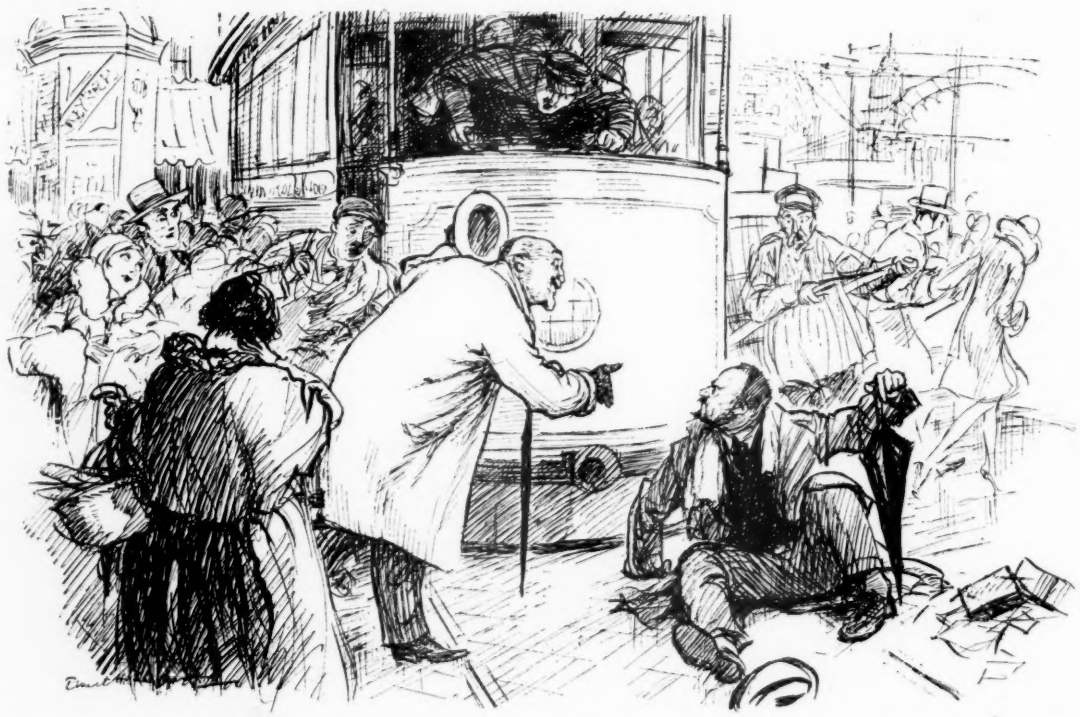
He then took us to the top of a grassy hill and showed us the place where the permanent Parliament House will stand in fifty years' time (if the capital is not shifted again before that). And Mr. Honeybubble here interposed a few remarks concerning the vision and courage of a tiny population of six millions which, having five or six capitals already, could afford to erect a brand-new capital at an estimated cost of a number of billions, with a stately Parliament House which was merely temporary—and, George added naughtily, with a National Debt of about a hundred million pounds and rising steadily.

"Mr. Honeybubble," I said, "you have spilled a bibful. This is indeed a great little nation. And whatever they think of God's own country they are certainly determined to have God's own towns."

A. P. H.

"WEATHER FORECAST:—Cold frost at night."
Scots Paper.

Personally we like our frost best with the chill taken off it.



Genial Passer-by (to pedestrian who has just escaped disaster). "JE VOUS FÉLICITE, MONSIEUR, PARCE QUE LE TRAM NE S'ARRÊTE PAS ICI ORDINAIREMENT."

LAYS OF LEARNING.

II.—THE HEAD-MASTER.

By all his masters, all his boys
He was extremely feared;
That which upset their equipoise
Was his immense black beard;
It looked so fierce that anyone
Who saw it coming used to run.

Now this was very hard on him,
For never breathed a soul
With less ambition to be grim
Or play the tyrant's *rôle*;
With tears he drenched his long black beard
To think how greatly he was feared.

And so he started a campaign
To put the school at ease;
He dined the masters with champagne,
He plied the boys with teas;
The masters sipped the stuff and sighed;
The boys consumed the cakes and cried.

He took each form one hour a week
And tried to give it fun;
He made a limerick in Greek,
He made a Latin pun;
But had to give it up at last
Because his boys were so aghast.

Of every means of being kind
Without success he thought;
All his advances were declined,
So finally he sought
The local hairdresser, who sheared
Clean from his face his long black beard.

The school regained its equipoise;
Gone was the dreadful snag;
The Staff took liberties, the boys
Began to romp and rag;
The lively spirits made things hum
And all was pandemonium.

The Prefects slapped him on the back,
The Eleven did the same,
Addressing him as "Poor old Jack,"
Which was his Christian name;
He sought assistance from the Staff,
But they would only stand and laugh.

By even the very smallest fry
The beardless Head was checked;
They made his bed an apple-pie,
His cap and gown they tweaked;
His protestations were in vain;
He 's had to grow his beard again.

G. B.

At the Sporting Gallery, 32, King Street, Covent Garden, Mr. ERNEST SHEPARD is now exhibiting his drawings of children in illustration of *Playtime and Company*, and also some of his *Punch* sketches.

AERONAUTICS.

II.

"CHARLES," I said as we set out to walk the mile which separates the base from the aerodrome, "there was a time when you were known as the model pilot and I as the model observer, and when in concert we could afford to look down on the blundering efforts of punier men. Now I fear we are beginning to represent a certain Biblical character."

Charles said nothing. "I mean," I explained, "the chap from whom the glory was departed."

"It wasn't a chap," observed Charles shortly.

"The moral is the same," I retorted.

"I suppose you are referring," said Charles innocently as he lit his pipe, "to the occasion on which you led a formation of fighters and torpedo machines north-east instead of south-west for an hour and so failed to find the enemy fleet? Or to the time when you mistook Fahrenheit for Centigrade and demoralised the whole Meteorological Office? Or to——?"

"No, Charles," I interrupted firmly. "Those are regrettable errors now past and done with. I am referring

to the deplorably ungraceful and even dangerous landings you have been making recently. It was only yesterday that you made two attempts to land down wind and then tried to pretend you had not mistaken the wind-vane but had been doing it on purpose, 'for practice.' And the bumps and bounces that accompanied some of your landings last week were nothing short of disgraceful."

"I will admit, old boy," allowed Charles generously, "that the hand and eye may have been a little out of harmony lately. But that is a mere phase; it will pass."

"I hope it will," I said. "Now to-day we are doing some photographing of the camouflaged coast defences. All you will have to do will be to fly straight and level along a line which I shall give you. And I shall beseech you, Charles," I added, "to land softly. Plates and lenses are not designed to stand a series of shattering bumps."

"How on earth I can be expected to fly straight and level with you jumping about taking photos," grumbled Charles, "is more than I can see."

"I shall not be jumping about, Charles," I said soothingly. "To-day we are not taking the hand-worked oblique camera; we shall be using the automatic vertical type, whose lens, as you know, sticks out down through the bottom of the fuselage; that is one of the reasons why I am so particular about your making a good landing."

For half-an-hour Charles's behaviour was exemplary. He flew along the line I gave him with careful steadiness, the weather was excellent, the sun just right; and I couldn't help feeling we were at last getting some first-class photographs. The camera, being automatic, had none of those little gadgets one is so apt to forget, like the handle which, in less expensive instruments, winds the film on to film number two when you have already taken a picture on number one. And altogether it was with a sense of great satisfaction that I eventually shouted to Charles down the voicepipe to return home.

"And for goodness' sake, Charles," I added, "remember what I told you this morning."

We got on to the ground somehow—that is all you could say for it—with a series of terrific bounces, dwindling into little bumps as we came to rest, quivering like a horse who has bucked himself to a standstill.

Gingerly I disconnected the box which held the plates—it had been bedded in strong springs and there seemed to be no tinkle of broken glass as I handed it out to the photographic N.C.O. who was waiting for it. But I couldn't trust myself to speak to Charles till we got into the flight-office; and as I was preparing to express my opinion of him in suitable terms the Flight-Commander walked in.

"Charles," he said, "that was one of the worst landings I have seen."

I nodded sympathetically. "It was all of that," I said.

"In fact," went on the Flight-Commander, "you bumped something off the machine, probably a bit of the camera. One of the aircraft-hands picked it up. Here it is."

I hid my face and groaned. "Don't tell me," I said. "It's the lens or part of the plate-box—all the light's sure to have been let in and the plates are ruined."

There was an instant's silence and then a roar of laughter from Charles. I glanced up.

"Here you are," shouted Charles, still grinning. "Take a good look at it."

I looked. It was the dust-cover of the lens, which I had forgotten to remove before starting.



VILLAGE TEAM *v.* POLICE.

Stranger. "WHAT 'S THAT ROUGH FELLOW DOING IN THE TEAM? HE DOESN'T SEEM TO KNOW MUCH ABOUT FOOTBALL."

Native. "OH, THEY ALLUS PLAY OLE GINGER AGAINST THE BOBBIES. 'E 'S 'AD SIXTEEN CONVICTIONS."

"SOCIALISTS SPLIT ON INFLATION.
From our own Correspondent. Paris."
Sunday Paper.

Was this unfortunate affair due to an excess of gas?

"Later the couple left for ——, where the honeymoon was spent in a stone coloured coat and skirt, with hat to match."
Agricultural Paper.

"Cloche" quarters.



The Wife. "I 'M DINING WITH A MAN AND GOING ON SOMEWHERE TO DANCE. WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING?"
The Husband. "OH—CLUB AND BRIDGE. I MUST BE OFF IN TEN MINUTES."
The Wife. "GOOD! JUST TIME FOR A CIGARETTE AND A NICE LITTLE CHAT—IF YOU WON'T THINK ME TOO DOMESTICATED."

THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO GERMANY.

IN speaking of the German, one
Must note the all-important fact
That he has ceased to be a Hun
Since signing the Locarno Pact.

* * * * *

The Germans are a race of men
Of whom a number stays at home,
But lots are met with now and then
In Manchester, New York and Rome.

The trouble with this people was
Their undisguised delight in war,
Which proved ridiculous, because
They very soon received what-for.

They fed on herrings steeped in brine,
They also did a foolish thing,
They sang the *Watch upon the Rhine*
And had the KAISER for their king.

Unlike the British working-man,
Who does what he is forced to do,
They formed the idiotic plan
Of working on the whole day through.

And every now and then they tried
To plant their flag (and this was worst)
In places which were occupied
By people who had got there first.

All this refers to past events;
A second time I have to note
That now the German race repents
Of having acted like a goat.

The sword is sheathed, the earth is clean
Of booted Junkers and their staffs,
The KAISER is no longer seen
Except in Christmas photographs.

He wears a beard, but he has ceased
To contemplate a diadem
As sheikh of the mysterious East
Or Sultan of Jerusalem.

VON HINDENBURG, of course, is there,
But oh, how changed his martial bent!
He merely sits upon a chair
And superintends the Government.

Yet, though the German people see
The error of their previous ways,
Some portion of stupidity
Still lingers on from ancient days.

They still keep hunting after cash;
Despite the dreadful War, in which
They went so terrible a smash,
They still keep trying to grow rich.

They work for trifling sums at hours
When English mothers and papas
Recuperate their failing powers
At football or in cinemas.

They keep on sprinkling round the earth
Commodities so vilely cheap
That artisans of English birth
When they behold them almost weep.

And thus, although their ships are gone,
Of dignity and tact devoid,
The German people still goes on
Making their neighbours unemployed.

The situation frankly is
They disregard in making goods
The obvious necessities
Of other people's livelihoods.

A little music and some beer
Is all they need to keep them fit;
If their repentance were sincere
I think they would ease off a bit.

* * * * *

I wonder Mr. CHAMBERLAIN
Didn't refuse to sign the Pact
That made us friends with them again
Unless the German people slacked.

EVOE.



THE CALL FOR A NEW PACT.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS (*looking out over the waters that cover M 1*). "IF BY THEIR DEATH THE DAY IS BROUGHT NEARER WHEN THE WHOLE WORLD WILL AGREE TO ABOLISH SUBMARINES, THEY WILL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 23rd.—The first public business in both Houses was the passing of resolutions of sympathy with HIS MAJESTY. The task of giving renewed expression to the nation's sorrow over the death of QUEEN ALEXANDRA could not have been easy; but it was well performed by Lords SALISBURY, HALDANE and OXFORD on behalf of their respective parties; while the Archbishop of CANTERBURY added a fresh note when he said that "the Queen of Compassion," as he styled HER MAJESTY, "admirably exemplified the sort of inspiration which the influence of ladies gave to the age of chivalry."

The Commons' tributes tendered by the three party-leaders and the Father of the House were equally graceful; and there was a murmur of acquiescence when Mr. BALDWIN said, "It is every mother's son of us that sends a message of deep and heartfelt sympathy to the KING."

Mr. THURTLE's tender bosom bled at Question-Time for the sad fate of a Mr. BOSE, presently at Mandalay (where the flying fishes play) in durance vile—so vile that the prisoner is denied the consolations of *Forward*, Calcutta's organ of advanced thought. The UNDER-SECRETARY did his best to staunch the wound by assuring Mr. THURTLE that the prisoner pent was already sustained by two periodicals in excess of prison regulations, and that the question of substituting *Forward* for one of these was receiving sympathetic consideration.

Mr. NEIL MACLEAN wanted to know when the Second Reading of the Education (Scotland) Bill would be taken. "This Bill concerns Scotland," declared the Hon. Member in the pibroch tones of one indicating that that was that. Shouts from the clansmen, rallying (as always) to the "huffle of a Scot in danger;" smiles of derision from the Saxon.

Mr. BASIL PETO, whose motto, like that of British Guiana, is "*Damus petimusque vicissim*"—wallops exchanged with any respectable adversary—wished to know if the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS intended to remove the EPSTEIN panel from Hyde Park. It is the great glory of our Parliamentary system that you can toss an odd controversial bombshell like that into the House without cutting any cross sections in our admirably comprehensive party alignment. It at once became obvious that the Conservative Party is pledged to a man to the elimination of *Rima*; and that on the other hand the Labour Party are the legitimate heirs to the mantle of St. Vortex, or whoever is the patron-saint of Advanced Art. Miss WILKINSON, who looks a little like a bird herself—not an EPSTEIN turkey-buzzard but some nice bird like a wren—appeared anxious to take up the challenge, and Mr. JACK JONES seemed to be a prey to æsthetic emotions of a painful character.



HIS OWN VOICE.
LORD HALDANE.



UNCLE SAM, JUNIOR.
[The Air Ministry has ordered a number of aeroplane engines and parachutes from the United States.]
SIR SAMUEL HOARE.

The House then discussed the Rating and Valuation Bill, a theme of considerable importance which made no appeal to the more sprightly-minded; though Mr. BARKER, in objecting to the rating of sewers, made or "conveyed" one admirable epigram. The English people, he said, had an infinite capacity for making drains, and why should they be discouraged from its exercise?

Tuesday, November 24th.—The House of Lords heard from Earl BALFOUR a restatement of what Locarno was thought to have accomplished. Lord HALDANE seemed to have little in praise or criticism to add to what had already been said in another place, but was so pleased with the sound of his own voice (now audible in the Press Gallery, thanks to the new "amplifiers," for the first time since he joined the Peers) that he added it at considerable length.

The Commons welcomed with only moderate enthusiasm Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER's announcement that British Shopping Weeks would be shortly held in various places, notably Glasgow and Birmingham. Several Members suggested the expediency of the Air Force, Post Office, Office of Works and other Government departments doing a little more British shopping on their own.

Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS described the circumstances under which the Kadaver story took shape in 1917, showing that it originated in the German Press, and thereby perhaps obviating the full-dress discussion of the incident for which that cheery custodian of our finer feelings, Mr. J. H. THOMAS, pressed at the opening of the Session.

More amendments to the Rating Bill. The House bubbles with experts on this intricate subject, who differ profoundly as to whether a landlord should be allowed to compound rates and, if so, how much of a commission he should have for his trouble; whether the commission should cover trouble merely or the risk of having "empties" on his hands; and, if the latter, whether—the immediate risk of empties being nil—the "commish" should not be fixed at none-and-a-half per cent. The House rose at 12.30, tired, but with substantial progress to its credit.

Wednesday, November 25th.—Lord PARMOOR wished to learn if anything of a

practical nature was being done by the League of Nations in the way of disarmament. Their Lordships' microphones, being found to transmute Lord PARMOOR's robust accents into a noise suggestive of the trumpeting of wild elephants, were hastily discarded. Lord CECIL assured their Lordships that the Council of the League had appointed a Committee to make preliminary investigations with the view of convening a conference on disarmament.

Colonel WOODCOCK, who has a natural interest in the problems of flight, was concerned about orders for aeroplane engines being given to American manufacturers; and Sir F. HALL was similarly perturbed because the lives of British airmen were to be entrusted to parachutes of Transatlantic construction. The AIR MINISTER in both cases pleaded "urgency" as his excuse; but it is hoped that British supplies of both these necessities will soon be forthcoming, or he will very shortly be known as "Unc'e Sam" HOARE.

Further progress was made with the Rating Bill. Clause 24, de-rating manufacturing machinery, was stoutly defended on the ground that it would assist industry and cut down unemployment, and opposed no less firmly on the ground that it would throw a greater burden on the householder. Why not, asked one Member pathetically, go a step further and de-rate the human machine? — a suggestion which the House seemed to appreciate. The decision was left to the free vote of the House, and an awkward squad of amateur tellers appeared after an unusually long interval to announce a three-to-one majority for the machinery-owners.

Thursday, November 26th.—The principal count in Lord MONKSWELL's comprehensive indictment of British railways was that they did not move fast enough; and this craze for speed quickly brought him into collision with Lord MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU, who knows the subject from the point of view not merely of the passenger and director, but of the engine-driver as well. He contended that for rapidity and safety combined our Home Rails generally were unsurpassed; and in reference to the specially abused Southern declared from his own experience on the footplate that its scheduled speeds were quite high enough.

The Commons being invited to censure the Government for failing to deal with the unemployment question, who better fitted to lead the attack on the Forces of Inaction than Mr. TOM SHAW? Barely a year ago he stood in the MINISTER OF LABOUR's place, foursquare to all the slings and arrows of outrageous Opposition. The House regretted that illness prevented the more philosophical Mr. CLYNES from conducting the assault, but accepted his understudy in the spirit in which he offered himself.



Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND. "I DON'T SAY IT 'S A VERY FINE SPECIMEN; BUT I MAY DO BETTER WHEN I 'VE HAD MORE PRACTICE."

Mr. TOM SHAW. "ROT! NO REALLY GOOD RABBIT WILL EVER COME OUT OF THAT HAT."

Mr. TOM SHAW let off his views of the Government on a note that proclaimed him no friend of the microphone industry. They had taunted him with failing to produce rabbits from his top-hat, but what, he asked, about Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and his bulging cornucopia? So far from producing anything for the working man it had only separated a large section of him from the dole. This, said Mr. SHAW, was not a rabbit but a rat.

Of all the orators that are so sweet there 's none like pretty DAVID. He does not, it is true, live in the Government's alley, but that did not prevent him from throwing amiable suggestions where Mr. SHAW had been hurling half-bricks. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was in his best vein. The Government, he said, was there for four years. It had not, like its predecessors, to pass a lot of measures that it did not really believe in for the sake of party discipline. "The only Party that has no party discipline," added Mr. LLOYD GEORGE amiably, "is my own."

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER again came under the lash. With unemployment rife, said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, every penny of the Road Fund should be spent on extending the arterial road system. Noises indicative of approval from all sides of the House, which apparently dislikes the idea of a large segment of the Road Fund going down Mr. CHURCHILL's red lane. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE expressed modified optimism as regards industrial revival, but thought it would take all of the Government's four years more of office to see it through. Meanwhile let there be schemes set afoot to give work instead of doles, let electrification buzz and the land smile again.

In a thoughtful speech Lord HENRY BENTINCK asked for proposals that would "make the institution of private property satisfy the reasonable aspirations of the workers." Murmurs from the Socialist back benches repudiated this proposal to rivet the fetters of the miserable wage slave with caviar and circuses.

The MINISTER OF LABOUR, replying for the Government, said the restoration of Ministerial discretion had thrown off the dole not two-hundred-and-fifty thousand, as Mr. CLYNES had declared in a recent speech, nor seventy thousand, as Mr. TOM SHAW had told the House, but between twenty and twenty-five thousand. Mr. CLYNES, he observed, had told an audience that the Labour Party was the only one that counted. It was a pity they did not count better. The Minister assured the House that things were looking up, outlined the steps being taken by the Government which he thought were helping to point their gaze in the right direction, and "conspued" those of his critics who wished to turn the Unemployment Insurance Scheme into a gigantic system of Poor Law relief. Not perhaps a wildly encouraging speech, but sufficient to defeat the Vote of Censure by the tidy majority of 189.



MANNERS AND MODES.

THE FATE OF RUSSIA AND OXFORD.

STARS AND STRIKES.

As a student of Labour movements I feel that I ought to point out the difficult situation that may arise among our astronomical workers and allied trades.

The present year has been remarkable for the discovery, by observatories in all parts of the world, of an unprecedented number of comets. This has entailed a lot of overtime in our observatories, for by a harsh rule of the masters British astronomers are set to watching a comet even when it has been discovered in Poland or some other remote land.

There has been a good deal of night-work also. Hitherto both over-time and night-work have been paid for at a time-and-a-half rate, but the workers justly feel that, especially for work in the night-time, time-and-three-quarters or even time-and-time-again, should be the rate.

The comet-watching industry requires considerable skill. Only an experienced hand can be trusted to distinguish between a completely new comet coming out and an older comet on its way back. If he suffers from fatigue due to prolonged hours of work his task may be complicated by the confusion which often arises from the habit that comets have of travelling tail first, and he may be misled, with very grave consequences. A delicate situation is threatened in which one false move will bring out the whole of the astronomical workers of the country.

And it might not stop here. The trouble might sympathetically spread to the optical glass-workers, and, by reason of the close association between spectacles and the Press, the whole printing and publishing industries might become involved. It is almost certain that the microscopists would come out; and one trembles to think of the consequences, at this time of the year, when the germ of the cold-in-the-head still remains to be discovered. A further delay in this achievement would be most regrettable.

Who knows where it would end? Let it not be thought that I am unduly alarmist in my views, but people are already beginning to wonder if the sun will be out by Christmas.

"ISLE OF MAN PASSENGERS' TWO DAYS AND NIGHTS AT MERSEY BAR."
Manchester Paper.

The landlord must have got an extension.

HINTS TO DOG-OWNERS.

REAR your pup on Brussels-sprouts;
That they 're good he 'll have no doubts.
If you bring him up on meat
Brussels-sprouts he 'll never eat.
Brussels-sprouts and bunny food
Purify a puppy's blood;
Therefore, though for meat he shouts,
Bring him up on Brussels-sprouts.

Frisky pups who wag their tails
Feed on biscuits hard as nails.
Give him too a meatless bone
When his teeth are fairly grown.
From distemper he 'll be free
If he shares your cup of tea.
Brush him, comb him, wash his eyes,
And give him pounds of exercise.

That 's the way that puppies grow
And take a prize at every show.
Should the prizes not roll up
The judge is wrong and not the pup.

"I do not hold any brief for this particular musical play. Its plot is more than usually imbecile, its wit is non-existent, and the music is a re-hash . . . The principal performers made the piece appear even poorer than it was . . . I thought the dresses hideous."
Sunday Paper.

The critic appears to us to have justified his opening statement.

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT HOME.

XIX.—DRAMATIC INTEREST.

"LISTEN," said Will to me one Saturday afternoon. "If you ever want theatre tickets again, go to Black's Drug Store. Box-office prices slashed!"

"How bad a slash?"

"I know a man who got two tickets there for seventy-five cents each, which is practically giving them away."

"So it is," said I.

"We oughtn't to waste an offer like that," said Will; "how about taking in a show——"

"It seems downright ungrateful not to," I said, and we went up town.

"Are you sure about these rates?" I asked him at dinner. I had never heard of an agency that didn't charge more, and I knew of one that had charged sixty dollars for a three-dollar-thirty-cents ticket.

"Positive," said Will. "The idea, I believe, is this: a show isn't selling out for every performance; it has an average of fifty vacant seats a night. Now, this show would rather send these fifty seats to Black's and get half-price for them than keep them and possibly get nothing. It's quite simple. You can only get tickets at Black's just before the theatre. We ought to get there about eight o'clock, I should say."

"Then you can buy tickets there only for the comparatively unsuccessful shows?" I said.

"Yes," said Will. "They only handle the better-class ones."

We entered Black's Drug Store at eight o'clock. It was a bit congested. It looked as if a theatre had just been dismissed somewhere in the rear and the store were the audience's only exit, except that as large a number was trying to enter from Broadway.

"How about a game of billiards at the club?" I said; but Will did not hear me, for as I spoke I was borne away on the shoulder of a woman who was endeavouring to pass between us in the effort to get to the place where she should have been half-an-hour before.

"You ought to leave home earlier," I heard Will tell her.

"If you'll climb down off my feet," said a slow voice behind me, "I'd like to shove on to Forty-second Street and buy a package of cigarettes."

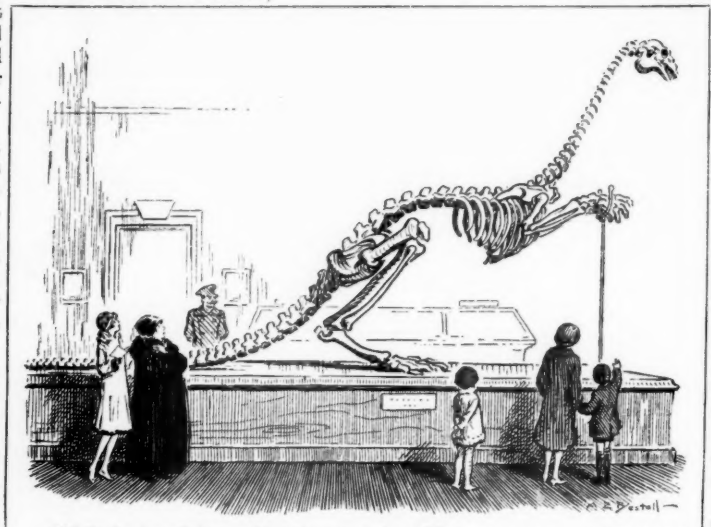
"Beg your pardon," said I, stepping off to the floor; "have one of mine. They're in my coat-pocket. Can't get them for you. These crowds, you know."

Will waited for me at the top of the stairs that led down into the basement room where the tickets were stored.

"Rather thrilling," said he, "this keen interest in the work of the theatre."

We were already being irresistibly urged down the right side of the steps.

"Aren't we too late?" I said to him in a moment, half shouting, for there was a great noise in the air. "What time is it?" (I couldn't get at my own watch, what with holding to Will with one hand and to my pocket-book with the other.)



Old Lady (awed by prehistoric monster). "MY DEAR, HOW WONDERFULLY WE ARE MADE!"

"Eight-fifteen," said Will, unperturbed. "Plenty of time."

By eight-twenty we had arrived at the bottom of the steps and could view the room. Anybody could see that staying there entailed considerable danger. A strong counter ran along one side and afforded protection to Mr. Black's men, but the rest of us were without a vestige of defence and completely at the mercy of one another. None of us was where he wanted to be; those near the steps struggled and pushed to get to the counter, those at the counter fought to reach the steps.

"What shall it be?" said Will, looking at the advertisements of the attractions. "How about *Artists and Models, Edition de Paree*? And there's *Merry, Merry.*"

The latter being quoted as a "bright tuneful fast-stepping musical cocktail," I once more proposed a game of billiards.

"Don't be absurd," said Will. "Let's make it *Merry, Merry.* Come on."

We pushed through the crowd towards the counter. The throng seemed to be thinning out as the time approached eight-thirty. Most of the people there now were fighting to get out.

"Rather inspiring," observed Will philosophically, "this intense interest in the drama."

I told him that what inspired me was to find so many people still left in the city not connected with the drama in a professional way, for it was obvious that few, if any, of these were producers or playwrights or actors or critics. But most of what I said was lost in the confusion caused by the man I was leaning on in front giving a sudden heave and starting to plough his way out.

Then, in the midst of the shouting, I heard a familiar voice cry "*Artists and Models*—two!"

One of Mr. Black's men looked at Will in a second in astonishment, then snorted a derisive laugh.

"That means sold out," Will explained to me. "*Merry, Merry!*" he cried, holding up two fingers.

"Standing room only!" shouted the man triumphantly.

"Standing room all right?" Will asked me.

I thought that standing room would be a great luxury compared with the room I had had during the last half-hour, but suggested that we might be able to do better at some other show.

"How about *The Fall of Eve*, or *The Kiss in a Taxi*?"

"Take your choice," I yelled.

"Two *Kiss in a Taxi*," shouted Will.

I blushed a bit, but none of the few others that remained was scandalised.

"Full house," said the man.

"Have you got anything for anything?" cried Will.

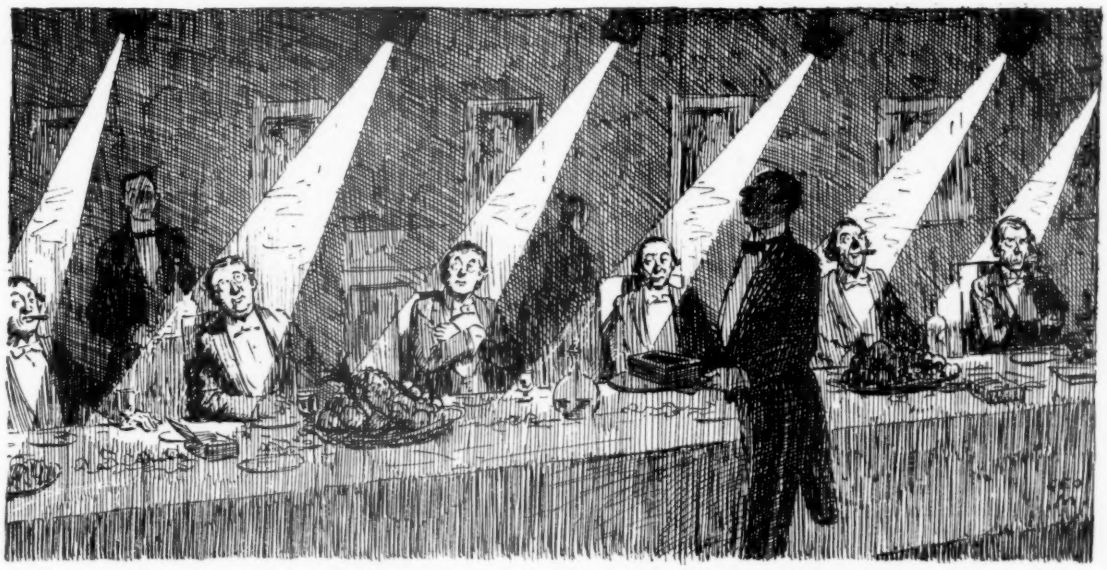
The man turned his back and looked over the list of shows.

"Sorry," he said, facing us again; "nothing left but *Hamlet.*"

"What have you got for *Hamlet*?" we asked him.

"*Hamlet*!" said he in some surprise. "What would you like? How about something in the first row centre?"

"Make it the eighth or tenth row."



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

A DINNER AT THE THESPIAN CLUB.

"Which do you prefer, eighth or tenth?"

"Make it the ninth."

"Very well," said the man, pulling out two tickets. "Two in the ninth row, centre. Come in earlier some evening; maybe we can do better for you." U. S. A.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

"And did you once see Shelley plain?"

Extract from a letter written by Miss Sadie Tuckett, visiting England in the summer of 1925, to her brother in the States.

DARLING WILBUR,—I 've been to Oxford, and it 's some burg. It was too bad that the students were all up or down, whichever it is, so we missed seeing the special pants. But we were shown round the colleges by a dinky old thing with whiskers that were just the cutest ever, and the fiercest English accent I 've struck so far. I thought he was a Warden or a Fellow or something until I found I was expected to give him a dollar.

Oh, Wilbur, I had to emote in the Bodleian when I saw the book, all mussed up with sea-water, that was in Shelley's pocket when he was washed ashore, and a golden curl of Mary's! You know I 'm just crazy over his poetry. Isn't there some kind of tradition in our family that great-great-aunt Emily met him when she was over on this side? I 've a hunch that must have been an eighteen-carat thrill. Say, but her pure young heart must have fox-trotted some. I guess she just sat at his feet, worshipping, and then some more.

Tell the folks I 'll be hitting the home trail right away. SADIE.

Extract from a letter written by Miss Emily Tuckett, visiting England in 1820, to her brother Hiram.

DEAR BROTHER,—One of my Letters of Introduction availed to procure me a very Civil Invitation to spend a few days under the roof of a Member of the British Landed Gentry, a Baronet, and in Association with his Domestick Circle. His four Daughters are Elegant young Women, and not so Haughty as I Anticipated. They have shown me a new Pattern in Cross-stitch and they Concur in admiring the writings of Miss Hannah More and in deploring the Coarseness and Lack of Polish that makes Shakespeare unreadable.

Living Retired they see but little Company and spend their time chiefly in making Flannel Garments for the Poor and curling their Hair. Their own Hair I mean, of course. They have a young brother at school, and this Morning at Breakfast I happened to enquire if he was the Only One. I realised immediately that I had made a most regrettable *Faux Pas*. The Poor Girls Blushed Deeply and Hung their Heads, showing Signs of the Utmost Confusion and Distress, while Sir Timothy, glaring at me, replied, "I have another Son, Madam, but he has brought Disgrace and Opprobrium on an Honoured Name. Let that suffice."

Oh, Hiram, I felt for them! It must be too Sad and Terrible to have a Son like that. I thought of you, Dear, so Steady, so Respectable, never giving your relatives a Moment of Uneasiness. Afterwards the Wretched Youth's Unhappy Sisters told me what a Heavy Trial he had been, Mixing with Low People and writing Wicked Trash which he pays to have Printed merely to Annoy them. Their Papa has forbidden him the house, so I am Thankful to say that I am not likely to see him. Farewell, dear Hiram. I must now Conclude.

Believe me to remain,
Ever your affectionate sister,
EMILY.

I DO LIKE——

I DO like food I can eat
Holding a book in my hand—
Plain clean stuff, not too distracting
or grand;
Brose isn't easy to beat,
Or a pasty of Devonshire brand.

I do like food I can take
Walking along as I please,
With an eye to spare for the sky
and the birds and the trees—
Apples and ginger-bread cake,
A crust of bread and some cheese.

R. F.

"Wanted, exchange six-roomed house for large Corporation."—*Provincial Paper.*

Many a possessor of a large corporation would be only too thankful to be rid of it if he could get a house in exchange, or even if he couldn't.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE RING O' BELLS" (COMEDY).

WHY is it that, though Mr. NEIL LYONS' invention and sense of humour do not fail him, the parts of his play, *The Ring o' Bells*, are so much better than the whole? I think that, first, he has allowed himself the easy but dangerous device of the protracted and quite unnecessary misunderstanding, and that this has betrayed him.

Here is an idyll of village life, in a county unspecified and not easily to be guessed from the varied speech of its inhabitants. That promising young farmer, *Archer Rudd*, is to wed the gamekeeper's pretty daughter, *Gillian Hobbs*. The local landowner *Edward, Seventh Earl of St. Peter*, evidently takes a great deal of interest in this spirited young lady, and the malicious gossips of the place do not fail to comment. And when *Lord St. Peter* settles two thousand pounds on her as a dowry young *Archer* is ready to believe the worst, and chooses his wedding night to explain his rather discouraging theory to his *Gillian*, who, being a young woman of character, tells him off proper. The bride retires behind a locked door; the bridegroom rushes out into the night with a hunting-crop to deal with the Seventh Earl.

Now our *Miss Hobbs* is really and truly the daughter of the Sixth Earl, the present Earl's late brother. The worthy keeper, perhaps not unnaturally, wishes that his dead wife's peccadillo should not be known and will not allow the facts to be made public. But it was so obviously possible and expedient for *Lord St. Peter* to have told the young man in confidence so as to save his niece from a definitely threatened catastrophe that the concealment wears the aspect of an entirely transparent device to keep the plot going. And it is the author's business to make these devices as opaque as possible or he loses our interest.

The other main defect seemed to me that Mr. NEIL LYONS had put his faith much too exclusively in malapropisms as a source of laughter. Some of them were amusing and possible enough, others altogether too perversely ingenious. Worse still, he had distributed them indiscriminately to most of his village folk, forgetting that malapropisms are a rather rare and individual form of defect or accomplishment, like spoonerisms, and that, if dealt round as freely as this, they destroy all sense of character, besides being frankly tedious to the discerning.

And finally perhaps the quarrel between the two lovers was too serious and tragic for the light framework of the piece and was certainly resolved much too perfunctorily to carry conviction.

Miss OLGA LINDO (*Gillian*) is a very careful and intelligent actress and was especially worth watching when she was not taking the centre of the stage, as she lives her part all the time, a good test this of a player's capacity and sincerity. Mr. RICHARD BIRD (*Archer Rudd*) has the same excellent gift, and in particular, in the scene of jollification in the inn after the wedding, conveyed very skilfully the mingled emotions of satisfaction and dull puzzled suspicion.

I liked particularly the playing of two subordinate parts: that of the village dressmaker by Miss UNA O'CONNOR, a quite admirable piece of subtle characterisation, and that of the malicious gossip, *Margery*, by Miss JOAN MAUDE, whose handling of a part which could have been very easily spoiled by overplaying was exceptionally skilful.

Mr. H. O. NICHOLSON, as one would expect, built up the old painter and decorator, *Joe Dunkerton*, into a very human character. Mr. CLIVE CURRIE had his excellent moments as the hero's father, and Mr. WYN WEAVER spread himself (perhaps just a little too thickly) on a Dickensian Cockney uncle of the bride's, worked energetically for his laughs and got them pretty consistently.

It seems easier for an author to get through the eye of the needle than to weave grave and gay into a plausible pattern. But those who can appreciate the interesting patches without worrying about the completed design should find plenty to amuse them in this comedy.

T.



THE TINKLE O' TANKARDS.

Joe Dunkerton . . . . . MR. H. O. NICHOLSON.
Benjamin Hobbs . . . . . MR. ARNOLD BELL.
Zoar Rudd . . . . . MR. CLIVE CURRIE.

"STILL DANCING" (LONDON PAVILION).

As far as its titular element is concerned, this entertainment has abated nothing of its original fury. The dancing was still mostly of the acrobatic order; and good care was taken that any promise of mere grace and beauty should be frustrated by the pace at which things were rushed. It looked as if the management had no confidence in its power to hold our interest if any pause to admit of contemplation was allowed in the feverish speed.

Far the best features in the new programme were two novelties in burlesque. One was a satire upon the importance of the costumier's services as compared with the relatively negligible significance of the author's contribution—a side thrust, and all the better for that, at the Pavilion's own methods. Here one of the costumiers (M. PATOU) was alleged to have been invited to compose a scene for the primary purpose of boosting his wares. Starting in bed with pyjamas, Mdlle. DELYSIA exhibited herself, with the sinuous motions of a mannequin, in a great variety of costumes, suitable in turn for walking, bathing, eloping, mourning and marriage. Mr. THESIGER, as her lover, appeared and reappeared with staggering rapidity in the right shop-window garb of a hunting-man, a mountaineer (best Tyrolese pattern), a cricketer and a sportsman with gun. The father (Mr. NIGEL BRUCE), coming on from time to time to protest against further delay, for he was eager to cement his daughter's betrothal to another and less versatile suitor, exposed in succession a lounge-suit, a garden-party costume, a dinner-jacket (the hour was about mid-day) and full evening-dress—all as set out in the advertisement pages. Even the

maid (charmingly played by Miss VERA BRYER) changed her frock for each entry. A really excellent scene, in which the eye was allowed a little repose, since the *tempo* was adjusted to the traditions of dress-parade, and the hustling, which must have been most violent, was done off or behind a screen.

The other burlesque was of quite a high literary standard. The playing of *Hamlet* in plus-fours had suggested to an indignant actor of the old school the propriety of a counterblast by which a modern play should be conveyed into the language of SHAKESPEARE. *Spring Cleaning* was his felicitous choice; and Mr. ARTHUR WIMPERIS (or else Mr. RONALD JEANS) did the conveyance admirably. I recall one typical passage:—

"A. A loving and a vulgar soul withal.
B. With all and sundry."

All through the really good fun that was put into this perversion its literary aims as a parody were never forgotten. Miss JOAN CLARKSON (as the wife) delivered her blank verse with great spirit and a sound appreciation of rhythm.

M. MASSINE'S feats of choreography, the Hogarthian "Rake" and "A Hungarian Wedding," were retained, and a third added with the title "Pompeii à la Massine." The decoration and the characters were stated in the programme to have been suggested by Pompeian frescoes; but it didn't seem that much strain had been put on M. MASSINE'S archæological erudition. It was not the social life of Pompeii that was here presented but the kind of music-hall entertainment which, in M. MASSINE'S view, would have appealed to the Pavilionists of the period. And I gathered that in certain elemental features, such as nudity or the nearest feasible approach to it, the performances of those days (which were of course subsequent to the days of CATO the Censor) did not differ very materially from our own.

Mdlle. DELYSIA was perhaps worked a little too hard, and by the end even her most ardent worshippers must have come near to being surfeited with *trop de délices*. She has many graces, but, if I had the management of her (a privilege for which I do not hanker), I should never let her sing, for her voice is not equal to her art; and there is another feature of her exhibitions, not to be named here, which I should firmly restrict. But I should put no limit on her activities in scenes of light comedy, for which she has a genuine and exceptional gift. With Miss HERMIONE BADDELEY (of whose talents not enough use was made) she played very cleverly in "The Pattern Wife," where two women, rivals for the love of the same man, forget all about him in an animated and friendly discussion on the merits of a couple of dress-patterns. This scene bore a curiously close resemblance to the one in *Bubbly* where the prehistoric woman, left to decide between the claims of two men, forgets all about both of them in the consideration of a more vital question—whether leopard-skin or bear-skin is more becoming to her style of beauty.

The title *Still Dancing*—though I suppose that some such variant on the original title was required, since the high-kicker and the acrobat are still Mr. COCHRAN'S staple commodities—hardly does justice to the diversity of the good things he has given us. The new edition contains here and there a trace of the banality which seems essential to all revues; but the vulgar and unpleasant elements of the old edition have been eliminated. Altogether a very spirited entertainment, and calling for a nicer sense of humour than is commonly asked of actors and audience in this kind of show. O. S.



JAZZ AND RUSS.
MESSRS. RICHARD DOLMAN AND LEONIDE MASSINE.



"NO GOWN AND NOT OUT."
(*From the Scene called "Gown and Out."*)
Geoffrey Blazer . . . . MR. ERNEST THESIGER.
Magenta Slipp-Boddys . MLLE. ALICE DELYSIA.

Erudition in B.B.C.

From a broadcasting programme:—

"'The Heavens are Telling' . . . Beethoven."—*Evening Paper.*

This seems a belated justification of HAYDN'S *Surprise*.

In Partibus Infidelium.

À propos of the reported refusal of the Luncheon Club of Hartford, Conn., to listen to Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON:—

"He is not a man to set even the heathen of Connecticut on fire."—*London Paper quoted by New York Paper.*

The New Football.

"Following a sustained attack on the Exeter goal, —— initiated a movement in which he kicked several players in succession."—*Local Paper.*

"Oxford promptly carried the ball to the home '25,' C. —— getting away on the lift. They were, however, penalised."—*Sunday Paper.*

And quite right too for using this mechanical assistance.

"Found, Green Parrots, last week. Apply —— Inn."—*Provincial Paper.*

A variant on the "blue snakes" that sometimes haunt licensed premises.

"A solemn usher carries the baby to the mother's arms. Eagerly her hands are held out to grasp the zxcvsdhfl-"kjght"*' ?"—*Weekly Paper.*

Our printer says it is clear to him that the infant had been christened in the wrong fount.

"PUNCH" TO AN OLD SONG-WRITER.

[Mr. F. E. WEATHERLY, the author of "Nancy Lee," "The Midshipmite," "Darby and Joan," "The Old Maids of Lee," "They All Love Jack," and scores, if not hundreds, of other delectable ditties, now in his seventy-eighth year, is lecturing this week at the Empire Poetry League.]

I CANNOT sing the old songs
I sang long years ago—
The cheerful not-too-bold songs
That made our pulses glow;
I never had an "organ"
Like SANTLEY or Dame BUTT;
It was not bad, but what I had
Is gone completely phut.

This all-sufficing reason
For silence should be known;
And yet it would be treason
Did I my debt disown
And, dazzled by another
More versatile "F. E.,"
Did I refuse to hail the Muse
That gave us "Nancy Lee."

Your "Midshipmite's" adventure
Could not entirely win
Immunity from censure
On points of discipline;
And yet his glad reception
I vividly recall,
With plaudits loud raised by the crowd
In old St. James's Hall.

Let critics more enlightened
At "parlour pathos" jeer;
At least your ballads brightened
The social atmosphere,
When, joining "STEPHEN ADAMS,"
You furnished in your prime
The double boon of simple tune
Wedded to blameless rhyme.

MORE BOTTLED BIOGRAPHIES.

UNCOMPROMISING ATTITUDE OF THE FREE STATE REPRESENTATIVE ON THE IRISH BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

"The situation *was* grave,"
Said President COSGRAVE;
"I am a man of steel,"
Answered Dr. MACNEILL.

ILLUMINATING CRITICISM BY THE FRENCH PRESIDENT OF THE HUDSON MEMORIAL IN HYDE PARK.

M. PAINLEVÉ came over the Channel
To look at the EPSTEIN panel;
He said, "Is that Rima?
Mon Dieu, what a screamer!"

PROFOUND ABSORPTION IN ARCHITECTURE OF MR. J. C. SQUIRE.

Mr. J. C. SQUIRE
Never seems to tire
Of the inestimable privilege
Of standing upon Waterloo Bridge.

PHILANTHROPIC BENEVOLENCE OF MR. BALDWIN.

"I want something pleasant
For a nice Christmas present"
(Mr. BALDWIN said)
"For Lord BIRKENHEAD."

SUDDEN RESOLUTION ON THE PART OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE TO AROUSE THE RURAL POPULATION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The Right Honourable D. LLOYD GEORGE
Told the smith at the forge,
"I am a regular vulture
On reviving agriculture."

INTRICATE RESEARCHES OF MR. AMERY INTO THE SCIENCE OF GEOGRAPHY.

"There's nothing in Iraq,"
Remarked Mr. AMERY when he came back,
"To compare with the bits o' land
That one sees in Switzerland."

ASTONISHING CONTRAST IN CIRCULATION BETWEEN THE HOME SECRETARY AND THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS
Was warm enough for six,
But Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL
Found even a fur chill.

REGRETTABLE CONFUSION BETWEEN THE PORTRAITS OF TWO PROMINENT NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS.

"Oh, *bother* mere
Art!" said Lord ROTHERMERE
When somebody mistook
His portrait for that of Lord BEAVERBROOK.

DISQUIETING EFFECT OF THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF A CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT IN THE FAR EAST.

This Press telegram
About the new King of SIAM
Being called PRAJADHIPOK
Gives one rather a shock.

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

From an article on "Sick Room Nerves":—

"The nurse must avoid wearing creaking, noisy shoes, and banging doors."—*Daily Paper.*

"Partner with £1,000 required by edible manufacturer."—*Scots Paper.*

There must be some catch here, as the spider said when the fly invited herself into his parlour.

From a programme:—

"Since the War the new —— Cricket, Lawn Tennis and Bowls Club has arisen sphinx-like out of the ashes of the old Club."

Poor old Phœnix seems to have got the sack-cloth.

CHEESEMANSHIP.

THE Whitchurch Cheese Show has just been held. There were no fewer than 2,976 cheeses entered in the nine classes of Cheshire cheeses, weighing approximately ninety tons in all.

In farm-carts and in motor-cars the cheeses are brought to the Show ground, in each case enclosed in a rope netting which is not harsh enough to harm yet is strong enough to restrain; and before daybreak the ardent exhibitors are busy with brush and duster preparing their young charges for the ordeal of the judges' scrutiny.

You should see the eager faces and the bright eyes of the crowd round the ring as the cheeses are brought in by their attendants to show off their paces. In the centre are keen-faced, cheesy-looking men wearing judges' badges; and woe betide any unscrupulous exhibitor who has been foolish enough to dope or disguise his cheese, for those sharp eyes will surely detect deception!

The great event of the Show is the grand parade of prize-winners, where one may see cheesemanship at its best. Each marches proudly, as if fully aware of the distinction it has gained, and making a brave show with its rosette and award card; the champion cheese, a magnificent Cheshire, coming last of all, massive and dignified, amid great cheering. The band plays, flags flutter in the breeze, and now and again the crash of drums and the flap of bunting will disturb the highly-strung creatures. Sometimes an attendant will be hard put to it to retain his mastery over his charge; but, though his strength and agility may be taxed to the full, it is a mettlesome cheese indeed that succeeds in breaking loose, for these men have long experience of the vagaries of cheeses and seldom lose control. Though a few timorous spectators may shrink as one of the more sprightly exhibits passes near, there is little danger; and in the whole history of the Whitchurch Cheese Show not a single regrettable incident has occurred—which says much both for the cheeses and for those who devote their lives to the training of them.

"Novelties in wireless are to-day as thick as leaves in Ambrosia."—*Weekly Paper.*

Surely Hebe or somebody should have picked them out before serving it.

From a *feuilleton*:—

"'Indeed!'

Monica looked at him for a moment, and he regretted his monosyllable."—*Daily Paper.*

She probably understood him to say "d——d," which is always a regrettable monosyllable.

CANONS OF BEHAVIOUR.

ALTHOUGH THE CANONS OF BEHAVIOUR FOR MOST OCCASIONS ARE MORE OR LESS RIGIDLY LAID DOWN AND ADHERED TO, THERE IS STILL A REGRETTABLE LACK OF UNIFORMITY IN THE EXPRESSIONS OF BRIDEGROOMS IN THOSE WEDDING-PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH GO SO FAR TO FILL THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Tougasse



WE GET THE "STERN"—



AND THE "TENDER"—



AND THE "GOOD AND HEARTY."



THEN THERE 'S THE "SUFFERINGS BRAVELY BORNE"—



THE "CHEERIO"—



AND THE "CASUAL."



SOMETIMES WE HAVE THE "SHY AND SHEEPISH"—



OCCASIONALLY THE "PROUDEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE"—



AND, ALL TOO FREQUENTLY, THE "LAST STRAW"



Pleasure-seeker (at murder trial, to Usher). "I SAY, IS IT POSSIBLE TO GET CHOCOLATES HERE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM not sure that his publishers were wise in insisting that Mr. WALTER DE LA MARE'S *Broomsticks and Other Tales* (CONSTABLE) are tales for children. I should say myself that they are tales for all grown-ups with sufficient discernment to know what is good in itself, and for all children whose particular grown-ups can be trusted to know what is good for *them*. For a child, the first story, "Pigtails, Ltd.," is rather patternless. In the best fairy-tales you can work yourself up with the story as you do on a swing, expecting and obtaining a rhythmical rise and fall in the fortunes of the characters. Even if you can appreciate the lyrics of BLAKE, you will boggle at "Pigtails, Ltd.," which has a charming BLAKE atmosphere, because a BLAKE atmosphere cannot be counted on, for a child, to stay an extra-lyrical course. "The Dutch Cheese" and "Miss Jemima" are too gruesome. The former deals with fairies more suffocatingly malevolent than those of "Goblin Market," the latter with a sad little girl unhappily accused of sorcery. "The Thief," like the porridge of the *Third Bear*, is "just right." It recounts the efforts of a successful robber to "retire," and shows a becoming respect for traditional fairy-tale etiquette. "Broomsticks" also opens with a domesticated tendency, but has a shuddery, though quite enjoyable, end. It contains an excellent cat, rather handicapped by having "lambent" green eyes, but satisfactorily distinguished by other less exotic features and "an unusually powerful miaou." As regards both subject and diction I can imagine Mr. DE LA MARE'S homespun mood receiving less critical encouragement than his gossamer; but personally I find the former supremely captivating. At any rate it is responsible for *Maria*, of the delightful "Maria-Fly," who hated greens "as much as if she had eaten them on cold plates in another world." "BOLD'S" woodcuts, the first work of a new artist, adorn the book. They are full of promise, but their performance is just a little too reminiscent of the conventions of inlay and embroidery.

Biography during the lifetime of its victim always presents certain difficulties. The time is happily not yet when the piece of great literature demanded by the character and achievements of Lord ALLENBY can be properly written. That time will come. Indeed it is likely that the JOHN DRINKWATER of a century hence, when searching through the historical files of, what we call, the Great War for a central figure on which to base a new chronicle play will fix upon ALLENBY as the outstanding personality of his time, with CLEMENCEAU running croakingly into second place. Meanwhile in *Allenby of Armageddon* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) Captain RAYMOND SAVAGE, who served for some time in a confidential capacity on Lord ALLENBY'S staff in Palestine, has written a straightforward and eminently readable volume, packed with interesting and, as I can personally testify, accurate facts hitherto concealed for the most part from the general public, though here I must warn the unduly inquisitive that his book is a model of discretion. While Captain SAVAGE'S dramatic description of events in Palestine and Syria will naturally be considered by the average reader as the most important part of the book, its earlier pages should not be missed, for they provide the key-note to Lord ALLENBY'S many-sided character and to his whole outlook on life. Here then is a vivid intimate

portrait of one of the few great men of our time, coupled with a gripping account of the greatest military exploit of the age. And I think that the devoted father and husband in Lord ALLENBY will be touched by the author's graceful references to Lady ALLENBY's work in Egypt since 1917 and by his beautiful tribute to MICHAEL ALLENBY, who was killed in action at Messines shortly after Lord ALLENBY's arrival in Cairo, and whom it was a rare privilege to know. I advise everyone to read this book.

Until I read Miss BROSTER's tale
I entertained the firm conviction
That quite exceptionally stale,
Flat and unprofitable fiction
Was fairly certain to be found
In any book which tried to render,
As though the theme were virgin ground,
The doings of the YOUNG PRETENDER.

Well, I was wrong, for, though *The Flight*
Of (thus it 's named) *the Heron* centres
Around a topic fairly trite,
And much familiar history enters,
The yarn (from HEINEMANN) so stirred
My stagnant fount of admiration
That I withdraw each single word
Of my Shakespearean quotation.

The plan is simply told; it shows
The grim perplexities that tether
Two friends whose duty makes them foes,
Yet brings them constantly together;
This to embroider so that thrill
And charm combine to give you pleasure
Needs something more than common skill,
And that is here in ample measure.



Foursome Player (to his partner after a bad shot). "I SAY, THAT WAS A GRIM EGG YOU BEAT."

There used to be a rather deadly game called Buried Cities, and the idea has of late been revived. Cities buried, not in a puzzle but in oblivion, are being disinterred; and the greatest of these is London, which is many cities, past and present. So in *The London Comedy* (MEDICI SOCIETY) Mr. C. P. HAWKES presents a miscellany of sketches and impressions of the various regions of the metropolis. They are true to nature inasmuch as the profound essential melancholy of London is implicit in them all, whether lively or sombre. Mr. HAWKES has observed the squalid and the picturesque with an equal eye, and if his mode of presentation be somewhat conventional it is always interesting. The scope of Mr. JAMES BONE, in his handsome book, *The London Perambulator* (CAPE), is more ambitious. Like other discoverers of London he is perhaps a little apt to discourse of the obvious. The contrast of ordinary appearances, however, with so vivid a picture as Mr. BONE's description of a snow-clad London seen at night in time of war from the Golden Gallery of St. Paul's is the more satisfactory. There is a peculiar charm in the chapter on "Shops," with its comfortable sense of a snug prosperity stretching back fifty or a hundred years, unbroken by political vicissitudes. And Mr. BONE's spirited account of the watermen's race for Doggett's Coat and Badge admirably suggests the cheery life of London River, thriving within hail of London streets and yet wholly foreign to the Cockney. The best of Mr. MUIRHEAD BONE's illustrations disengage the sedate, luminous and elaborate effect of the engravings of an older period.

I think those weeklies and monthlies which retail the sketchier type of short story and the more narrative type of sketch have a great deal to answer for: they provide too accommodating a market for the more facile efforts of talented people. Take for example the twenty-two pieces reprinted by Mrs. SYLVIA LYND in *The Mulberry Bush* (MACMILLAN). When you have said that they couple a frequent apprehension of pretty things with a touch or two of profounder sensibility you have said about the best there is to say; and even that has to be qualified by a regretful allusion to handling which is occasionally loose and occasionally pretentious and occasionally both. It would, I feel, be the absurdity of unkindness to pillory Mrs. LYND's articles if she could do no better and her school could do no worse. But, as there is every hope of the one and every fear of the other, I feel that plain speech is plainly indicated. If you set out to be realistic you must not use a romantic's licence with regard to facts or phrases. Mr. CHESTERTON, for instance, might be allowed to say that one uncurtained window lit up an acre of square, but the phrase is obviously too heroic for Mrs. LYND. Neither should she have maintained that the Fiesole tram when it left Florence "tattered

away, hugging the cliff of the Duomo," because, though "tattered" is probably a misprint for "clattered," the Florentine Duomo stands on its well-paved piazza like a wedding-cake on a salver, with less resemblance to a natural formation than any building you can possibly imagine. Again, it does not do to insist (three times) that a lady lives in a Tuscan *villano*, because a *villano* simply means a villager. These things are certainly trifles, but, if Mrs. LYND's perfection in this vein is not made up of trifles, it is not made up at all. She republishes however a delightful "Story for Ornithologists," exhibiting the bracing influence of a plot and of the merriest farcical consistency throughout.

Without being exactly a beloved vagabond, *Sir Victor Pandolfo*, who gives his name to *The Great Pandolfo* (LANE), has a strong family likeness to most of Mr. W. J. LOCKE's more recent heroes. Mr. LOCKE has obviously learned two lessons, both of much value to the novelist. One is that the public can almost always be captured by an amiable eccentric, be he joyous rogue or quixotic crank; the other is concerned with the wisdom of choosing as heroine a woman of a certain age. (I think it was Mr. R. S. HICHENS who first saw the advantage of making a strong appeal to the romantic lady of mature years.) In *Sir Victor*, so as to be on the safe side, our author combines his two favourite types: (1) an inventor who is not far removed from a megalomaniac. It is the quixotic crank, not the rather ineffective and absent-minded professor whom we have met before, but a dynamic personality. He gets going from the first chapter; he wastes no time either in love or business. And (2) *Paula Field*, a charming widow with whom at sight the crank claims a soul affinity. She has hard work to keep him at bay until he has got into the requisite amount of trouble and enabled Mr. LOCKE to fill his three hundred pages. Let it be said at once that they are very good pages, full of little touches of humour and tenderness. Some of the minor characters, such as *Lady Demeter* and *Sir Spencer Babington* (our newly appointed Minister at Prague), are excellently sketched, and if there is a trace of melodrama about *Monte Dangerfield* (could there be a more obvious villain's name?) and the *Comtesse de Bréville* a little melodrama does no real harm. And the cleverness with which the author puts his material together is indisputable. Quite a fair LOCKE, in the later manner.



"OH, YOU NAUGHTY BOY, TO SMACK YOUR LITTLE BROTHER'S FACE!"
"WELL, IT AIN'T ANY USE SMACKIN' 'IM ANYWHERE ELSE—IT DON'T 'URT 'IM."

Mr. VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH will, I hope, recognise the compliment I pay him when I say that the eponymous hero of *The Adventures of Captain Ivan Korovitch* (BLACKWOOD) is a not unworthy successor to the famous *Brigadier Gerard*, with whose exploits Sir A. CONAN DOYLE entertained us in the "nineties." *Captain Korovitch* ("late of the Imperial Russian Army") may lack something of the *Brigadier's* magnificent gusto, but he has at any rate a livelier sense of humour. He has also a trick of mishandling the English idiom at critical moments which I found most attractive. (Even his habit of saying "splendid!" when he scored a point amused me, although some may find it irritating.) Much as the *Captain* enjoys the recounting of his exploits, Mr. WHITECHURCH has seen to it that he is never a bore. He is equally delightful whether he is robbing a bank or tracking a German spy or escaping from the Bolshevists; and that leaves nine episodes which I haven't space to mention. Both young and old, particularly the young, will enjoy these tales. Some day perhaps we shall have more of them. Splendid!

Miss EVELYN SHARP has a genuine talent for writing books about and for children, and she has used it to excellent effect in *Young James* (ARNOLD). As not infrequently happens to the youngest of a family, *James Horace William Chayne*, aged six, was both petted and squashed by his relations, but he made a great friend of a celebrated female explorer, and from her he received precisely the treatment for which his ardent soul pined. This lady, believe me, was so famous that to escape from interviewers and photographers she had changed her name and hidden herself in the deepest depths of the country. She constitutes one of the mysteries of Miss SHARP's pleasant story, and the disappearance of a first edition of *Pilgrim's Progress* is another. To the solution of these two problems *Pamela* and *Ambrose*, elder sister and brother of *J. H. W. C.*, applied themselves with great vigour and strange results. Children, I am sure, will be delighted with this tale; and I hope they will not be so surprised as I was when in the middle of the book I encountered a picture of the famous lady explorer. Apart from the matter of boots she might have been taken for the mistress of an infant school. But I recovered from this shock, and in fairness I ought to add that the remaining drawings left me calm and contented.

Mr. Punch gives a double greeting to *Laughing Ann* (FISHER UNWIN), by two of his young men: A. P. HERBERT, author, and GEORGE MORROW, artist. Most of this collection of "A. P. H.'s" verses appeared in these pages, many of them under the title, "Mr. Punch's Music-Hall Songs." He also welcomes *Fairies and Friends* (METHUEN), by ROSE FYLEMAN, in which a number of "R. F.'s" poems will be recognised by his readers.

"Frederick ——, aged 29, an ex-convict, was, at —— Assizes yesterday, sentenced to three years' penal servitude or four burglaries in one night."—*Morning Paper.*

Clearly our magistrates are at last realising the necessity of making the punishment fit the crime.

CHARIVARIA.

FIGHTING in Manchuria is held up owing to lack of funds. There is some talk of holding a Mah-Jongg drive for the purpose of raising the money.

***

The natives of Fiji have a habit of jumping on the stomach of anybody who annoys them. We doubt if the Harlequins would play them.

***

From a Board of Trade report it seems that farmers head the list of bankruptcies for last year. And if they had been at the bottom they would have grumbled just the same.

***

The Brotherhood of Cheerful Sparrows at Folkestone is arranging a "Harvest Home." In this connection we are asked to say that a farewell dinner will be held on Christmas Eve by the League of Gloomy Turkeys.

***

Everybody is urged to shop early this year. Buy your turkey now and get it cheap. It will be higher by Christmas.

***

It is said that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has a leaning towards the moderate Socialist Party, but would not go so far as to favour the nationalisation of political funds.

***

"Although my name is DEMPSEY I never fight," said a defendant in a police court the other day. No wonder he was mistaken for the American boxer.

***

It appears that yet another prison is to be closed down. At the rate things are going there will soon be no gaols for prisoners to escape from.

***

The Federation of British Industries has drawn up a scheme to safeguard manufacturers from unscrupulous traders. It would be helpful if all fraudulent traders would forward their names and addresses to the federation.

***

The cutlery trade may be in a bad way, but what about the hairpin industry?

***

We tremble to think where the waistline would have been this winter if it had not been for the introduction of Russian boots.

***

In the opinion of Professor BOWLEY we shall have a stationary population in 1941. We had already foreseen this development of the traffic difficulty.

***

It is denied that Rugby footballers bounce their young on the floor to harden them.

***

When a few more new War Lords appear in China it is expected that the civil war there will be run on a League basis, with home and away engagements, and points for each win or draw.

***

A well-known doctor suggests that we should start the day with a smile. It looks as if he reads the same morning paper as a million and three-quarter other people.

***

A newspaper recently printed an article on theatrical superstitions. It may not be generally known that in American film circles it is considered lucky to be the seventh wife of a seventh husband.

***

An artist has pointed out that girls of to-day are developing the motoring face, the dancing face and the sports face. A girl we noticed the other day had tango teeth, hockey eyes and a road-hog nose.

***

Four bulls caused some excitement in the Strand the other day. They were believed to have escaped from the Rubber Market.



London Policeman (to visitor from country). "HULLO! LOST IN THE FOG, EH?"
Visitor. "FOG BE HANGED! I WAS LOST BEFORE IT STARTED."

A Bishop has confessed that, as a boy, he made an unsuccessful attempt to blow up his school with gunpowder. It is greatly to his credit that he was not disheartened by this early failure.

***

Attention is drawn to the high cost per rat of destruction by fumigation. This decides us not to have our rat fumigated till things get cheaper.

***

"It may interest you to know," writes a *Daily News* reader, "that in spite of the extremely cold weather we have had recently I picked two strawberries to-day from my garden in the open." Very hardy of him.

***

Chinese telephone subscribers in Hong Kong have been notified that if they flirt over the wires with the girls at the exchange more than three times their numbers will be cancelled. In Chinese telephone circles, however, it is understood that if you flirt with the same girl three times she becomes your own property.

***

A number of Welsh miners are reported to be learning Greek. This further complicates the coal problem.

***

An M.P. has pointed out that among Lancashire folk port is generally regarded as a teetotal drink. From what we have heard of the stuff that is sometimes sold as port in those parts we think it very possible that they are right.

***

A Manchester rector has made a reputation as an inventor of toys. He is believed to be experimenting with improvements on the familiar clockwork curate.

***

"If it had not been for WALTER SCOTT," said Mr. BALDWIN at the annual dinner of the Royal Scottish Corporation, "you would never have seen a kilt south of the Grampians." Sir WALTER has much to answer for.

***

Football is now being played in Soviet Russia. No arrangements, however, have yet been made for the All Reds to visit this country.

***

A temperance reformer suggests that Art Galleries might be made rivals of the public-house.

Genial Visitor. What's yours?
Friend. Thanks; I think I'll have another EPSTEIN.

TO JULIA, IN ENVY OF HER TOUGHNESS.

WHEN I, in this revolting weather,
As served throughout the Arctic zone,
Just keep my soul and flesh together
By wearing things that weigh a stone,
And find that you go undefeated
In clothes that let the blast blow through,
I marvel why my sex is treated
As much the tougher of the two.

When Earth is wrapt in frosty vapour
And barren boughs with snow are fledged,
Your callous legs still love to caper
In summer hose of silk (alleged);
While I, if thus I mocked the blizzard
Or rashly dared the bitter rime—
I should be stricken in the gizzard,
I should be dead in three days' time.

Having survived the day's exposure
At eve you bare your hardy spine,
Marking that exhibition's closure
At well below the old waist-line;
This seems to cause your lungs no trouble,
Yet if I danced *sans* shirt and vest
I should incur pneumonia (double)
And in a week or so go West.

How comes it you enjoy a measure
Of nudity to me denied?
Is it because your frame, my treasure,
Is coated with a coarser hide?
I fear you 'll deem this view abhorrent,
So let me add, to break the blow,
You are—and will remain, I warrant—
The nicest pachyderm I know. O. S.

FLAWS IN THE PACT.

THE general rejoicing over the signing of the Locarno Treaty last week has not been unanimous. We have been privileged to see an advance proof of what the representative of *The Penman and Copybook* has to say about the subject.

"I have carefully examined the signatures," he writes, "and I am amazed at the carelessness and lack of essential detail in the caligraphy of the delegates.

"Dr. LUTHER'S signature, first in the list, reveals an almost total ignorance of English characters. Herr GUSTAV STRESEMANN does better, but I would remind him that his eminence as a statesman is not enhanced, in our view, by his flagrant omission to cross his 't's' above the line. M. EMILE VANDERVELDE does dot his 'i,' which is more than M. BRIAND manages to do; but it is a thousand pities that, after making a very fair start, he should finish with the final 'e' so vaguely indicated. Much as I would like to do so I cannot find one single good point about the illegible scrawl that stands for the name of the French PREMIER.

"Coming to the two English signatures, it would be doing less than justice to Mr. BALDWIN not to admit that one can read his writing; but the sad discrepancy in the size of the capital letters strikes a jarring note, and it is surely regrettable that our PRIME MINISTER, in appending his name to so important a document, has not taken just that little extra trouble that would have made the 'l' as tall as the 'd.'

"Every true copybook practitioner must deplore the fact that the Treaty of Locarno will be deposited in the archives with a blot in the signature of the FOREIGN SECRETARY of this country. Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S effort is in truth a poor piece of penmanship, lacking in both uniformity and grace. As to the signature of Signor VITTORIO SCIALOJA, the ambiguity of the final letter of his Christian name leaves us in doubt as to his sex.

"It is truly painful to observe how the rule of light upstrokes and heavy down-strokes has been ignored. And I am credibly informed by an eye-witness that not one of the statesmen held the pen between the thumb and the first and second fingers of the right hand, and not one of them pointed the holder towards the left shoulder. This being so, what could one expect? I grieve to have to say it, but from the point of view of this journal and its mission the signing of the Treaty of Locarno must be regarded as a thoroughly discreditable performance."

A CHILD AMONG THE CHELSEA PROPHETS.

IT was a sudden impulse that led me to take Paul in to see Adela. I had not connected the string of cars outside with her flat till a burst of conversational eloquence as the door was thrown wide warned me of the crowd within.

"One feels how HUDSON himself, with his sense of exotic beauty, would have adored it. . . ."

"My *dear*, you surely know who it was that introduced that RIMSKY-KORSAKOV into the programme! So glittering! . . ."

"Not really a poet, dearest. He had that sort of spurious fame which comes from . . ."

Paul has not yet reached an age when worldly wisdom teaches the camouflaging of one's real opinions. We had not been in the room two minutes when the penetrating notes of his voice sounded shrill and clear above all the chatter: "Let 's go home, Mummie! I don't like this house and I don't like any of these people."

There was a moment that seemed years of awful silence, broken by a gushing comment that I feared might provoke something worse.

"The frankness of childhood is *so* captivating, don't you think?"

Adela beamed on Paul with devastating tactfulness.

"Paul," she persuaded in honeyed tones, "would you like Mary to take you into the kitchen to play with Cook? Cook simply loves little boys."

I held my breath, well knowing that if there is one thing that is more likely than another to provoke Paul to frenzy it is the assumption that he is a little boy. At four years old, in Paul's opinion, manhood has been attained.

But on the principle possibly that nothing could be worse than the company in which he now found himself Paul consented to be led away.

There must be something wrong with the construction of Adela's flat, for the noise that presently ensued was deafening. Even through the chatter of her highbrow friends shrieks of childish laughter penetrated from the kitchen quarters. What could be going on? I found myself unable to attend to the conversation of my neighbour and kept on giving her the most inept replies. As soon as I possibly could I rose to leave.

"Oh, don't go yet, dear," urged Adela, her hand on the bell.

I murmured something about Paul's bed-time when the drawing-room door burst open and Paul, flushed and bright-eyed, blew in. Amid a sudden death-like silence he piped up with terrible distinctness, "Don't hurry away 'cause of me, Mummie; the *cook* 's all right!"

"233 feet is about two-thirds of the height of the cross surrounding St. Paul's dome."—*Evening Paper.*

The shifting of the fabric has evidently gone further than we supposed.



SAFETY LIMITED.

MR. BALDWIN *(to distressed trades).* "DON'T ALL SCREAM AT ONCE. I SHAN'T HAVE ENOUGH BELTS TO GO ROUND."



Lady (in confidential tones). "I WANT SOME SUSPENDERS AND THERE 'S NO ONE TO ATTEND TO ME."
Shopwalker. "MISS FORSYTH! SUSPENDERS! QUICK!"

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

CAFÉ REZZONICO.

(*After Mr.* ALDOUS HUXLEY.)

CHANDELIERS like stalactites
In this gilt priapic cave
Shake their ostentatious lights
Over diners gay and grave.

I, for two or three liqueurs,
Can in contemplation sit,
Watch the Germans swill their beers,
Hear the hiccoughs they emit.

But my pitless stomach spurns
Pies to Kaffir music served,
Though my vacant partner yearns,
Flaunts an arm that 's pink and curved,

Leans and, as the negroid gongs
Blast abdominal repose,
Hums Chicago's Bantu songs,
Pats with talcum-dust her nose.

Tigresses in silken frocks
Flash cemented teeth with guile;
Hippos talk of falling stocks;
Jackal waiters pass and smile.

Buttoned boys wheel wooden trays
Noiselessly or push with pride
Vacuum-cleaners through the ways
By red Wilton sanctified.

Two young negroes in the band
Bellow for their mammy's breast,
While the fiddles take a hand
And the saxophone a rest.

Then the hippopotami,
Having paid their bill, retreat
And a striped gazelle slinks by
To a lurking jaguar's seat.

In a pause of fox-trot airs
Sleek Vienna takes a turn,
And pomaded pugs and bears
Waltz about a central fern;

And my partner clasps my hand
With a hand that sticks and steams;
She is happy with the band,
She is happy in her dreams.

W. K. S.

"WORTHLESS SECURITIES.

Persons invited to purchase these shares would no doubt consider how far the standing of the firms concerned and the method adopted for offering the shares were calculated to inspire confidence in the value of the shares."
Provincial Paper.

Another printer rises to the occasion.

INSULARS ABROAD.

III.—PARIS RESTAURANTS.

Percival and I have been trying lately to "discover" a restaurant. You know what I mean; you hear people everywhere talking about "*the* sweetest little place in all Paris, my dear, and *such* good cooking and so cheap—very few other people even *know* of it . . ." Or else, "topping little spot, old man, hidden away from the Boulevards and quite primitive—we discovered it ourselves . . ." In fact you never realise the truth of the saying that Paris is a city of restaurants till you get back to England and hear English people on the subject.

Anyway, it 's a little place like that Percival and I think we will "discover." Then we can come back and hold our own in Continental conversation. But so far we are not having much luck. Every place we 've struck seems to have been discovered already. To be in on the ground floor of this discovery business I think you really need to get stable information from the Ritz as to which of the waiters is setting up on his own next.

We searched the side streets at first, but we now know better. It is in the side streets that all the really fashionable restaurants are. One of the first little places we thought we had discovered turned out to be called Voisin's. We were too late by at least a century.

When we had tried several others we at last unearthed a restaurant where we found the proprietor in his shirt-sleeves having a terrific argument with a waitress, apparently about being a couple of yards short in the day's bread ration. There was a smell of tripe, coffee and *sauté* potatoes, an enormous number of bottles and lemons, and only eight tables, but all spotlessly clean.

"This is the place at last, old man!" cried Percival lyrically.

We sat down and the proprietor came up. Now, we thought, for laying the foundations of the "friend and client" stuff.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said. "Will you let me shake you a Martini before you begin?"

Well, what I mean to say is, even a COLUMBUS would find it dashed difficult to discover anything in this city.

Later on the place filled up with English and Americans, and the air grew thick with our own language. Only one Frenchman put in an appearance, and he looked all the time as nervous as an ice-cream in a paper-bag and apologised when he went out. There were cocktails and quite decent port and good cigars, and bills calculated apparently under the influence of a rumour that the franc was dropping still further. It was most homely, but it was not what we wanted.

So far we have met with no better success, but, though we have not discovered a restaurant, we have now gained some very valuable knowledge as to how a restaurant proprietor who wants to be "discovered" sets about it.

The first thing is to put the shutters up at the front, put the prices up inside, and put an entrance up at the back in an *impasse*. Next there should be very good chefs and a well-equipped kitchen below, while a "super" dressed like a chef, together with a ladle and a smell of cooking, should occasionally appear among the diners from a back room, to give the impression that it is all done at your very elbow. One particular dish should be a "*spécialité*"; people then have a chance of ordering something straight-away in a knowing fashion, and the proprietor of answering admiringly, "*Ah, M'sieu sait bien commander le meilleur!*" Whenever the speciality is ordered — say it is "*poulet en casserole*" — a small boy should be very obviously sent out into the street and should return carrying a plucked chicken through the dining-room a short while before the dish is sent to the table. The same chicken can be used again and again and has itself really nothing to do with the dish. It just gives local colour. "And, my *dear*," you will hear later, "they do it for you while you wait. You actually *see* the chicken being taken to the chef! Isn't it *sweet?*"

At intervals a verbal fracas between the sham cook and one of the waiters will give a delightful sense of being really in France. For the same reason there should always be *escargots* on the menu. No one will eat snails, but they give the foreign touch, and the Americans at least, if they don't see them, will think the place isn't French and ask for their money back.

The proprietor, by the way, should know English perfectly, but should never speak it, except in extreme cases, such as Percival. One of the waiters, however, may be allowed to speak just enough English to tell the customers that the Paris water isn't fit to drink.

There must be no formal bill at the end, but the proprietor should come round and make out a casual one by asking you what you've had. This gives a very pleasant sense of being trusted implicitly. An item may also be omitted, as if in error, from the bills of more



Jaded Youth (seeking a novelty in restaurants). "TELL ME, OFFICER, WHERE EXACTLY IS THE 'LOCARNO'?"

favoured clients, who thus get a very satisfying feeling of self-righteousness in pointing it out. Of course there is no chance of their really getting away with it, for Madame at her desk is keeping a secret check of everything.

Lastly, there is the wine. If asked what wine he recommends the proprietor of course points out as a "*spécialité de la maison*" that particular line which requires drinking up. This is quite usual. All the wine, however, must be good, but the price should be better. The wine should be brought up carefully from the foundations of the house in dusty bottles. Wine is always much better when the proprietor himself handles it very reverently and says, "*Voilà un grand vin, hein?*" This does not require a knowledge of wine; a knowledge of psychology will do as well.

There only remains then to give a needy journalist a few free meals to write the place up in a lightly-disguised "mustn't-give-it-away" fashion, and the restaurant is in a fair way to be discovered twenty times a day.

A. A.

A Timely Gift.

"P.C. ——, of —— police-station, has been presented with a criming clock, the gift of his colleagues."—*Local Paper.*

Our Muscular Clergy.

"SCHOOL MISTRESS'S RETIREMENT.

In recognition of her long service, a public presentation was made to her, the Rev. Canon —— handing to her a three-piece Chesterfield suite, etc."

Lancashire Paper.

Commercial Candour.

From an Indian trader's circular:—

"WINE AND STORES LIST, 1925.

Don't run away with the idea that because we are an up-country firm we cannot do you as well as any concern in Calcutta or Bombay, for we know we can and our list will prove it."

"Carpentry work comes natural to every man."—*Advt. in Sunday Paper.*

Judging by our experience the writer seems to have hit the thumb on the head.

"KID SOCKS WINS IN PARIS.

Kid Francis, the French bantamweight champion, gained a points decision over the London boxer, Len George, in a ten round contest at the Cirque de Paris. It was not a ladylike affair, for during the bout George was floored seven times, and once Francis was pushed out of the ring and into a lady's lap."—*Daily Paper.*

"Kid Socks" possibly, but evidently not "kid gloves."

WHY I AM SORRY FOR THE BACK BENCHERS.

SPEAKERS, it has been truly said, are borne, not paid; but they cannot be borne for very long.



THE OTHER FELLOW'S SPEECH.

No Parliamentary orator (naturally) wishes to listen to anybody else's speeches. Why should he? The men on the other side talk rot. The men on his own side are about to use up all the good things which he was going to say himself. As the moments run by and he hears all these good things being ruined by a halting delivery and a want of eloquence (confound the infernal fools!), and as it becomes increasingly clear that he probably will not have a chance of speaking at all, he is driven to such exasperation that he either goes out to dinner (and dines well) or, in extreme cases, crosses the floor of the House.

There is a terrible poignancy in the recent complaint of private Members to the SPEAKER that they are constantly obliged to go home with their own speeches unheard (or unread). The SPEAKER has sympathised, and implored Front Benchers to be more brief. They cannot. They have had no practice. The SPEAKER might as well address his prayers to the December gales.

Several remedies present themselves to my fertile and active brain. In the first place it does not seem to have been noticed that the practice of speaking in fixed turns is neither universal nor necessary. It does not prevail in our little village Debating Society at Barley St. Nicholas. Must it prevail at Westminster? We consider too at Barley St. Nicholas that it is the repression, or inhibition, to use a more technical phrase, of the intended speech that does harm to the speaker's soul, not the fact that nobody listens to him when he speaks. To be wroth with one we love may be pretty apt to work like madness in the brain; but to bottle up a political oration has it beaten every time.



"FULL OF RHETORICAL GRACES."

We have found in fact that we are all of us good public speakers, but very few of us are good public listeners. But we do not on that account discipline ourselves, like the Back Benchers of the House of Commons, to privation and want. We know very well that we could not listen to anybody else's speeches for twice the salary that a Member of Parliament receives for his unhappy though honourable task.

The only speeches, we believe, that anybody wishes to listen to are those which are full of rhetorical graces or excellent jokes, and are delivered with a good theatrical effect. Speeches of this kind are so rare nowadays as to be almost negligible, and a Debating Society is not the place, we feel, in which to make them, since the proportion of people gathered there who are restlessly itching to speak is obviously much

greater than the proportion which is willing, under any consideration, to hear. But a great deal of bad feeling and discontent can be and is removed by our simple plan of allowing everybody, including the vicar and the blacksmith, to talk at once. We all have robust lungs and we all bring plenty of cotton-wool. After all, one never knows that there may not be a listener here and there. . . .

The second method is that of the rotary platform or the stage trap-door so popular in pantomime. The use of these appliances in the House of Commons would make it necessary for all speakers to speak from one part of the House, instead of from their own places, as custom now decrees. But the times change and we in them. A wise and enlightened Government with a large majority, thinking only of the best interests of the nation and surveying the future with a calm and steady eye, could easily adopt this novel machinery for debate. If the trap-door were utilised the SPEAKER, at the end of ten minutes by the simple pressure of an electric button, would cause the orator who had outstayed his welcome to descend swiftly beneath the floor of the House. A pretty formality would be introduced if at the moment of retiring he waved his hat once or twice in the air, placing it on his head as he passed out of sight under the ground.

This is the trap-door method. The moving platform is the device used especially for the presentation of horse-races at Drury Lane. Here the platform moves swiftly and continuously on a roller, and anyone placed on it is obliged to run with all possible speed in order to keep his position. The double tax on an orator of speaking and running at the same time would almost certainly limit speeches to a few moments' duration at the outside. It is a handicap on age, I admit, but are not the back benches full of young aspiring and physically athletic politicians whose voices ought more frequently to be heard?

There is, however, a third and simpler way to remove the grievances of Private Members who remain ingloriously mute. It may not have escaped notice that even important speeches are not always reported verbatim in the Press. In a very large part of the Press they are, in fact, not reported at all. The reading of *Hansard*, which I personally hold should replace Swedish drill as the first lesson at all elementary schools throughout the land, is a dying industry. Few people have anything but the vaguest idea what speeches were made in the House of Commons yesterday, how long they were or what was said, or why. Would it seem a very monstrous suggestion if the Press were asked, for a small consideration perhaps, to print the undelivered speeches of private Members in this form?—

Mr. Humble, had opportunity offered, or time been sufficient, intended to say:—

"We have all listened with the profoundest respect and the deepest attention to the remarks made by the right honourable Member for Mumble on the question before the House. Personally . . . . . (*probable cheers*) My own opinion is . . . . . (*undoubted laughter*) My experience in dealing with such cases amongst my own constituents at Mashley . . . . . Every right-thinking Englishman . . . . . and especially women (*assured merriment*). Speaking with a long and intimate acquaintance of the problem before the House . . . . . ideals of fair play . . . . honesty . . . . . admirable amendment . . . . . prevention of swine fever . . . . . placed on the statute book. (*Inevitable applause.*)



THE MOVING PLATFORM WOULD ALMOST CERTAINLY CURTAIL SPEECHES.

It is quite true that Mr. Humble will not actually have spoken or unburdened his bosom of all this perilous stuff on the floor of the House; but he will be able to conjure up the scene as he reads over the report; and so will his constituents. Indeed there is a very good chance that by the time the report has reached the local *Mashley Advertiser and Bulletin* the words "intended to say" will have transformed themselves into the simpler and more effective "said." Spiritually, moreover, and perhaps indeed metaphysically, the will to speak is of far more consequence than the mere trumpery act. And in a typed copy supplied to the Press one does not leave the best passages out.

Any device would be better than a mutiny of back benchers, who may all conspire, if the worst comes to the worst, to meet and deliver their speeches elsewhere. This surely, in the words that a well-known leader-writer often murmurs in his sleep, would be to reduce the deliberations of the Imperial Parliament to the level of a veritable farce. EVOE.

THE GROUSE DRIVE.

(*A December Memory.*)

A HAIL-SHOWER is drumming
  In puddles of peat
And beaters are coming
  On far plodding feet;
A dark sky above is
  And peaks in white shrouds,
And down the dark coveys
  Come rushing like clouds.

They come; for one second
  As specks they appear,
Then, ere you 'll ha' reckoned
  Another, they 're near;
  They 're over—and that 'll
  Be one second more,
They 're gone with a rattle,
  They pass with a roar.

Ah me, the professors
  Who picked from the pack,
They seemed the possessors
  Of more than mere *knack*,
A magic, or what it
  Amounts to, they 'd got;
You ask had *I* got it?
  I own I had *not*.

Tall pheasants o'ertopping
  Tall trees are no joke;
Your partridge wants stopping
  When curling like smoke;
But grouse in December
  Adown a dark squall,
They 're (don't I remember?)
  The devil an' all!

"NIGHT CLUB RAIDS.

About 50 police officers took part in the raids, writes a *Daily* ——— representative, and they were all carried out in less than an hour."—*Daily Paper.*

Night-club whisky must be more potent than we thought.

THE CAULKER: A FISH STORY.

["A whaler whose plates had been pierced was saved by a large fish which was drawn into the hole by the inrush of water and got jammed there. The fish only became dislodged when they were nearly in port."—*Daily Paper.*]

A STRONG imagination from my youth has been combined
With insatiate love of detail and a quick inquiring mind;
I have therefore made an effort at discovering what are
The actual facts that lie behind this interesting par.

It was the whaler *Whatshername*—I'm not allowed to state
The tonnage, destination, nationality or date—
But anyway a rock (or wreck) nigh brought her to her doom
And made a most impressive hole abaft the engine-room.

The hole was very large indeed; at once the water rolled
Unhindered through the orifice and swamped the after-hold;
And very soon, unless the crew could reach a port and dock her,
The whole concern would go for good to Davy Jones's locker.

All hands were piped to man the pumps, and manfully they pumped,
While feverishly up and down the bridge the skipper stumped;
But stumped the "Old Man" ne'er so fast nor pumped the men so hard,
The water in the after-hold was gaining yard by yard.

"We're lost!" the captain cried. "That's so," the mate he made reply.
"Then man the boats," the skipper said, a tear in either eye;
But scarcely had he wiped them off and dried them on his trouser
When up a sailor ran and cried, "The pumps are gaining now, Sir."

Yes, Fate had acted in a way as kind as it was odd;
In point of actual fact, some fish—a conger or a cod,
A whale or shark (though which it was I really mustn't say)—
Drawn by the inrush through the hole, had stuck and blocked the way.

This for the moment saved the crew from quite a pretty pickle,
For now the flood that raged before became the merest trickle.
"Then pump again!" the captain cried. The mate remarked, "Ay, ay!"
And very soon the after-hold was practically dry.

"Full steam ahead!" the skipper said. "Make for the nearest land!"
"Ay, ay, Sir," said the mate—when up there rushed a fo'c's'le hand.
"Excusin' me the liberty o' speakin', Sir," he said,
"They 've pumped the blinkin' 'old so dry the bung 'll soon be dead."

"Why not, my man?" the captain cried. The mate re-echoed, "Why?"
The man replied, "It don't seem fair ter let the creetur die;
But quite apart from gratitood I 've 'eard it said, I think,
That fish wot die will quickly dry, and then o' course they shrink."

"The deuce they do!" the captain cried. The mate said, "Gad, he 's right!
The sea will push him in unless we keep her water-tight."
"Go, fill the biggest pail we 've got," the ingenious skipper said,
"With water to the brim and hold it round the fish's head."

Then straight that seaman hurries to the water-cask and fills
The largest pail with water and he holds it round his gills;
But even then, although the stuff did cheer him up a bit,
It still was clear that kindly fish felt very far from fit.

The captain watched with twitching lips; the mate began to curse;
The fish was shrinking rapidly, it fitted worse and worse;
The water poured in tons aboard; the fish still shrank and shrank,
Until at last it slipped right in, and then the good ship sank.

The shore was near; the crew were saved and reached their native land;
But still the skipper and the mate can never understand
Exactly why a fish should die with water round its head.
"We can't have *drowned* it?" asked the mate. "Why, no," the skipper said.

But in the crew was one who knew and sadly slunk away—
His conscience needs must trouble him until his dying day—
The fo'c's'le hand. "My fault!" he groans. "It 's all my silly fault;
I gave the brute *fresh* water when of course he wanted *salt*."

PITHY POINTS FROM OUR LETTER-BAG.

THE SPECTRE IN THE PARK.

DEAR SIR,—While recently walking in Hyde Park I had an experience somewhat similar to that recently described by Dr. COLLIE when he was climbing Ben MacDhui, only if possible more horrifying because it occurred in the heart of London and on the flat. The impact of the supernatural is always more paralysing when it occurs in surroundings which, as a rule, are immune from influences inexplicable by the laws of causation.

I was walking, as I have already observed, in Hyde Park, in my usual health after a light luncheon, when I was suddenly conscious of a general lowering of vitality and a sensation of chill at the small of my back—though I was wearing a warm overcoat—and, raising my eyes, beheld the menacing figure of a Green Woman, gesticulating wildly and in a manner so awe-inspiring that without a moment's hesitation I took to my heels and ran, as I have not run for many years, to the Royal Humane Society's quarters on the Serpentine, where I was provided with restoratives and conducted by one of the assistants to the nearest exit from the Park.

As regards the stature of this terrible creature I can only say that, judging from the size of her hands, she must have been at least fifteen feet high. I also noticed that, in spite of the extremely low temperature which prevailed, she was imperfectly clad—so imperfectly indeed that I cannot understand how she evaded the vigilance of the park-keepers. I may add that I am well acquainted with the Green Man at Dulwich, but that I could not trace any affinity between that hospitable and friendly personage and the apparition which confronted me last week.

Yours faithfully, JEREMY SQUINCHLER.

A BLUE MAN IN BELGRAVIA.

DEAR SIR,—While recently descending a pipe on the outside of a house in Belgrave Square, after a pleasant and profitable visit to one of the residents, I was conscious of the presence of a formidable apparition standing on the pavement about thirty feet below me. It was that of a Man in Blue, but of such gigantic proportions that it seemed to me as if I could not escape his clutches if I descended another ten feet. I confess that, like Dr. COLLIE in his adventure on Ben MacDhui, I was completely terrified, and, seeing no way of escape but in flight, hastily climbed back up the pipe and made my way on to the roof, whence, after



Boy (as Inspector arrives). "THERE'S A MAN COME TO SEE YER SKATES AND WHALES."

some anxious minutes, I succeeded in making my way by a fire-escape to an adjoining mansion and, after crouching among the chimney pots for about half-an-hour, managed to effect a safe descent into an adjoining mews, and so home. The man, besides his colour and colossal dimensions, was noticeable for a waxed moustache. I have not seen him since, but he remains indelibly imprinted on the mental retina of Yours faithfully, LATRO FELINUS.

AN ISLAND ADVENTURE.

DEAR SIR,—I have never seen the Grey Man of Ben MacDhui, but years ago, when fishing in the Island of Rum, I was confronted with the spectre of the Pale Pink Widow of Glenlivet. It was a fearsome experience, of which I have never spoken to anyone before, and it was only after a prolonged residence at a hydropathic establishment in the Trossachs that she ceased to haunt my dreams. It was not her height that was so remarkable, but the colour scheme of her tartan, in which a roseate ground was profusely bedevilled with green spots. Her movements were swift but noiseless, indeed there was something uncanny and altogether illicit about her stillness. Since that experience I have given up Rum, and of late years fished at Waterville, in the south of Ireland.

I am, Yours, etc., A. B. STAINER.

"But even this [telephonic] completeness of preparation will not prevent the partridges from being missed occasionally by the best of shooters. I have heard, indeed, that it has the effect of unnerving some shots who would prefer not to be told of the imminence of rocketers."—*Evening Paper.*

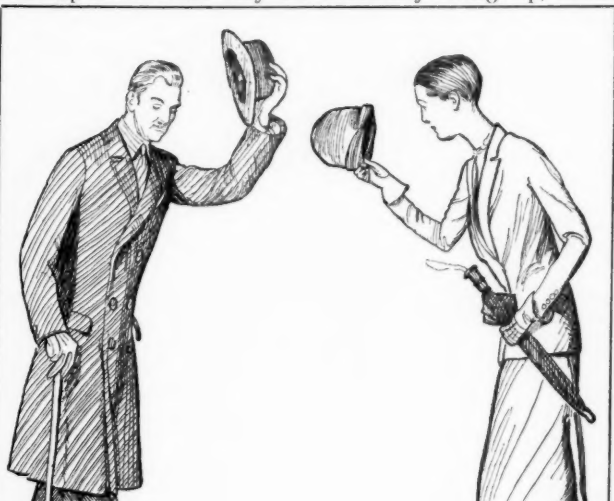
The rocketing partridge is, of course, one of the most unnerving developments of modern shooting.

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

XVII.—WE HUNT THE KANGAROO.

WHEN I say hunt I do not mean hunt, and when I say kangaroo I am told that I should mean wallaby or wallaroo. With these exceptions however the above title stands.

Whenever we see an Australian newspaper-man he says, "What are your impressions of Australia?" and I reply, "It is too large;" and George adds tactfully, "And much too far away." Since we landed on these genial shores we have travelled three or four thousand miles, yet when we peep at the map of the place our track looks like the track of a snail which has dithered for a few minutes on the outside edge of the Oval. We have simply hovered on the fringe of a small corner in the south-east. It is true, as I said to George, that this is the corner in which the men of Australia live ("And the women, old boy," said George), and we like them too much to be exactly crazy about the places in which they do not live. However, after a long course of inspecting sugar-factories, butter-refineries, coal-mills and saw-mines (by me), and an awful lot of dancing and horse-racing (by George), we decided we must have at least a glimpse of the vast open spaces, the immense natural resources, the back-blocks and the places where life is life. But however far we go we are invariably told that this and that is very fine, but of course we have not seen the *real* Australia. And it is my suspicion that there *is* no real Australia.



THE MASCULINE TOUCH.
WILL MANNERS FOLLOW MODES?

To reach the "sheep-station" we had quite a short journey. Just 8 A.M. to 10 P.M. in the train and a hundred-and-twenty-five miles in a motor-car—nothing more. Why, in this country there are people who travel two hundred miles for a tennis-party, knowing, the fortunate creatures, that it will not be raining when they arrive. The Queensland Railway has a gauge of three feet six; the trains upon it make much more noise than the Tube; they rock like babies, but roar like lions, and the passengers converse by signs. Also it was perfectly evident to me during every minute from 8 A.M. to 10 P.M. that the next moment the train would leave the lines. George disagreed; he said that for about a fourth of the day he felt perfectly safe. The New South Wales Railway, on to which we changed after dinner, has a wider gauge, and the passenger, if still alive, can frequently hear himself shout. Let me add, however, that the trains themselves are exceedingly comfortable and well served. One only wishes one was deaf, and wonders why one isn't.

Motoring in the vast open spaces is even more exciting. One passes rapidly from bump to bump, rising violently in the saddle. The reason why Australians are so expert at broncho-busting is not that they do so much riding on horses but that they are constantly riding in motor-cars. For there is nothing between the motion of a bucking horse and the motion of a good car on an average country road. The only difference is that the horse tires at last, while the car goes on for ever. To be any use in this country a car must be capable of anything, a fact which, it is hoped out here, our British manufacturers are now assimilating. It must be able to fight its way through morasses and travel cheerfully in a cloud of dust and creep for miles in a couple of ruts, and open gates and kill snakes and frighten cattle off the roads and climb cliffs and, if possible, trees. And it would be just as well if it could say a prayer or two. For it is a rule of the road in Australia that the rougher the surface the faster the driver goes. There is so much land about that for long stretches there are two or even three alternative tracks, made during the rainy season (if any); and I have noticed that at these places our genial hosts invariably select the track which reminds one most of the Arras Road, no doubt because it generally gives them an opportunity to charge down a bank and travel for a little while on two wheels.

When they come to what is called a *good* road, they just crouch down over the wheel (if there are no cattle or sheep or wild horses in the way) and let her rip, turning finally with a gay glance at the speedometer to remark, "Touched sixty then." And I always wonder, if that particular sensation was produced by touching sixty, what exactly would have happened if we had hit sixty properly. "Speeding" in Australia is not a vice, it is a religion; and some of the young ladies and all the young men are among the most devout. "It is sad," said George to one of his drivers after about ten breathless miles in which we had touched sixty, a hen and a couple of stone bridges, "that you have so few English cars; but it is perhaps fortunate that you have no roads." The driver never spoke to him again.

George is incorrigible. After a hundred miles our host turned off the main road through a gate to call on a friend. After about a hundred yards he found that he was not on a side road, as he supposed, but in the bush. An Englishman might have paused, or even retreated; but on went the Australian, undaunted, murmuring casually that he had "missed the track but thought this led in the right direction." So on we went through the bush, cannoning from gum-tree to gum-tree, plunging into pits and crawling up the other side, climbing over fallen logs and ant-hills and rolling always like a ship upon the tempestuous Tasmanian Sea. What happens in these circumstances when a car breaks down I do not know, but it seems that no car does break down in Australia. However, when even this indomitable machine paused for a moment before an insurmountable bank and it seemed that it might be our fate to be bushed in a motor-car and our bones picked by the jolly green parrots that flew about us, not to mention the eagles



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

"BANGING THE SAXPENCE" AT THE CALEDONIAN CLUB.

that hovered further up, our driver turned his head and said mildly that he was sorry for our sakes that he had left the road. George opened his eyes and, looking about him, said sleepily, "I didn't realise you had." One of these days George will almost certainly be deported.

It has taken so long to reach the sheep-station that now I cannot tell you about the kangaroo hunt. Reach it we did. But the sad thing was that after all these miles and adventures they told us that we had not yet arrived at the *real* Australia. This lonely and cosy old house in the bush, they said, though it might be a hundred miles from a railway station, was further still from the genuine "back-blocks," which are another few hundred miles to the West, and as for the "out-back," that, it seemed, was another good hard fortnight's motoring. It is as I suspected. The real Australia is always somewhere else.

Meanwhile the lonely old house in the bush was inhabited by charming hosts of good British stock, with English books and English newspapers, and even the domestics were new-come from Scotland.

"George," I said as we gazed in the failing light across the vast open spaces, "shall we on to the out-back? Shall we take car again and ferret out the back-blocks? This is not the real Australia, George. This is practically England."

"And quite good enough for me," said George.

So we stayed. But we were not so easily to escape from motor-cars. In the dusk five kangaroos of monstrous size came out of the scrub and grazed upon a "rocky knob" above the house. And our hosts took us out to get a closer view. And I saw ourselves creeping thrillingly up the hill on our stomachs to approach the engaging but nervous marsupials, Indian-fashion, up-wind (or possibly down-wind?) But not a bit of it.

"Get out the car!" cried Bill excitedly.

"The car?" I echoed stupidly.

"They will let you come much closer in a car than if you are on foot," was the astonishing reply.

"Goodness!" I cried, "is even the kangaroo——?"

But they drove the car up the rocky knob. And it was so. And as (from the car) we saw for the first time a wild "old man," a great dark beast, erect and kingly and apparently unafraid, not fifty yards away, a certain note of sadness was mingled with the thrill.

"*Et tu, Brute*," I whispered mournfully.

"Is it a *real* kangaroo?" said George innocently. A. P. H.

LITTLE GIRLS AND LITTLE BOYS.

A LITTLE GIRL SPEAKS.

LITTLE girls are quiet when they are out to tea,
They do not speak till spoken to, as anyone can see,
And when they give a party they do not simply eat,
They entertain their little guests and keep their dresses neat.
But when a little boy appears he hasn't washed his hands,
And all his talk is dreadful slang one never understands,
And long before he's introduced he starts to pull your curls;
I do not think that little boys compare with little girls.

A LITTLE BOY SPEAKS.

I wonder, oh! I wonder, why little girls are made;
They never will obey you and expect to be obeyed;
They cannot play at cricket and they're not allowed to fight,
And if you disagree with them they're always in the right.
But little boys are different; they laugh at all your tales,
They're not afraid of rats and mice, of beetles, frogs and snails,
And when you go to tea with them they make a jolly noise;
I do not think that little girls compare with little boys.

WITHOUT OBLIGATION.

I HAVE always wanted one, but it was only when a kindly editor first sent me books to review that I realised the utter necessity of it. At present I write: "Professor Smith is equally at home in all branches of his subject, but the chapters on ferro-concrete might perhaps have been compressed without detriment to the general scheme." But with an encyclopædia at my elbow it would be: "Professor Smith deals at length with the subject of ferro-concrete, but he owes more to the work of Humpherdinck in this field than he has cared to acknowledge." You see the difference.

The first step was easy. I sent for an illustrated booklet, "without any obligation to purchase." It came by the next post with a really charming letter from a Mr. William Bates.

My first thought was that Mr. Bates was an even better advertisement than the booklet, assuming, that is, that he was brought up on his own work. He did not "advert" to my "favour" or offer to "do me a line" in anything. He just congratulated himself in good nervous English on being the humble instrument by which I and his world-famous encyclopædia had at last found each other. Of the issue of that meeting he had no doubt whatever. He had not even as much doubt as made it necessary to say that he hadn't any. He was just quietly certain.

Had I been a bachelor, Mr. Bates would have bagged me with his first shot.

"It's well worth the money," I said to my wife, "but it's a dickens of a lot."

"Far too much," she replied. "You mustn't think of it."

"I suppose not," I said regretfully, "although it would be for you as well as for me, you know." And I showed her the picture in the booklet of a wife reading UNG-ZWOLLE aloud to the children on one side of the fireplace while the husband gnaws his moustache over DEF-ERP on the other.

Even that didn't move her, but, seeing my disappointment, she asked me if I couldn't manage with the booklet instead.

Personally I thought not. I could hardly hope to down Professor Smith and his like with the material gleaned from half-a-dozen specimen pages, not at least without a terrific amount of luck. And just at that moment my eyes fell on the newspaper and I discovered that there was a rival encyclopædia in the field.

So at the cost of another halfpenny stamp I made the acquaintance of Mr. James Coxhead. He too was the perfect stylist and the perfect gentleman. In point of literary finish my two friends were neck-and-neck, but Mr. Coxhead lacked the superb confidence of Mr. Bates. It was evident that Mr. Coxhead knew and feared Mr. Bates, while Mr. Bates refused to admit the existence of Mr. Coxhead.



Player (indignantly to huge referee). "WHY DON'T YER GIVE A FOUL AGAINST SOME'UN YER OWN SIZE?"

It was not, however, the rather wistful uncertainty of Mr. Coxhead's appeal which drew me to him; it was the fact that he wanted less of my money. So much less of it that I closed with him on the spot. True, in bulk at least his was the inferior work—on ferro-concrete, for instance, he would be offering me three columns or so against eleven—but I should be evens with the Professor anyhow.

And not until the next morning, when the post brought me a second letter from Mr. Bates, did I realise what an awful thing I had done. Mr. Bates entirely appreciated my difficulty in choosing between the several bindings he had offered me. He had therefore had photographs taken of them all, in colour and from different angles, to assist me in my choice. And this was the man whom I had so basely betrayed! He trusted me and I had gone behind his back. And now what was I to do? How could I tell him that I did not want any of his bindings? On the other hand was it fair to him to go on saying nothing?

For a week I tried to dismiss the subject from my mind, and then there came a third letter from Mr. Bates. It opened dramatically with a cry from the heart. "I blame myself!" said Mr. Bates. "You showed your interest in this great work of ours and now you hesitate. There can only be one explanation—I have not told you enough;" and with that he enclosed another booklet showing what his encyclopædia had done for different people. One, I observed, had set several of his own limbs while waiting for the doctor; another, an architect, had doubled his income within a week; a third, a mountaineer, had found his way down the Matterhorn in the dark, having packed KITMEW with the sandwiches; and so on.

"This man," I said to my wife, "is on the verge of a breakdown, and I am the cause of it. You see how he is losing his confidence. It is dreadful." And after a pause I added, "I suppose we couldn't possibly do with *two* encyclopædias?"

My wife did not reply, and I was left to think again. And in a flash it came to me. If someone had *given* me Mr. Coxhead's encyclopædia I could not be blamed. Then my wife should give it to me and I would make her a present of a cheque in return. A subterfuge, no doubt, but better that than breaking the spirit of a proud man.

So I sat down that night with a light heart and I wrote to Mr. Bates as follows:—

"DEAR MR. BATES,—Please do not reproach yourself; you had explained everything beautifully. The fault was entirely mine: I delayed too long over the bindings. While I still hesitated between the green pigskin and the purple otter a friend of mine, hearing of my need of an encyclopædia, most generously sent me one as a present. I have no room, I fear, for two.

"My only regret is that I have wasted so much of your valuable time. I am indeed most grateful to you for all the

trouble you have taken; I shall never see a purple otter without thinking of it."

Mr. Bates in reply cordially agreed that I did not need a second copy of his encyclopædia. That I was not myself to be a purchaser caused him no regret; it was enough for him that the great work had at last reached the hands of one who intellectually was so perfectly attuned to receive it. And with that he remained . . .

* * * * *

I never refuse what the gods give me. If the mind of Mr. Bates could not conceive the idea of another encyclopædia beside his own it was not for me to enlighten him. But sometimes I wonder whether he did not purposely misread my letter so that he might go down with his flag flying. He was proud enough for that.

ELEMENTARY ZOOLOGY.

I.—THE DOG.

THE Dog, a common quadruped,
Is better left alone
When sleeping soundly on his bed
Or busy with a bone.

He is, I know, the friend of man,
But every now and then
Behaves like any hooligan
Towards the mildest men.

A Dog I had of doubtful breed—
"Winstanley" was his name—
Committed once a wanton deed
That covered me with shame.

He rudely chased a Rural Dean
I did not even know,
And caused a lamentable scene
Before he let him go.

The only reason for the crime
That I can offer you
Is that "Winstanley" at the time
Had nothing else to do.

Your dog, I trust, is more discreet
And does not often bite
Some total stranger in the street
Who tempts his appetite.

It is a vile and greedy whim
That prompts a dog to try
Those portions that appeal to him
Of people passing by.

Another Impending Apology.

Extract from music catalogue:—

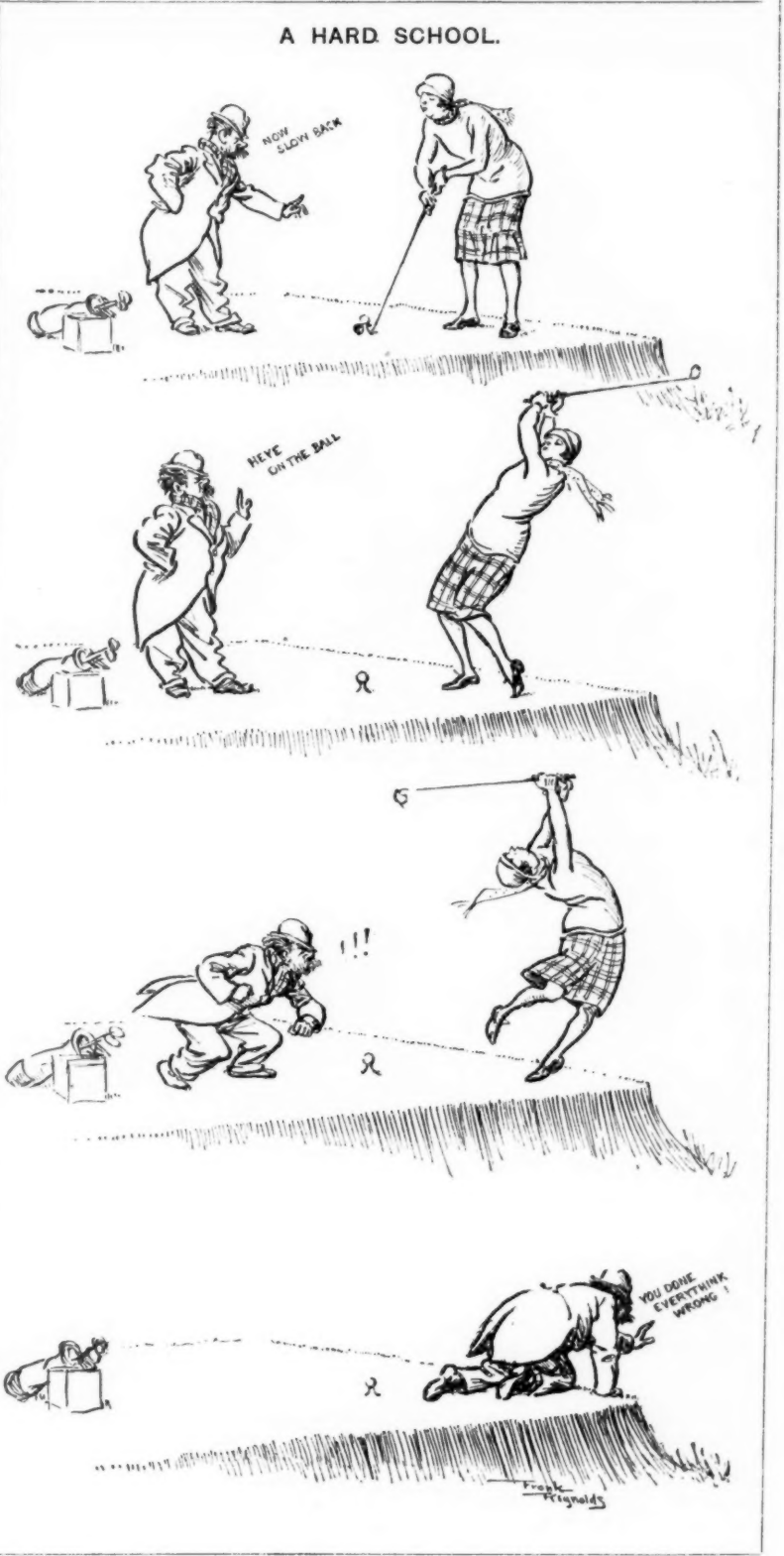
"Boughton (Rutland), The Love-Duet from Immoral Hour, 2/-."

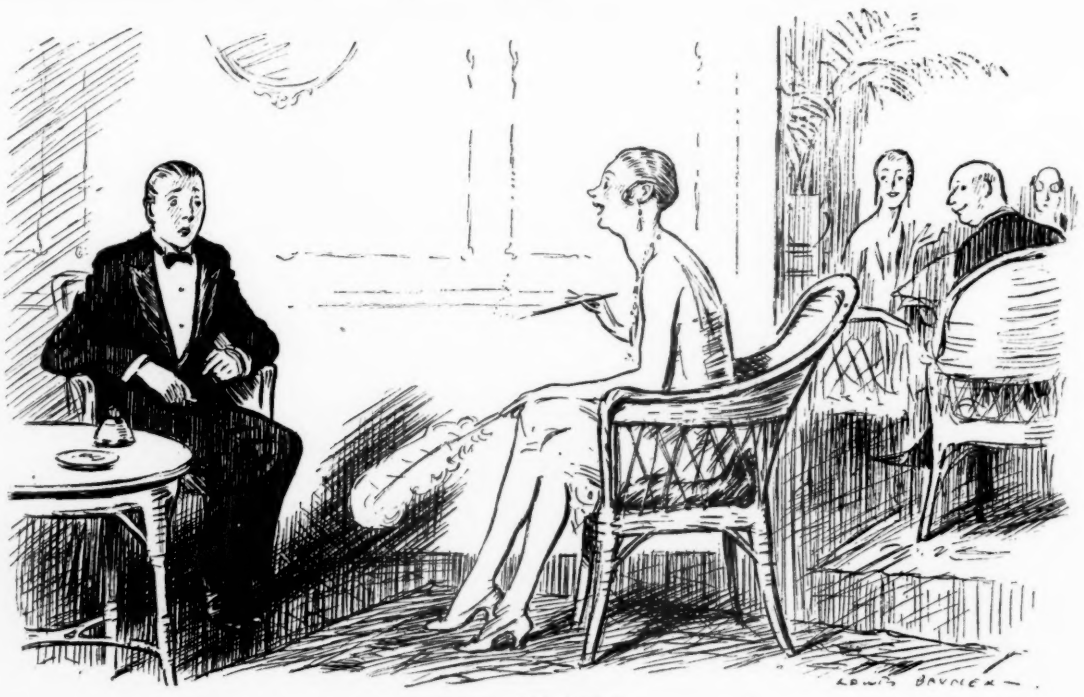
"THE —— GAME BOOK.

Being a record of the number and kind of game killed, etc. Specialities:—Hunting, Beagling, Fishing, Motoring."

Advt. in Diary.

The last speciality suggests sinister possibilities.





SCENE—*Hotel Lounge.*

Exuberant American Lady. "AND YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU 'VE NEVER BEEN IN LOVE?"
Embarrassed Youth. "NO—NEVER."
American Lady. "AH, YOU HAVEN'T LIVED! 'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST THAN NEVER TO HAVE LOVED AT ALL,' AS WE SAY IN AMERICA."

A PIG COMPLEX.

I DON'T remember how it was I hit on the pig idea as a means of securing the interest of my small niece, Helen, but certainly my account of the adventures of Farmer Jenks's pigs who escaped from their home and went shopping registered an immediate success. It was a despairing attempt, for all my previous efforts to establish myself in her good graces had failed signally. Toys, chocolates and animal noises, except grunts, left her indifferent.

Perhaps it was the partial success of my grunts that gave me a clue to her pig complex. I must admit that my story of Farmer Jenks's pigs was a simple if not crude affair. They unlawfully wandered, a whole litter of them, into the village and raided old Mother Wilkin's sweet-shop and made themselves disgustingly ill, which, as I pointed out, always happens to little pigs eventually. Then Farmer Jenks found them and was very, very angry and took them away in his cart and fed them on nothing but rice-puddings and cod-liver oil for a month.

You see it was an extremely simple and profoundly moral story, and I grew heartily sick of repeating it, for I was allowed to make absolutely no deviation in the matter of detail. If I varied by the merest dozen the number of ices each little pig ate I was accused of inexactitude and sternly reminded of the precise number. If I had been allowed a little artistic latitude I might have been too idle to change my theme, but the mechanical monotony of it forced me to seek a way out. I found that by transmuting human beings into pigs I could relate the dullest happenings of the day with approbation. I even recounted the goings-on in the big sty of Westminster, much to the disapproval of my brother, who shares my admiration of the PRIME MINISTER, but to Helen's great delight. She now takes quite a personal interest in Mr. BALDWIN, and I've promised to take her to hear him grunt some day.

But in my success I didn't reckon with the hostility of Helen's Nanny. When I metamorphosed her into one of my pigs I did so out of compliment to that worthy if stupid woman. I never dreamed that she would resent being classified with Mr. BALDWIN or Lord OXFORD AND ASQUITH. However, this association seems to have annoyed her, for she informed my sister-in-law that if I chose to go on with my pig series she must find a new nurse for Helen. Disgusting, she called it.

Helen, I feel sure, was more upset at the possible loss of the pig stories than of her Nanny, for she succeeded in modifying that peevish creature's ultimatum. She has consented to stay on condition that my pigs are not allowed to stray outside the prescribed limits of the original story, which convinces me that, although at the time made in jest, the personal analogy to which she took such exception is a sound one.

Prickly Praise.

"One of the best-known Englishmen of letters is Sir Edmund Gorse."—*Manchester Paper.*

Our Greedy Motorists.

From the description of a new car:—

"A cooking fan is provided, and the belt can be tensioned without loss of time."
Weekly Paper.

"DENMARK HILL.—Wanted, a Flat; Bedroom, Sitting-room, kitchen and bathroom; convenient for Elephant: out all day."
Weekly Paper.

But always to be reached, no doubt, by a trunk call.



UNITED IRELAND.

[The Government of the Irish Free State has accepted the existing boundary-line, on condition of being absolved from their responsibility for a portion of the National Debt. It is understood that the Government of Northern Ireland will also reap some financial compensation for non-disturbance.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 30th.—The House followed with difficulty the COLONIAL SECRETARY'S explanation of why, how and with what result the Wakamba were removed from the plains of Yatta. Or it may have been the Yatta who were removed from the plains of Wakamba. Whichever it was, large numbers of the tribe's cattle died on the British tax-payer. The Minister did not say whether the tribe ate them, but the House drew its own conclusions.

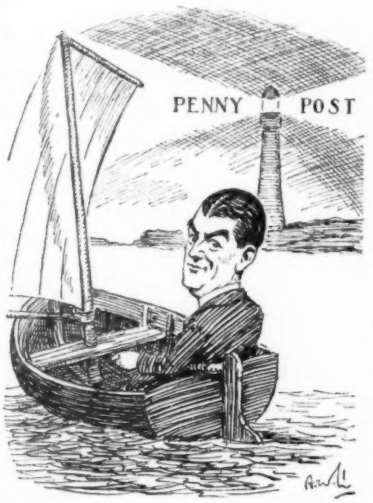
The representative of the Office of Works found no general desire in the House to duplicate the "sound-amplifying apparatus in another place." If the faithful Commons have watched their Lordships writhing like *Laocoon père et fils* in the grip of this apparatus, their indifference is intelligible.

Mr. SMITHERS based his plea to the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS to broadcast the Commons' debates on "the growing desire of the public to hear the debates of this chamber," but, responsive to gusts of incredulous laughter, modestly substituted "the major debates."

The action of the P.M.G., in allowing port at ninety-nine shillings a case to be advertised in his books of stamps, came under the lash of Mr. JAMES HUDSON, who outraged the finer feelings of the House by referring to this hallowed wine as a "highly poisonous and expensive beverage." Mr. BLUNDELL countered this by declaring that port was considered a teetotal drink in Lancashire; and the House, I fancy, was prepared to sanction anything which would bring grist to the Post-Office mill and forward the return of penny postage.

North-West Camberwell's new Conservative Member, Mr. E. T. CAMPBELL, besought the SPEAKER to curb the verbosity of the Front Benches and permit more of the back benchers to air their opinions. The SPEAKER'S declaration that brevity all round was the only remedy was not without fruit, for later in the evening, while discussing an Amendment to the Rating and Valuation Bill, proposing to rate agricultural buildings on the same basis as agricultural land, some two-dozen speakers managed to cram their views, mostly adverse, into two crowded hours of glorious life, without, however, preventing the Amendment being carried by a free vote of the House.

Tuesday, December 1st.—On the Third Reading of the Moneylenders Bill Lord PHILLIMORE declared that the more the moneylender was treated as an enemy of the human race the deeper he would bury his proboscis in his victim's financial vitals when his chance came. Recalling the Venetian financier's expressed desire to do that very thing, Lord DARLING observed that if the fair *Portia* had been pitted against Lord PHILLIMORE as counsel for the plaintiff she would have had a harder task.



THE RIGHT PORT TO MAKE FOR.
SIR W. MITCHELL-THOMPSON, P.M.G.

In the House of Commons the arresting voice of Mr. KIRKWOOD gave warning that at any moment a certain liveliness might ensue. This did not prevent Members from welcoming the explosive DAVIE with a friendly cheer. But no



"WHAUR'S MA PARRITCH?"
MR. KIRKWOOD.

explosion took place, for Mr. KIRKWOOD failed to catch the SPEAKER'S eye, and was kept in the House so long that he missed the porridge which, thanks to him, now figures on the evening *menu*.

At the end of Question-Time Mr. LANSBURY inquired whether he and such of his comrades as were or became members of the Communist Party of Great Britain were to be considered members of an illegal organisation and so amenable to the law. The HOME SECRETARY replied that they could hold what opinions they liked, but would be amenable to the law if they advocated unconstitutional and violent means of enforcing those opinions. This reply provoked cheers, counter cheers, jeers, counter jeers, stage asides, interjections, shouts of "Order" and a minor medley of backchat such as rends the House on these emotional occasions without seriously fracturing its self-control.

That was effected, however, by Mr. W. M. ADAMSON, the voluble and impassioned young Scot who represents the bonnie braes of Cannock. He was so insistent upon putting a private notice question which the SPEAKER had disallowed for lack of urgency, and so neglectful of the DEPUTY SPEAKER'S advice that he should raise it some other time, that he managed to get himself suspended. Whereupon he bowed decorously and withdrew, looking more bewildered than contumacious.

The House then settled down to debate the Communist prosecution. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S speech was lengthy but breezy, and devoted chiefly to demonstrating that "JICKS" is himself the fitful creature of seditious emotions, wholly lacking the dispassionate poise proper in Home Secretaries. A word-picture of his victim calling (in the Ulster gun-running days) on the God of Battles was completely spoiled by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who appeared at Mr. MACDONALD'S elbow just in time to be invoked as Jehovah. Mr. MACDONALD evened the score later by suggesting that North Wales as well as Russia might be a possible source of mysterious funds. The LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION based his serious case on the ground that the prosecution of the Communist leaders had advanced the Communist cause, made things harder for his own Party and shaken public confidence in the impartial administration of justice. A fine speech, all the more appreciated by the House for the note of good humour which it set for the subsequent debate.

The HOME SECRETARY, who looked none too well, disarmed further criticism by admitting that in 1912 zeal for the Ulster cause had eaten him up, or at any rate bitten him, but naïvely asserted that if the British troops had accepted his challenge to "shoot and be damned" he would have been found not among the dead, but among the missing. He asserted that the twelve

Communists had been prosecuted not for their opinions, but for trying to promote sedition in the Crown Forces under instructions and with money from Moscow, and he proceeded to demonstrate by intercepted letters and documents the subordination of the British Communist Party to its Russian masters. The Labour motion of censure was defeated by a majority of 224 votes.

Wednesday, December 2nd. — The House of Lords accepted a motion that betting should be taxed, the mover, Lord NEWTON, having assured the House that what he called "the affiliated industry of horse-racing" was of such importance that horses were brought to this country from France at a cost quite equal to that of one of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S post-war expeditions to the Continent.

The House of Commons was on its best behaviour when Herren LUTHER and STRESEMANN were ushered, largely unnoticed, into the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. I am bound to admit that the Locarno spirit was prevailing, not out of deference to the distinguished strangers, but because the House was occupied with private Questions of an unusually arid type.

It is not often that the team work of the band of comrades on the Labour back benches breaks down, but it suffered a relapse to-day. Mr. STEPHEN had asked the MINISTER OF LABOUR a question about moulders imported from Wexford which he really *did* want answered. Thereupon Mr. KIRKWOOD waded in with one of these "Arising out of that" Supplementaries which merely pave the way to the next item on the programme. Mr. STEPHEN turned on his colleague with mild indignation. "It's *my* question!" he remonstrated, and Mr. KIRKWOOD incontinently subsided. A question by Mr. SAKLATVALA as to whether further facilities could not be granted to all parties to disseminate their views to the Crown Forces evoked cries of dissent from a House that is evidently prepared, if necessary, to constitute itself a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Soldiers.

Debates in which Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN assumes a major *rôle* are apt to lack sparkle, and the Safeguarding of Industries debate, which ensued, was no exception. Mr. SNOWDEN himself was more abusive and less economic than becomes an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer. Like the magnet in the song he turned from scissors, needles, nails and knives and wooed the silver churn of Free Trade, though not with a silver tongue. Most of the Socialist Members quickly abandoned argument and offered obstruction for all their lives, and the Government as pitilessly cut them short with the closure when it deemed the occasion ripe. It was half-past four A.M. when the artless Mr. NEIL MACLEAN bethought him of spying strangers. The CHAIRMAN having reasoned with him in vain, the motion was put and, to the deep disgust of the flabbergasted Opposition, the Government forces allowed it to be carried. Press, doorkeepers and the one mysterious dark stranger who actually was in the Strangers' Gallery went home to their beds, and the House pursued the secret tenor of its way until long after the milkman had jodelled in the dawn.



THE PENITENT.
(From Red Hand to White Sheet).
SIR W. JOYNSON-HICKS.

Thursday, December 3rd.—A request by Mr. CADOGAN that an elephant which recently ran amok in his constituency should be put under restraint suggested to Mr. JACK JONES the bright idea that the HOME SECRETARY should have it up for mutiny. "JICKS" objected that he had no evidence as to the animal's political colour. It may of course be "red," but the owner, I understand, regards it as distinctly a white elephant.

The recent action of the General Medical Council in convicting apparently respectable practitioners of "infamous conduct" pointed, in Colonel WOODCOCK'S opinion, to the desirability of mollifying the stern unbending professionals on the Council by an unstiffening of laymen. But, oddly enough, the discipline of doctors seems to be no affair of the MINISTER OF HEALTH, and he referred the questioner to the LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL, who is apparently maintaining his traditional attitude of philosophic doubt.

Mr. CHURCHILL'S statement that, if our War-debt to the United States had been settled on the same terms as those recently accorded to Italy, we should now be paying our dear cousins a little over two millions a year, instead of over thirty, is expected to cause strange developments. Several highly-respectable taxpayers, I understand, have applied for enlistment in the Fascisti.

Mr. NEIL MACLEAN, with the view, perhaps, of covering up his early-morning blunder, tried hard to get the SPEAKER to rule that the term "Strangers" did not include the official reporters. But Mr. WHITLEY said there was no doubt about the meaning of the Standing Order. Mr. MACLEAN must get it altered if he wants to combine obstruction with publicity.

Tired after yesterday's long sitting, the Opposition did not resist the remaining Safeguarding resolutions very strenuously, though Mr. RUNCIMAN protested that they ought to have been in the hands of Mr. CHURCHILL, who had been "everything by turns except a Protectionist."

A pleasant interlude was provided when Mr. MACDONALD, with remarkable intuition, suggested that the PRIME MINISTER might like to say something about Ireland. Thereupon the PRIME MINISTER read the terms of the settlement, under which the Irish boundary remains as it is and Great Britain relieves the Free State of her liability to shoulder a portion of the National Debt. Though it is not believed that Mr. COSGRAVE has been kept awake at nights by thinking of this burden, or that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has counted it among his gilt-edged securities, all parties were satisfied.

"There is many an old gentleman who has had to give up his glass of claret at dinner. But the fate of old people is soon forgotten and they disappear . . . from the scene."
Weekly Paper.

If old age took away their claret it might have left them their scone.



Lady Visitor. "SO THE OTHER CHILDREN HAVE HAD MEASLES. WHAT HAVE YOU HAD, MICHAEL?"
Michael (*proudly*). "QUALANTINE."

LAYS OF LEARNING.

III.—THE HOUSE-MASTER.

THE elderly lady who lived in a shoe,
Whose predicament must be familiar to you,
Had probably very small reason to grouse
Compared with the master in charge of a House.

Like her, he has never a moment to spare
From the numerous young who are under his care;
But Fate, in the rhyme, spared the lady the pains
Of training as well their incipient brains.

He rises at seven and rings a large bell
To ensure that his boys are all rising as well;
This heralds a day of twelve hours, wherein
He must help them to conquer original sin.

He must see that they all are sufficiently fed,
That they 've plenty of blankets to warm them in bed,
That they wash every day and are properly dressed,
Being careful to wear the right thickness of vest.

He must help them in subjects in which they are weak—
Mathematics or Science, French, Latin or Greek—
He must coach them at games, he must train them for sports,
Control their expenses and write their reports.

He must see that the class-rooms are airy and clean,
That boys who get measles observe quarantine;
He must doctor the over-worked weakling who faints;
He must pacify parents who come with complaints.

He must sit on the sneak, make a man of the muff,
Be severe with the slackers who don't work enough;
He must chaff with the cheerful, yet regulate rags,
Be polite to the prefects yet fair to the fags.

So, if any young person who 's reading this rhyme
Has a mind to become a house-master in time
And thinks the demands are extremely severe,
Let me whisper one word of advice in his ear.

If he wants any pleasure or profit from life
He should marry an active and capable wife,
And, when he has finished his teaching, transfer
The whole of the rest of the duties to her. G. B.

From a B.B.C. programme in a French paper:—
"*Soup without words* (Mendelssohn)."
We always think it is best consumed silently.

"WHEN NUMBER OF MEMBERS SWELL.
At a Club or Mess, Secretaries must please take up the question of renovating their Servants' Waist and Pugri Bands. Samples and prices from K. ——, Mily. Outfitter."—*Indian Paper.*
Wouldn't it be better if the swelling members saw to their own waist-bands?



RUBBER BOOTS.

A CHILD'S GUIDE TO AMERICA.

AMERICA, now chopped in two,
Was once a single piece right through;
And here a word I must and shall
Devote to that immense canal
That engineers with loud "Hurrah!"
Dug like the deuce through Panama.
How vast, how wild were their emotions
When they beheld the mingling oceans
And knew their strenuous toil had made
Enhanced facilities for trade!
No need that things should now be borne
Round that ridiculous Cape Horn;
They 'd have a journey much more quick
That would not make the people sick.
Small wonder that they cried "Hurroo!"
When first the waves came trickling through.

* * * * *

So South America and North
Were made two continents henceforth.
They both contain some charming bits
Of scenery which one omits,
Like Guatemala, Ecuador
And Mexico, and several more
Which I refuse to linger o'er,
Proceeding rather to discuss
The points which are of use to us.

* * * * *

In South America are found
Enormous herds that roam around
Of bulls and oxen, cows or kine,
Which often get upon the line
In places like the Argentine,
Or rest in shady spots to shun
The strength of the Brazilian sun.
But, since the ox is good to eat,
In spite of the tremendous heat
The people pack it up in ice
To send to England, slice by slice,
Or cram it down in pots and tins,
Removing all the hooves and skins
And only leaving vitamins;
And this creates profound relief
In England, who would come to grief
Without tremendous chunks of beef
And lose her immemorial might
Unless she drank hot soup at night.

* * * * *

In North America the drouth
Is even worse than in the South,
But this is due to certain laws,
To deal with which I shall not pause,
Except to state that now and then
They pine beneath that regimen.
I rather would go on to say
How glorious are the U.S.A.,
Whose fields and fields of golden grain,

Transported o'er the bubbling main
To England, where they take the train,
Far more than even beef and rice
Support this demi-Paradise.
Oh, where would be our buttered toast,
Our muffins, which I like the most,
Our cakes, of which I eat a lot,
If these United States were not?
No one, perhaps, will ever know
What we should do without their dough.
(In speaking thus I set aside
Imperial Canada the wide.
Imperial Canada, I pray,
Excuse my pushing you away
To speak about the U.S.A.)

* * * * *

The U.S.A., too good by half,
Provides for us that other staff
Of life, the cinematograph.
The streets of Transatlantic towns,
The food and clothes, the smiles and frowns
Are better known in England far
Than what the streets of London are;
And boys who fail to get the hang
Of songs that WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE sang
Can talk for hours in New York slang
And know as much as children should
About the Great, the Wise, the Good
Who rule the world from Hollywood.

* * * * *

The U.S.A.—why should I tell
The things her people do so well
When every English boy prefers
An afternoon with skyscrapers
And tubes and trolley-cars and crooks
To nice adventure-story books?

The U.S.A., I greatly doubt
If there is much to say about
This huge and interesting place
Which every child of English race
With Felix on the nursery-shelf
Has not discovered for itself.

The U.S.A., whose vast affairs
Have made her people millionaires—
To see her as she really is,
With all her strange complexities,
We do not need to cross the foam,
We have her always in the home
And in the local picturedrome.

* * * * *

P.S.—I find I have not mentioned oil
Which spurts from Oklahoma's soil
By natural means, and not by toil.

EVOE.



Burglar (offering flask). "'ERE, 'AVE A NIP. IT 'LL QUIET YER NERVES."

OXFORD CALLING.

Boar's Hill, Oxford.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In announcing the gift of £100,000 to the University of Birmingham a daily paper observes, "It is pleasant to find fresh proof that pious benefactions have not yet become the monopoly of American millionaires," and I am prompted by this comment to plead, informally and unofficially, yet none the less whole-heartedly, for the display of a similar munificence for the relief of the urgent needs of the University of Oxford.

There can be no doubt or possibility of debate as to what these needs are. In Music we often hear of the three B's. Oxford is suffering from an official disregard of the claims of the three D's—Dress, Dancing and the Drama. It is true that the Drama is no longer proscribed by the University authorities, but their attitude is one of tolerance at best; and none of these three great interests is recognised by a Faculty, by instruction or endowment, degrees or diplomas. Science in all its branches, engineering and agriculture, are fostered and encouraged. Even Greek is still taught. But the three D's still languish in the cold shades of academic neglect, though cultivated with heroic assiduity by undergraduates and undergraduettes.

Unfortunately devotion is no guarantee of discretion, and the sartorial excesses of Oxford, which have occupied so large a space in the Press for the last year, are a striking proof of the dangers of the absence of wise control, guidance and official recognition. The

Faculty of Dress, as I envisage it under a large and liberal scheme, should not be merely concerned with tailoring and millinery, hosiery and footwear, but should include instruction in the tonsorial art, in the discreet yet decorative use of cosmetics, and promote research with a view to the discovery and use of new fabrics and pigments. I look forward with confidence to the day in which a First Class in the School of Personal Adornment will eclipse in prestige that attained in the old Greats school, and the Fair Isle professorship will stand in dignity on at least as high a level as that of Political Economy or Pastoral Theology.

The foundation and equipment of a Faculty of Dancing is a need of equally clamant importance. A Chair of Tarantulation is long overdue. The rival claims of rotary and direct motion, the nomenclature of new measures, the psycho-pathological influences exerted by negroid syncopation, and all the ramifications of the vast subject of saxophonology—these and other matters of momentous significance call for treatment which shall be at once sympathetic and sagacious. The Professor would be, of course, assisted by several Demonstrators, and in their appointment special regard should be paid to the claims of applicants hailing from Honolulu, the Argentine or the epileptic Hinterland of Ashanti.

There remains the Drama. I confine myself to the great problem which will confront the Histrionic Faculty as soon as it is constituted. This will be the elimination of the "Oxford accent," which is at the moment paralysing the efficiency of the British Theatre. The fact that it has been conclusively shown not to exist is only a further proof of the imperative need of its extirpation, since the whole history of civilisation is one long record of man's pursuit of the non-existent.

But enough has been said to indicate the greatness of Oxford's need, and to point out to benevolent millionaires the splendid opportunities for achieving immortality that lie open to them in relieving it. I am assured on high authority that a good start could be made with £500,000, which, be it noted, is all that Cambridge is asking for the erection of her new Library.

Believe me to be, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours faithfully,
BROADLEY BAGWELL.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MADRAS HOUSE" (AMBASSADORS).

A REVIVAL of *The Madras House*, first presented by the late Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN in his Repertory venture of 1910, is long overdue. It is something of a fashion, I find, to label it a series of conversations rather than a play, a business more suited for the study than the stage. One may admit that it lacks dramatic action in the obvious sense (though there is dramatic action of the mind, surely, and in the quiet inevitable play of character on character), but are we not accustomed, freely and rightly, to praise classic importations (say from the Russian), which equally lack action, because of the intimate sense of character which they display?



EAST IS EAST, AND DENMARK HILL IS DENMARK HILL.

Henry Huxtable . . . . MR. AUBREY MATHER.
Constantine Madras . . . MR. ALLAN JEAYES.

The Madras House is notable, it seems to me, not only for the truth and subtlety, but for the variety of the characters invented by the author and ready to be brought to life by the players; as also for the technical adroitness of the stagecraft, which perhaps only an actor-author can command. I imagine that it is a play which gives intelligent actors exceptional pleasure to present, a point which seems incidentally to answer the study-play theory. It also, no doubt, demands from an audience a certain seriousness and concentration, which is a gain or a loss according to the way one's mind works. It is, of course, hazardously long, and any failure on the part of the company would betray it badly. At the Ambassadors it was almost flawlessly presented, and one may safely assume, though the programme does not say so, that the author was also the producer.

What in essence we are shown is the reaction of various types of mind and character, variously circumstanced, to the fundamental problem of sex. There is poor old puzz'ed respectable *Huxtable*, with his six unmarried daughters and his monstrous regiment of women and men "living-in" at the Peckham Emporium; old *Constantine Madras*, who would have women kept in their proper place—the harem—and practises his precepts; his sensitive son, *Philip*, passionately reacting from his father's ultra-masculinity and in grave danger of wrecking his own marriage by making it too much a marriage of the spirit; *Philip's* friend, the entirely normal, in fact the "mean sensual man," *Major Thomas*, potential polygamist honestly attempting the difficult practice of monogamy; and the sententious *Mr. Eustace Perrin State*, worshipper of women and persistent bachelor, ingenuous exemplar of Transatlantic idealism—the actions and reactions of all these are worked out with profound ingenuity and subtlety. Certainly the author might just not have "pulled it off"; but it seems to me that he has done so with such complete success that discussion as to whether this is or is not a stage play is rendered merely academic. That most exacting and inconvenient of critics, Winter Cough, did indeed make his protests felt during the disquisitions of *Mr. State*, and again in the last Act, which showed that, though the intrinsic interest was not diminished, concentration had become something of a task.

This restlessness in the last Act served to give Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN (*Philip*) a conspicuous triumph. He had all through played with a sensitiveness and technical mastery which were a delight to see and hear. At the very end he accomplished the most difficult feat of completely arresting wandering attention and stilling tussicular agitation by the most skilful handling of an intimate expository monologue in the quietest possible key. To have failed in this would have been to wreck the elaborate and skilful preparation; to succeed was to crown it as it deserved.

Mr. ALLAN JEAYES gave us a *Con-*

stantine who seemed to me hardly capable of that expansive gentleman's adventurous ethics and resolute practice; but a well-built-up and consistent character nevertheless. Mr. AUBREY MATHER'S *Henry Huxtable* was wholly admirable. He contrived to express the puzzlement, the fundamental honesty struggling through conventional timidity, the wistful envy of his brother *Constantine's* courage and chances, without a trace of the exaggeration so tempting to the actor of a "fat" part. Mr. CLAUDE RAINS always cleverly makes his effect. *Mr. Perrin State's* type demanded a more than leisurely pace. I am not sure, however, that Mr. RAINS could not mend it with advantage to an admirable scene—the parade of the mannequins with philosophical obbligato. I doubt if Miss DORIS LYTTON has ever done anything better than the erring *Miss Yates*, who refuses to be an "unfortunate." Miss IRENE ROOKE skilfully showed us an *Amelia* so emptied of life by refusal to live (and think) as to be little better than a half-wit, thus going far to explain the conduct and philosophy of the renegade *Constantine*.

I can't imagine how the small part of *Mr. Brigstock*, third worm "in the hosiery," could have possibly been better played than it was by Mr. STAFFORD HILLIARD. Mr. ERNEST MILTON, most competent of character-actors, enjoyed himself and diverted us with the mincing little man-milliner, *Windlesham*. And Mr. DAVID HAWTHORNE was *Major Tommy*, good fellow, to the very life. Nor, though this catalogue of praise grows monotonous, can Miss AGNES THOMAS'S superb little study of the worthy virgin, *Miss Chancellor*, be passed over. She wasn't a grotesque and she didn't forfeit our sympathy. All seven *Huxtable* women were more than adequately presented.

Odd how little *The Madras House* dates. True, there is probably now no family in Denmark Hill with six such obedient and entirely inactive spinsters as the *Huxtable* girls, but *Constantine* could to-day make his points about the distracting intrusion of sex and the costumier as purveyor of aphrodisiacs with immeasurably greater plausibility to-day. And no doubt there are many more *Philips* and *Jessicas* leading their self-conscious, questioning lives than in 1910.

* * * * *

Ordinary coughing is to be expected, especially this hard premature winter, and can, as in this performance, be largely stilled by good playing. But gentlemen who are apt to cough like hippopotami in pain ought really to stay at home. T.

"QUINNEYS'" (NEW.)

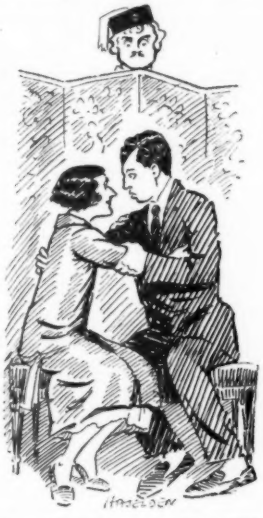
Mr. HENRY AINLEY had a most enthusiastic welcome in one of his best and most flamboyant character-studies, the



DEALER AND DOUBLE-DEALER.
Sam Tomlin . . . MR. TOM REYNOLDS.
Joseph Quinney . . MR. HENRY AINLEY.

old dealer, *Joe Quinney*, in the dramatised version of Mr. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL'S novel.

It is a simple story of the industrious



THE "HEAD" OF THE FIRM.
Joseph Quinney . . MR. HENRY AINLEY.
Posy (his daughter) MISS EILEEN SHARP.
James (his foreman) MR. LESLIE BANKS.

apprentice who aspires to the hand of his master's daughter.

Mother *Susan* approves, but old *Joe*, honestest dealer in town and cleverest detector of "fakes," will have none of "our *James*." He's not quality but fake; he's after *Posy's* money; and nothing, not even the shrewd blow of daughter and wife leaving his house, will make the obstinate old man budge.

And I am not sure that he was wrong. There's altogether too much of the potential blackmailer about *James*, and one didn't at all like the way he helped himself to one of *Sam Tomlin's* cigars just because he felt he had the whip-hand of him. It was crooked old *Sam*, *Quinney's* brother-in-law, who had sold the faked chairs at CHRISTIE'S; it was *James* who had actually done the work; and old *Joe Quinney* who had bought them for genuine. So *James* holds a trump card and is prepared to play it: he can ruin *Sam's* reputation for honesty (which can't be high) and *Quinney's* for judgment. However, on the plea that all's fair in love (and, after all, poor *James* had had a bad upbringing), this apprentice gets his bride and his rise of salary.

Mr. VACHELL has created two very charming people in *Joe* and *Susan Quinney*; and to have them interpreted by such artists as Mr. HENRY AINLEY and Miss LOUISE HAMPTON is the kind of thing to give an author a tremendous opinion of himself. The other characters don't amount to much, but I thought that Mr. LESLIE BANKS rather cleverly held us in suspense as to whether our *James* was fundamentally or only superficially a wrong'un. Mr. TOM REYNOLDS has only to be Mr. TOM REYNOLDS to be amusing. Miss EILEEN SHARP did well enough with *Posy*, and Miss CLARE HARRIS her best with the not very plausible character of the love-sick typist.

Quinneys' wears well enough. T.

The New Horatius.

From a speech to railwaymen by Mr. J. H. THOMAS:—

"I will remain on the bridge in the troubled waters, and I hope to steer you safely to our goal."—*Daily Paper.*

"In the Miscellaneous market a revival of interest in Tobacco shares has occurred. The subjoined table is designed to afford comparison with the lowest levels touched this year and the recent course of potations."
Financial Paper.

We gather that brewery shares must be doing well too.

"That we know the past and not the future is merely a pyschological peculiarity. There seems to be no reason in the nature of things why we should not know the future and have to deduce the past."—*Weekly Paper.*

We have often suspected that the only reason why we cannot is because of the bookmakers' influence with the Government.

THE COMPROMISE.

I CANNOT remember what my own age was when I first read DICKENS; nor indeed can I collect any information whatever as to the time at which any of the early critical events happened. Parents should keep diaries where such things, carefully noted, could be referred to in after years. All that I can remember is that I began with the stories in *Sketches by Boz*—the "Tugges at Ramsgate" and "Mr. Horatio Sparkins" in particular, and went on to *Oliver Twist*. I may have been anything between eight and thirteen. What I can, however, state definitely is that when, the other day, Joan Virginia Merridew was given *David Copperfield* she was very nearly eleven.

Joan, I may say, is known in private life as Dumps, not because she has any tendency to depression, but on account of a certain soft and not unattractive rotundity, as of a dumpling. So plump is she that A. S. M. HUTCHINSON, that artist in words, might even allude to her as "one increasing porpoise;" but I hope not. Anyhow, if he did she would only laugh, that being her nature.

Well, *David Copperfield* opened to Joan a new and wonderful world. She may not have understood everything that she spelt out, but the story of the little pale boy completely possessed her imagination—just as the adventures of the pathetic *Oliver*, whether at the workhouse or at kind *Mr. Brownlow's* or at wicked *Mr. Fagin's*, had possessed mine. Every moment that she could rightly call her own, and probably many others, found her poring over the magic book.

She was perhaps a sixth of the way through it when the second most important day of the year arrived. Which would you say was that? I should rather value your opinion. In my own view the most important day of the year to any one like Joan Virginia Merridew, aged nearly eleven, is Christmas Day, and the second most important day her own birthday; but I am open to conviction if the opposite view is sufficiently well argued. But at present I can't believe that the individual anticipation that belongs to an approaching birthday equals the electric accumulative excitement with which the road to Christmas is paved.

Be that as it may, judge of Joan Virginia's joy and pride when, after opening the parcels that were heaped up beside her plate at breakfast on the momentous morning, she was led by her father to the front-door and was shown what he himself had chosen for her—nothing less than a Shetland pony, black, comely and tubby, and with a beautiful new brown saddle and bridle, all ready to be ridden. "A pony of one's very own"—does the world hold a more thrilling assemblage of words?

I read a paragraph in a newspaper the other day about a man in Canada, born blind, who at the age of nearly forty was operated upon and was enabled to see. Such was the intensity of the new experience that after an hour or so of wonder he died from the shock. Well, Joan Virginia Merridew is made of sterner stuff than that; but the possession of the pony nearly turned her head, and might wholly have done so but for *David Copperfield*. The adventures of that hero still dominated her. The pony was the loveliest thing on earth, and to ride him was both rapture and triumph, but what about *Steerforth?* What about *Peggotty?* What about *Mr. Micawber?* What about *Mr. Dick?*—how could they wait?

My story is nearly finished. During the afternoon it was discovered that Joan was not present with the others. Her governess didn't know where she was. Her nurse didn't know. The others didn't know. "Where 's Dumps?" was the universal cry. The rooms were searched in vain; the garden; the summer-house. No sign.

And then someone thought of the stables, and it was there that they found her. She had solved the problem of dual attraction. She was reading *David Copperfield*, seated firmly on the pony's back. E. V. L.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISING.

IT would pay the Government better, as well as being more dignified, if they advertised their own rather than other people's wares on the back of their income-tax receipts and other important documents. The following examples will illustrate my idea:—

WRITE MORE LETTERS!

To Daphne, to Doris, to John, to Rudolph, to anyone! Think how glad they 'll be to receive them. Think how their hearts will throb at the "Rat-tat-tat" of the "Postman's Knock."

Write a letter every day
Even if you 've naught to say.

Buy your stamps at the Post Office. "There 's one on the way home!"

* * *

SEND MORE TELEGRAMS!

Think of your wife slaving away in the house while you are travelling and staying at first-class hotels. Send her a wire. Let her think you think of her sometimes. Tell her you are simply dying to see her.

When from home you stay away
Send a wire every day.

Do it now. Be British. Twelve words for one shilling; one penny for every word after.

* * *

MAKE MORE USE OF THE TELEPHONE!

Think of a number. Ask for it. The telephone-girl will double it. Take away the number of which you thought first. Number engaged. Never mind; try again.

If you don't possess a telephone write to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL immediately. It will be delivered in a plain van within three years.

Let the P.M. fit a 'phone;
Have a Number of your own.

Have your name printed in the *Directory* along with PERCY FENDER and GILBERT FRANKAU.

* * *

BE A PHILATELIST!

But collect only British unused. Take a pride in your collection. Paper the bedroom with British stamps. The red kind costs only one shilling for a block of twelve. The pretty mauve shade costs very little more. Buy direct from the Post Office.

* * *

GOOD MORNING!
HAVE YOU PAID YOUR INCOME-TAX?

If you take any pride in your British birthright do it now. Look upon the Income-Tax Department as your friend. Consider the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER as the Chancellor of *your* Exchequer. Don't wait. Treat yourself to this pleasure now. Use attached coupon.

INCOME-TAX COUPON.

DEAR MR. CHURCHILL,
I wish to pay my Income-Tax.
Here it is. £.....
*Also £5 extra towards the Pension Fund for Income-Tax Collectors.

Name .....
(Give all titles, nicknames, etc.)

Address .....
.....
(State name of county. If Yorkshire say Yorkshire, not just Champion County. If Rutlandshire say Rutlandshire. Don't be afraid.)

Age .....
(Correct to within twenty years if Mrs. or Miss.)

Size in Hats .....
(Optional.)

USE INK. WRITE PLAINLY.

* Delete if not required.

From "Answers to Correspondents":

"WORRIED.—Get a divorce from your first husband, have your second marriage annulled and then remarry your third husband, if you can do it."—*American Paper.*

What can have worried her?



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

V.—SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.

BILL ORPEN'S rapier-thrust is great;
He'll paint your portrait while you wait;
But, though he doesn't want it known,
He much prefers to paint his own.



Husband. "GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH THAT HORSE?"
American Wife. "WELL, YOU SAID YOU THOUGHT HE WAS FAST, SO I WAS JUST TRYING HIM AGAINST THE CAR, AND SPARKS SAYS HE CAN ONLY REGISTER A BARE THIRTY ON THE SPEEDOMETER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE greater part of Sir J. RENNELL RODD'S third series of *Social and Diplomatic Memories* (ARNOLD) is concerned with Italy. In 1902 he rejoined the Roman Embassy as a junior Counsellor, and in 1919 he retired from its head. During the interval he spent three years as HIS MAJESTY'S representative in Stockholm, and he chronicles one journey in Canada and the States. His book however is only incidentally autobiographical, and its chief interest lies in its endeavour to interpret the mind of the principal nation to which he was accredited in the difficult years before, after and during the War. It is, I feel, extremely hard for a diplomatist to discern the intimate mind of sober members of the population. If he steers clear of the opinions of democracy's professional exponents and exploiters (and this, I think, Sir RENNELL has usually done) he is still rather apt to encounter that aspect of the mass mind which is mainly their artificial creation. Yet what is necessary above all things if a true and helpful record of the War temper is ever to be arrived at, is the subtlety and detachment necessary to avoid this pitfall. In one or two shrewd disquisitions on the German attitude, Sir RENNELL certainly displays these qualities, and the generous and disinterested character of his German acquaintance in Rome gives their pre-war comments exceptional value. For the rest, his own unobtruded activities other than official are pleasantly varied. He has an equally keen eye for game and Old Masters. Elks figure on his Norseland moors and boars on his Italian marshes. He spots the work of a pupil of Sir JOSHUA in a Swedish country-house and goes to visit St. Mark's bronze horses during their war-time seclusion in a Roman garden. His book contains several good stories, though he has not secured the best one about the so-called Austrian veto at the election of PIUS X. I am sure, on the evidence of some of the other anecdotes, that this would not have been given the go-by for its very slight touch of indecorum.

Mrs. GERTRUDE ATHERTON may belong to the older school of writers but she keeps most creditably abreast of the times, and in *The Crystal Cup* (MURRAY) she has written a novel which might almost serve as a text-book of post-Freudian psychology, so thickly is it strewn with hormones, endocrines, Graafian follicles and the sub-conscious. It is a study—almost a pathological one—of a rich American girl who adds to a sufficiently unattractive modernity a morbid horror of the male sex. But even in these days, it appears, the single woman is socially handicapped. *Gita Carteret* accordingly contracts a nominal marriage with the one man whose company is not utterly distasteful to her. The hope (mainly the husband's, but in a mild degree my own) that this would lead to a more normal relationship was frustrated by the man's own folly, his resort to cave-man tactics being so unhappily timed that he is shot, and very nearly killed, in mistake for a burglar. (He should have known there was a catch in it somewhere.) Ultimately *Gita's* unfortunate complex is resolved in favour of another man, with whom she falls quite healthily and passionately in love and to whom, we are left to suppose, she will in due

course be married. The story suffers in interest from the "hardness" not only of *Gita* herself but of all her circle. It is difficult to sympathise with such people, and lack of sympathy is lack of interest. Nevertheless it is undeniably a clever book and as a record of a period it has no doubt its value. Our grandparents, of course, would have made nothing of it. I cherish the hope that our grandchildren will find it equally mystifying.

The Baker's Cart and Other Tales
(From LANE)—thirteen there are;
I've checked it—
Contains no single one that fails
To grip you where you least expect it;
Not by extravagant expense
Of force that holds for all your wincing,
But by a guarded reticence
That's unmistakably convincing.

The people GERALD BULLETT paints,
And paints with no apparent labour,
Are neither criminals nor saints,
But might be anybody's neighbour,
Except that they are shown by him
As victims of some *Puck* or Peri,
Whose jokes are generally grim
And fairly generally eerie.

The stories kept me out of bed
And, when I got there, spoiled my slumber
(There are, as I've already said,
Thirteen of them—a luckless number);
They open avenues of thought
Most of which rather leave you guessing;
They're well conceived and finely wrought,
But on the whole a bit depressing.



"HULLO, IS THAT THOMPSON'S, THE IRONMONGER'S? YOU KNOW THAT FIRE EXTINGUISHER YOU SOLD ME THE OTHER DAY? WELL, WOULD YOU MIND SENDING ME ROUND ONE OF YOUR MEN TO SHOW ME HOW TO WORK IT?"

The gospel of hard work and endurance both for men and women seems to have made full circle of its banishment and come in again as a theme for novelists; and in her latest story of South African life Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG proclaims it with ability and charm. Weary of the hustle of "big business" and its complacency over low success, jettisoned by the heiress who thinks she can always win him back, *Piers Gresham* throws over an assured future in England and betakes himself vaguely to South Africa. During a characteristic search for a modest and beneficent means of livelihood, he rules out the Dominion's showier openings and determines to buy a partnership in a farm. This decision brings him to "Toekomst," *The Future* (BLES), an estate owned in his wife's right by an incapable bully called *Jesson*. Much against *Elizabeth Jesson's* will (she is childless and neglected and the land is her only passion) *Gresham* is urged to buy a share in "Toekomst" and put up at his partner's house. The triangular *ménage* is squared however by frequent visits from *Jesson's* sister *Cicely*, a sprightly schoolmistress from Grahamstown, who expects the cultivated Englishman to succumb to her cultivated charms. *Cicely's* unabashed advances have the effect of driving *Gresham* to appreciate the homespun virtues of her sister-in-law; and before very long the man who has seen too much of the world to desire it is the tacit ally and potential lover of the woman who has seen too little. It is an interesting crisis, and I found all its four actors interesting also. *Jesson*, I admit, is the least acceptable. He is said to be British, but resembles the old stage Boer of Imperialist convention. *Cicely* is a convincing and, from what I hear, a well-authenticated minx; but *Elizabeth* and *Gresham* and the principles they stand for would animate a far less vivid background than "Toekomst" and its Kaffir dependencies.

In fiction, of course, old bureaux contain all kinds of interesting and important things, ranging from missing wills and proofs of legitimacy to charts of "yᵉ island," with the appropriate glosses indicating the precise location of "yᵉ treasure." But in real life their secrets are generally rather disappointing, apart from such purely antiquarian interest as may pertain to the eighteenth-century equivalents of the milk book and the washing list. The three paper-covered volumes whose contents now see the light

under the title of *Samuel Kelly: The Autobiography of an Eighteenth-Century Seaman* (CAPE) are among the happy exceptions to the rule; and readers of "PATLANDER'S" work in *Punch* will agree that the recollections of this Cornish mariner could have fallen into no better hands than those of Mr. CROSBIE GARSTIN, lover alike of the sea and the Duchy. Mr. GARSTIN has sorted out from the three hundred thousand words and the two hundred thousand commas of the original manuscript a lively picture of the life of a merchant seaman ashore and afloat when the Battle of the Saints was being fought and the *Royal George* lost; when JACK KETCH at his hangman's job was one of the sights of London; when BENJAMIN FRANKLIN walked the wharves of Philadelphia, and capture by a Salem privateer was all part of the day's work. The narrative is that of a shrewd observer of men and things, especially of those little things which bring remote times near: a bit of a Brother Squaretoes, perhaps, but gifted with his full share of human qualities, and in particular with the invincible curiosity exemplified on the occasion of his memorable peep behind the Captain's curtains.

Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP'S *Music-Hall Nights* (LANE) has, it seems to me, just missed being a good book, not from lack of knowledge or talent on the part of the author, but because of lack of pains. It is a too hasty, a little too easily written and undocumented account of the old music-hall, illustrated by a number of covers of songs, programmes and other oddments which, however admirable in themselves, have no specific reference to the text—a trick of book-making which is not the less exasperating because it is rather common. The author has invented a commentator called *Shad*, and *Shad* frankly is a bore. I am sure Mr. CALTHROP himself had much more to say that would have interested us. I should have preferred to hear more about the actual personalities of the departed music-hall favourites, and not to be fobbed off with rather casual, unenlightening summaries of the general character of the various turns, especially as most of these survive in the homes of "variety" of our outwardly more respectable day.



Continental Porter (to nervous English Tourist). "DOES MADAME PREFER ZE ENGINE IN 'ER FACE?"

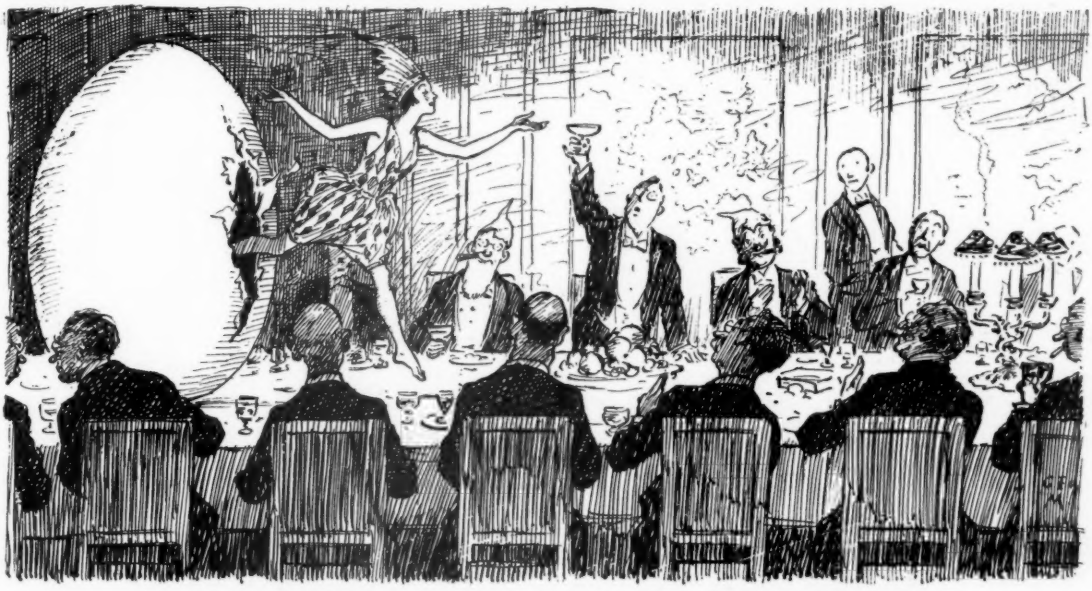
The more tales I read by grown-ups about children the more inclined I am to bow reverently before those who have conquered the difficulties inherent in this kind of fiction. To a great extent Miss MARJORY ROYCE and Miss BARBARA TODD have suppressed their grown-upedness in *The Very Good Walkers* (METHUEN), a story of four children and a dog; but it bobs up now and again. The quartette, with *Jenkinson* (dog), for reasons that need not be explained, started by train from London to Berwick-on-Tweed and found themselves more or less stranded at York. So they took to the road and to a life so full of adventure that their travels should rejoice the hearts of many children. Not to every wayfarer, however young, is it given to meet a dragon (dead and slightly desiccated, but nevertheless a dragon) and a performing pig within a few hours' span. Mr. H. R. MILLAR has contributed a liberal number of illustrations to a volume of which I confess myself a real, though mildly captious, admirer.

I am unacquainted with Miss JOAN YOUNG'S name, and if *Tamar Tales* (LANE) is her first book I salute it as one of very considerable promise. The nine tales which constitute this assemblage are not without blemish, but they are thoughtfully written and contain a real flavour of the West Country. Where Miss YOUNG fails at present is in her slowness off the mark. "Oriel" is one of the best of these stories, but its start is an unconscionably tedious affair. Once or twice, too, her endings are as weak as her beginnings are tardy. "Witching of Mary Jane Coldworthy" is an example of this lack of the finishing touch. Nevertheless, if she is not yet a proficient artist, I feel that Miss YOUNG is going to be. Her prevailing note is sadness, but it is never forced and it induces genuine sympathy with her victims of fate. She would, however, be wise not to concentrate too much on this note, remembering that comedy contributes far more than tragedy to the drama of life.

Sir GILBERT PARKER is never more in his element than when his theme is drawn from the gallant annals of French Canada in the days of "le Roi Soleil." *The Power and the Glory* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is another romance in the vein of his *Seats of the Mighty*, constructed about the figure of the famous explorer, LA SALLE, who discovered the mouth of the Mississippi; and the struggle of LA SALLE and his friend and patron, Count FRONTENAC, against the relentless hostility of the Jesuit party, provides the material for a stirring tale of plot and counter-plot. Sir GILBERT PARKER reverses the usual rule of this class of fiction by making his historical personages more real than his imaginary ones. His portrait of LA SALLE in particular is so live and convincing that one cannot but regret that the exigencies of historical accuracy would not permit him the conventional "happy ending."

In *Over the Grass* (CONSTABLE), Mr. WILL OGILVIE'S new collection of hunting songs, there are to be found some verses which have appeared in these pages over the initials "W. H. O." With its pictures in colour by Mr. LIONEL EDWARDS this handsome volume should serve as a solace at Christmas-time for those who are debarred from the sport of which it treats. They will recognise that both author and artist have an intimate knowledge of their subject.

Readers of the two series of verse that Mr. GUY BOAS has contributed to *Punch* on the subjects of Traffic and the Theatre will be glad to have them in collected form. Messrs. METHUEN publish them, with illustrations by Mr. GABRIEL PIPPET, under the title *Traffic and Theatre Rhymes*.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

COLUMBUS NIGHT AT THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to the guarantors of the British Empire Exhibition a contemporary states that they have decided to pay up and look cheerful. Later information is that they have decided to pay up and leave it at that.

***

The trouble about the dogs of war in China is that they keep having puppies.

***

Dr. J. E. HARDING, a New York geologist, reports that the Equator has shifted several times. What does it think it is? The feminine waist-line?

***

A German caterer finds that MENDELSSOHN'S music kills the desire for ham sandwiches. Another thing that kills the desire for ham sandwiches is a ham sandwich.

***

During the recent heavy frosts several football matches were postponed on the ground that the referee would be too brittle.

***

The Law of Property Act comes into force on January 1st. We do hope there will be no mafficking in Lincoln's Inn.

***

The Performing Animals (Regulation) Act, which comes into operation next month, does not apply to invertebrates. This means that the haggis is exempt.

The dismantling of the great organ in St. Paul's Cathedral has been resumed. It is hoped, however, that it may be possible to avoid taking the DEAN to pieces.

***

Two boys are reported to have stolen a turkey in order to see a film entitled *The Ten Commandments*. That they did not give themselves up to the police on leaving the cinema is due to the fact that American producers always alter the original version.

***

A lecturer describing a film of the Libyan Desert mentions the case of a local sheik, aged twenty-eight, who had already been married nearly fifty times. These film stars are all alike.

***

"Born on April 14, 1889, in Kiev," writes the Chess Correspondent of a daily paper, "Boguljubow is therefore thirty-six years of age." It takes a chess expert to work out problems like that.

***

Answer to Correspondent: No, the Riff war is not on the telephone.

***

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at Coventry complained that he was a martyr to cross-winds. Cross-wind puzzles of course are all the rage in Parliamentary circles just now.

***

As an instance of the prevalent champagne swindling disclosed by a newspaper we are told of a man who wished to celebrate his divorce and had a bottle of the inferior stuff intended for weddings palmed off upon him.

***

A gardening note reminds us that this is the slug-hunting season. Followers should be careful not to spoil sport by heading a slug.

***

Mr. THOMAS HARDY has pointed out that they don't drop h's in Wessex. It is therefore wrong to suppose that what the native says on his return is, "'Ow 's Mr. 'Ardy?"

***

The news of the formation of a Good Morning Club in Johannesburg is a great relief after all the talk about those Bad Night Clubs in London.

***

At Whitwick, Leicestershire, there are two nonagenarians and six octogenarians all living in one street. Motorists are casting the blame on each other.

Our Erudite Pedagogues.

From an article by the Headmaster of ——:—

"Cromwell had to wait three centuries for Carlyle to clear away the mists of prejudice which obscured his fame."

"Wanted, experienced Mouse-Parlourmaid; three in family; outside help for turning out."
Sunday Paper.

The accepted method for dealing with this number is to cut off their tails with a carving-knife.

CHRISTMAS IN BARRACKS.

ON Christmas morning in our unit a solemn procession sets out about twelve o'clock to go round the barrack-rooms. It has the Colonel at its head and works its way down *vid* subalterns and sergeant-majors to the orderly-sergeant. At the very end is Lance-Corporal Pouch, who by dint of saluting smartly when anyone looks at him has managed to attach himself unofficially, just to see what 's going on. It has to judge which barrack-room is best decorated and to drink the healths of the sergeants, the corporals, the men and anyone else it meets who seems to think it a good idea. There are a few officers' wives sprinkled about to judge the decorations; the officers attend to the rest.

Each barrack-room makes strenuous efforts at attractive display, for the first prize is worth having, being thirty shillings, or about four pints per man. The chief ingredients of decoration are paper hangings, holly, cotton-wool snow from the hospital and as many coloured table-cloths and curtains as can be temporarily appropriated from the canteen without detection. Remembering with whom the decision lies the decorators emblazon the walls with several tactful notices, such as "Good Luck to Our Officers and Their Ladies." Finally there is a row of men standing very stiffly to attention round the room, holding half-smoked Christmas cigars behind their backs.

One of the most successful decorations has been found to be a cat. A cat purring in front of the fire with a bit of regimental ribbon round its neck completely captures the officers' wives. They generally make a bee-line for it and spend such a long while scratching its ears that they haven't really any time to look at the decorations. It is a question whether a dozen or so assorted cats, to please the ladies, and a well-scrubbed floor, to please the Colonel, might not be the most efficacious decoration possible. Two years ago No. 14 Room won the first prize with a fine black cat adorned with bells and red-and-blue ribbon; but several months later we learnt that the cat with all its ribbons was really the property of No. 12 Room, and had been decoyed away through a window by No. 14 with an attractive bit of liver on a string two minutes before the procession came round.

No. 12 Room, we noticed, were not taking any chances last year. The cat was there, purring sleepily in a basket and obviously disinclined to move even for the most fragrant liver. It had a beatific smile on its face and to the practised nose smelt very strongly of whisky. The ladies fondled it, said innocently how comfy it looked, and No. 12 Room got a prize.

A few healths are drunk and the room inspection passes off without incident, except in No. 24 Room, where a smell of burning, thought at one time to be a paper lantern on fire, is subsequently traced to Private Rifle's concealed cigar, a present from his aunt. The procession then visits the sergeants' mess, where the sergeants are lying in wait behind several rows of bottles. Everybody drinks everybody else's health for about three-quarters-of-an-hour; the empties are stacked outside, and the procession, not half so solemn as when it started, sets out for the men's mess-room.

Here it inspects the troops' Christmas dinner, a light lunch, eaten in the following order:—Roast turkey with three veg., roast pork with two more veg., more roast turkey, plum pudding, mince-pies, jellies and fruit. There is also a snack of beer for every man—about a quart-and-a-half.

More healths are drunk; the Colonel makes a speech, and the senior corporal present, if he is capable of doing so, replies. Somebody suggests drinking somebody's health, and the idea strikes everyone as being a good and original one. Then two or three other people make speeches, including the orderly sergeant, if he can't be stopped in time. Outside in the cook-house the sergeant-cook can be heard making *his* speech, something about "some —— scrounger upsetting a —— dixie of gyppo."

The Colonel next hurries the procession out again before the men start cheering the officers by their nicknames.

The procession then retires to the officers' mess to have a drink. A. A.

More Commercial Candour.

From a description of new gramophone records:—

"With records such as these in the house one need never fear a sudden invasion of dancing friends."—*Daily Paper.*

"MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
ORCHESTRAL DRUMS.
14-inch, Nickel-Plated, £3 15*s.* This line cannot be beaten."—*Provincial Paper.*

We commend it to sensitive parents for the Christmas season.

A Disgrace to the Medical Profession.

We learn on reliable authority that "Observer," who wrote to the Press in February last stating that he had heard the cuckoo, is a registered medical practitioner. The matter, we understand, is to be brought to the notice of the General Medical Council in order that they may consider what disciplinary action should be taken.

BASE USES OF BROADCASTING.

It 's worth its weight in gold to me, old friend,
That wireless you insisted on installing;
Not that each evening I delight to lend
An ear to Daventry or London calling;
While all the jargon 's Greek (and worse than that) to me
That deals with a receiving set's anatomy.

In me no enterprising fervour boils
(Through atmospherics, Morse and oscillation)
To turn the twiddly wheels or play with coils
In hope of picking up some far-off station;
Not I, methinks, for such selective skill am meant,
Who scarcely know an anode from a filament.

Not for news bulletins or chiming Ben,
For dulcet tones of violin or 'cello
I love it; not for talks from learned men,
Soprano trills or baritonic bellow,
Nor those Orphean strains on which the giddy seize
That charm the hearts of the Savoy Eurydices.

Nor is it for that Children's Corner, where
Some little maiden or some little chap is
Told to pursue the string from Grandpa's chair,
While aunts unseen and uncles wish them "Happies";
It leaves me cold; I hardly care in fact a cuss
For Jeff, Rex, Peter, Ajax or Caractacus.

No! Shall I tell you why in feeling tones
I hail the acquisition as a treasure?
Belinda loves it. When she dons the phones
My heart leaps up (as WORDSWORTH says) in pleasure;
I realise completely what a boon it is
And make the utmost of my opportunities.

For I can read or meditate the Muse
In peace (while she sits rapt), and so escape her
Reading aloud, poor dear, of all the news
I 've seen myself already in the paper;
For this relief a debt that can't be paid I owe
The B.B.C. and bless the name of Radio.

"Required, early Dec., strong, refined Maid, about 25, do housework and plain cooking. Three children. Nurse over nine years. Last maid 20 months; too young."—*Daily Paper.*

We agree; much too young.



THE LITTLE PATRIOT.



Wife (consulting lists of presents). "THERE, WE'VE GOT THEM ALL EXCEPT UNCLE HORACE'S. NOW WHAT SHALL WE BUY HIM?"
Husband. "WHAT ABOUT A REALLY SMART LITTLE COLLAR-STUD?"

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

MOONWARD.

(*After Mr. LOUIS GOLDING.*)

I HAD for so many months clasped to the proud bosom of insatiate thought the enchanted anticipation of the Grand Canal at Venice that now, beholding it with starved but forewarned eyes as it so lustrously and apparently was, a weakness came upon me. The station entrance rang with cries and exhortations of blue-vested *facchini*, the water frothed with the white jumpers of *gondolieri* standing high on their sable silver-teethed craft. "*Gondola! gondola!*" "*Poppa, Poppa!*" rent that magical air too blissfully actual for believing as I half walked, half tottered across the wet stones to the incredible boat that buoyed itself like a dark swan of destiny amid that dusk tumultuous brood. "*O ciel!*" I cried, and fainted as I fell against the yellow cushions that spun bewilderingly as intoxicated sunflowers on the capacious seat. And there and then, unravelled like a chain of ivy leaves in the unconsciousness that befell me, glistened in my mind that stark but tender song of thanksgiving for accomplishment which I was to write on the morrow:—

Is it because of some hard cash
That my dead fathers earned for me
I hear these cleaving waters splash
And smell the invading sea?

Oh, you were worked to the bone; your brains
Laboured and schemed in the harsh days
That I, triumphant from your pains,
Should greet these waterways.

Yours the husks, the kernels mine,
O selfless legators!
Forgive my much delight in wine
And rose-lipped counsellors.

There is no present bounteousness
Not poured uncaring by dead men,
Nor littlest joy but was distress
And will bring sorrowing again.

I was roused from the fit of faintness into which I had fallen by the shrill crying of a wizened and singularly repulsive hooker, an ancient stray on the fringe of eternity. Orthodox to his craft (or conspiracy) to the ultimate scream and gesticulation, he clung to the side of the still moored gondola demanding his guerdon for services unsolicited and, in one but a very true sense, gratuitous. Puny and malodorous he stood and screamed above me till I, realising his intent, sprayed the landing-place with nickel and copper coins. Then statelily moved our dark swan on to the Grand Canal, and I surrendered myself to the slow spell of that amazing antiphony of light and water which is Venice.

Whether it was the plenteous *chianti* consumed on the train between Bologna and Venice or the enchantment of that first Venetian twilight when with folded sable plumage our craft thrust its silver beak through the dark waters of that patriarchal canal, I know not, but song burst from me. *Il Canalazzo Serpentino* was winding her coils of opal and porphyry about my heart. I leaped to my feet and chanted aloud to that valiant gondolier and those silvering skies:—

Still is she lovely.
You have seen
Water and twilight hold pale hands
And you knew not they were there—
You thought only of your fare.
You have heard from the lagoons
Love-songs under orange moons;
Swift your secret prow has turned
When strange languors spired in song.

Was it Venice held your eyes
When you plied with rhythmic oar
Flashing ways of Paradise?

Still is she lovely, even she,
But you have trafficked in strange ways
And cried her loveliness for hire.

Still is she lovely, even she,
But you will charge me twice the fare.

Smoothly and imperceptibly the night came with my song, but he, swarthy gondolier, erect above those waters of slow passion and shining deceit, answered not to my song, save only "*Si, Signore. Il canalazzo—bello, bello,*" though in that falling dusk his soul gazed with monstrous levity and garish cupidity at the guiding star of his extortionate intention that was thirty liras.

But then began a progress of extravagant beauty along canals where few lamps glimmered in the dusking pallor of torn waters. Girls in bright shawls leaned from window-sills scabrous with age and disrepair. Mountebank military officers with jockey-legs and innumerable medals swaggered beneath. I heard a hidden bass singing of love and wine, and again I sprang to my feet in that craft of destiny and, ignoring the vociferous astonishment of applausive urchins as palely numerous in that dusk as windflowers in dark woodlands, I improvised my song:—

Waters that would flow over
If stone stood not to stay,
Waters that woo the moon
In the sky's chill lagoon
When wandering night winds stray.

Gold that thy princes squandered,
Blood from swift knives and slow . . .
Once in your palaces
Were poisoned chalices,
All shattered long ago.

Now TINTORETTO hovers,
The ghost of a dead rose,
Where GIOVANELLI'S portals
Open to horn-rimmed mortals
Reading Lucasian prose.

Time ceased. From a high window a voice delicious as a Melba peach after a salty repast floated on petals of drifted music, "*Bravo, Signore, bel canto!*"

And then of a moment and with a noise of firmaments opening and crashing, with views of grottoes glittering with light and sounding with music, I had arrived at the beportered steps of the Albergo di Luna. W. K. S.

Stage Candour.

From an actress's testimonial:—

"I find ——'s Two Creams of infinite value and consider them essential to my toilet-table perquisites."

A propos of the Locarno Pact:—

"The temple of James has been closed."
Weekly Paper.

No wonder the Jacobins are peeved about it.



Outraged Sergeant. "WHO THE —— —— 'AS LEFT THIS 'ERE PAPER-BAG ON THE PARADE-GROUND? IF SO, PICK IT UP."

CHRISTMAS ARRANGEMENTS ON THE UNDERGROUND.

"Christmas, 1925:—Dances, theatres, pictures, dinners and suppers are all to be found on the Underground."—*Underground poster.*

NOT all of the attractions now announced are new, of course. Dancing on the Underground, for instance, has been in vogue for some time. I myself have often one-stepped down the car, please, and have on more than one occasion risen from my seat and joined in the general merry-making, simply because the other passengers were dancing—on my feet. It is to be hoped, however, that the latest announcement foreshadows some effort to abolish the present haphazard and promiscuous arrangements and to substitute something in the way of organised entertainment. I see no reason, for instance, why the conductor of each car should not combine the rôle of M.C. with his ordinary duties. Thus: "Next station Tottenamcourtroad—kindly take your partners for a fox-trot."

Concerning pictures, I gather that there is not at present any proposal to establish cinemas on the trains, and that the reference here is solely to the advertisements which have long been a source of inspiration and consolation to the regular Underground traveller.

Theatres however are to be installed; and here I confess to some inability to

understand how Lord ASHFIELD proposes to overcome the obvious difficulties in the way of such an innovation. Some thought will clearly have to be given to the type of performance to be presented. Mr. SHAW's plays, for example, would be a shade too long for short runs like that from the Bank to Bayswater. Again, there will quite possibly be some opposition from the West End managers and the legitimate stage generally if performances are given in the Tubes during the ordinary theatre hours. Provided, however, that these and other minor difficulties which occur to one can be surmounted there seems no reason at all why the project should not be a success.

Turning now to the provision of meals *en route*, there will, I think, be nothing but praise from the travelling public for the go-ahead policy of the Company. I cannot recall ever having seen dinner taken on the Underground, but, while I would not in all probability take advantage of this facility myself, I have no doubt that the requirements of a certain section of the community (*e.g.*, play-goers who experience difficulty in reaching the theatre before the rise of the curtain) would be met by the new proposal. Supper-parties, on the other hand, are already a feature on certain lines of the Underground system, and the provision of meals by the Company would undoubtedly be a boon. The disadvantage hitherto has always been that the traveller had either to purchase his supper overground and take it down with him, or rest content with the somewhat meagre choice of butterscotch, black-currant pastilles, and so forth, offered by the automatic machines.

If this experiment is successful, by the way, it is to be hoped that the Company will give serious consideration to the possibility of providing breakfasts on the lines serving some of the more remote suburbs.

Meanwhile we have the very attractive Yuletide programme already outlined, and the difficulty is to understand why the advertising department omitted to embody in their poster the obviously appropriate slogan :—

SPEND YOUR CHRISTMAS UNDERGROUND.

"After the collision ——'s car skidded nearly 30 years before it stopped."
Birmingham Paper, Dec. 3rd.

"The car skidded, and he was unable to pull up within a distance of 54 years."
Manchester Paper, Dec. 4th.

This competition must stop, or we shall have Liverpool producing a car warranted to skid into the next century.

WHY I KEEP PUTTING IT OFF.

MUST I (for the hundredth time) point out that my reason for delay in this matter of purchasing Christmas presents is that I like my gifts to be seasonable?

"The intellectual superiority," says an eminent writer, "of the races inhabiting temperate regions is in part traceable to constant necessity for forethought in providing for the regularly recurring season of winter-time."

Prettily put. But what the eminent writer fails to notice clearly is that the recurring season of winter-time in the temperate regions recurs with such vastly varying degrees of intensity that not even the forethought of its most intellectual inhabitant (myself) can predict them. London a little while ago was in the grip of a frost. A few days later it passed into the grip of a fog.



UNCLE JAMES'S INTERESTING BOOK.

After that it was in the grip of a thaw. Then it was in the grip of another frost. Just now it is in the grip of a fine sprinkling of gravel. There still seems some doubt, or so I gather from the daily Press, exactly what the festive season of goodwill is going to find London in the grip of. And I want my presents, as I said before, to be suitable to the temperature.

My first provisional list was drawn up as follows :—

GRIP OF ORDINARY WINTER.

Uncle James		Interesting book?
Aunt Mary		Nice book?
John, Richard, Priscilla, and so on	Nephews and nieces, etc. *Mem.* Discover if possible (1) ages (2) sexes.	Tips? Books? Engines? Comic ink-blots? Musical cigars? Dynamometers?
Cousin Angela		Collar for dog?
Gregory		Little present of wine?
Lucinda		Chocolates? Cigarettes?
Cousin Frederick	*Mem.* In Persia. What is climate in Persia? Consult Post Office.	Plum-pudding?
Self		Ticket for South of France?

What I mean by an ordinary winter is one during which the ground is covered by a thin layer of slush, and, although weather conditions are fairly mild, nobody wants to be very much out of doors. The words "little present of wine" opposite Gregory call perhaps for a short note of explanation. They were suggested by a passage in "The Last Essays of Elia." "There are favours... which confer as much grace upon the acceptor as the offerer; the kind, we confess, which is most to our palate is of those little conciliatory missives which for their vehicle generally choose a hamper—little odd presents of game, fruit, perhaps wine—though it is essential to the delicacy of the latter that it should be home-made."

I promised myself no small pleasure in sending to Gregory at the festive season a graceful offering of home-made wine, which, if he was not an arrant coward, he would with an equal grace be compelled to drink. But is it going to be an ordinary winter? Who knows?

My second list has been made out thus :—

GRIP OF SEVERE WINTER.

Uncle James	Goloshes?
Aunt Mary	Muffatees?
John, Richard, Priscilla, and so on	Handkerchiefs?
Cousin Angela	Bodybelt for dog?
Gregory	Little present of brandy?
Lucinda	Cigarettes? Chocolates?
Cousin Frederick	*Mem.* Consult map; probably too late to send.
Self	Ticket for Egypt? Algiers?

A severe winter in the temperate region I take to be the kind when the ground is covered by a thick layer of slush and everybody has a cold in the head, or if not in the head, somewhere lower down. It is the kind that (if we happen to miss it at Christmas-time) we usually have in April or May. But as the days went by I began to perceive startling indications that we might, when Christmas arrived, be in the grip of an abnormal winter, such a one as we have not enjoyed since we were all boys and girls. The slush would be nearly ankle-deep. The Thames would be frozen over; the land would ring with merry cries and the sound of sledge-bells. Nobody would be staying indoors when there was sport to be had on the ice and snow. One or two such days had indeed already occurred. The papers had announced :—

LONDONERS REVEL ON THE ICE.

I went out myself to look at these proceedings. Not knowing exactly where the affair was taking place I went up to the nearest policeman in

the Strand and said to him, "Whereabouts are the winter revels?"

He directed me to a small pond amongst the Northern hills. I took my skates and travelled thither in my winter sports costume, including the tasselled cap, which created quite a *frisson* on the Underground. Every square foot of the pond, when I reached it, was occupied by a dense mass of revelling Londoners, many of whom were also carrying skates which they would have put on if there had been room to sit down. I managed to get on to the ice myself after a little pushing and began to revel. After a time I felt a faint tremor under my feet. I hastily got off the ice and waited, expecting to see the rest of the people fall in. Nothing however occurred, and in some disappointment I went home. On the next day I went up to the pond again, and perceived a dismal-looking notice-board by the side of it stating that anyone who wished to revel on the ice would have to pay five pounds for doing so. No one was taking advantage of the offer. The appetite for merriment had abated. Nevertheless to suit the altered climatic conditions I drew up a third list of seasonable gifts as under. (I crossed Cousin Frederick off this list entirely on discovering that there had been a revolution in Persia, the effect of which was to place an import-duty on pudding).

GRIP OF WINTER REVELS.

Uncle James . Male tobogganning outfit?
Aunt Mary . . . . . Set of skis?
John . . . . . Arnica?
Richard, Priscilla and whatnot . . . Snowballing outfits? Sledge dittos?
Cousin Angela . Dog's tobogganning outfit?
Gregory . . Little present of rum?
Lucinda . Chocolates? Cigarettes?
~~Cousin Frederick~~
Self . . . . . Ticket for Aden?

If there is anything besides this uncertainty about the weather which is daunting me in the matter of buying Christmas gifts it is the stern prohibition from the Underground Railway and the principal London stores against shopping during the "Rush Hours." And yet it is the period when I am most awake and most likely to be abroad. I gather that all the big shops are closed during the Rush Hours and only open at breakfast-time and after supper. What with having to avoid the Rush Hours and being tempted to avoid the Slush Hours, together with my uncertainty as to what the climate is going to be like when Christmas comes, it seems only too likely that I shall not do any shopping at all this year till Christmas Eve. As a matter of fact I never have.

Nobody else, I am well aware, puts off his shopping so long as this. But there is some consolation, as one wanders, a lonely figure, through the empty streets and round the vast deserted stores, in feeling that one does at least know what kind of Christmas we are going to have. (Unless, of course, the grip changes during the night.)

Bother! I now find that I have omitted from all these lists my godson, *ætat* two, whose name has unhappily escaped me. I should think he would like a nice bright bouncing india-rubber ball to throw out of his pram into the slush. A ball, I think, that says "Ee-ee." If there is anything that makes me more firmly resolved than ever to wait for the solitude of Christmas Eve it is the idea of bringing home on the Underground Railway a nice bright bouncing india-rubber ball that says "Ee-ee."

EVOE.



WINTER REVELS.



HOME-MADE.

THE FAIRWAY AND THE FOWL-RUN.

General Leghorn to Major Glibb, Secretary Damwell Golf Club.

DEAR SIR,—I desire to bring to your notice: (1) That my hen-run is *not* part of your golf-course; (2) That I object strongly to finding golf-balls on my breakfast-table in lieu of eggs; (3) That as a direct result of constant slicing on the part of your less capable members the condition of my fowl-house is appalling, to say the least.

I am, yours, etc.,
WILLIAM LEGHORN, B.E.F.,
Major-General, Retired List.

Major Glibb to General Leghorn.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter to hand. As you rightly state, your hen-run is *not* part of our golf-course. In fact it is out of bounds (penalty, stroke and distance). As to your second complaint, the members of our club are not in the habit of playing before breakfast. Thirdly—and, I trust, lastly—I see no reason why our members should be held responsible for the condition of your fowl-house. In regard to this part of your property I recommend to your notice the well-known firm of Hercules, Limited, Augean Mews, N.W.1.

Yours, etc., GLAUCUS GLIBB.

General Leghorn to Major Glibb.

SIR,—Your impertinence to hand. In addition to my other complaints I have to inform you that yesterday with my own eyes I saw Captain Meath of your club actually encouraging his caddie to kick one of my prize Wyandottes which had accidentally strayed on to the links. Sir, such conduct from an officer and gentleman (*sic*) is intolerable.

Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM LEGHORN.

Major Glibb to General Leghorn.

SIR,—Yours to hand. In the case you quote, Captain Meath reports that the hen in question sat down upon his ball. On the bird's refusing to move, though repeatedly summoned to do so, the Captain, who is an old International Referee, awarded his caddie a free kick.

I regret that, on the club's behalf, I must complain that your hens lay on the course in the most care-free manner; that members have repeatedly played eggs instead of balls during the mist which invariably obscures visibility in these parts after luncheon; that the caddies now refuse to clean the clubs.

Lastly, that only three days ago the green-keeper informed me that, after mowing the rough, he discovered in his machine, not dandelions, as he had hoped, but an *omelette aux fines herbes*.

Trusting I shall hear no more on this subject, I remain yours, etc.,

GLAUCUS GLIBB.

General Leghorn to Major Glibb.

SIR,—I have gone into the matter fully with my solicitor, who informs me that I can obtain no redress in the courts. He assures me, however, that every Englishman has a right to protect his own property.

I have therefore the honour to inform you that I am putting up a barricade of electrified barbed-wire round my grounds. My military servant will be on duty during those hours when golfers are abroad, and has orders to shoot at sight any player who directs a ball towards my hen-house. In the case of four-ball matches he will use alternately a machine-gun and a "*Flammenwerfer*" of the latest improved design.

Should these precautions prove ineffectual I shall procure a trench-mortar and shell what you are pleased to call your sixth fairway from eleven to twelve and two-thirty to three-thirty daily, until such time as I find the nuisance abates.

It is scandalous that one who has given the best years of his life to the service of his country should not be permitted to settle down to such a peaceful occupation as that of keeping fowls without the necessity of defending their very existence.

Yours, etc., WILLIAM LEGHORN.

Major Glibb to General Leghorn.

DEAR GENERAL,—All members are loud in their approval of your proposed action. Doctor Duffell particularly desires me to thank you for providing him with a complete cure for a chronic slice, which has poisoned the last ten years of his life.

I am, Yours faithfully,

GLAUCUS GLIBB.

"THREE LORDS JUSTICES TO SIT ON A CAT." *Daily Paper.*

We trust the R.S.P.C.A. will instruct counsel to hold a watching brief.

"This Ulsterman I always found a most clubable man."—*Manchester Paper.*

But now, we understand, the Free Stater has buried the shillelagh.

Of a Rugby forward:—

"A tremendous worker, one who shoves every inch of his weight in the scrum." *Daily Paper.*

And no doubt utilises every ounce of his height in the "line-out."

GADGETS ALL THE WAY.

"I CANNOT be your wife, Jock," said Janet.

"This is so sudden," I replied; "what is your explanation?"

"I can never learn all the gadgets," said Janet.

"Gadgets?" I asked.

"Gadgets," said Janet sadly. "Ever since we have been engaged I have been reading the Women's Page. I have been making a list of them; it covers several pages of foolscap already."

"What are they all about?" I asked.

"Everything," sighed Janet. "There are gadgets about the dust-bins, about doing your own plumbing, about the window-curtains, about my manners, about your clothes——"

"No, no," I said; "you can leave them to me."

"And about the cat," finished Janet, "besides lots and lots more. Oh, how brave Mummie was to marry Daddie! But perhaps there wasn't a Women's Page then, so she didn't know."

"But is it all necessary?" I asked.

"They say it is," said Janet, "if the home is to be happy and my husband is to be contented."

"What about the cat?" I asked.

"It is called 'Label Your Puss-Cat,'" said Janet. "It says the cat must wear an elastic collar with a little plate on it and on the plate our name—isn't that sweet?—but only when we are moving house. At other times it must not have a collar or it might catch in the branches of trees."

"Why wouldn't it catch in the branches of trees when we are moving house?" I asked.

"I don't know at all," said Janet. "That 's just the sort of thing I find so difficult. Jock, what is a faucet?"

"Haven't the remotest," I replied.

"Because I should have to keep a piece of rubber-tubing on it," said Janet, "if my home was to be happy."

"Would anything very bad happen if you forgot?" I ventured.

"I should break more plates," said Janet decidedly.

"Do you break many plates?" I asked.

"How can I tell?" cried Janet; "I am not a wife. But from what it says I think wives must break heaps and heaps."

"It all seems to cover a great deal of ground," I said.

"Oh, it does," answered Janet. "And there was the bit about *faux pas* made at table. It says that if I am well-bred I must not notice them. What do you think it means?"

"It means," I explained, "that when the chap on your right upsets a glass of claret over the lady on *his* right you don't say, 'That is Mrs. Brown's only evening frock and she meant it to last another year or two at least.'"

"Oh, dear!" said Janet, "should I ever remember? But this is what I want you to help me about, Jock. We are breaking our engagement. We must return each other's presents—some of them at least, not all; it gives you a list."

"Let 's get on with it then," I said.

"These are the ones we return to each other," said Janet: "family heir-looms——"

"None on either side," I interrupted.

"—articles of jewellery," she went on, "and precious metals. But you *keep*, Jock—listen carefully—articles of apparel, souvenirs and such trifles. So you see I can keep my fur-coat and watch."

"I went a bust on your fur-coat," I said; "I shall certainly claim it."

"You can't, darling," she said; "it says 'articles of apparel and such trifles.' I shall keep it."

"But the watch is precious metal," I said.

"No, souvenir," said Janet; "it was after that dance, that lovely dance; you 've not forgotten?"

"My dear," I said, "this is all extremely distressing. There is a second chair in the room. Wouldn't it help to further our discussion if you made use of it?"

"It doesn't say anything about that anywhere," said Janet; "I 'd looked."

"If you won't be my wife," I said firmly, "I insist on having back the fur-coat and watch."

"And I," said Janet, "am under no obligation whatsoever to return them, though I can decline to be your wife."

"There is only one way out that I can see," I said; "we must become engaged again."

"Wait a minute," said Janet; "it tells you how. 'Mending the Quarrel: How to kiss again.'"

"Don't worry," I said, "I 'll show you."

Another Insult to Scotland.

From a broadcasting-programme:—

"7.20, Pipe Music at the Royal Scotish Corporation Dinner. 7.30, Music." *Daily Paper.*

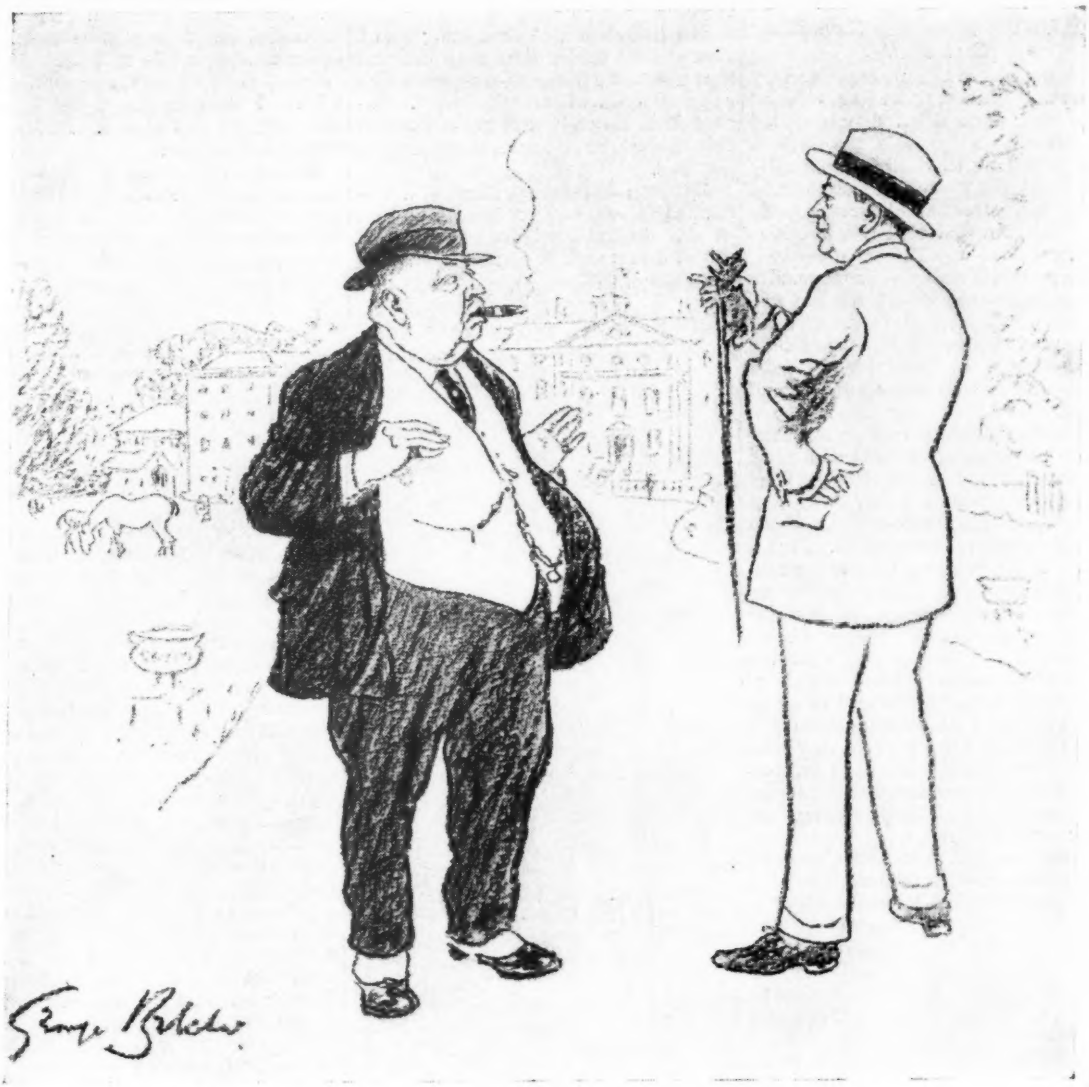
Dons and Mastodons.

"MAMMOTH REMAINS AT OXFORD." *Headline in Morning Paper.*

We think he is wise. He won't feel out of date among the other antiquities.

"Baying Guests taken for Hunting or Shooting. Comfortable Country House." *Sporting Paper.*

This should attract some jolly dogs.



Visitor. "WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PLACE YOU 'VE GOT. WHAT MADE YOU CHOOSE IT?"
New Landowner. "ONE 'AS TO LIVE SOMEWHERE."

THE LITTLE DAYS.

ONLY last week, through Soho bound,
The quaintest little shop I found;
"This has," I said, "a novel sound,
O enterprising lass!"
For here a Miss Aurora Rays
In quite the prettiest of ways
It seemed was selling Happy Days—
I saw them through the glass.

Fat little baby Days, quite *lots*,
All sound asleep in snowy cots;
Round cheeks and shut forget-me-nots
Lay on their pillows' lawn;
There was a placard too to say
That every rosy little Day
Would sleep as good as gold and *stay*
Asleep till told to dawn.

"But *price?*" I thought; then, oh! good news:
"Miss Rays no offer will refuse;
Her price in fact is what you choose
For any of the bunch."
"Topping!" I cried. "I'll get a few
For Christmas-boxes falling due."
The door was locked, but "Back at two"
A card said; "gone to lunch."

I came at two, but all in vain;
I couldn't find the shop again;
I asked policemen to explain,
But none I asked could tell;
So in the bleak December blast
From street to fruitless street I cast,
Until I gave it up at last
And told myself, "Well, well,

"The giving, all things said and done,
Of happiness to anyone
Is very often better fun
Without the facile ways."
I hailed my bus and found the fare;
"And so," I said, "small need to care."
And yet—and yet—and yet they were
Such jolly little Days.

Our Exacting Employers.

"Wanted, a good Plain Cook; one who has no objection to kitchen work."—*Welsh Paper.*

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

XVIII.—WE HUNT THE KANGAROO.

(*Continued.*)

I THINK I have already explained my history and general attitude in relation to the horse; and when they proposed to put me on a horse in the bush, a horse belonging to what is practically the Wild West and accustomed to wrestle with steers and heifers, I made my will again and sent a few cables home.

George said it would be less expensive if I sat in the car with the ladies and watched the hunt that way. But my blood was up, and I stipulated only that I should be killed by the most patient and noble steed on the sheep-station.

George's riding-kit had gone astray on the railway somewhere, and he made a good deal of fuss about clothes. Why a man can't mount a horse without first getting into fancy-dress is something I have never understood. I must say our hosts indulged George's weakness most lavishly. They fitted him up with corduroy-breeches, a hat the size of a harvest-moon and a couple of boots the size of a machine-gun; over the whole they carefully laced a pair of American "chaps" or "slaps" or something of the sort, vast leather casements with a kind of a wing projecting sideways up and down the leg and protecting the rider from mosquitoes and the prickly-pear as he gallops through the bush; or so I suppose.

When they had done with George he looked like a bad dream about TOM MIX. They gave him a lariat, put a stock-whip in his hand and photographed him. George spent a happy hour trying to crack the stock-whip, sometimes producing an undeniable crackle, frequently lashing himself on the back of the neck and once nearly taking out my eye. I wore my grey flannel trousers as usual.

Well, we had a good long tea and issued forth to the chase. The chase, by the way, apart from any mortal injuries which I might myself receive, was to be an entirely bloodless and friendly affair. The kangaroo is the national bird of Australia and confronts the emu in the national arms. He is a marsupial and wears a pouch, like an elderly Member of Parliament. And on this station at least they are held in high respect, though elsewhere, I believe, it is still found necessary to destroy the national creature in the interests of the sheep, which eats grass too—if it can find it.

So the ladies were to proceed by motor-car to the top of Four-Mile Flat, and we were to find and with encouraging cries usher the kangaroos towards the motor-car, there to be shot with cameras.

The horses waited in a row; and I was pleased to see that they had not that cinematic wildness of aspect which one associates with cattle-horses. Indeed it is now my firm belief that on this subject, at any rate, the cinema is not true.

My own horse in particular, I was thrilled to see, had not the Rodeo look at all. Indeed an ignorant Londoner might have said that it did not get enough to eat. However, one never knows.



FASHION AND UTILITY.

"Is this a safe horse, Nancy?" I said, eyeing the animal narrowly.

"She is," she answered. "She is a lady's horse."

"Then, when a gentleman rides it, it will object," I said with unanswerable logic. "Will there be much galloping?"

"There will not," she said; "it is mostly rocks and steep hills."

"Fascinating," I said, and crawled rather than vaulted into the saddle.

"What is the horse's name?" I said then.

"Mercy."

"Then run, Mercy," I said; "but not too fast;" and I hit Mercy with my hand.

Mercy walked slowly towards the gate into the first paddock. (A paddock in Australia means a piece of land about the size of the Isle of Wight, full of rabbits and entirely surrounded by wire.) I thought that I would open the gate for the others. But Mercy thought otherwise.

It is no use telling me that horses are intelligent. You might think that a horse that goes through gates, and that particular gate, every day of its life might put itself into the proper positions for me to open the gate, and hold open the gate, and shut the confounded gate, without my having to prod it and persuade it, and pull at it, and preach at it. You would be wrong. In the end it was the girl Nancy who opened the gate.

Then was heard the merry thunder of hoofs as the horses cantered off across the paddock, and Mercy trotted behind.

The earlier stages of the hunt were encumbered with delays. The first thing I noticed was that my saddle was slipping round towards the horse's stomach, and I got Bill to adjust this, as I know from experience that it is frightfully uncomfortable to ride on a horse's stomach; and while Bill was tightening Mercy's little belt I pointed out that one of my stirrups was a foot longer than the other, while my legs are both the same size. Then off we went again; and the next thing that happened was that my hat blew off.

"Sorry," I cried as the cavalcade drew up on its haunches. "I've not had a gallop for months. I shall find my form in a minute." I could easily have dismounted and picked up that hat myself, though this would have been tempting both Providence and Mercy; but I let Bill do it, as I wanted to see him stoop from the saddle and pick up the hat with his teeth. But he merely descended and picked it up in the ordinary way—self-conscious, I suppose.

We went on again over the hard dry ground, Mercy doing about one revolution to the other horses' ten. After a little George called back offensively to know if I would like a whip.

I said "No," for I noticed that, while the other hunters held their reins in the left hand, I held mine in the right, and I was sure that it would infuriate Mercy to be whipped with the left hand. However, two or three of the hunters rode under eucalyptus-trees and tore down branches and fashioned whips for me with monstrous knives. All these I very soon discarded, but secretly, as a guest pours whisky into a flower-pot, out of politeness.

And soon we came to a high steep



Girl (to young man who has come to take her for a ride). "WELL, I'M READY TO PUSH OFF NOW."
Young Man (who has had trouble with his car). "I SAY—THAT'S FRIGHTFULLY GOOD OF YOU. SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT AT THE TOP OF THE HILL."

hill or ridge, and some of the hunters went up one end of it, and George and the girl Nancy and I up the other. The gradient was about one in three, and the hill was covered with loose stones and logs. Mercy snorted zig-zag up the height. At the top I dismounted boldly and readjusted my left stirrup.

At that moment we saw the other hunters far along the ridge, waving excitedly and shouting "Hulloo" and suchlike things.

The girl Nancy galloped off at break-neck speed, followed by George, and they disappeared apparently down a precipice. Mercy and I followed discreetly, and halted aghast, the two of us.

The farther slope was like the first, only it was steeper and harder and had many more loose rocks. Some way off I saw for the moment in the dusk a large kangaroo going lollopy-lollopy down the hill on its hind legs, absurdly refraining from using its fore paws. And a thrill ran through me; for Mercy had begun to descend the precipice.

We were all alone; and Mercy, it was clear, objected to the whole proceeding as much as I did. She descended by inches, snorting now and then in a low baritone. And at last she put one foot on a loose stone and slid down the rest of the hill. We then found ourselves in a forest, and were lost.

The forest was full of gum-trees, half of them lying dead upon the ground. Far off we heard the exciting sounds of the chase; Mercy raised her head, sniffed loudly and ambled off in that direction, endeavouring now and then to dislodge me with a eucalyptus branch.

So we travelled for some time. Then suddenly there leapt up, not thirty yards off, an exceedingly young wallaby, kangaroo or whatnot. I was thrilled; I gave chase at once. That is to say I shouted "OY!" in a very loud voice and spurred Mercy with my black shoes. I would drive that wallaby, my own little wallaby, towards the motor-car, for all the ladies to see.

And Mercy absolutely refused to co-operate. Mercy proceeded, snorting, in her original direction.

* * * * *

The hunt was voted a great success. The ladies in the motor-car had seen a "mob" of thirty kangaroos charge past them, and greatly envied the horsemen who had seen so much more.

"Yes," I said modestly, "I saw one and a-half myself."

On the way home I wrestled with a heifer.

But that is another story. A. P. H.

ELEMENTARY ZOOLOGY.

II.—THE PIG.

IN frank discussion of the Pig
I feel a certain diffidence;
For men whose waists are rather big
May call it rank impertinence.

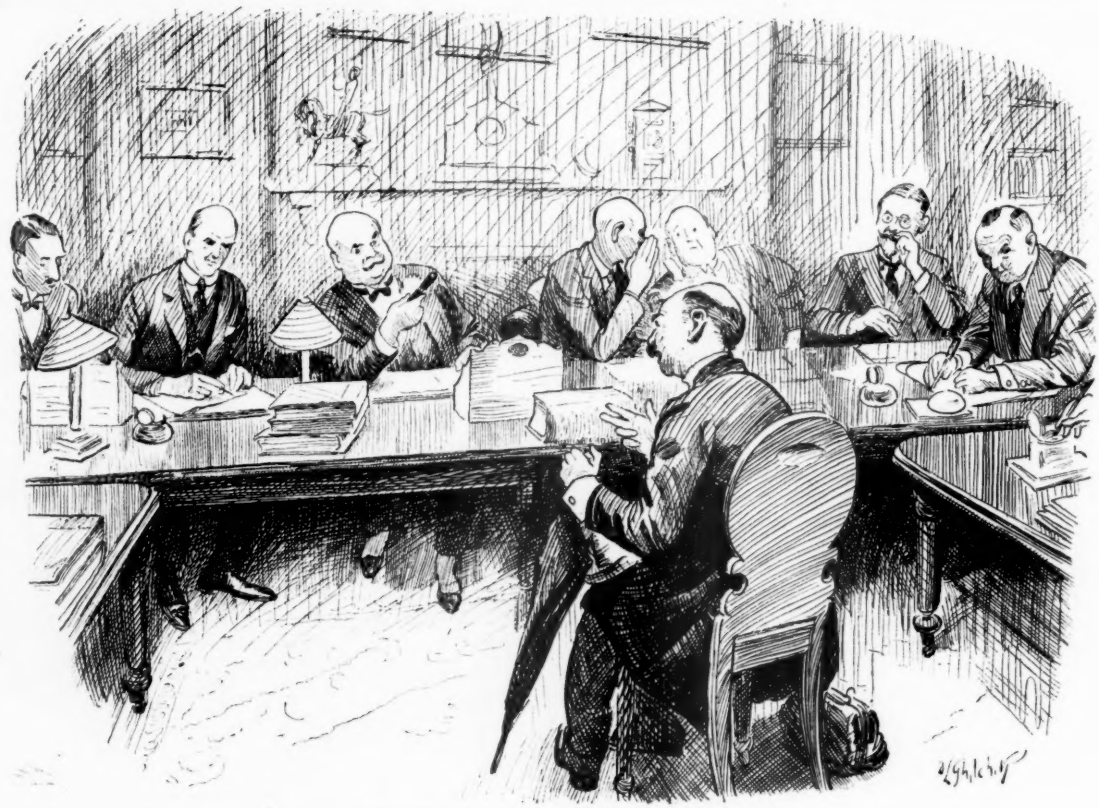
I must admit that from my birth—
For even then I looked ahead—
The growth of an abnormal girth
Has been my chief and constant dread.

So I can see exactly why
The preternaturally stout
Are so proverbially shy
When pigs are being talked about.

Yet can we quarrel with a beast
That pork and peach-fed ham supplies,
And lives entirely that a feast
May be forthcoming when it dies?

And would you banish from your plate
The bacon that one breakfasts for,
Or positively stipulate
That sausages should be no more?

Think not then merely how uncouth
The Pig in general can be;
Regard it rather from its youth
As breakfast for yourself and me.



THE MOVEMENT TOWARDS ECONOMY.

Special Commissioner. "ON WHAT GROUNDS DO YOU APPEAL AGAINST YOUR ASSESSMENT FOR INCOME-TAX?"
Objector. "I CAN'T AFFORD IT."

WHY ARE RUSSIAN BOOTS?

"FOR example," she said earnestly, "look at Russian boots."

"I will not," I said with even greater earnestness; "I will look away instead."

"It wouldn't matter if you did," she retorted; "wherever you looked away there they would still be. Of course," she admitted generously, "I know they are not fashionable."

"Not?" I repeated. "You said 'not'?"

"Only," she explained, "popular."

"But——" I protested.

"Like," she explained, seeing how puzzled I looked—"like babies."

"Could you," I asked thoughtfully, "call babies popular?"

"At any rate one sees them everywhere."

"To return to these boots," I said; "there is, of course, the hole in the stocking theory. I admit that when it is a question of to mend or to Russian boot, naturally one Russian boots. Very likely," I confessed, "I should fall myself."

"Only a man," she told me disdainfully, "would ever have such an idea. Holes come generally in heels and toes, where any slipper would serve as well to conceal them."

But I knew more of these intimacies than ever she suspected.

"What," I asked triumphantly—"what about ladders?"

"And if it wasn't for laddering," she asked with splendid patience, "how could one prove one simply had to have some new stockings? A father, a husband—a man, in short," she said, classing us all together in her indignation, "is quite capable of expecting you to go out in a bottle-green frock and *vieux* green stockings. But when you can show that all your *vieux* green stockings have laddered then even man at his lowest and worst is forced to admit that you simply must have another half-dozen at once."

"Then," I said, baffled, "why is a Russian boot? If it isn't a question of ladder and if it isn't fashionable, why is it?"

"You 'll know presently," she said grimly. "Haven't you noticed in the papers that there are going to be Russian boots for men soon?"

"I'm looking forward to it," I said bravely. "But with *us* it is different; for *us* their mission is evidently to justify Oxford bags—somewhere to put them where they won't be seen. Personally," I added, determined to thrash the thing out, "I don't believe you know yourself why Russian boots, unless it's the thoughtfulness of those with an ankle for those without, or else maybe a desire to slay the fatted calf—I should say, to put it out of sight."

"Well, it is perhaps time," she admitted, "that we began once again to leave something to the imagination."

"Then," I cried, "you agree that the why of the Russian boot is to reintroduce the cult of the ankle that is perhaps no longer a treat even to the least observant. But in that case surely another yard or so of stuff on the hem of your frocks would have done as well?"

"Too well," she answered simply.

"It all comes to this," I exclaimed, almost losing my temper, "there is no why, and well you know it."

"I suppose," she asked with irony, "it hadn't occurred to you that Russian boots are useful and comfortable in wet and muddy weather?"

"My dear lady," I protested, "that is the very thing that puzzles one. They certainly seem so, and yet the fact remains that you have adopted them as in a flash, acting almost as one woman."

"I suppose," she mused, "it is hard for a man to understand."

"It is," I said feelingly. "I happen to know from one who was present that when the inventor of the Russian boot showed the first experimental pair to the manufacturers of Northampton in solemn conclave assembled they simply laughed. The Very Oldest Manufacturer said, 'Why, in cold weather they would be warm.' The Youngest Manufacturer cried, 'In wet weather they would be dry.' A Very Small Manufacturer, who seldom spoke, murmured, 'In muddy weather they would save light-coloured stockings enormously.' And then all the Manufacturers cried in chorus, 'Dry, warm and economical; what woman would give them a second glance? Take them away.' And the inventor took them away, and probably at once committed suicide. Nevertheless here they are."

"And still," she pointed out provokingly, "dry, warm and economical."

"Exactly," I said. "I have tried to imagine myself out some day in a cold, cold wind and chilly sleet, and with the streets full of half-frozen mud that's two-thirds petrol-drip and that spouts from the earth like a bubbling spring every time a bus or anything else goes by. And I have tried to imagine myself wearing new clean light-coloured stockings, not quite so thick as gossamer, and a pair of low strapped shoes almost as thin."

"I wish I had your imagination," she said enviously, "but don't forget that while the wind is nipping round your ankles and the cold, cold rain is running down your legs and the petrolized mud is splashing through your stockings, it's still your duty to look your best and keep your nose from getting red."

"In such circumstances," I declared firmly, "I should be glad of the Russian boot or even worse, if worse there be. That is obvious to me as man; but what I want to know is, what is it to you as woman?"

"Obvious also," she answered promptly.

"I suppose," I said gently, "you will agree that never since fig-leaves began has woman adopted an article of attire on account of its utility?"

"Well, of course . . ." she said, almost laughing at the quaint idea.



"NAH THEN, MR. ROLES MORRIS, SHOVE OFF! YER CAN'T PARK YER CARS 'ERE."

"Then why?" I demanded for the last time. "Why?"

"I don't know," she said slowly and thoughtfully, "if it's possible for any man to understand. I don't think even an intelligent man could."

"I may not be intelligent," I confessed sadly, "but I am a man. Try me."

"Well, then," she began and paused.

"Yes," I said eagerly, "women adopted the Russian boot because——"

"Because," she answered simply—"because we chose to."

I went away without another word.

E. R. P.

Cornish Mining.

"—— MINES, LTD.

208,000 shares at Par."

Advt. in West-Country Paper.

The shares are also, we understand, obtainable at Fowey, below Par.



Modern Genius (showing his latest work). "AND YET, YOU KNOW, THERE ARE SOME SILLY FOOLS WHO SAY I CAN'T PAINT."
Friend. "DON'T WORRY, OLD MAN. THERE ARE PLENTY OF SILLY FOOLS WHO SAY YOU CAN."

THE BETTER WAY.

[A Boston police-sergeant who has retired after thirty-one years' service has never made an arrest.]

WHEN Mick McGrogarty joined the Force O
He was an iron-mushed he-sized man;
His feet were large, and so was his torso,
And who so ready to rush the can?
And Charlie the Coke wised Go-Get Izzy,
Who slipped the office to Sam the Souse,
"Them D Street cops is gonna get busy;
'N' say, they 's a new one as big as a house."

And Hijack Lew said, "If that doll baby
Got mad at a feller and used his bat,
The ambulance wouldn't be needed, maybe,
So me henceforward I packs a gat;"
And the dips and the cons and the old porch-climbers
Passed the word to the yeggs and thugs,
And the high-up crooks and the fierce long-timers
Piped young Mick and said, "No, by jugs!"

Studied Michael's enormous brisket,
Measured his mitt and his cold grey eye,
Said, as they looked for a stiff to frisk, "It
Best hadn't be when that bear-cat 's by;"
And one bold spirit agog for battle
Said, "You t'ink youse is a helluva gink;"
But Mick just beaned him and murmured, "That 'll
Be all fr'm you 'n' your pals, Oi t'ink."

But Mick McGrogarty, holy terror,
Wasn't destined to ply the club
Or hunt the bad man, a prey to error,
From Christian Science's cultured hub;
Said the Precinct captain, big Tim O'Ruddy,
"They 's a softer graft for a dacint lad"—
(Mick was his nephew)—"See here, now, Buddy,
Are ye good at writin' and can yez add?"

Oh, a shout went up from the crooks of Boston
When Mick McGrogarty left his beat
And the finest bull in the Force was lost on
A blotter, a desk and a hardwood seat:
And Mick beefed some, but said Tim, "Hell's bellers!
Flogging thim sidewalks is mortal slow;
Leave the clubs to the other fellers,
'N' stay right here *where they bring the dough.*"

ALGOL.

"Birds of a feather . . ."

"Launceston Fanciers' Association achieved another noteworthy success in the show held in the Town Hall on Tuesday, when large crows came to see the fine lot of exhibits in the poultry section, etc."
Local Paper.

"Jerusalem, Dec. 9.

This morning Field-Marshal Lord Plumer held a reception at Government House to celebrate the liberation of Jerusalem in 1917. The entire British community, the Consols, and the notables . . . were present."—*Daily Paper.*

This emigration of gilt-edged securities ought to be checked.



ONE GOOD "TERM" SUGGESTS ANOTHER.

MR. AMERY. "WHY SHOULDN'T THIS OTHER BOUNDARY QUESTION BE SETTLED OVER A GLASS OF THE 'SPIRIT OF LOCARNO'?"

THE TURK. "THANK YOU—MOSUL FOR ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 7th.—Sir P. CUNLIFFE LISTER'S reply to a question touching the nationality of the captain and crew of the good ship *Birkdale* might be rendered something like this:—

"O the Skipper and the Second Mate are citizens of Peru;
The First is a son of the U.S.A. and so are two of the crew;
The Third is a bold bad Brazzy, and the rest of the crew, I wis,
Two Swedes, three Britons, two Finns, one Wop and a Mediterranean Swiss."

As further inquiries are to be made as soon as the vessel reaches our shores, Members may yet learn the nationalities of the cook, the doctor, the boatswain tight and the wireless operator—if any. We can only hope meanwhile that the vessel is well equipped with lime-juice and the Locarno spirit.

The charterparty of another vessel of undoubtedly British origin was brought to the House's attention. The PRIME MINISTER stated that the *Birkenhead* had now unloaded its entire cargo of syndicated Press articles save one on Eloquence—which Mr. BALDWIN, amid laughter, recommended his interlocutor, the loquacious Captain GARRO JONES, to peruse—and will, from now on, traffic exclusively between Westminster and the land of Ind.

Mr. HAYES, the Socialist Member for Edge Hill, at whose authoritative nod ill-conducted citizens aforetime "moved on," demanded of the HOME SECRETARY an undertaking that the vacant position of Deputy Commissioner of Metropolitan Police should go to a police officer. "JICKS" however refused to go quietly and told Mr. HAYES that he intended to appoint the best man he could find for the job, no matter where he came from.

Certain circulars issued by the MINISTER OF EDUCATION caused much perturbation among various Members of the Opposition, who (the Minister assured them) had quite failed to grasp their purport. But the questioners still seemed to think that—

"Small is the pleasure that you 'll derive
From Circular 1325,
And Circular 1371
Is wholly deficient in quiet fun."

The Irish (Confirmation of Agreement) Bill having been duly accorded its First Reading, the House resumed its discussion of the Safeguarding of Industries Bill. The Liberal benches supplied the principal Opposition spokesmen on this occasion, and Ministerialists, mindful of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S fear that Liberalism might become "a disorganised cantankerousness," wondered whether Commander KENWORTHY and Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, for example, were Cantankerousnesses or merely the Disorganised, and whether Mr. RUNCIMAN was both or neither.

Tuesday, December 8th.—The Scots had a good innings at Question-Time this day, and there is no gainsaying the unity with which the representatives of this "warlike and formidable tribe"—to borrow a phrase applied by Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL to IBN SAUD'S clansmen—unite from all parts of the House when a BUCHANAN or a SHIELS waves his wild sporran. From a *mélange* of grievances there emerged the sad case of seventeen plasterers for whom the Glasgow Corporation could find no work. How did Sir J. GILMOUR reconcile this with his statement that other building trade operations were held up for want (*inter alia*) of plasterers? The MINISTER replied that the seventeen indefatigables did not, as far as his department was aware, officially exist.

Captain GARRO JONES, *à propos* of the rise in the price of coal, complained of the Government's "*non possumus* action." The gallant Member, it is plain, has no objection to a false quantity except in the delivery of his fuel.

Captain CROOKSHANK struck terror into the hearts of all present by asking the FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE WAR OFFICE if in view of the stimulus given to recruiting by the Wembley tattoo he would consider having "unofficial tattoos manned by ex-servicemen." The thought of rural England ravaged by an epidemic of amateur tattoos, complete with saxophones and bagpipes, was too much for Captain KING, who replied in his firmest tones that the answer to that part of the question was in the negative.

Before the commencement of public business Miss WILKINSON begged leave to introduce a Bill, supported from both sides of the House, requiring Municipal Corporations to appoint women police. She explained that there was no intention of exposing the burglar peacefully occupied in burgling or the coster engaged in jumping on his mother to the rigours of the deadlier sex, and the House, reassured, not only gave the required leave, but applauded admiringly the pretty seriousness with which Miss WILKINSON performed the requisite obeisances.

Mr. LANSBURY was less successful with a Bill to prohibit the Attorney-General from being a Member of the Cabinet or being subsequently raised to judicial rank. He supported the first of these provisions with arguments culled from a letter by Sir JOHN MARRIOTT. But the latter, while accepting the compliment, declined to father the Bill, saying, in the first place, that he mistrusted Greek gifts, or rather Red incense, and, in the second place, that while he certainly approved of the Attorney-General being outside the Cabinet he would strongly oppose any Bill which sought to prevent his customary progress to the Bench.

Public business found the PRIME MINISTER urging the quick passage of the Irish (Confirmation of Agreement) Bill and warmly praising the courage and far-sightedness of the Irish leaders who had taken so great a step towards permanent peace and prosperity in Ireland. Mr. THOMAS for the Labour Party and Mr. FISHER (in the absence of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE) for the Liberals added their benedictions. Mr. D. REID expressed Ulster's cautious satisfaction, and even Sir J. MARRIOTT, who was understood to call somebody—presum-



Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER. "TOPPING STUFF, THIS PICK-ME-UP FOR HOME INDUSTRIES. THE MORE I TAKE THE BETTER I LIKE IT."

Lord HUGH CECIL. "DON'T TOUCH IT, WINSTON; IT 'LL RUIN YOUR FREE TRADE CONSTITUTION."

Mr. CHURCHILL. "WELL, I USED TO FIND IT A BIT TOO STRONG FOR ME, BUT NOW I CONFESS I RATHER LIKE THE FLAVOUR."

ably Mr. LLOYD GEORGE—a *brutum fulmen* ("A mane thing," as *Mr. Dooley* puts it, "to say iv anny man"), did not seriously impair the gladness of the occasion.

Wednesday, December 9th.—The House of Lords passed the Irish Bill through all stages. Lord BIRKENHEAD'S speech breathed a full measure of the amity and neighbourly comradeship that informs the Schedule of the Bill; but Lord CARSON, to whom the gestures of reconciliation were largely addressed, failed to respond with equal warmth, whereupon the SECRETARY FOR INDIA, falling into the "irritability of unstable minds," hurled himself on poor Lord DANESFORT with all the fury of a suitor scorned. Otherwise the debate more or less justified Lord BIRKENHEAD'S statement that it had been harmonious, except that everybody had differed from everybody else. This is of course in keeping with the best traditions of Irish harmony.

In the Commons Sir M. MACNAGHTEN expressed concern that Naval engineer officers of higher rank are prejudiced by having to wear the purple strip of an oily though blameless life, but was reassured by the FIRST LORD'S declaration that he would be jolly proud to be entitled to hoist a purple strip himself.

Cheers greeted the first appearance of Mr. G. LOCKER-LAMPSON in his new capacity of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He is one of the few really audible Ministers, and seemed to enjoy the change from *Rima* to Roumania.

Mr. SCURR'S attempt to introduce a Bill requiring that every alleged criminal should be tried by a jury of persons "of his own class or station" might have been accepted in the interests of public amusement, but was incontinently rejected in the interests of legislative austerity. Mr. HURST, the Unionist Member for Moss Side, who opposed, by no means made the most of his opportunities. A lightning word-picture of a plumber who had stolen a bag of tools instead of going back for his own being found guilty by a jury of his fellow plumbers would have cheered the House immensely.

A Second Reading was accorded to the Safeguarding of Industries Bill. Mr. RUNCIMAN complimented Lord HUGH CECIL on his "merciless clarity," which sounds, when you say it quickly, like the name of a THOMAS HARDY heroine, and Mr. JACOB called Mr. SNOWDEN one of the "Rip van Winkles of Cobdenism."

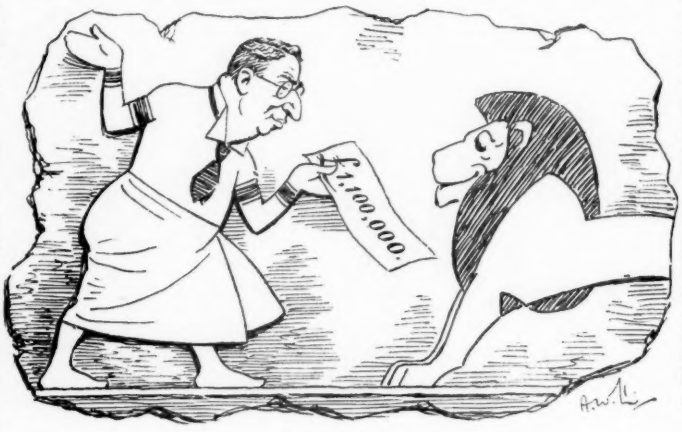
Thursday, December 10th.—Challenged as to speeches delivered before the Communist trial, the HOME SECRETARY denied with some heat that he had in any way prejudiced the proceedings. Had he not said, persisted Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, that two of the defendants were in the pay of Moscow? "Being in the pay of Moscow," replied "JICKS" oracularly, "does not make them guilty"—a *dictum* which for some occult reason drew uproarious cheers from certain members of the Labour Party.

Ever since that fatal Thursday morning, when in a spirit of obstructive levity Mr. NEIL MACLEAN insisted on "spying strangers in the House," thereby depriving it of the invaluable services of the Official Reporters, he has been vainly trying to persuade the SPEAKER to spy some precedent for clearing the gallery of ordinary Pressmen and other unwanted persons, and at the same time retaining the services of servants and officials of the House. This afternoon he again put his point with Caledonian prolixity, but failed to convince Mr. WHITLEY that a Standing Order was an order that should not stand.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S speech, in which he invited the House to produce another nine million rabbits out of its cornucopia to keep the coal-mines going, rather suggested a lecture on cirrhosis of the liver, with the operating surgeon as lecturer and the owner of the liver as audience. The subsequent debate found the patient approving the operation but doubting the efficiency of the anæsthetic. The only Members who seemed to think that nature should have been allowed to take its course were the Socialist left wing. Mr. SAKLATVALA roundly declared that the Government would never produce goodwill by looking like baa-lambs. Mr. MACLAREN, the Socialist Member for Burslem, said that the owner of coal royalties who took any part of the subsidy was a "contemptible parasite." The obvious retort—that the miner, who, according to Mr. CHURCHILL, gets nine-tenths of the subsidy, is a parasite too—was not offered. Another view of the situation seemed to be that

> "The sluggard and the parasite were looking down a hole;
> They wept like anything to see such quantities of coal.
> 'If we should dig it out,' they said, 'we can't stay on the dole.'"

The House accepted the inevitable and turned to the scarcely more cheering subject of the high cost of Wembleys. Mr. A. M. SAMUEL was of the opinion that the Exhibitions, in view of their effect upon Imperial trade, had been well worth the guarantee. Mr. CLYNES agreed, but thought that the guarantors were entitled to an inquiry—*pour encourager les autres*; and Mr. J. H. THOMAS, as one of those principally responsible, said that for his part he would welcome any investigation.



SAMUEL IN THE LION'S DEN.

THE PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE OVERSEAS TRADE DEPARTMENT.

From a schoolgirl's essay:—

"Louis XIV. had a fine army which he entered for all the great wars of the century."

Now, of course, he would be disqualified by the League.

"Flat, airy and well furnished, to Let on moderate terms to Doctor willing to undertake Night Work, but engaged elsewhere in the day-time."—*Weekly Paper.*

But where is the poor fellow to sleep after a night out?

"PORT BUTCHER.—Wanted."
Yorkshire Paper.

We can heartily recommend the waiter with the trembling hands who decanted our last bottle.

Another Headache for the Historian.

"Although the customary 'Varsity Rugby night scenes occurred in the theatres last night, the view is expressed that the conduct of the youths was better than formerly."
Evening Paper.

"But from all accounts the scenes last night exceeded in riotousness and even danger those of last year."—*Same paper, same edition.*



Visitor (*lunching at country hotel*). "WHAT KIND OF SOUP DO YOU CALL THIS, WAITER?"
Waiter. "AIN'T NO PARTICLER KIND, SIR—JUST SOUP."
Visitor. "M—M—ONLY JUST!"

THE MOVING SHOW.

["Apparently for the first time in history," says a writer on dress, "gowns are being designed to move about in." The dress of this season will only reveal its greatest beauties while its wearer is in motion.]

How hard is the fortune these tidings portend,
How evil indeed are my chances
Henceforth when Amanda compels me to spend
My time in attendance at dances;
With sorrow my head at the prospect is bowed,
For now I am certain that bang goes
All hope of the rest she aforetime allowed
Mid an orgy of two-steps and tangos.

She is able to finish as fresh as a bird
Her seventh consecutive fox-trot,
While I by the end of the second or third
Am showing exactly how crocks trot,
And so, though it made her supplant by a pout
The smiles that more commonly wreathe her,
Till now she has given, by sitting one out,
Her swain an occasional breather.

Such merciful leisure will vanish I know
Now Fashion has spoken, declaring
That movement 's essential to one who would show
The charms of the dress she is wearing;
My passionate pleading she 'll only gainsay,
Condemn all my schemings as mean wiles
And force me to dance every item they play
And promenade briskly betweenwhiles.

Even suppers themselves may be shortly taboo—
Her gown may conceivably ban them—
While we caper the orchestra's repertoire through
(Including the National Anthem);
To the mode and the duties it brings in its train
She is vowed with a fervent devotion,
And at its behest she 'll endeavour to gain
The gift of perpetual motion.

Safety First.

"The —— Public Works Committee accepted last night the tender of Messrs. —— for 122 non-parlous type houses."—*Provincial Paper.*

"Round the walls are piled 35 sealed chests. What they hold is a mystery that will only be divulged when the lids are raised."
Weekly Paper.

Wonderful, my dear *Holmes*!

"After all the main thing about a cigarette is the tobacco."
Advt. in Newspaper.

This authoritative statement upsets the popular notion that the main thing about cigarettes is the cigarette picture.

SIR ARTHUR PROVES HIS POINT;

OR, THE MIRACLE OF "THE LOST WORLD."

Do brontosauri return? Is there any possibility of getting into touch with pterodactyls?

I must confess that I owe to Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE a very sincere apology. I was a sceptic. Granted that there are fifty thousand square miles of unexplored country on this earth, not to be reached except by way of the vast Amazonian jungles, I doubted whether in any part of that virgin country there moved these mystic otherworldly shapes.

I am now Converted.

Many Nature films of big-game hunting in distant lands, of birds and beasts in English woods, I have seen, but never one that moved me so deeply as the genuine adventures of *Professor Challenger*, *Lord Roxton* and *Ed Malone*, of *The London Record Journal*, on the great and previously unexplored Brazilian plateau. Yet even their striking feats of hardihood pale before those of that unseen hero—who could not, of course, be filmed—their companion with the camera.

Fancy standing a few feet away from and calmly shooting, not with a gun but a photographic machine, a duel to the death between two dinosaurs! Fancy too taking a "close-up" of a dinosaur, filming him as he "registered" emotions of happiness, amazement, anger and scorn! That is what these intrepid explorers, these lifters of the impenetrable veil, have done. They have filmed also the ape-man of those parts, a fine upstanding fellow with much of the *Tarzan* grace. The result seems to me to be a veritable triumph for the Natural History Museum and the Darwinists over Fundamentalism.

Here is very Proof at Last.

Biologists may put together bones, but are we to believe that they did not possibly go astray? Looking at the majestic skeletons of South Kensington I have often asked myself that question. I ask it now no longer. I have seen a photographic record of the brontosaurus wallowing in his ectoplasmic clay. To be quite exact, I have seen the brontosaurus also in London, roaming around the streets, breaking down London statues — there are kindlier traits about a brontosaurus than one might have supposed—and plunging at last into the Thames off Tower Bridge. There is no more room for disbelief.

A Brontosaurus has Revisited the Strand.

This, however, did not happen until *Professor Challenger*, *Lord Roxton* and *Ed Malone* had escaped from the Brazilian plateau, and managed to get their specimen rafted down the Amazon and so home. Its nourishment during the voyage must rank as one of the zoological triumphs of the day, just as its careless handling by stevedores at the docks is symptomatic of the present shiftless habits of the British workingman. Indeed it seems to me that it is only scientists like Sir ARTHUR DOYLE, explorers like *Professor Challenger*, *Lord Roxton* and *Ed Malone*, and, last not least, the glorious super-cinema men who accompany them on their perilous journeys into the unknown, who make England what she is to-day.



Picture Dealer (guest at Baronial Hall, seeking his chamber at midnight just at the moment when the family portraits are leaving their frames). "I WISH I HAD YOU IN MY GALLERIES; I'D SOON STOP YOUR LITTLE GAMES."

Perhaps I ought also to mention *Paula*. *Paula* was the daughter of a man named *Maple White*,

A Previous Pioneer of the Other World.

He had gone up on to that plateau. *He* had braved the dinosaurs. *He* had seen the ape-man mowing at him. *He* died somehow in a vast cave full of lianas and stalactites and what not, in the midst of the plateau. *Lord Roxton*, prying solemnly around in his *topi*, discovered *Maple White's* skeleton, and pulled a Waterbury watch out of the middle of it. *Lord Roxton* was in love with *Paula*, but, alas, she had given her heart to *Ed Malone*, the daring young reporter of *The London Record Journal*, whose only failing was his stern refusal to have his "close-ups" sub-edited. It was

A Moment full of Dramatic Pathos

when *Lord Roxton*, coming back with the Waterbury watch of *Maple White*, noticed *Paula* and *Ed Malone* embracing in the cave full of stalagmites. His dream of happiness was shattered; but he did his duty like a man. He showed *Paula* her father's watch, with *Paula's* photograph inside it. The glycerine welled from her eyes and she accepted it as genuine proof. She did not even ask for a spare-rib of her father's skeleton as confirmation.

One annoying thing was that a brontosaurus had knocked down the tree-trunk which formed the sole approach, over a terrible chasm, to the Brazilian plateau. I think it was a brontosaurus that had knocked it off, but it may have been a pterodactyl that had pecked it down. Pterodactyls were pretty frequent in those parts, and a dinosaur once caught one in his paw as if it had been a gnat, crunched it up and ate it,

Rejecting the Larger Bones,

but licking his lips over the rest with evident relish and something like a smile on his close-up. This is the sort of photograph that even pioneers of the other world only get once in a lifetime. Anyhow, whatever it was that knocked the tree-trunk down it put the explorers into rather a difficult position; more especially as a huge volcano had broken out in the other world, which was covering the whole plateau with lava and stampeding the mesozoic monsters like a prairie fire.

However the explorers escaped. One asks how? Simply enough.

Jocko, the Monkey, Paula's Pet,

climbed the precipitous wall of the plateau to the spot where *Lord Roxton* was leaning out of a hole amongst the stalagmites with a sad worried expression on his face. *Jocko* had a rope-ladder tied round his neck and *Lord Roxton* fastened it carefully to a stalagmite. *Ed Malone* got a bit shaken



Pamela (playing at paying calls). "HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. JONES? I'VE COME TO THANK YOU FOR HAVING ME TO DINNER LAST WEDNESDAY, AND I WANT SOME TEA NOW."

in coming down, because the ape-man turned up at the end and started jerking the rope-ladder about. (It is still a mystery to me

Where the Camera Man was Standing

when he filmed the ape-man doing this).

After that there was nothing more to do but to ship home the brontosaurus, which had been kicked off the plateau by a hallopod—"the Most Vicious Pest of the Prehistoric World," as *Professor Challenger* called it in one of his most charming sub-titles. There were dozens of these M.V.P.P.W.'s about on the Brazilian plateau, and they were always jumping on to the other animals and biting them in the neck. Bolshevists! *Paula* married *Ed Malone*, *Lord Roxton* apparently resigning himself to a life of

Lonely Sportsmanship and Scientific Research.

Mr. H. G. WELLS and Mr. EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS have lifted the corner of the curtain now and then with trembling fingers and peered into the Great Unknown. Sir ARTHUR with his heroic camera man seems to me to have absolutely vanquished doubt. EVOE.

LAYS OF LEARNING.

IV.—THE FORM-MASTER.

AT Oxford University
He worked extremely well,
He took a very high degree
And thought himself a swell.

He came to take an Army Class
Upon the Modern side;
They said at once he was an ass,
And they were justified.

Proudly he marched into the room:
The lesson was begun;
He was surprised to find by whom
The teaching would be done.

They taught him not to patronise,
They taught him not to nag,
That when a man is quick to rise
He 's just the man to rag;

That acid irony provokes,
Sarcastic wit annoys,
That silly elephantine jokes
Aren't good enough for boys.

They taught him that it does not pay
To cavil and suspect,
That blustering is not the way
To make the best effect.

They taught him that it looks absurd
To stamp about and rave
And lose one's temper; in a word,
They taught him to behave.

And now he 's winning loud applause;
His past is growing dim;
He 's making men of boys because
They 've made a man of him.

G. B.

Dolce Far Niente.

"Never do to-day what you can't put off till to-morrow."—*Advt. in Sunday Paper.*

From a concert-notice:—

"Miss —— gave a histronic display of pianism."—*Provincial Paper.*

We trust the audience showed a corresponding display of fortitude.

"Superintendant Bacchus said that in one of the rooms in the house were some wines and spirits, but not a large quantity."
Daily Paper.

"Evoe, parce, Liber,
Parce, gravi metuende thyrso!"

"Far from being of the old musty story type, the tale is told so charmingly that the deader is unconscious that he is actually studying facts."—*Review in Daily Paper.*

It would be interesting to learn the effect on the liver.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE CO-OPTIMISTS": NEW PROGRAMME (HIS MAJESTY'S).

THE conditions of play-going are such that I seldom enter a theatre with the true after-dinner glow about me; and I confess that the spirit of Co-optimism which pervaded a very full and enthusiastic house on the second night of the new programme failed for the moment to dissipate my sense of imperfect digestion. This mood was not mitigated by the opening item (an old one), in which the members of the company sang a series of brief autobiographies and appeared to be extraordinarily pleased with themselves. But my prejudices were disarmed when I read the description of this turn in the programme: "The Co-optimists . . . will indulge in the usual Pretence of enjoying their Work." And with the very next episode, where Mr. DAVY BURNABY, disguised as a cricketer, complains of being "Always Put in First," I had begun to catch the infection of my environment; and Miss BETTY CHESTER'S "endeavour to improve the *Morale* (*sic*) of the Troops" completed the process.

Perhaps the best novelty was "Breakfast-Time," a contest in nagging between husband and wife (Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD and Miss BETTY CHESTER) treated as a boxing-match, with Mr. BURNABY (butler) as referee keeping time and counting-out. Later on we had another meal, with more nagging, in rather lower life. Here Mr. GILBERT CHILDS and Miss ANITA ELSON gave us the most subtle acting of the evening. It was no doubt due to an oversight—or oversmell—that in each of these meals a strong feature was made of the bad egg.

The most uproarious fun occurred in "A Roman Scandle," or "A Land Fit for Neroes to Live in." But this was taken too fast for a right appreciation of its points—a common fault in these entertainments. I shall never understand why the good things are nearly always rushed, while there seems to be plenty of spare time for those futile sentimentalities which make me wonder how much longer I can bear myself. I am bound, however, to admit that the audience did not seem to share the tedium I endured from the songs in this vein.

Mr. GILBERT CHILDS was the only actor who had the professional manner, and his song about the heartlessness of "The Rich Man who drove by in his Carr-i-age" was a great performance. But Mr. STANLEY HOLLOWAY can claim



OUT OF THE MOUTH OF CHILDS (GILBERT).

to be a singer; Miss ANITA ELSON can dance; and Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD wrote (and sang) some very clever lines in "All the Income Tax I Owe." And Mr. MELVILLE GIDEON, however thin the quality of his sentimental songs, remains a marvel of versatility at the piano.

But the general air is designedly amateur, and that is the charm of it. One feels that the whole thing is a domestic affair (under the conduct of the head of the family, the suave and confiding Mr. BURNABY), of which we in the audience are made intimately free. This thought may excuse the resurgence of a hoary old pantomime device, by which we were invited to join in a catch-song: "Who Put the Kink in the Winkle?"

It should be added that the Cambridge Soccer team filled a couple of boxes, and qualified their enthusiasm with so admirable a restraint that it drew from Mr. BURNABY an expression of gratitude for the excellence of their behaviour. But then of course they had only drawn the match.

O. S.

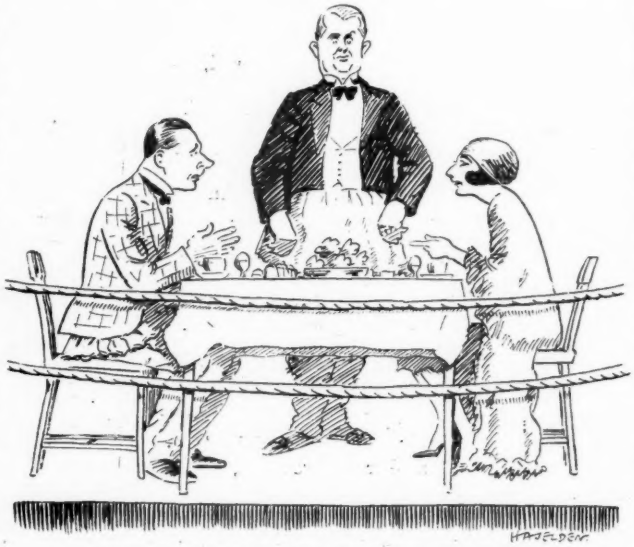
REGIONAL AILMENTS.

(By our Medical Correspondent.)

THE localizing of maladies and disorders, if kept rigorously within a defined area, is not altogether an unmixed evil; but the enforcement of segregation is a difficult task, and already signs are not wanting of the development of new and alarming regional diseases.

This remark is peculiarly applicable to the strange and formidable disorder which still has its focus in Chelsea. Various names have been suggested to indicate its most salient features, but perhaps the most successful effort to deal with the problem of correct nomenclature is that which describes it as Rimatoid arthritis. The symptoms may be roughly divided into two classes—physical and psychological. The former are chiefly shown in curious anatomical changes and distortions in the patient. These are clearly revealed in the extraordinary enlargement of the hands of the sufferer, amounting almost to elephantiasis. The stock sizes in gloves are totally unable to cope with this expansion. Women, who are especially liable to the complaint and who were, until recently, in the habit of wearing gloves numbered $6\frac{1}{2}$ or $6\frac{1}{4}$, find it now impossible to accommodate themselves to handwear of less than double that size. Indeed, in acute cases of the malady a sixteen glove would be necessary to give comfort.

The repercussions of this giganto-cheirosis, as it has been happily named,



HOW TO BE SCRAPPY THOUGH MARRIED.

Mr. John Smith . . . . . MR. AUSTIN MELFORD
Mrs. John Smith . . . . . MISS BETTY CHESTER.
Davy the Butler . . . . . MR. DAVY BURNABY.



THE MYSTERIOUS INSCRIPTION THAT SMITH AND HIS WIFE SCORCHED FOR TEN MILES TO READ.

are already affecting other industries. Pianoforte manufacturers have already constructed a few instruments with a keyboard adapted to Rimatoid performers; the handles of lawn-tennis rackets and the "grips" of golf-clubs used by many Chelsea players have to be similarly enlarged; and ping-pong has been practically abandoned, with other miniature pastimes. The disease is also generally accompanied by exophthalmic goitre, protrusion of the eyeballs, dilatation of the thyroid gland and a partiality for keeping strange bird pets of an exotic and barbaric appearance.

The pysychology of the disease is not less remarkable. It is shown in a violent antipathy to the colour green and to explosions of violent invective when the names "Dicksee" or "Collier" are mentioned even in a whisper.

No specific has yet been discovered for this mysterious malady, but it is desirable to state that in spite of its origin panel doctors cannot be expected to prescribe for patients who are suffering from it.

More strictly localised than the Chelsea complaint is that which has of late appeared in the district of Bloomsbury. It is not exactly a new disease. Sir ARTHUR KEITH, the famous anthropologist, notices in one of his apocryphal works that the phenomenon of superciliary *megalocranitis* appears in the skulls of the Cromagnon type. But the peculiar features of the Bloomsbury disorder indicate a difference in degree which almost amounts to a difference in kind and have prompted a revised nomenclature. In view of the peculiar protuberance and altitude of the superciliary arch the name *hypselophryædema* is to be preferred. The symptoms of this curious and interesting disease are not confined to an altered physical contour. They are revealed in a variety of other ways: in great literary activity; in a fastidious choice of words; in an intense preoccupation with the study of transcendental economics, exotic *belles lettres*, iconoclastic biography and the cult of PIRANDELLO, BENEDETTO CROCE and STRAVINSKY.

A further curious feature of the *Morbus Bloomsburiensis* is that while ordinary sufferers from catarrh, when indulging in the process of sternutation, emit a sound of which the best written equivalent is "Hadjisha," in Bloomsbury it takes the form of "Tche-Tche-Tchehov."

Various methods of dealing with the malady have been suggested, but so far no complete cure has been effected, though satisfactory results seem likely to be produced by isolation, compulsory inoculation with an anti-toxin distilled from cultures of the "Normalcy" bacillus, recently discovered by a Fundamentalist Professor in America, and copious fomentations with Locarnica, the latest and most efficacious means of reducing swellings of all sorts.

While Rimatoid arthritis is mainly confined to the bones and sinews of the hands, Muscovitis, a much more general complaint, is limited to the feet, ankles and calves of the leg. In its broadest aspect it comes under the head of what is known as *Saltatio tarantularia*, a pandemic disease which flourished in the Middle Ages, but died out in the fifteenth century, only to be revived in an exacerbated form in the twentieth. It must be carefully distinguished from the *Saltatio epileptica* of the negroid races or the more recent complaint of *Alopecitis* or *Ambulatura vulpina* as it is alternatively designated by Professor Hoppmann of Danzig.

Muscovitis in some of its manifestations is a negligible and even harmless disorder. Unfortunately in its sartorial and sutorial developments it threatens to dislocate the fabric of suburban society and to enthrone a new and disturbing factor in the economics of the leather trade—viz., the Leicester com-

plex. I may add, paradoxical though it may seem, that, although Muscovitis is largely influenced by music, those who suffer from it derive little or no pleasure from the works of SCHUBERT or SCHUMANN.

Lastly I may note, as a characteristic feature of the malady, the desire of those who are afflicted by it to change their patronymics to Muscovite equivalents. It is even alleged that a movement is on foot to bring pressure on the local authorities of Nottingham to alter the name of that city to Jessegrad.

The need however of a remedy, though desirable in the interests of humanitarianism, cannot be regarded as imperative. As so often happens, evils have a way of righting themselves without any outside intervention. We are encouraged in this optimism by the telegram published in *The Manchester Guardian* (December 10th) from Professor HARTMANN, who has been observing the "new stars" from the Observatory, La Plata, Argentina. He wires:—

"Nova problem solved. Star swells up and bursts."

It is at least arguable that the phenomena now observable in Bloomsbury may disappear in a similar way, on the principle of *solvitur explodendo*, and remove the possibilities of an epidemic of *hypselophryædema*, a calamity the magnitude of which cannot be over-estimated by the most acute phobologist.

THE FRIENDS OF YESTERDAY.

THERE was a time—and not so long ago—
When you, my Robert, were quite pleased to know
Your doggy neighbours up and down the road,
And would invite them in to my abode.

In fact I often wished, when I espied
Some unwashed mongrel trotting by your side,
That you would be a leetle more inclined
To pick and choose among your fellow kind.

But since our car arrived I grieve to say
You quite ignore those friends of yesterday;
Perched on the seat, you cut them dead, you snob!
Don't be so human—be a dog, my Bob.

From an article on rough play at football:—

"Officials of course, like the ostrich, are burying their heads in the sand and pretending not to see it."—*Scots Paper.*

Or, like NELSON with the telescope to his blind eye, thinking they can't be seen.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

THERE is a young man who drives past my house every day in a motor-car. I am not skilled in estimating the velocity of moving bodies; I can only state that his passage in front of my window is a mere "swish." And as he passes he emits such a prolonged series of blasts on his horn that my eardrums vibrate for hours afterwards.

Recently I made some inquiries about him and gathered (along with a mass of information relating to his sinister activities) that his name was Jones and that he lived in a village a few miles away. So I wrote him a charming little note:—

The Gables, Engleton,
28th November, 1925.

DEAR MR. JONES,—Allow me, on behalf of my surviving chickens, to thank you for your humanity. Not only do you deal with any wanderers from the paddock with a celerity which is truly humane, but you soothe them at the moment of dissolution with one of the most powerful renderings of the "Dead March in Saul" I have ever heard on the electric horn. That shows real thoughtfulness, besides a delightful sense of the fitness of things.

Perhaps my own preference, though, is for your imitation of the second battle of Ypres, for which I gather you use both horns *and* the exhaust. Such a performance is of course only possible to one who has a complete knowledge of his instruments. I congratulate you upon it.

By the way, do you ever meet any pedestrians? If so, I should esteem it a favour to be given the opportunity of contributing a few flowers from time to time. Our chances of doing kindly acts in this life are very limited and I have an extensive garden. Perhaps in case of necessity you would also let me know your own favourite flower. Wear one to-morrow, will you?

I am not going to sign my name, but believe me I am really

YOUR WELLWISHER.

The very next day a most extraordinary thing happened. My watch stopped. Not a cataclysm for the world at large, of course, but deucedly annoying to me. You see it was the day of my weekly visit to town, and I had an important appointment. I am three miles from the station and had exactly five minutes in which to walk the distance.

"Confound it all!" I cried, "why didn't someone tell me? You all see me calmly sitting here——" I broke off; what was the use?

With a vague but hopeless feeling that help might be available outside I hurried to the front gate. And lo! at that very moment the "Dead March in Saul" smote my ears.

Delightful music! I popped out and waved my stick furiously. The young man pulled up his throbbing piece of machinery at my very feet and smiled amiably,

"Are you going past the station by any chance?" I asked.

"I am," he answered.

"Could you get there in five minutes?"

His smile broadened. "Watch me," he answered. "Jump in."

I jumped in, and I certainly watched him. I couldn't help it. And I spent without doubt the most thrilling five minutes of my career.

His handling of the car was masterly. We scattered foolish chickens like chaff; we made silly pedestrians jump for their useless lives; we gave our marvellous imitation of the second battle of Ypres, and all the time we carried on quite an interesting conversation. We had covered most of the distance when—

"There's some fellow about here who's been writing me an anonymous letter," he shouted.

"Really?" I shouted back. "I hate anonymous letter-writers."

"Practically accusing me of being a speed merchant. Do you think I'm going too fast?"

"Er—certainly not. Shall we do it, do you think?"

"We *will* do it! Topping, isn't it?"

"Most—er—topping."

"There are some people who can't see any fun in it."

"They must have something missing," I said.

"Absolutely! Born deficient."

"Spoil-sports too, in most cases."

"Rather. Do you know, when I first got that letter, I thought it might be you. Awfully sorry. Forgive me, won't you?"

He was pulling up outside the station.

"My dear fellow," I said, "there's nothing to forgive. Thanks awfully."

And I dived on to the platform just as the train drew up.

"Unfortunately Mr. Churchill had left before the debate began. Otherwise he would have heard from Mr Runciman some caustic comments on his absence."—*Liverpool Paper.*

The Irish element in Liverpool seems to be going strong.

"Henry ——, Secretary of the —— Insurance Company, is expected back at his desk early this week after an absence of several days following an operation for several of his tonsils."—*New York Paper.*

Even in the number of his tonsils the American insists on beating creation.

OUR VILLAGE CONCERT.

EVERYONE ENJOYED OUR CONCERT IN AID OF THE LOCAL HOSPITAL—EACH IN HIS OWN WAY, OF COURSE.



THE SMITHS' FRIENDS ADMITTED THAT YOUNG BROWN SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO SPOIL THE PERFORMANCE WITH HIS TENOR SOLOS, BUT THEY DID LIKE THE SOPRANO SONGS.



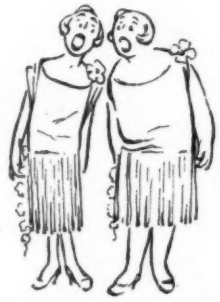
THE JONESES' FRIENDS ALLOWED THAT OF COURSE POOR ENID SMITH'S SOPRANO WAS PRETTY TERRIBLE, BUT THEY LOVED THE HUMOROUS ITEMS.



THE ROBINSONS' FRIENDS AGREED THAT SOMEONE SHOULD HAVE PREVENTED HORACE JONES FROM SINGING THOSE DREADFUL "COMICS," BUT THE INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC WAS A GREAT TREAT.



THE THOMPSONS' FRIENDS COULDN'T HELP REMARKING THAT LITTLE CHRISSIE ROBINSON AND A VIOLIN SHOULD NEVER BE TOGETHER IN THE SAME HOUSE, BUT THE DUETS WERE DELIGHTFUL.



THE SIMPSONS' FRIENDS CONCEDED THAT MAUD AND EMMELINE THOMPSON DID THEIR BEST TO WRECK THE EVENING, BUT THEY DID ENJOY THOSE ROUSING PASS SONGS.



THE JENKINS' FRIENDS HAD TO RECORD THEIR AGONY AT HAVING TO SIT THROUGH DR. SIMPSON'S BELLOWING BASS, BUT THE CONJURING MORE THAN MADE UP FOR IT.



THE HOPKINS' FRIENDS FELT THAT IT WAS A PITY THAT CUTHBERT JENKINS WAS ALLOWED TO MAKE AN ASS OF HIMSELF WITH RABBITS AND HATS, BUT THEY ALWAYS ADORE ANY SORT OF ACTING.



THE TWO MISS GREGSONS COULD NOT DENY THAT YOUNG MR. AND MRS. HOPKINS' DUOLOGUE WAS DREADFULLY ILL-CHOSEN, BUT DIDN'T THE VICAR SPEAK CHARMINGLY?



WHILE THE THREE STRANGERS AT THE BACK OF THE HALL, WHO COMPLETED THE AUDIENCE, APPARENTLY CONSIDERED THAT THE FEW WORDS SPOKEN DURING THE INTERVAL WERE VERY CONSIDERABLY TOO MANY. I RATHER GATHERED THAT THEY WERE FRIENDS OF YOUNG BROWN.



Leader of Waits. "'ERE, BILL, GO A BIT STEADY. THAT SOUNDED MORE LIKE 'ICCUPS."
Indignant Artiste. "WHAT D'YER MEAN—'SOUNDED LIKE 'ICCUPS'? THAT *was* 'ICCUPS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

TRUTH is, as we know, stranger than fiction, and, though the latter is nowadays the less delicate of the two, it was not so as a rule in the eighteenth century. These considerations make me reluctant to suggest that *The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion in the Year 1764—1765* (BUTTERWORTH) is wholly or partly an ingenious modern compilation though the adventures of its heroine are less circumspect and, to my mind, less convincing than those of *Pamela*. Their English strikes me as in arrears of its date; but this may be due to the writer's Irish education. For, though Miss CLEONE KNOX was a Protestant heiress, she was brought up in County Down until her twentieth year. Her encouragement of an unsatisfactory wooer was then made the occasion of her embarking on the Grand Tour with her father and brother. On her twenty-first birthday she came into the fortune which would enable her, as she said, "to support three husbands"; and three weeks afterwards she eloped with her original lover. Her diary, "written in a fine Italian hand in four leather-bound notebooks," was left behind in Venice, and has now been edited by her kinsman, Mr. ALEXANDER BLACKER KERR. It consists for the most part of rattle-pated gossip about the writer's visit to her married sister in Derbyshire, her brief stays in London and Bath, Paris and a French country-house, a short sojourn at Lausanne and a longer residence in Venice. Presentation to LOUIS XV. at Versailles, and M. VOLTAIRE ("a chattering old magpie") at Ferney, are the most impressive of Miss KNOX's points of contact with the great world; and she gives an amusing account of meeting some ardent disciples of ROUSSEAU. Neither her *milieu* nor herself attracted me greatly, despite her own undeniable gusto for both. It is hard to conclude that the lords and ladies of the Pale set so little store by either Irish or English decencies.

I feel that, if *The Region Cloud* (CAPE) had chosen to establish itself in rather lower altitudes than those which it mostly affects, ordinary people, people to whom a not too rarefied HENRY JAMES is intellectually accessible, might have been induced to take notice of an extremely interesting story. Two men of genius—one middle-aged, one young—meet, fraternise and part. This, with a year to accommodate its action, is the theme of Mr. PERCY LUBBOCK's book. Since *Blougram* rallied *Gigadibs* over the olives and wine I have not met two polar antagonists more happily selected. But—and this I feel is an important point—the olives and wine are missing. Mr. LUBBOCK throws over nearly all sensible accessories as so much lumber; and these are ballast no writer can afford to discard unless he intends to outsoar the greater part of his public. Naturally there is ground of a kind paced out for the *Channon-Austin* duel. The two men, a portrait-painter and man of letters, meet at a French inn. But it is an inn denuded of everything that does not further the encounter between them or suggest (with great skill)

that encounter's subsequent issue. Their first intimate talk floods a midnight market-place more brightly than its moon; and the clash and rattle of their opinions is all that is really audible in the country-house where *Austin* serves *Channon* as his secretary. *Austin*, I must say, repays the trouble and expense. Sensitive, slightly embittered, with a real horror (which *Channon* conventionally voices) "of being cheated or tired or starved into mistaking futility for anything more than it is or ever will be," he is himself purged of accidental attachments and could live, you feel, in a vacuum. But *Channon*, whose ideals are hard-worked hacks in the service of his appetites, remains unsubstantial in spite of his grossness. Perhaps if I had seen him washing his brushes, and knew whether he mixed his colours with spike oil or linseed, I should have felt we were better acquainted.

Distinguished amongst engineers
Who aim at public needs supplying,
Sir A. B. KENNEDY for years
Has worked for our "electrifying";
But laymen, though they never slight
His titles—F.R.S. *et cet'ra*—
Acclaim him with a fresh delight
As the interpreter of *Petra*.

"The Rose-red city, half as old
As time," is known to every spouter;
And yet, if all the truth be told,
How little else we know about her,
Or knew, until untravelled men,
Who long to see and understand her,
Became enlightened by the pen
And camera of Sir ALEXANDER!

No longer British enterprise
Labours beneath the ancient stigma
Of leaving German minds and eyes
The task of solving the enigma;
Here Petra's record is laid bare
(Published by "COUNTRY LIFE") in history,
With glorious views, from earth and air,
Of all her magic and her mystery.

Dukes are not so frequent in fiction now as they were in the days when young novelists like *Mr. Arthur Pendennis* thought to attract readers by making their characters "move in the highest circles." When some rare survivor of the species sneaks into a novel to-day he is as a rule sadly lacking in the good old ducal attributes. In *The Ring of Straw* (HURST AND BLACKETT), by Lady NORAH BENTINCK, we have two, father and son, and it would be hard to say which is the bigger fool. Reluctantly I award the palm to the younger man. *Stephen Fitz-Urse*, who looked "as nearly pure Anglo-Saxon as it was possible for an Englishman of the nineteenth century to be," succeeds to the title of *Duke of Seyntleger* about a third of the way through the book. Still at Balliol and destined for the Coldstream (ever since the regiment was raised there had been a Fitz-Urse in it), he comes home from a tour abroad with the terrible intelligence that he has just been received into the Roman Catholic Church by Archbishop MANNING, apparently for no better reason than that he loved the smell of stale incense in dim churches and the chanting of monks in Latin (a language of which he was, we are told, a past master). Not only this, but he is determined to become a priest. How he is sent off to Italy with a covering letter to a Cardinal, generally referred to as *Uncle Guiseppe (sic)*, falls in love with and marries *Maddalena di Santa Fiora* and gets mixed up with a remarkable Russian villain named *Lepantchine*, who revenges himself on *Maddalena* by posing as a Jesuit and inducing the fatuous Duke to break away from his adoring wife and become a Trappist monk—all this may be read by such as have sufficient patience. But I confess frankly it is hard work.



Alfred. "OO! LOOK AT THIS 'N. HE 'S JUST LIKE UNCLE WILLIE!"
Mother. "HUSH! HE 'LL HEAR YOU."
Alfred. "I DIDN'T KNOW MONKEYS COULD UNDERSTAND."

In 1918 Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR in an absent-minded moment bid a song for a derelict theatre in a slum—the Lyric,

Hammersmith, known locally as "The Blood and Flea Pit"—and had it knocked down to him. In 1925 it is one of the best-known "West End Theatres," and perhaps the most distinguished, for it has a character and a notable style of dress of its own and a wide circle of intelligent friends. Quite modestly and with a pretty wit the miracle-worker recounts *The Story of the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), allowing himself a few self-congratulatory pats and giving due credit to his co-operators in the board-room, on the boards, in wardrobe-room and workshop—and in the grave—for one can't resist teasing him for his persistent habit of pushing antiques, while the starving author, pockets bulging with plays, waits hungry on the mat. Mr. PLAYFAIR so writes his informal friendly record that you get an interesting glimpse of his technique and theories, when we might shirk a treatise by him on the job he knows so well. This is a sumptuous book, attractively and, what is more, relevantly illustrated by designs for stage-costumes, and sets by the sincerely lamented CLAUDE LOVAT FRASER, by Miss DORIS ZINKEISEN and Mr. GEORGE SHERINGHAM. A book for passionate Lyricists to send to each other for Xmas.

Regarded as a novel *My Tower in Desmond* (MACMILLAN) has not much to recommend it. It is vastly long, the events "come dropping slow" and that intense desire to know what is going to happen next, which all novels should create, is "mortal hard to raise." As the semi-autobiography of the young West Briton playboying it on the momentarily intellectual fringe of Irish revolution and torn between his racial instinct to conspire and his acquired instinct to be loyal, the book has some merit, tired as we are of the "fictionisation" of the Irish Republic's bourgeois heroes and Arts Club heroines. Its principal drawback, however, is that it is too carefully autobiographic, full to the brim of local gossip and uninspiring love affairs and frankly free of any attempt to paint pictures of the really stirring events with which its action is concerned. In consequence it gives no real picture of that Ireland immediately preceding the outbreak of war in 1914 that still lacks an impartial historian. The trouble about writing Irish history is that the picture changes while you wait. Mr. A. S. LYSAGHT is sensible enough to stop short at Armistice Day and makes no attempt to interpret the psychology of his characters in the light of the events of the next five years. The merit of the book lies in its political detachment. Mr. LYSAGHT is no propagandist and only a mild partisan. If he had powers of concentration and description commensurate with his detachment and a shade more of a sense of humour he would have produced an immensely readable and perhaps valuable book.

Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON has hit upon a fresh idea for her latest book, *The Man Himself* (PHILPOT), letting her hero, *Jerry Kirkwood*, tell his own history at length for the enlightenment of the woman whose love he hopes to win. That he should also have desired its publication as a novel seems a little incongruous, but apart from that the device works well. Married young and very unhappily, *Jerry* was, he tells us, faithful to his beautiful but very bad-tempered wife until she expressed the wish that he might return from the War "in a box," which he took as informally dissolving the tie between them. Then follows his confession of dealings with four other women, three of whom, to put it with a sordid plainness of which he would disapprove, become his mistresses. After the death of *Gypsy*, the last and most attractive, he is divorced from his unwilling wife and meets the woman for whom the tale is told. In spite of a certain charm *Jerry* appears, on the whole, as a rather conceited young man who responds far too readily to the feminine wiles to which he seems particularly exposed. One doubts whether any man would have told such a story for such a purpose quite like this, and whether the lady of his final choice would have found in it much inducement to marry him. I should like to add that Mrs. WILLIAMSON skates very skilfully over the thin ice with which her story abounds and only in a single instance does one hear it crack unpleasantly.



"I THINK MY LITTLE NIECE RATHER LIKES THAT ONE, BUT SHE WANTS A TALKING DOLL. HAVE YOU ANOTHER ONE LIKE IT WHICH SAYS 'MAMMA'?"

For many years I have watched Mr. WILLIAM CAINE's work with sympathetic eyes, and I regard his death as a real loss to the literature of humour. Mr. CAINE's mind was indeed prodigal of fun, and if he had not experimented so often his position among the leading humourists of to-day would be more assured. Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM, in a happy foreword to *The Glutton's Mirror* (FISHER UNWIN), says: "Had he done the same thing over and over all his life he would probably have achieved a fame which he did not covet." That, I feel, is absolutely true; but I am jealous now that he should receive the recognition which he truly deserves. This volume, which contains Mr. CAINE's first collection of drawings, is frankly for "Low-Brows." But no one, however lofty his brow, could look unmoved at such illustrations as "Curry," "Spaghetti," "Ecrevisses," and "A very Rum Omelette." For gastronomers, at any rate, the letter-press should be a sheer delight; much nonsense of a wildly laughable kind is contained therein, but much sense is also to be found. I recommend this "Mirror" to all except the "ultra-refined." It will, I have the author's word for it, "vex" them, which need not prevent us from letting this jolly book add to our Christmas mirth.

"POST-OFFICE EFFICIENCY.

The organisation at the Nairobi Post Office for handling the parcel traffic was thoroughly tested this week. The celerity with which they distributed the mail has been a very great advantage to commercial houses in town. Parcels which arrived on Tuesday evening were ready for distribution early in the afternoon."—*East African Paper.*

Wake up, St. Martin's-le-Grand.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Round-the-World Golf Club has started from New York on a four-months' tour. It is not stated what is bogey for the course.

* * *

Geneva police have been forced to forbid "men to chase girls down side-alleys and place their arms round their waists." These Peace Conferences are so bracing.

* * *

It appears that in moments of tension women are much more cool than men. In America before a woman shoots her husband she always says, "One lump or two?"

* * *

Since the publication of Lord BEAVERBROOK's new book there is some talk of altering the famous saying to "Government of the People, for the People, by the Press."

* * *

According to a writer in *The Daily News*, Mr. HERBERT SMITH, the miners' leader, has been compelled to live on a diet of bread-and-milk for long periods. On the other hand it is said that previous to his encounters with the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND Mr. A. J. COOK is always fed on raw meat.

* * *

Out of 9,325 girl applicants for posts as telephone operators last year, only 1,551 were able to qualify. Assurances are given that one-double-five-one is the right number.

* * *

An American millionaire has travelled six thousand miles to be married in the church made famous by GRAY's *Elegy;* and we hear of another who is making inquiries about the church referred to by COLERIDGE, his idea being to have one of his wedding-guests pulled up by an ancient mariner.

* * *

An adventurous Englishman is said to have bought the Riff from ABD-EL-KRIM for three hundred thousand pounds as a speculation. It is believed that he intends to take it on tour.

* * *

Asked why Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was going to Italy, one of the EX-PREMIER's secretaries said, "He is going for the sun." He is always going for something. The other day it was the land.

Turkeys have been fetching one-and-sixpence a pound, in striking contrast to Association centre-forwards, who seem to be realising about five-hundred-and-sixty pounds a stone.

* * *

Mr. SAMUEL POPE, the North London magistrate, has been appointed to the Clerkenwell police court. Lovers of the best features of Association football regret that the amount of the transfer fee was not given.

* * *

During a chess match in Detroit a bomb exploded and hurled one of the players through a doorway. And it seems that it wasn't his turn to move.

* * *

Mr. JOHN ROBINSON, a centenarian of Sheffield, says that for a woman to bob her hair is a crime. Well, the crime is on her own head.

* * *

A girl of twenty recently stated that she was opposed to shingling, cocktails, cigarettes and short skirts. Her contemporaries are of the opinion that she is young enough to know better.

* * *

Mr. F. H. RITCHIE says that the modern girl would rather starve than go without clothing. But the trouble is that if she wants to be in the fashion she has to do both.

* * *

Income-tax demand-notes will not be delivered on Christmas morning this year. All the same we shall know that the collectors' thoughts will be with us on the festal morning.

* * *

In the opinion of an American scientist bow-legs are a sign of courage. Quite true, if their owner wears plus-fours.

The latest novelty is the unbreakable collar. When the laundries get to work on it the inventor will be sorry he spoke so soon.

* * *

Despatches from the front in Regent's Park state that the squirrel war is over. All that now remains is to ask the U.S.A. how much we owe them for it.

* * *

During excavations at a busy West End street corner a male skeleton has been discovered in an upright position. To the last he probably thought that his wife would come out of the door she went in by.

* * *

The B.B.C. claim to have discovered a new type, the "middlebrow." It consists of people who are hoping that some day they will get used to the stuff they ought to like.

* * *

From its correspondence columns we gather that the readers of a certain newspaper find the broadcasting programmes too highbrow. We saw a copy of that paper once, and we are not surprised.

* * *

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR writes that he found Mr. RUDOLPH VALENTINO a very agreeable fellow. We feel sure this favourable impression was mutual.

* * *

A visitor to London after twenty years says there is little change in our cab-drivers. Anyhow, you can seldom get them to part with any.

* * *

It is said that Ireland is now enjoying a Peace that she has never before experienced. The inhabitants are bearing up under it as well as can be expected.

* * *

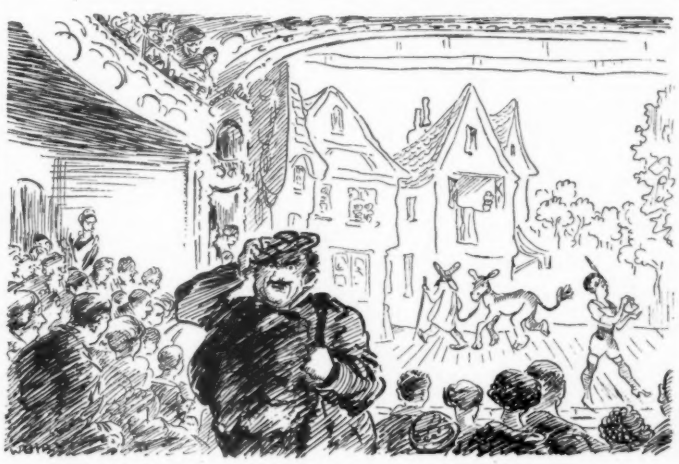
It is reported that eggs are used in Armenia as currency. It must be a messy job getting cigarettes out of a slot-machine.

* * *

During the performance of a musical comedy in America the roof of the theatre came down. It is hoped that the joke will be forwarded to our pantomime-wrights as soon as possible.

"Miss —— is now posing for a bust by Epstein. She is a beautiful young girl, with dark flashing eyes and hair."—*Evening Paper.*

The sculptor will have his work cut out to do justice to that flashing hair.



THIN-SKINNED MEAT-EATER LEAVING THE AUDIENCE AS A PROTEST AGAINST THE VEGETARIAN PROPAGANDA IN *JACK AND THE BEANSTALK*, WHERE *JACK* SELLS THE CALF FOR A BAG OF BEANS.

LONDON PRIDE.

WATERLOO BRIDGE Must Go!
Poor RENNIE, being dead,
Can't make his protest heard—he lies
too low.
The L.C.C. have said it,
And they propose to edit
A more convenient masterpiece instead.

These War Memorials—pooh!
Let bygones be at rest;
Traffic comes first in their civilian view;
They 'll blow, I shouldn't wonder,
The Cenotaph asunder
To clear a way for buses, six abreast.

And, as for Beauty's claim,
'Tis but a little more
That here is added to the river's shame;
Since every vandal Company
Is always free to dump any
Vulgar advertisement upon its shore.

One such I know that glares
Next-door to that high shrine
Where London's Chosen order her
affairs,
Blatant and gross and callous,
It mocks their boasted palace
And from their dignity takes off the
shine.

Wide powers are theirs at will
(Parliament 's seen to that)
For downing ugliness that makes you
ill;
But in that futile forum
They steadily ignore 'em
And take these open insults lying flat.

Waterloo Bridge Must Go!
In this their crowning act
At least a fine consistency they show:
Our river's pride to ravage is
What you 'd expect of savages
Who leave the tokens of its shame intact.

O. S.

CHRISTMAS IN BARRACKS.

(*New and Unauthorised Version.*)

Private Pullthrough sat up in bed on Christmas morning and began to put on his socks. To his surprise there was something in one of them.

"Dear me," said Private Pullthrough, deeply moved.

It was a bank-note which loving hands had placed there while he slept. It was labelled: "To my dear Pullthrough, with love from the Colonel."

Private Pullthrough lay back and wondered. All over the barrack-room other men were waking up and examining their presents, for all had hung their socks up the night before. Each man had some gift. Private Rifle had a jack-knife from the Adjutant and Private Trigger a tame white mouse from the Staff-captain, which unfortunately he did not discover till too late. Private Barrel had an army biscuit, with fond love from the Company cooks. Private O'Jector, "A" Company office clerk, had got a bound volume of Army Forms from the C.S.M. marked "Many happy returns." Lance-corporal Scabbard was envied by all, for he had a Christmas-card from the General, reading "Heart to heart, though far apart." Even Private Sling, who, being deficient of "socks, grey, woollen, worsted, pairs . . . 3," had hopefully hung up his kit-bag instead, found at the bottom of it a tin of "Soldier's Friend" labelled "With every good wish—and hope—from the Orderly Officer."

Exclamations of surprise and delight resounded on every side of Private Pullthrough as his companions slowly realised that thoughtful hands had been busy about them during the night. Private Muzzle indeed was inclined to be a trifle outspoken on the subject of thoughtful hands being busy, when he discovered that he had lost fivepence-halfpenny in cash from his trousers' pocket, to say nothing of two buttons which he had intended for Parade Service; but his caustic remarks passed unnoticed in the general expressions of happy gratitude.

"We must do something, comrades, to show that we appreciate this loving care," said a companion of Private Pullthrough at last.

"Yes, let 's! What shall it be? chorused several others, who amongst the holly that decorated the room were nailing up a bunch of mistletoe to catch the Orderly Sergeant with.

"I know," said Private Butt; "we will let the officers off parade."

The men all jumped up and clapped their hands. Private Butt immediately set to work to write an informal little note to the Colonel, using for the purpose his private notepaper, pale lavender, with his crest and monogram embossed thereon: a C.B. *argent*, entwined with extra drills, all on a parade ground; language *gules*. The note ran on the usual lines:—

> "I, No. 47805, Private C. Butt and his little friends begs the favour of their Commanding Officer not to attend parrade to-day, as we are letting you off it . . ."

Private Pullthrough rubbed his eyes. He felt somehow he must be dreaming, particularly when the sergeants' mess caterer and a few companions came in bringing them all breakfast on little trays. It was too the best breakfast he had ever had—half-a-dozen eggs and four rashers, kippers, pickled onions, jam and two quarts of beer per man.

He rubbed his eyes still further when, after breakfast, Captain and Q.M. Ledger appeared and, having given out that there would be a free issue of kit and equipment at 11.30 A.M., only wagged a roguish finger at him for having lost his rifle the day before.

Later on in the morning a few of the officers looked in for a chat and cocktail, and Private Pullthrough, convinced at last that it must be real after all, was just telling his Company-Commander exactly how he wanted his credits invested and what he really thought of the Pay-Sergeant when the Regimental Sergeant-major clapped him on the shoulder.

"Ah, Pullthrough, my man, how are you? I wonder if you 'd mind lending me your razor? I lost mine a week ago. Please do . . ."

Everything faded away. Private Pullthrough woke up with a jerk. He knew now that of course it could only have been a dream. The Regimental Sergeant-major had said "Please"!

Private Pullthrough sat up in bed on Christmas morning and began to put on his socks. To his surprise there was something in one of them.

"*——*——!" said Private Pullthrough, deeply moved. It was a sprig of holly which loving hands had placed there while he slept.

A. A.

ELEMENTARY ZOOLOGY.

III.—THE HORSE.

I CANNOT compete with the Horse;
It seems that the soberest hack
Goes mad as a matter of course
As soon as I get on his back.

Whatever the words I repeat,
However I wheedle and woo,
I seldom remain in the seat
For more than a minute or two.

And, though I endeavour to check
The pranks of my petulant steed
By firmly embracing his neck,
I rarely if ever succeed.

Yet men do exist, it is known,
Who during the course of their lives
Care more for the horses they own
Than ever they do for their wives.

I cannot approve in the least
Of people so purely inane,
Who raise a refractory beast
To such a preposterous plane.

The creature will constantly kick
Or as an alternative bite,
Or play some unmannerly trick
Rehearsed in its stable at night.

And one of the meanest of these,
That merits immortal disgrace,
Is this—it is certain to sneeze
Whenever it can in your face.



THE PERCYS IN ACTION

(OR, AS SOME SAY, REACTION).



SEASONABLE GOLF.

Glorious Fellow. "YOU HAVE THIS TO SAVE THE MATCH. PLEASE ACCEPT IT WITH MY BEST WISHES FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

"THINGS."

THE strong terrible drama which almost every day is enacted in the house of Uncle James and Aunt Mary is not of the kind that one sees commonly performed upon the London stage. It scarcely touches the sex question. It is not the eternal triangle in its usually accepted form. It involves no exhibition of decadence or madness, no lonely adventuring of the soul. It is concerned simply and solely with the question, Does Bingo get "things" from the cook?

The cook says No. We have then at the very outset an imputation on the veracity of the cook, and Uncle James in his blustering manner is inclined to adhere to this school of thought through thick and thin. Aunt Mary is more sophisticated, more logical. One must, she points out (and how truly!), define our terms. It is doubtful, for instance, whether cook would include in the category of "things" got by Bingo things which were not put down on the floor in a dish solely for Bingo's benefit and use. Cook and parlourmaid have both received instructions not to give Bingo things; but does the word "things" cover those small scourings, fragments, orts and abjects which every culinary operation must involve? Does Bingo get "scraps"? The mind tortures itself with vain speculations. Cook's interpretation of the phrase "a dry bone without any meat on it" has been proved time after time to be latitudinarian—nay, it almosts amounts to open heresy. The parlourmaid is supposed to reflect faithfully the opinion of the cook on the subject of Bingo's dietary, though schismatical about the clearing away of breakfast and the washing-up of spoons.

Meanwhile Bingo keeps getting fatter and fatter. It is a way, in my opinion, that Sealyhams have. But for Uncle James and Aunt Mary it means an emotional crisis twice every day.

The first occurs at lunch-time. At that meal Bingo is supposed to lie down in the corner and eat a dry rusk. What actually occurs is that Uncle James, placing the rusk on the carpet, pretends that it is a rat, and Bingo accepts the illusion for a few moments; afterwards he is bored. Then Uncle James hands the rusk to Aunt Mary, who pretends it is another rat. "Good boy, then; worry it, Bingo dog; worry it, then!" After a display of considerable histrionic talent by both of them, Bingo is at last induced to run off into the corner with that part of the rusk which is not now covering the floor in the form of crumbs and, having propped the messy relic between his two front paws, licks it all over as though at any moment about to eat.

This is the midday crisis. Will Bingo devour what is left of the rusk or will he refrain and leave it lying on the floor? If he follows the latter course, Uncle James looks at Aunt Mary with a white tense face.

"He 's been getting things," he says, "in the kitchen."

Aunt Mary is almost in tears. There is then an animated debate as to what Bingo can have got. Dark glances are cast on the parlourmaid when she comes in. She holds her head high and looks aloof. In her breast and in that of Bingo is probably locked the secret of the "thing," if thing there be, that Bingo has got. But that secret, it is well known, will never be revealed unless (as sometimes happens) the "thing" was a thing which disagrees with Bingo very badly indeed.

After a while Aunt Mary hopefully suggests that Bingo may have "picked up" something in the road when Uncle James went to get his newspaper from

the post-office. This Uncle James regards as impossible and submits the counter-hypothesis that the "picking up" occurred when Aunt Mary took Bingo out shopping. There is a good deal of argument for and against either view. Myself I remain silent. Anyone who has ever seen Bingo in a road knows that he is little better than a patent vacuum-cleaner.

All through the afternoon there lurks a fervent hope in the household that Bingo's appetite will have recovered sufficiently to enable him to eat a good dinner. His meal is mixed in Bingo's dish by Uncle James with his own hand, the biscuit, the meat and the gravy being duly proportioned with the kind of care a chef might exercise over a dinner of gastronomes assembled to honour M. BRILLAT-SAVARIN himself.

It is now that the second daily crisis occurs. Will Bingo walk up to his dinner-dish—it is a pretty china baby's plate with interior decorations representing the House that Jack Built—alert, eager, the tail wagging, and proceed to gulp down the morsels it contains, without a single pause for mastication, waddling away afterwards and sitting down for a few moments until the acute pangs of repletion are past? If he does that, all is joy in the home. Uncle James looks at the evening paper with a far more kindly eye. It does not now appear as if England's ruin was so imminent as some of these journalist fellows make out. Aunt Mary is less troubled by the prospect of a severe winter and the question of whether Cousin Emily is really coming to stay or not. The world is a better and brighter place.

But suppose that Bingo approaches his coloured dish with lagging footsteps and a downcast mien, sniffs it, licks it with a perfunctory tongue and then creeps quietly away. Ah, what then?

Uncle James rises in a veritable passion.

"There," he says—"I knew it. He *has* been getting things. I do *wish* you'd speak to them again, my dear!"

"I did only this very morning," wails Aunt Mary.

Silence broods. It is like the house of Atreus. Bingo jumps up on to his armchair and pretends to sleep. He is only too conscious of sin.

"Of course it's only shoulder of *mutton* to-night," says Aunt Mary, after a few minutes of devastating gloom. "It's not as if it were pheasant or fish. He never refuses those. Except whiting, of course," she corrects herself hastily.

Later on they try Bingo with a little rice-pudding and cream. He has been known to fancy these when a previous surfeit of "things" has made him turn from his ordinary fare.

But it is a sad evening that is passed in the house of Aunt Mary and Uncle James. There is no vigour in the piquet, no zest about the listening-in. Aunt Mary takes her coffee from the parlourmaid with the firm resolute look of one who has been deeply wronged but will not show it. The parlourmaid *must* know what Bingo has been getting. She and cook. But they will not say. Hypocrisy is filling the house like a fog. What dark walls of reticence we build up about ourselves! What strangers we poor mortals are to one another!

Bingo grunts and gurgles in his sleep on the rug.

"I suppose he mustn't have his piece of coffee-sugar to-night?" says Uncle James huskily.

"Better not, I think," murmurs Aunt Mary with a catch in her voice.

Bingo snores on. He is to have a new red collar on Christmas Day.

EVOE.



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE COMIN' TO, THESE DAYS. MASCULINE INDEPENDENT YOUNG 'USSIES, I CALLS 'EM. YOU AN' ME WAS ALWAYS THE FLUFFY CLINGIN' SORT."

IN TRAINING.

Spilsby was captured as soon as he entered the toy department.

Any man with ordinary human blood in his veins would have been, and Spilsby is more susceptible than most, for he is one of those who have never really grown up. Toys always fascinate him—among other things—and one of the happiest days of his life is the day which he spends buying presents for his nephews and nieces.

So when Spilsby found himself in the toy department, surrounded by trains and signals and soldiers and cannon and jolly little clockwork tanks and bombing aeroplanes and other toys so expressive of the spirit of the season of peace on earth, his eyes shone. Literally he didn't know which way to turn, until he saw one of the girls in charge. Then he did.

How shall I describe her? Spilsby's account was incoherent, almost chaotic. But he obviously retained an impression of the jolliest sort of crinkly hair—just the right sort—shingled, of course, and of a pair of solemn big blue eyes with twinkly lights in them. Her lips—— But here I failed to follow Spilsby.

"What can I show you?" she asked with an adorable little smile.

For a moment Spilsby was on the idiotic verge of saying that he didn't want her to show him anything else; if he might just stand and look at her he would be completely happy. But fortunately he pulled himself nearly together.

"Er—have you—that is, what about trains and things?" he said. "Puff-puffs, you know," he added fatuously.

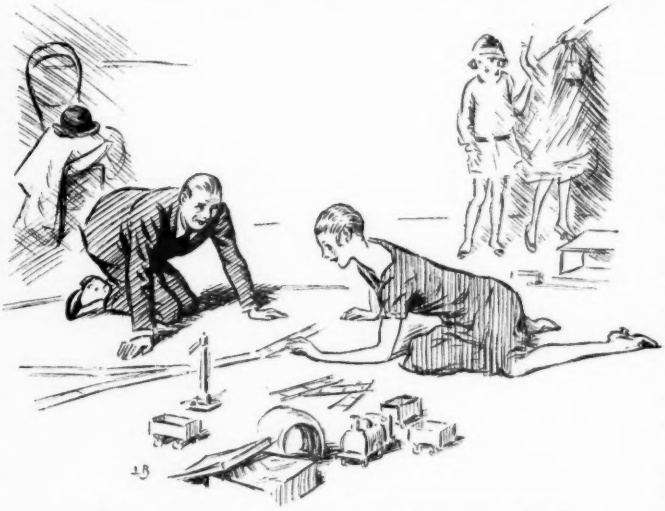
She nodded her head gravely.

"Puff-puffs?" she said. "Yes, I think we have some very nice puff-puffs. For a little boy?"

"Yes," said Spilsby. "For George, you know."

"I see," she said, understanding perfectly. "Would you mind coming this way?"

Spilsby followed her to a sort of clearing surrounded by railway termini of every description. Hundreds of railway engines of all makes and sizes were parked on every side. Some of them went by clockwork and some by steam; some went by electricity and some didn't go at all; some ran into sidings and stations and some ran into guineas. There were all sorts.



"FOR HALF-AN HOUR THEY CRAWLED ABOUT THE FLOOR."

"I say," said Spilsby, "this is rather ripping."

"Isn't it?" she said. "I love them."

"So do I," said Spilsby.

He paused before two little model engines on a sort of side-table, one painted in the colours of the Great Western Railway, simply crammed with clockwork and bursting to be off, and the other in the colours of the Southern Railway with no works at all and fast asleep.

"Do you—er—do you think we might try one or two?" asked Spilsby.

"I think you really ought to before you choose," said the assistant.

"Ah," said Spilsby. "I'll take off my hat and coat, if I may."

"And we 'll make a track across the floor," suggested the assistant.

"Let 's," said Spilsby.

"With a station at your end."

"Yes, and a goods-yard at yours."

"We must have some signals."

"Of course. And we could—er—work them together, couldn't we?"

"Isn't this jolly?" said the assistant.

"Isn't it?" said Spilsby.

For half-an-hour they crawled about the floor, completely engrossed in the traffic problems of a rapidly-growing railway system. Sidings sprang up like magic, and they shunted goods-trains and sometimes diverted expresses and every time themselves; they tore up and relaid tracks and sketched out possible extensions as far as the new suburbs where the dolls'-houses were; they saved passenger-trains from disaster or sent cunning little breakdown gangs trundling along the rails to the points by the hot-water pipes, which the faster trains nearly always jumped. Spilsby wanted to raid a Noah's Ark and send out a travelling circus, but the assistant was afraid that that wasn't in her depart-



"'ANDERSON,' SHE SAID, 'SURELY YOU ARE READY?'"



Little Girl (to visitor). "JACK 'S BROKEN HIS LEG, BUT HE 'S GOT IT IN BED WITH HIM."

ment, so they contented themselves with having a bank-holiday and running extra trains instead. They were extremely happy.

She was a good saleswoman too.

"I 'm sure George would like that," she said at frequent intervals.

"Oh, rather," said Spilsby, and the order grew and grew as the disorder extended.

Then came Fate in the person of Spilsby's Aunt Julia, who had been shopping in another department. She paused a moment in surprise and raised her lorgnette.

"Anderson," she said, that being the name which Spilsby's god-parents had inflicted upon him in a moment of unjustifiable spite, "surely you are ready?"

Spilsby rose reluctantly to his feet and slowly dusted his knees. He pulled on his overcoat and assumed his gloves and hat.

"You don't want to miss the train, do you?" said Aunt Julia with some asperity. "You seem very fond of trains."

Spilsby cast one long lingering look behind.

"I don't care if I miss it," he said. "I hate real trains." L. DU G.

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

JOHNNY LUDLOW.

(After Mr. A. E. HOUSMAN.)

WHEN first I came to Ludlow
My heart was young and free;
I wore my Sunday breeches,
And Rover by my knee
Sat proud as proud could be.

I had a score of pennies
And spent them all on Kate
With riding on the horses
And beating up the weight
Till nightfall lone and late.

And when I came to Ludlow
The second time in pride,
Though I had many pennies,
No friend was by my side,
For Rover long had died.

On roundabout and skittles
And cokernuts and beer
I spent my pennies bravely
With Kitty still my dear,
An ear-ring in each ear.

But when I came to Ludlow
The third time and alone,
There rode a ghost beside me
And claimed me for his own
And grinned with face of bone.

Though Kate saw not the phantom
And drank my pence with song
I heard his secret whisper
Last night in Ludlow's throng;
I choked her with a thong.

I hear the steeples calling
With loud tongues in the sky,
"They 've caught you fair and square, lad—
No use to shrink or cry;
They 'll hang you till you die."

W. K. S.

"One Set of ——'s Economisers, 120 pipes."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

A suitable Christmas gift for the PRIME MINISTER.

"Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the Home Secretary, which is suffering from a chill, was stated to be a little better last night."
Daily Paper.

A chill from whom, we are glad to say, he speedily recovered.

From a schoolgirl's attempt to write the story of *Young Lochinvar* in her own words:—

"I long wooed your daughter;
My suit you denied."

"I long wooed your daughter, but my clothes were not good enough for you."

FULL CIRCLE.

From William Bludde to James Fotherington.

31st October, 1925.

DEAR JAMES,—From time to time I inaugurate a whip-round for all the books I have out on loan to my dishonest friends. Will you kindly let me have back my copy of *Esoteric Philosophy*? I am at present subsisting on a borrowed copy, a thing which offends my better nature.

Yours ever, WILLIAM BLUDDE.

From James Fotherington to William Bludde.

1st November, 1925.

DEAR BILL,—There is only one thing more irritating than the man who borrows books and forgets to return them, and that is the man who has the hardihood to ask for his own books back again. I lent your copy of *Esoteric Philosophy* ages ago to a friend of mine, and am risking his friendship by writing to ask for it back again. I dislike you, Bill. Yours in disillusion,

JAMES FOTHERINGTON.

From James Fotherington to Anthony Greene.

1st November, 1925.

DEAR TONY,—The man from whom I borrowed *Esoteric Philosophy* has had the bad taste to ask for it back again. Will you let me have it some time?

Yours in brotherly love,

JAMES FOTHERINGTON.

From Anthony Greene to James Fotherington.

2nd November, 1925.

DEAR JAMES,—I lent *Esoteric Philosophy* a few months ago to a friend of mine, but am writing to get it back again, and will let you have it to return to the owner as soon as it arrives.

Yours, ANTHONY GREENE.

From Percival Gravestock to Sir John Haberdasher.

4th November, 1925.

DEAR JOHN,—Do you remember that copy of *Esoteric Philosophy* I lent you some time ago? The man I borrowed it from seems rather anxious to have it back. Will you send it along? Thanks.

Yours as ever,

PERCIVAL GRAVESTOCK.

From Peter Braithewaite to Simpkin Iles.

12th November, 1925.

DEAR SIMPKIN,—So sorry to bother you, but I 'm afraid I must ask you to send back that copy of *Esoteric Philosophy* you took away with you a couple of months ago. The man I borrowed it from is Sir John Haberdasher (you know, the big pot on Anglo-Indian Disruption) and apparently he is shouting for it back again. So sorry to trouble you.

Yours sincerely,

PETER BRAITHEWAITE.

From Simpkin Iles to Peter Braithewaite.

13th November, 1925.

DEAR PETER,—Of course. I lent it to a friend of mine as a matter of fact, but I 'll get it back and let you have it at once. Yours very sincerely,

SIMPKIN ILES.

From Simpkin Iles to William Bludde.

13th November, 1925.

DEAR BLUDDE,—So sorry to bereave you of that copy of *Esoteric Philosophy* you borrowed for reference, but, as I told you, I had only borrowed it myself and the owner is asking for it back again. Would you let me have it as soon as you can? Thanks so much.

Yours very truly, SIMPKIN ILES.

Postcard from William Bludde to James Fotherington.

14th November, 1925.

What about my *Esoteric Philosophy*?

W. B.

From James Fotherington to Anthony Greene.

15th November, 1925.

DEAR TONY,—I wish you would badger that man to whom you lent *Esoteric Philosophy*. The owner seems to be getting rather excited about it. Perhaps the man had better send it back himself direct to William Bludde, The Laurels, Little Gavelkind, Kent. Tell him to get a move on.

Yours, JAMES FOTHERINGTON.

From William Bludde to James Fotherington.

17th November, 1925.

DEAR JAMES,—Further to my postcard of the other day. Please don't bother any more about *Esoteric Philosophy*. Your abominable friend has evidently either lost, destroyed or otherwise made away with the book, and I am therefore buying a new copy.

Yours disgustedly,

WILLIAM BLUDDE.

From Anthony Greene, Percival Gravestock, Sir John Haberdasher and Peter Braithewaite to their respective predecessors in the chain.

Various dates.

DEAR ——,—I have your letter of a few days ago giving the name and address of the owner of *Esoteric Philosophy*. I sent a hurry-call at once to the wretched man to whom I lent the book, but it appears that he has himself lent it to somebody else and cannot recover it. As I ought not to have lent it to anybody else, and the responsibility for its safe return to the owner appears therefore to rest with me, I am ordering a new copy to be sent off to him from my bookseller. Yours, etc.

Letters from Anthony Greene, Percival Gravestock, Sir John Haberdasher and Peter Braithewaite to their respective booksellers.

Various dates.

DEAR SIR,—Please forward one copy of *Esoteric Philosophy*, by Algernon Blitherington (Stumer and Stuffton, Ltd.), to William Bludde, Esq., The Laurels, Little Gavelkind, Kent, by the first post available, and charge to my account. Yours, etc.

Extract from the catalogue of Harold Greenshields, Bookseller, Little Gavelkind, Kent. February, 1926.

Esoteric Philosophy, by Algernon Blitherington (Stumer and Stuffton, Ltd.); four copies, as new, 7/6; pub. 12/6. Bargain. A. B. C.

HEARD AT FIRST HAND.

As I was walking through a wood
With bated breath—as all men should,
For woods belong to timid things
With peeping eyes and trembling wings—
I came across a tumbling rill
Which chanted with a lovely trill;
It sang with such a joyous ease
Of simple things like hills and trees
And ducks and sheep and dappled cows
And stories gleaned from willow-boughs;
It carolled merrily of jests
With frisky dabchicks and their nests;
Of reeds that sway with tender mirth
At each new baby moorhen's birth;
Of pranks and frolics in the night
With water-lilies red and white;
Of all its changing colours too
From morning-rose to twilight-blue,
And one of gold for sunlit leas
And others (very special these!)
Of moonshine striped with ebon bars
And indigo picked out with stars.

And soon I felt I had to write
The song it purled with such delight.

Then I remembered how a score
Had done that sort of thing before,
And I felt rather sad until
I was encouraged by the rill.
"Go on," it urged, "you might do worse
Than put my singing into verse,
For you are favoured, don't you see?
In getting it direct from me;
And when you're back inside a town
You will be glad you wrote it down."
So here it is; I thought that you
Perhaps might like to have it too.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

BRINGING IN THE BOILED OWL (ATHENE'S SACRED BIRD) AT THE CHRISTMAS DINNER AT THE ATHENÆUM CLUB.

LITERARY ANTICIPATION.

"*Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.*"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is not with any hope of a solution of the implacable misfortunes by which I have been latterly pursued that I venture to attempt to enlist your sympathies. It is rather from a sense of duty to all *literati* who may become subject to a similar danger.

The necessary premises shall be as brief as lucidity will permit.

I have often been accused, not unjustly, I believe, of a certain facility in commenting on and summing-up incidents of everyday life as they came within my personal purview or were noted by me in the columns of the daily papers.

A humorous habit of thought, tinctured with a tolerant cynicism, appeared to render my strictures palatable to discriminating friends.

Stimulated by such considerations and by the repeated instances of an intelligently critical wife who desired that the intellectual pabulum unceasingly at her disposal should be made accessible to others than herself only, I decided to commit to paper, with a view to their ultimate publication, a few of my happier *obiter dicta*.

A judicious deliberation as to a suitable medium which should bring me into touch with kindred intelligences naturally predisposed me in favour of the periodical whose destinies you control.

I was not conscious *then* of any necessity for expedition in completing and submitting the first production of my pen; my motive in writing was humanistic rather than mercenary, and I indulged the leisured luxury of the creative artist.

At length, on a Wednesday (a day now become fatal to my cherished aspirations), my *opusculum* was ready to be despatched.

Scarcely had I opened my *Punch* on that morning when I was horror-struck to discover an article embodying my own idea—clothed indeed in very different language and bearing an alien and unconvincing title, but none the less the original figment of my brain.

No mere theory of coincidence will elucidate a problem which has now become a depressingly recurrent fatality, dogging all my literary footsteps. For, undeterred by a mental larceny far more insidious and difficult of detection and restraint than the concrete rapine of the most cunning criminal, I have composed many other original articles. To no purpose. Time and again the rarest buds of my fancy have been untimely plucked ere I could bring them to their full florescence, and have appeared prematurely, ravished by the hand of unprincipled supplanters.

Does thought-reading exist as a literary crime? Is there among so-called authors a breed of anæmic leeches that battens on the ichor of the fertile but deliberate brain?

I do not presume an answer in the affirmative, but I gravely suspect it.

The purpose of this communication is not entirely self-interested; modesty forbids me to indicate why, but since it is not given to all who touch a theme to adorn it with equal art I have thought it only proper to make this protest.

I cannot derive any satisfaction from the theory that I have subconsciously supplied material for productions from which I gain neither repute nor benefit, and unless my mind remains unrifled in future I shall seriously consider what possible action can be taken in order to protect it.

I remain, Sir,

A THWARTED CONTRIBUTOR.

P.S.—It occurs to me on reflection that it will be only consistent with my previous experiences if this protest of mine should be anticipated by an exactly similar one from some innocent plagiarist of my misfortunes.

From a political speech:—

"The Treaty of Locarno had been signed, and it now seemed that future European wars were a thing of the past."—*Manx Paper.*

We thought this sort of thing was confined to the adjacent island of Ireland.



(Candid Critic has just given an adverse opinion on Artist's work.)

Artist's Wife. "I'M QUITE SURE YOU 'RE WRONG. ANYHOW, YOU JUST WAIT TILL HE 'S DEAD."

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT HOME.

XX.—THE AMERICAN SPIRIT.

I MUST have died last night some time between 5.0 and 6.0 A.M. Anyway, I saw 5.10 on the face of my alarm-clock but did not hear the milkman.

I was alone in the apartment. Dreadfully alone. Will Newman had gone away for a few days and in celebration of his departure we had bought a bottle of Marcola. (I may have the name wrong. But the name doesn't matter; call it Marcola.)

Will got it in a grocery store on Fourth Street (a grocery store, mind you).

"Hello!" said Will. "Look at this."

Several bottles stood in the window, the middle one having a card tied round its neck. On the card was written :—

"MARCOLA, PER BOT. 75c.
GENU WINE!"

"Seventy-five cents!" exclaimed Will. "I never heard of wine for less than two dollars. Come along; I 'll give you a farewell party."

We went into the grocery store and bought it from a man polishing apples on the hem of a muddy white apron.

The bottle was emptied soon after ten and Will hurried off to get an eleven-o'clock train. I went as far as the door and shook him fondly by the hand.

"So long, old scout," I said. "The old house will be empty without you."

"Keep the home fires burning," said Will.

And with that we sang the chorus of this song through once, softly.

Afterwards I said, swallowing a lump in my throat, "So long, old scout; the old house will be terribly empty without you."

"Keep it burning," said Will and wrung my hand.

I went to bed.

I may possibly have dozed for half-a-minute upon first lying down; I don't think so, but it is possible. It doesn't matter; it didn't rest me. If anything it had the opposite effect. The backs of my knees were becoming very tired. They felt as if all day I had been trying to touch the floor with the palms of my hands. I couldn't remember doing any such thing. The thought that I might have done it and was now unable to recall anything about it gave me some worry and I put back a blanket. I decided that I was half asleep and should undoubtedly be able to remember all the next morning.

Putting off the blanket reminded me that I was very warm; I put off another. My knees were very weak. I couldn't understand how they had ever had strength enough to become so weak. They could hardly throw off the blanket. My hands, I mean. I looked at the clock. It showed 11.35 or thereabouts. "The lone and level night stretched far away. The lone and level man stretched far away. The lone and level——" I turned my pillow over and lay down again.

I soon became conscious of a taste in my mouth; it was as if a cake of sulphur had been negligently left burning there, except that it was stickier; it was more like half-dried glue. I went to the bath-room and drank a glass of water. This did no particular harm in itself, but the passage to the bath-room and back chilled me into a cold perspiration. I crawled into bed and pulled up all the blankets.

The next thing I realised was that I was trying to choke myself. I had somehow become very much involved

in my arms; they were knotted round my neck, hands and elbows, getting into each other's way as they fought to reach my wind-pipe. One hand had taken a firm hold of my chin from behind and begun twisting, no doubt intending to put an end to the whole business at once by simply cracking my neck.

"Here, here," I cried, rushing up just in time. "What 's all this?"

The hand loosed its hold. I snapped my head out of its grip and popped bolt upright in bed. No attempt to follow me was made.

I sat shivering in the cold for a moment, then it slowly dawned on me that something had gone very wrong with the mechanism in my throat. The passage was closing up. It was not yet entirely closed, but it was obviously working towards that end. The small open passage was obstructed by what seemed to be some old pieces of barbed wire. The entanglement was so built that, when I swallowed, the contraction of my throat caused the barbs to jab into me.

"Dear, dear me," I said, because I couldn't understand how it could possibly be barbed wire; I hadn't swallowed any barbed wire in years.

I went to the bathroom again and drew a glass of water with the idea of attempting to flood the entanglement out of place. As I was about to drink it I paused; after all I had no way of knowing for certain that it was barbed wire. If, instead of barbed wire, it was a razor-blade or a pinch of tacks I should get into more trouble than ever by washing it down to my stomach. I looked into the back of my mouth to see if I could make sure what it was. I couldn't see far enough to discover anything. I thought I got a glimpse of a piece of an old bottle, but there was no way of being certain. I decided, however, to be on the safe side and not drink any water.

I staggered into Will's vacant room, pulled all the blankets off his bed and returned. I threw them on my bed and covered them over with a woollen bath-robe.

The bell in the Metropolitan Tower struck two.

Some time passed before the twitching began. When it began I calmly reached out and turned on the light near my bed; I wanted to get one more look at the world, such as it was, before I left it. I knew the end could not be far off now.

I have an alarm-clock that I paid a dollar for some years back. It has a way of popping every minute or two as if it were running blindly and now and then stumbled. The only difference between it and me was that I twitched; both of us had about the same interval of peace. It popped and I answered with a twitch. I looked it in the eye.

"I never thought, old timer," I began. "'Old timer!' That 's not so bad for a drowning man. Dying with a jest on his lips. 'Old timer'!"

I thought it would be a good idea to take my pulse while I could still see the clock. Pretty soon I shouldn't be able to tell what my heart was doing.

I put my fingers on my wrist. I pressed them lightly at first, then more and more strongly. Then I removed them and laughed with a shade of bitterness. I hadn't any pulse. Of course I hadn't; I was a fool to think I might have; dead men don't have pulses.

"Ah, old clock, old timer," I said. "So they 've put you in the coffin here with Cæsar. You 'll come in handy to wake the dead when the world ends."

I put my hand over my heart.

"Yes, I thought so—perfectly cold. Quite dead. I should have preferred to leave a note of some sort saying where I had gone. But it 's too late now. It 's after five. Five o'clock on a dead man's chest. Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of Genu Wine. Dead dog. Dead-dog. Per-fect-ly d-e-a-d do-o-o-og."

* * * * *

About nine o'clock the next morning a messenger came with a telegram for me. It read:—

"ARE YOU THERE NEWMAN."

I crawled to my desk and replied:—

"FUNERAL TO-MORROW AFTERNOON FROM THE HOUSE MARCOLA."

Later in the morning came this wire:

"KINDLY MAKE ARRANGEMENTS IF POSSIBLE FOR DOUBLE INTERMENT NEWMAN." U. S. A.



Londoner (to Colonial). "TELL ME, NOW—AS A STRANGER TO LONDON, WHAT OUTSTANDING FEATURE STRUCK YOU MOST?"
Colonial. "PINK LEGS."

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

XIX.—We Muster Cattle.

On the sheep-station they were already praying for rain, though this was only the beginning of Spring. The sun blazed down all day and the grass grew yellower and scantier, and a little wind would raise a great dust anywhere. The cattle were "poor," and would be poorer.

Up to a point, it seems, it is the poorness of the sheep's diet that produces the unmatched quality of the best Australian wool; just as the poet is supposed to do his best work on dry crusts in a garret. And the sheep can still get a nibble when the cattle are starving.

However, I do not pretend to understand these things. I only know that the morning after the kangaroo hunt the squatter and his sons were engaged in "drafting" some three or four hundred cattle to some hired piece of land many miles distant, where the food was better. And George, having dressed up in boots and things again, mounted the horse Mustard and rode off with the squatter and the squatter's sons and the stockmen, to help. I followed at a discreet distance on the horse Mercy, to look on.

The horse Mercy seemed to have passed a good night. That is to say, she now and then pricked up her ears and broke into a gentle run, and showed other small signs of high spirits. But if the spirits were willing the flesh was still weak, and the run did not last long. I imagine that if Mercy had lived in the middle ages she would have been classed as a "palfrey."

At length however we arrived at the cattle sheds and beheld a scene which would have made the fortune of any film. About a hundred cattle had been mustered and driven into the pens or byres or whatever the things are; and the "boys" were busily rounding up a score or so rebellious stragglers. Odd cattle were cantering about the slope in all directions, and each of them was pursued by a galloping horseman or two; and these were cracking whips and pulling up their horses in a whirl of dust, and wheeling and spurring and shouting in the most fruity fashion of the West End—I mean the Wild West—film. George was doing gallant work on Mustard, and shouting fiercely, and I thought with unnecessary brusquerie, at a large white cow, whose only offence was an extreme reluctance to be shut up in a pen with a crowd of cattle on a hot day.

However, she was. And so were the others. The cavalcade then moved off to another paddock (about the size of Surrey), in which were some three hundred cattle. In England I have always thought of a cow as an animal of marked ferocity; in Wildest Australia they seem to be quite harmless. At any rate I was amazed to see with what docility on the whole the three hundred permitted themselves to be slowly herded into a compact bunch against the fence.

The next business was to weed out the small calves who were too young to make the trek with their mammas, and at the same time to intercept and drive back those cattle which, lacking the true herd instinct, attempted to slip quietly away. All this was done with extraordinary skill and with scarcely a cross word.

It is very difficult for a cow to go about unnoticed, but so many were sidling off at the same time that all the stock-whips were kept busy cracking, and all the horses prancing and galloping, and so swiftly did they turn and twist on the hard ground that I marvelled they never fell down. George, I thought, was quite insufferably inefficient, though for the general good they had taken away his stock-whip.

Meanwhile Mercy rested one of her back legs, and I sat back and surveyed the scene. Here at last, I thought, was a slice of "the real Australia;" here at last was the typical "bush"—a study in olive and copper and thirsty green, gum-tree by gum-tree and wattle by wattle, over all the hard bright light of the sun and the enormous shimmering sky of Australia, and everywhere among the living the tall bleached skeletons of slaughtered trees, like tombstones left behind upon the march to civilization.

And here was the primary producer battling with the forces of Nature and all that, neglected by the towns, not wielding many votes, having less and less power, but responsible still for the wealth of Australia. And here were the fine free-hearted big-boned "boys" of the bush; and here was I, a meat-eater, witnessing the first stages in the preparation of the Sunday joint.

But at this point in my reflections there emerged from the herd, stealthily but swiftly, a large brown heifer, bullock or what not, and cantered quietly away. I uttered a mild protest, but the beast took not the smallest notice, and the other riders were at the moment busily engaged in kicking up the dust elsewhere.

My British blood spoke aloud in my veins.

"Haddock," it said, "you must do something about this."

"Very well," I replied; "but will Mercy co-operate?"

"Stimulate her and see," said my British blood.

So I slapped Mercy on the neck and vigorously flapped my legs, and lo, she broke into a gallop and pursued the cow, heifer or what not. We were going down-hill and the ground was like granite and thick with the stumps of trees, either standing or lying, and I felt that Mercy was proceeding at a pace to which she was unaccustomed and would very soon fall down. However I clung tenaciously to her and shouted fiercely the word "Oy!" at the receding beast. And very soon, to my astonishment, we were overtaking it; and now, by Heaven, we were level with its flank, still fearlessly reviling it.

Then suddenly, seeing, I suppose, that the game was up, the cow turned on its heels and ambled back towards the herd. We swung Mercy round, narrowly avoiding a fatal sideslip, and cantered triumphant after the ignorant brute.

Just then George galloped up, anxious, no doubt, to get the credit of our achievement.

"Go away, George," I cried; "this is *my* heifer."



Uncle. "No, I never eat plum-pudding or mince-pies."
Nephew. "Don't you play kiss-in-the ring?"
Uncle. "No, never."
Nephew. "Then it 's no use wishing you a Happy Christmas."



Householder. "WHY HAVE YOU FIXED UP TWO COLD TAPS?"
Plumber. "WELL, YOU COMPLAINED THAT THE BOILER DIDN'T 'EAT THE WATER, AND BESIDES I RUN AHT O' 'OT TAPS."

And he did so. And just then the malicious steer doubled and made a bolt again; but in less time than it takes to turn a char-à-banc, Mercy and I were round and after her again. This time we rode her off ruthlessly, with words of abuse which I have seldom used before. This cowed the creature, and in a very short time she was safely restored to the herd.

Words can scarce describe our satisfaction in this feat, though no one else appeared to have observed it. Throughout the adventure we had used neither lassoo nor horsewhip, cattle-dog nor spur; the whole thing was done by kindness, horsemanship and bad language.

The herd stood lowing menacingly against the fence or absconded wickedly by ones or twos. But by now we were prepared to round up anything, and in due course we restored two monstrous truants to their friends and their relations. We glowed with pride and terribly perspired.

And then a small black creature galloped off past me at a pace never before achieved by any mortal cattle. Mercy and I were after it at once, now utterly reckless—me sitting well back in the saddle and holding on by a single rein. Heavens, how that cattle ran! And how I shouted, and how hot Mercy was, and what awful words we used! And still that unscrupulous black animal bounded on ahead. No previous cattle had given us a quarter of the trouble—it would *not* be headed off. On, on it went, leapt lightly over a log and doubled under a gum-tree. Still we followed, ruthless and determined.

And at last we did seem to be mastering the brute. We were drawing level. Another few yards and it would have to turn. Oh, the wild chase! And oh, the glad thunder of hoofs!

Just then we heard behind us the noise of shouting and whistling. Looking crossly over one shoulder we saw the squatter and the squatter's sons and the stockmen and the very dogs all beckoning and waving—not cheering us on, as we at first supposed, but endeavouring to explain by signs and wonders that the small black creature was a calf which they had just laboriously detached from the herd and did not particularly wish to be restored to it.

After that affront we simply let them do their dirty work themselves, Mercy and I; or rather we rested on our laurels. A. P. H.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"'Lloyd-Georgics' is the name given by a political wit to the ex-Premier's land speeches—an apt description in view of Horace's Georgics on a subject not dissimilar."
Sunday Paper.

Shade of VIRGIL:—"As I once remarked, some time ago, '*Sic vos non vobis.*'"

"UBMARINES.
THE QUESTION OF ABOLITION."
Irish Paper.

Our contemporary, we are glad to see, has made a beginning.

From a publisher's advertisement:—

"HENRY VIII. AND HIS WIVES.
'Well done . . . a useful guide.'"
Sunday Paper.

Our young polygamists are always glad of a little advice.

Extract from the Educational Report of a Deputy Commissioner in India:—

"It is uphill work at first educating a backward people; as they stand no chance to begin with in the race of picking up the plums which fall vacant from time to time. These must and can only fall to those situated a rung or two above them on the ladder of enlightenment."

Problem: Guess the nationality of the Deputy Commissioner.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

NO, THE LADY IS ONLY GIVING DIRECTIONS TO THE TAXI-MAN.

THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO SWITZERLAND.

THE chief advantage of the Swiss,
Who live in Switzerland, is this:
The soil is all on such a slant
That conquer it you simply can't
  Without the utmost patience;
You have to purchase alpenstocks
And dynamite the largest rocks,
And that was why it seemed to some
Who wanted the Millennium
That Switzerland was where to come
  To have the League of Nations.

The upper parts of Switzerland
Are used for sport, I understand;
The statesmen who are causing peace
In Germany and France and Greece
  Frequent the lower regions;
How different were the days of old,
When HANNIBAL, as I 've been told,
Was seen ascending like an ant
Across the mountains, pant by pant,
Upon his faithful elephant
  To fight the Roman legions.

From Switzerland the waiters spring
Who stand around us in a ring,
And listen with attentive ear
To whether we are thick or clear
  And what we 'll have to follow;
But all the time they add our bills
They see the chamois on the hills,
They dream of favourite Alpine flowers
Whilst piling up the plates in towers
And exercising untold powers
  To fetch us things to swallow.

(The reason why the Swiss delight
To wait at morn and noon and night
Is pretty generally known:
They have no language of their own,
  But only bits of others;
They know the word for omelette
In every language thought of yet;
They understand a *filet bœuf*
And "Nein, das navarin was tough"
And "Basta, take away this stuff"
  As though all men were brothers.)

But when the Swiss are old and stout
And cannot gambol round about
They miss the home they left behind
And purchase with a thankful mind
  Some noble mountain châlet;
It stands upon a frightful slope,
And visitors must take their soap;
Yet there, amidst the snow and ice,
The glaciers and the edelweiss,
We go to see them at a price—
  En pension usually.

Oh, who would be a Hottentot
If he might choose his native spot,
Instead of living in a place
Where sledges tear at such a pace
  And all the cows have bells on,
And peace and chocolates are made
And those can *ski* who aren't afraid?
For Switzerland much more than we
Is happy in her Destiny—
She has such *perfect* scenery
  For building huge hotels on. EVOE.

From a Club notice:—

"Friday, December 25th, 1952,
DINNER AND BALL.
A real Old English Feast combined with Gaiety and Joy. Book Early."

We shall not accept this invitation. By careful research we have ascertained that Christmas Day, 1952, falls on a Thursday.



NEAR EAST CALLING.

VOICE OF "AUNTIE ANGORA." "HULLO, JOHNNY BULL! MERRY CHRISTMAS, JOHNNY. IF YOU LOOK IN UNCLE AMERY'S OVERCOAT POCKET YOU'LL FIND A LOVELY WHITE ELEPHANT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 14th.—The House of Lords in Committee passed the Sandwich Port Bill. This is not, as I had rather hoped, a measure permitting the sale, during closing hours, of one glass of port to the purchaser of one *bonâ-fide* sandwich to be consumed on the premises.

In the House of Commons Lord WINTERTON admitted, in reply to Mr. ATTLEE, that some of the Indian barracks were more suitable for thin red 'eroes (like himself) than for single men in barracks most uncommonly like the majority of Hon. Members, but urged that in the interests of economy the work of supplying palaces with marble swimming pools and trellised porches on the latest Air Force model must be undertaken piecemeal. The barracks at Cawnpore, the Minister added with a gesture of restrained satisfaction, had been completely electrified. This display of shock tactics on the part of the Indian Government did not, however, stir the House from its usual calm.

Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY wished to know if the Jewish settler in Palestine is really getting the three acres and a camel that he was promised, and was told by Mr. ORMSBY GORE that he now has three hundred and nineteen square miles and can have any amount



Macbeth (*Mr. LANSBURY*). "IS THIS A DAGGER WHICH I SEE BEFORE ME?"

more when a new system of land registration has finished engaging the attention of the Government. A further question by Mr. J. H. THOMAS elicited the fact that all the State lands so far allocated have been allocated to Arabs, leaving the House to draw the conclusion that the Jewish colonist has acquired *his* extensive acreage by the simple process of letting the Arab transform the desert into the sown and then foreclosing on the mortgage.

It devolved on the UNDER-SECRETARY Home Office to explain to the House the LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN'S new rôle as the Unifier of Christendom. Under his auspices weddings, christenings, funerals and other solemn rites may be performed in the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons by respectable Christians of any sect or colour, on payment of the customary fees. Persons desiring to avail themselves of the opportunities thus provided, Captain HACKING explained, should apply early (thus avoiding the Christmas rush) to the Superintendent of Good Works.

At the close of Question time Colonel WOODCOCK rose to make what he called a private explanation. Certain Amendments, of a nature to him wholly improper and repulsive, had appeared under his name in connection with the Safeguarding of Industries Bill. He wished to dissociate himself from these altogether detestable proposals. Thereupon up sprang Colonel WEDGWOOD and asked the SPEAKER what remedy he had against one who had purloined, abstracted, appropriated and feloniously possessed himself of all his best Amendments. The House expressed its delight at the possibility of Coloneldum and Coloneldee going forth to have a battle, but the fray was averted by Colonel JOSH generously admitting that his indifferent handwriting had been the cause of the trouble.

Further Amendments to the Bill were then disposed of. Mr. DALTON had provided himself with samples of foreign cutlery to sharpen his opposition to the new duty, and thereby aroused the pacifist susceptibilities of his colleague, Mr. LANSBURY, who asked if it was in order to bring "lethal weapons" into the House.

Tuesday, December 15th.—A languid Commons and a lively Lords. The former perked up a bit when Mr. BALDWIN announced that the House would rise on Monday next and stay risen until February 2nd, but relapsed into lethargy while the Opposition took its final futile fling at the Safeguarding of Industries Bill.

The drunken motorist first occupied their Lordships. Lord CARSON was all for something Draconian, the nearest thing to boiling oil and melted lead that our effete system permits, to wit, prison without the option. Others, while agreeing that the drunken motorist is an enemy of society, pointed out that there are various degrees of drunkenness. Therefore magistrates should be able to make the punishment fit the extent of the crime. Their Lordships compromised by accepting Lord RUSSELL'S amendment, which leaves imprisonment discretionary but makes the suspension of licences automatic.



FOR DRUNKEN MOTORISTS.

"To let the punishment fit the crime."

The Mikado (*Lord CARSON*). "SOMETHING LINGERING WITH BOILING OIL IN IT."

Earl DE LA WARR next asked the House to deplore Circular 1,371, not so much, one gathered, for what it says, as for the nasty way it says it. Their lordships, reinforcing the view expressed in certain quarters of the House of Commons, took no particular exception to the block grant system, but saw in the Circular evidence of a change from a policy of more and better education to one of cutting the Government's expenditure and leaving it to the local authorities to make up the difference or provide a cheaper brand. Lord SOMERS for the Government denied the allegation and decorously defied the allegators.

In the Commons the PRIME MINISTER assured Sir J. NALL that by the time the Government have done with the fighting services there will not be much work for an Estimates Committee. At the same time he indicated that it is "extremely difficult to secure economy by discharging Civil Servants." There is apparently a world of difference between services whose job is fighting and services that are fighting for their jobs.

Mr. RONALD MCNEILL, who is cultivating a pretty wit but insists on addressing it to the floor, assured Lieut.-

Commander KENWORTHY that while the Government had parted with the Locarno film for the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, they would probably do better next time.

Colonel APPLIN, mindful of the poem about the little girl with the curl, drew the attention of the UNDER-SECRETARY Home Office to the limitations of the London omnibuses, declaring that when they were partially full they were very, very full and when they were quite full they were horrid. Captain HACKING explained that to make the aisles wider it would be necessary to make the buses wider, which the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT would not allow. The alternative, to make the passengers narrower, is probably a task beyond the scope of his Department, and moreover might bring it into collision with the Ministry of Health.

Wednesday, December 16th.—The House of Lords discussed the draft convention of the League of Nations dealing with slavery. The position was said to be satisfactory on the whole, but it appears that the sturdy followers of KING HUSSEIN of the Hedjaz are still in the habit of collecting their tweeny maids on the hoof, as it were, from the caravans of the Faithful proceeding to Mecca, and nothing can be done about it.

The House of Commons learned with satisfaction that our tight little Navy generally secures a share of the profits when it makes arrangements for firms to film events of naval and historical interest; also that the mute inglorious *Pooh Bah* who advises all the other Departments of State with an iron hand has no finger in this particular sailors' pie.

Asked by Mr. THURTLE if he thought the present system of land tenure in England satisfactory, the PRIME MINISTER replied, with that disarming frankness that is all his own, that he did not think anything in this country was satisfactory. It remains to be seen how Ministers will in future reply to the conventional supplementary that begins: "Is the Minister satisfied . . . ?"

The Air Ministry announced a new fortnightly air service between Egypt, Baghdad and India. The Iraq Government will presumably receive satisfactory compensation for the resulting slump in the magic carpet trade.

The House polished off the Safeguarding of Industries Bill with a speech by Mr. RONALD MCNEILL as amusing as all previous efforts on this topic have been dull. Loud laughter greeted his suggestion that the absence of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE from the debate was due to the fact that he was too busy looking after the finances of his party to find time to look after those of the nation. His reference to the "emotional, fulminating, ex-cathedra pronouncements of Pontifex Maximus opposite" (meaning Mr. SNOWDEN) "got across" even better.

Thursday, December 17th.—It takes Lord BIRKENHEAD, as they say in Ireland, to muddy the wells of lordly deliberation with the sharp stick of invective. Lords HALDANE, ARNOLD and OXFORD all came under his indecorous strokes, the first-named for supporting the clause of the Rating and Valuation Bill which permits solicitors as well as barristers to argue rating appeals, the other two for their criticisms of the Safeguarding of Industries Bill. Lord HALDANE retorted by saying that Lord BIRKENHEAD was like something out of a Zoo, and that his favourite weapon was the bludgeon.

Socts wha hae the noo a Secretary of State of their ain skirrled appreciatively when the good tidings was announced by the PRIME MINISTER, but the delight of Mr. BUCHANAN and other aspirants to Cabinet rank was tempered by the announcement that the change will not be ushered in with any additional banging of the taxpayers' saxpences.



THE TREASURY KNOCK-ABOUTS.
MR. CHURCHILL AND MR. R. MCNEILL.

A painful picture of the HOME SECRETARY refusing to prosecute the London General Omnibus Company at the instance of Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON HICKS, senior partner of JOYNSON HICKS AND CO., the Company's solicitors, thereby depriving the Minister of kudos and the firm of fees, was dissipated by "JICKS" explaining, more in sorrow than in anger, that his connection either with the prosecution or defence would be entirely nominal.

More sinister influences, it appears, are being brought to bear on the Oriental clerks of Oxenford than balloon-jib bags and *thés dansants*. The HOME SECRETARY however declined to say what steps, if any, he was taking to deBolshevize the University's "fair and floral air."

The PRIME MINISTER told the House that, thanks to the generosity of certain Parliamentarians, St. Stephen's Hall is to be adorned with suitable paintings. The House, which suspects the Fine Arts Commission of galloping Dadaism, loudly demanded the names of the artists. Mr. EPSTEIN, however, does not paint.

Debating Circular 1371 the Opposition (with some assistance from Mr. DUFF-COOPER) drew a fancy portrait of the EDUCATION MINISTER as a young man in a hurry bearing a load of mischief. The gist of their arguments was that—

> In the devastation
> Of education
> Lord EUSTACE PERCY
> Shows no mercy.

But the Minister retorted that the truest service to education was to put it on an enduring basis, and, ably seconded by the Duchess of ATHOLL, secured a handsome majority for his policy.

"Doctor . . . requires short locum end of December and in January."—*Sussex Paper.*

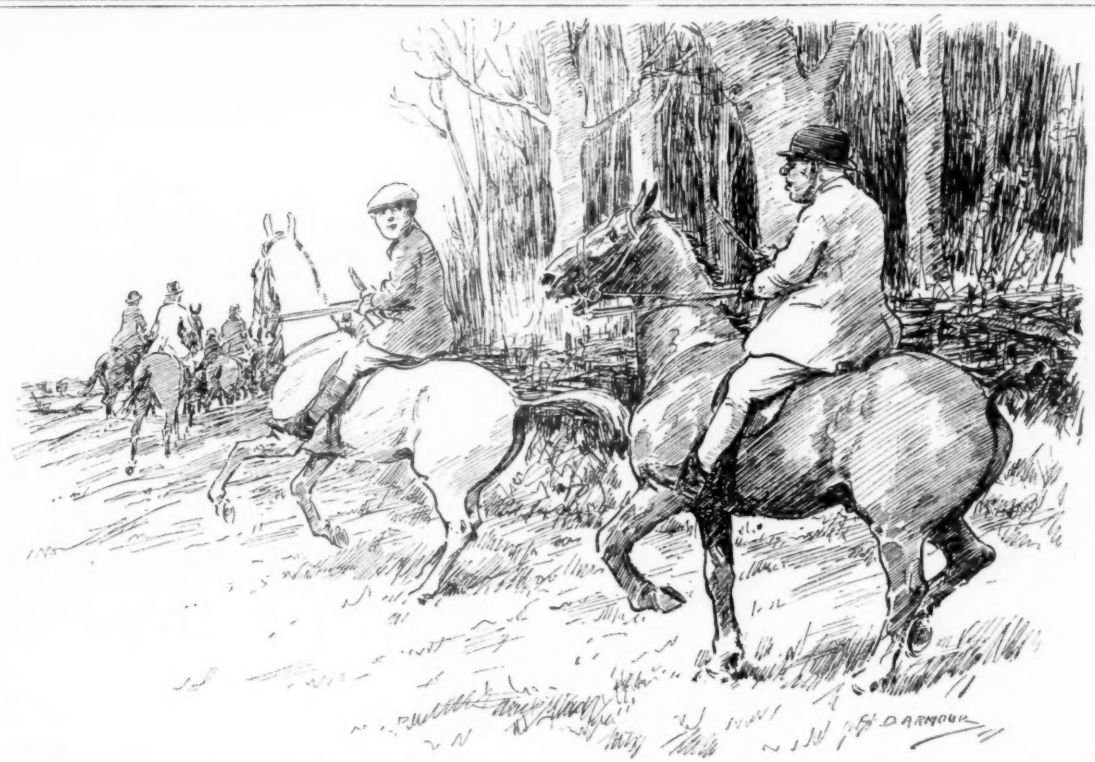
That is the worst of these low-ceilinged country surgeries.

"ENGLISH BRILLDOG, beautefull highestpiamied horind 20 months to sell in only good hands."—*Advt. in Brazilian Paper.*

There seems to be something fishy about this brilldog.

"Gent requires amiable bed-sitting-room." *Glasgow Paper.*

As Hogmanay is approaching, we suspect that the advertiser requires a room whose floor won't rise up and hit him when he comes in early.



Retired Coachman (on superannuated luggage-cart cob). "NOW THEN, MASTER GEORGE, I'M HERE TO LOOK AFTER YOU, SO LON'T YOU GO FOR TO GO NOWHERE AS I CAN'T FOLLER YOU."

VAMPS AND SIRENS.

[Miss THEDA BARA, the famous "vamp" of the screen, interviewed by a correspondent of *The Star* in New York, announces that she is temporarily abandoning "vamp" parts for comedy. "Any woman with charm and sex-appeal can be a 'vamp,' but it takes a little more art to play in comedy." Vamps, she adds, never will be out of fashion, though the real vampire, to be found at Monte Carlo and the rich European playgrounds, does not exist in America. At the same time she holds that "75 per cent. of the British and American typists are quite good 'sirens,' and so are the book-keepers, shop-girls and the rest of them." They may perhaps have been influenced by the pictures, but they don't really need this influence. Miss BARA announced that her forthcoming autobiography, *What Women Never Tell*, was "sufficiently outspoken to cause her to have a lengthy conversation with her lawyer."]

In days of old when knights were bold and ladies fair and
fragile,
And poor pedestrians were *not* expected to be agile,
The gentle art of vamping was exclusively confined
To shoemakers and cobblers of an unromantic mind.

But modern vamps from ancient vamps are different altogether;
They live and move on celluloid and do not trade in leather;
And when the rank of Queenship is bestowed on THEDA BARA
The crown is given at Hollywood and not at Scone or Tara.

Although the name is really a terse abbreviation
Of vampire, it has come to bear a modern connotation;
You'll find the type foreshadowed in the novels made by
OUIDA,
But for its true significance you'd better turn to THEDA.

The *real* vampire still is found at wicked Monte Carlo
(She may, I ween, be even seen at Maidenhead or Marlow);
But Fundamentalists will learn upon the best authority
That in America the type is quite in the minority.

And yet the Transatlantic vamp as featured in the pictures
Is not entirely immune from Puritanic strictures,
Though seventy-five per cent. of girls, American and British,
If typists, are "good sirens," or immaculately skittish.

In aiding this development Miss BARA says politely
Her vamp impersonations may perhaps have helped them
slightly,
She may have taught the seventy-five per cent. some useful
tricks,
But in the main her influence is virtually *nix*.

So, seeing that her vamping days are practically done,
She means to take up comedy, the sphere of blameless fun;
For any girl endowed with charm can play a vamping part,
But comedy is higher game and calls for higher art.

Meanwhile she is engaged upon a book which bears the title
What Women Never Tell—a book so frank in its recital
That, ere 'tis given to the world, to pleasure youth and eld,
A lengthy conversation with her lawyer must be held.

Pending this legal interlude we must, I fear, possess
Our eager souls in patience till, emerging from the Press,
The vivifying volume of the only THEDA BARA
Shall make a green oasis in Old England's Grand Sahara.

"An Antarctic expedition at the North Pole could hear Rugby if they had a receiving set."—*Sunday Paper.*

Then it would be only kind of Rugby to let the explorers know that they are in the wrong hemisphere.

AN UNCHARTERED ACCOUNTANT.

"AND," I said, "it must not be *too* expensive."

Patricia's eyes showed some sadness at this, I thought, but I proceeded: "What with the franc's continued indisposition and South American Rails as they are, it really must not be too expensive."

Patricia is a good niece, as nieces go, but, like many of her sex, she is inclined to be just the least bit indifferent to the source of a man's revenue.

I was spending the day with her, having by my personal charm persuaded her headmistress to give her leave of absence until SIX P.M.

We had had an enchanting morning in Town together, standing in front of shop-windows playing a game invented by her called "Potts"—an inexpensive but enthralling amusement, consisting of an imaginary pound and a lot of discussion as to the best way to lay it out.

But it was at lunch-time that the inevitable topic of this time of the year arose.

I will say this, she approached the subject with remarkable tact for a lady of twelve summers.

"You know, William," she said (*William*, I ask you!)—"you know, William, it's awfully difficult to tell the time during term sometimes."

"Are there no clocks?" I asked severely. "I noticed," I continued, "a very fine specimen, a sort of he-clock, placed in a peculiarly prominent position over the gymnasium, as I came in to-day."

"I know, William, I know," she replied; "but you see it's the early mornings" (Patricia is renowned as one of the world's worst risers) "that are so difficult. My dormitory faces——"

"Why not look at your watch?" I interrupted.

"Ah! why not?" A confident look came into her blue eyes.

"Well, why not?"

"Because I haven't got one," she answered triumphantly.

I suppose barristers must experience some such sensation of conquest when by carefully drawing on a witness they force him to some conclusion for which he was not in the least prepared.

The worst had happened, and I knew it. There was silence between us for a moment. I broke the silence.

"You don't happen to know, roughly, the price of watches suitable for people in your station of life, do you?"

"Well, William," she replied, "I saw in a shop the other day the darlingest little wrist-watch, with such lovely wee diamonds all round its face, for eight guineas; and," she added, "it's guaranteed for twelve months."

This time there was no silence between us.

"My dear Patricia," I replied heatedly, "do you realise that Moobly Boojaks only stand at 2$\frac{7}{8}$ths; that Gwynker-M'Bacuts are down to 7$\frac{3}{8}$ths; that Tin Plates have had a set-back; that Dye-stuffs have again fallen; and only Persians have rallied, of which I don't possess a single share?"

I waited for the effect of this outburst of City news and Stock Market knowledge. Patricia appeared a little crestfallen, I thought—or perhaps bewildered; I don't know. She made no reply for some time. At last she spoke.

"It's a dear little watch," she said.

We rose and left the restaurant. Out in the Strand the subject could not be pursued further; conversation became only a matter of disjointed sentences.

There are moments in one's life when it becomes imperative to cash a cheque; when, feeling in one's pockets, one discovers that a half-crown or so has nothing to jingle against except keys.

The tragedy of such moments can be lessened provided—

(1) You have a banking account.
(2) Your bank be at hand.
(3) You have a balance.
(4) It be adequate.

My bank fortunately was adjacent enough to be reached by five minutes' walking.

"Patricia," I announced, "we must cash a cheque."

We entered the portals, and as usual I was reduced to a state of awe by the atmosphere of this Temple of Finance. I sat down at a table and wrote out a cheque for a fiver.

"Patricia," I whispered, "we shall now proceed to tempt Providence;" and with that I placed my handiwork before the cashier.

"Good afternoon," he said; "nice weather, but things look gloomy on the Stock Exchange."

A delightful fellow! I glanced at Patricia.

He took up the cheque, scrutinized it from all angles and eventually asked me how I should like it. I quickly ran through in my mind the different types of British currency.

"I think," I answered, "in ten-shilling notes; that is, if you happen to have them."

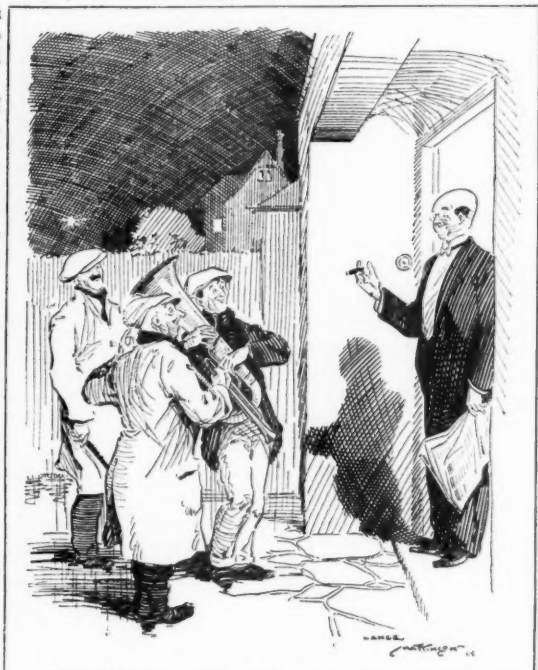
From beneath his desk he produced an enormous bundle of this commodity and with fastidious care picked out ten of the nicest, cleanest and most hygienic-looking specimens you could imagine. We thanked him and walked towards the door. It was then that Patricia spoke.

"It won't have to be so very not too expensive, will it, William?"

I told her that the fiver I had just drawn out represented almost the entire sum that I had entrusted to the bank.

"Oh, darling," she beamed at me, "you needn't worry; I expect you didn't notice; but he put such a *heap* back into your drawer."

I think, after all, perhaps Patricia will have to have that watch.



Householder (to waits). "YOU CHAPS MUST BE COLD AND TIRED. COME INSIDE AND HAVE——"

Waits (eagerly). "OH, THANKEE, SIR!"

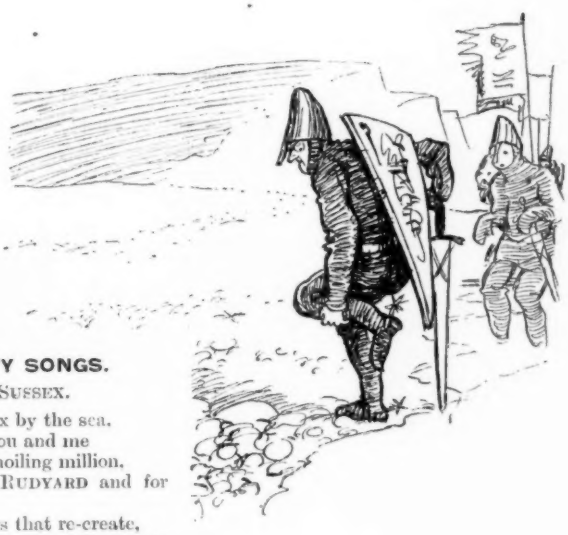
Householder. "—A LISTEN TO THE CAROLS ON MY WIRELESS SET."

Weather reports from Swiss winter resorts:—

Place	Temp. Fahr.	Weather.	Depth of Snow in inches.
Adelboden	19	Overcast	8—12
Les Avants	21	Cloudy	12—16
Château d'Œx	16	Overcast	8—12
Davos	5	Very Fine	8—12
Engelberg	19	Fire	16—20

Engelberg for us. *Daily Paper.*





COUNTY SONGS.

I.—SUSSEX.

I SING of Sussex by the sea,
A paradise to you and me
And all the moiling million.
Renowned for RUDYARD and for TATE,
For Channel airs that re-create,
And GEORGE THE FOURTH'S Pavilion.

'Twas to the shingly Sussex shore
That WILLIAM came (THE CONQUEROR)
Poor HAROLD'S crown to fight about;
And there outspreads the verdant stage
On which the gloomy passions rage
That SHEILA loves to write about.

The Downs flow on in massive line,
So smooth and fragrant and benign,
That all the wise have tramped on;
And sheep move ever to and fro,
While *Mary's* little lamb, you know,
Was born at Littlelambton.

E. V. L.









AT THE PLAY.

"DON'T TELL TIMOTHY" (NEW SCALA).

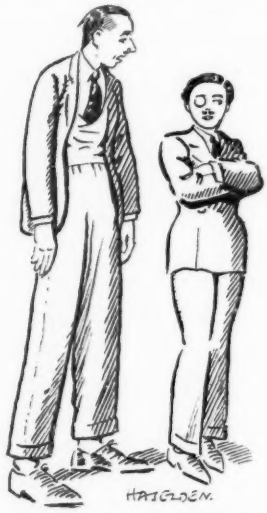
As this "frivolous comedy," by Mr. MARK ARUNDEL, actually reached us it was not a very satisfactory or promising affair. On the contrary. I think, however, that this was due less to inherent defects of manufacture or failure on the part of the cast than to the fact that the Scala, whose auditorium might well have been planned for racing quadrigas or bull-fights, is altogether on too grandiose a scale for the intimacy and lightness of touch necessary to carry off an affair of this kind. If everything is shouted at top of voice and shouted very slowly in order that we of the audience may hear, then if there be any failure of plausibility in situation it will inevitably betray itself, or if there be any heaviness in the jests these will fall with a sickening thud upon the brain; whereas, if the piece could have been played lightly and swiftly, as its nature demanded, such defects as there were would have been less conspicuous and we might, I conceive, have had quite a passable entertainment.

For there is nothing inherently unsound in our author's work which a resolute blue pencil could not set right. I don't think that even such conspicuously satisfactory creations as *The Importance of Being Earnest*, Mr. MAUGHAM'S *Home and Beauty* or A.A.M.'s *Belinda* could have survived the ordeal by scale to which this unfortunate piece is subjected.

The plot is slight and appropriately improbable. *Clytie*, a young widow, having married a man who, while being obviously bored with her, murmurs passionate endearments in his sleep to some unknown fair, resolves to leave him and incidentally to do a good turn to her friend, *Rosalie*, by masquerading as a man—going through a form of marriage with her in order that her godfather, *Sir Timothy*, may hand over, according to promise, on her marriage-day a considerable fortune; in the course of which amusing if unlikely masquerade it naturally transpires that the dull husband is merely an appallingly shy and tongue-tied person whose inhibitions, suspended in sleep, allow him to give tongue to the passionate endearments which in his waking hours he in vain strives to utter to his adored wife. A faked bathing accident rids young *Rosalie* of her faked husband, leaving her her fortune—for of course they "don't tell *Timothy*." *Clytie* and *Spencer* are reconciled, while the young pseudo-widow makes a match of it with her hitherto despised suitor, *Sir Arnold*.

Miss FABIA DRAKE as male impersonator gave us a very spirited and sufficiently plausible rendering of *Rosalie's* lover; Miss KATIE JOHNSON'S *Lady Gambrill* and the *Sir Arnold Copeland* of Mr. DEERING WELLS suffered so much from the imposed technique of noisy over-deliberation that it would not be fair to criticise their performances. Mr. PETER HADDON as *Spencer*, the tongue-tied husband, was more fortunate in having a part where what he said was perhaps less important than the entirely pleasant way he had of saying it, so that he could play easily and naturally with a considerable sense of fun and give us a hint of what in a more auspicious setting this little trifle might have become.

Mr. CLIFFORD HEATHERLEY'S *Sir Timothy* was, perhaps inevitably, rather mournfully overplayed, and it is in this part, where the jokes depend upon the arbitrary misunderstandings of a deaf man, that the blue pencil is most called for. But, as I say, author and cast were put at an impossible fence. T.



A GEORGIAN ROSALIND.
Spencer Maltby . . . MR. PETER HADDON.
Clytie Maltby . . . MISS FABIA DRAKE.



GODFATHER DODGES THE DEATH DUTIES.
Rosalie Gambrill . . . . . MISS JANE GRAHAME.
Sir Timothy Polkinghorne MR. CLIFFORD HEATHERLEY.

HINTS FOR YOUNG AQUARISTS.

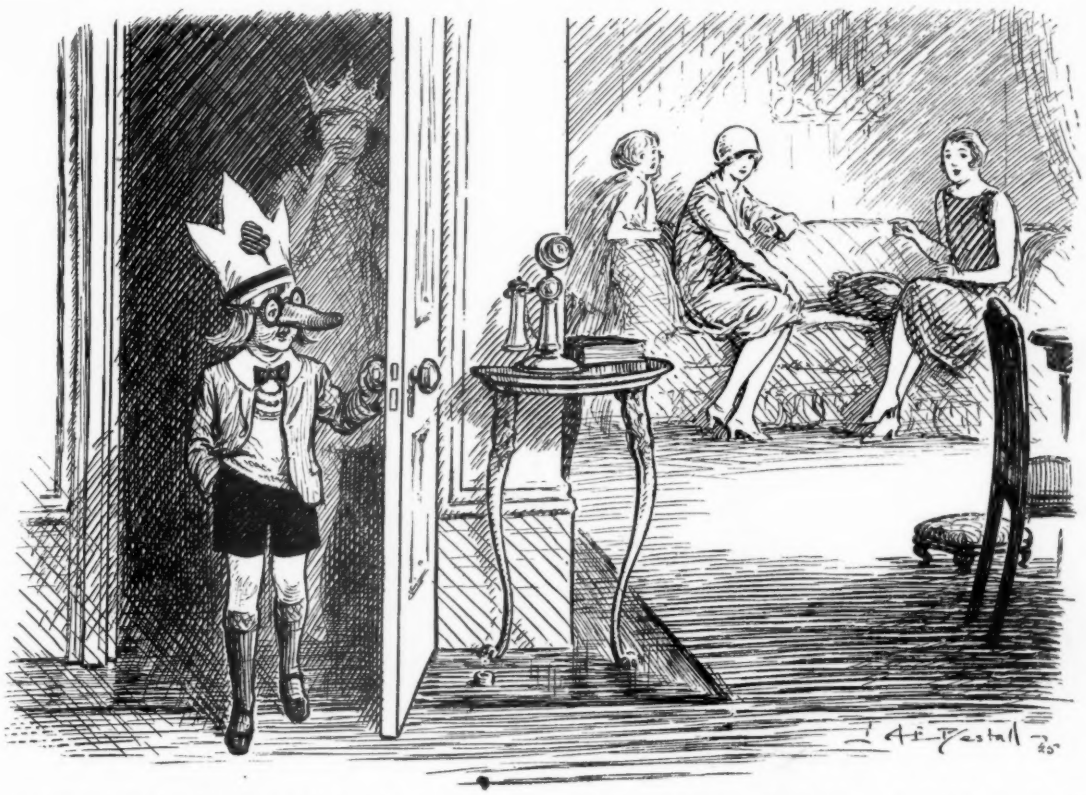
NATURE-STUDY forms a part of the curriculum of most schools, but, as Mr. HODGE, F.Z.S. and editor of *The Amateur Aquarist*, remarks in a luminous article in *The Daily Chronicle*, children are for the most part woefully ignorant of the needs of their most familiar pets. And in view of the immense popularity of the goldfish he does well to remind us of the lamentably high death-rate of these attractive creatures, due to the ignorance of their youthful owners, and to indicate how, with reasonable accommodation and suitable diet, captive goldfish may live for many years with far less attention than is given to the domestic cat. Accordingly Mr. Punch, true to the principle long ago enunciated in his columns—

> "Be kind to little animals wherever they may be,"

and deeply sensible of the delights of the aquarium habit, as illustrated so magnificently at Regent's Park, ventures to supplement Mr. HODGE'S instructions with some practical hints of his own.

Children, as he observes, need to be taught that more goldfishes are lost through chills from the continual changing of their water, through improper or excessive feeding and through overcrowding than from any other cause. "They should also be told that, though goldfishes are omnivorous, they cannot be expected to subsist upon 'mummies' in the form of dried pupæ of ants, but should be fed sparingly on crushed and finely-sifted dog-biscuit, vermicelli and dried shrimps (of the tea-table variety), with a few small worms occasionally."

The frugal diet thus outlined is ad-



Mother (entertaining Christmas visitor). "AH, I HEAR MY LITTLE BOBBY COMING IN. I DO SO WANT YOU TO TELL ME WHICH SIDE OF THE FAMILY YOU THINK HE TAKES AFTER."

mirably devised, but it may be as well to add a *caveat* against the deductions which might otherwise be drawn from this list of comestibles. For example, while dog-biscuit is desirable, cat's-meat is not conducive to the longevity of goldfish. Again, though vermicelli is good for them, macaroni, spaghetti and risotto *à la Milanaise* are less easily digestible, and Gorgonzola is distinctly deleterious.

Great care should be taken again not to extend the shrimp diet beyond the limits of the slender, long-tailed and long-legged crustaceans of the genus *Crangon* and allied genera. Attempts made to feed goldfish on lobsters are as a rule disastrous. Oysters—without the shell—are another matter, but the accompaniment of porter is to be deprecated as it tends to a comatose condition.

Mr. HODGE does well to insist that the worms provided for the tank of the goldfish should be small. The spectacle of a goldfish endeavouring to cope with a large reptile is one which no humanitarian can contemplate with equanimity. In conclusion, and in the words of a remarkable but hitherto unpublished poet:—

"O children, curious children, who keep aquariums,
Don't feed their finny inmates on "chocs" or Carlsbad plums;
Throw bottles to the ostrich or buns unto the bear,
But give your precious goldfish a more salubrious fare."

THE OTHER CHEEK.

WHAT little grass there is in the bungalow compound now that the rains are over and the cold weather is here is devoured by a herd of great black shiny buffaloes. Maharaj looks after them. He has strict orders not to let them stray on to the flower-beds. Maharaj is six years old and wears nothing but a strip of cloth about his middle. Once Belphœbe made him a shirt, and he professed to be hugely delighted with it, but after a day or two he gave up wearing it, and we discovered that he had sold it and bought himself a huge *khānā* of sweetmeats. We found him out because he had eaten so much that, like our common ancestor, NOAH, he fell asleep in the heat of the day; and the buffaloes destroyed most of Belphœbe's plants.

Belphœbe has hopes of making Maharaj a Christian. She has started a Sunday school, which consists of Maharaj and herself. They sit down very solemnly under a tree, and she tells him stories and explains to him his duty to his neighbour and gives him some sweets when she thinks he has learnt enough. During the week she questions him from time to time to see if he has remembered it all. Last Sunday she was very proud of herself because she thought he had really understood her when she had explained to him the doctrine of turning the other cheek.

On Wednesday we found some really scrumptious toffee in the shop that sells everything. We bought great chunks of it, and the greatest of them all we allocated to Maharaj. His eyes shone like stars when Belphœbe gave it him; it filled one whole side of his mouth.

It was then that he showed he had learnt his lesson.

"*Dūsrā gāl bhee, huzūr* (The other cheek too, your honour)," he said with an angelic smile.

LAYS OF LEARNING.

V.—THE SCHOOL STORY.

THERE 's a hero, of course, who stands up for the right;
There 's a bully, of course, for the hero to fight
And to strike to the ground, to the common delight.

The bully, though battered, has not had enough,
And takes vengeance next day on some miserable muff
Whom he drags round the corner in order to cuff.

But this is observed by a snivelling sneak
And reported at once to the blind-as-bat beak
Who 's absorbed in his study all day reading Greek.

When the bully 's been mildly reproved for his sin
He vows that he 'll make the sneak pay with his skin;
When he 's caught him alone, operations begin.

But just at the climax the bully is found
Once more by the hero, and struck to the ground,
And things start again on their regular round.

So, for author one needs, as a general rule,
A melodramatic extravagant fool
Who one cannot imagine was ever at school. G. B.

THE PEDESTRIAN LUNATIC.

I LIKE walking. I like it as an exercise, disregarding its severely utilitarian purpose of conveying the body from one tee to another. It is a difficult confession to make to this generation, but I really like the physical sensations of walking, the rhythmical movements of the legs, the buoyant sway of the body, the deep and regular expansion and contraction of the lungs. And I have a curious belief that walking is good for me, mentally as well as physically.

And so when I have a free day I spend a good deal of it in walking. As much as I can I keep to the open country, the fields, the hills, the woods. But often in the course of my rambles it becomes necessary for me to march along the high road. It is unfortunate, but in Southern England unavoidable.

Tramping over the open country I feel I am one of the wise men of the earth, gathering health with every stride, inspiration, poise, courage to meet and overcome the difficulties of life. But when I get on the high road I cease to be a sage and become a lunatic.

Speaking from my own experience, which seems to be exceptional, I must say that the majority of motorists are kindly, considerate and intensely helpful people. But they are offensive—offensive, not by inclination but from sheer inability to comprehend that any human being can prefer the act of walking to the act of riding in a car and remain sane.

This is the sort of thing that is always happening to me. I believe it must happen to me more often than to anyone else. It would be nice to think (if I could) that this circumstance was due to my personal attractions, but I imagine it is caused by something pathetically appealing, something inherently pitiful about my appearance which I cannot explain but which I would gladly eradicate if it were possible. Anyhow, there it is.

I am trudging happily along an empty road when a two-seater containing a perfectly charming young man and a distractingly charming young lady overtakes me. I shudder, guessing what is to come next. The car slows down and stops just in front of me. The young man turns to me with a pleasant smile.

"Going to Swarding?" he asks.

"Yes," I reply.

"Hop in, then," he says, and leans across to open the door for me.

"Thanks very much," I say warmly, "but I 'm walking."

"Yes, I know." He begins to be rather puzzled. "I mean, I see you are. I can save you a good hour."

"I 'm sorry," I answer. "I haven't made myself clear. I really *prefer* walking."

The young man looks confused. He is not quite sure that he has heard me correctly. Or he thinks there must be something behind it.

"But I 'm passing through Swarding," he says; "and there 's heaps of room in the bus. Of course," he adds quickly, "if you *think* it would be rather a squash I can open the dickey-seat. It won't take a jiff."

I shake my head and open my mouth to reply.

"Then my sister will sit in the dickey-seat and you can come in front," urges the young man. "Won't you, Lilian?"

"Like a shot," says Lilian eagerly. "Of course—yes."

"I 'm really awfully grateful," I interrupt swiftly; "it 's exceedingly kind of you, but I would rather walk. I like walking. In fact I *want* to walk."

It takes much longer than this to convince them, but at last they surrender and drive away. Then they are offensive. They cannot help themselves; I must emphasise that. They look at each other in dazed bewilderment. They shake their heads in a manner which can convey only one meaning. As likely as not the young man taps his forehead with his forefinger, an action which can have only one significance. They have classified me.

Five minutes later in all probability the incident is repeated with slight variations. Lots of them do it. They mean well; I must insist upon that. But it hurts to be judged a lunatic several times in a day.

I suppose I shall have to give up walking. Otherwise, with the evergrowing number of motors on the road, the time will soon come when I shall find I have to confine my pedestrian activities to the grounds of an asylum.

Alternatively I may even have to buy a car.

THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

I WENT to the kitchen to stir the pudding,
The Christmas pudding, the Christmas mince;
You never could guess what I saw on the table,
You never could guess . . . I haven't been able
To settle to anything since.

She tasted a raisin, she tasted a currant,
She flew to the basin's edge
And round and round she went merrily riding
And down the slippery sides a-gliding,
Taking a fork for a sledge.

She stirred the pudding, I saw her do it,
Using her silver shoe,
Then off she went by way of the dairy . . .
But think of our pudding *stirred by a fairy!*
Can it, oh, can it be true? R. F.

Things that Endanger the Locarno Spirit.

"He is in appearance a typical German—stout, with a smiling pink face out of which dart two piercing eyes."—*Evening Paper.*

From an essay on the Gunpowder Plot, written by a little girl of nine:—

"They chose a night when everybody was in Parliament, waited till they were all asleep and then set fire to the gunpowder."

She must have been reading *Hansard.*



The Rt Hon. Lord Darling by George Belcher.

Ermine and red, with these glad rags invested,
My lord indifferently judged and jested;
And leaves the Court, as all the Bench concur,
Without a stain upon his character.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—VI.



Small Boy (returned from oculist's, showing his first spectacles to admiring little sister). "YOU KNOW, I'VE NOT GOT TO WEAR THEM ALWAYS—ONLY FOR CLOSE WORK."
Sister. "WHAT DO YOU CALL CLOSE WORK?"
Small Boy. "OH—WELL—EATING, AND SO ON."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I DON'T know how the County Court will like having its cherished title, *The Poor Man's Court of Justice* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), usurped by the Metropolitan Police Court; but I heartily agree that the latter institution, as presided over and described by Mr. CECIL CHAPMAN, is entitled to the designation. Usually, after all, you have some point of contact with property, even if is only the brief and unsatisfactory one of being knocked down by somebody else's motor-van, before you confront a judge in a horsehair wig. But the more destitute you are the more likely you are to find yourself sooner or later before a magistrate; so for the honour of society no less than for the welfare of the poor a very special sympathy with the latter should be the necessary equipment of the Metropolitan bench. When Mr. CHAPMAN began his career at the Bar, the old retaliatory code of criminal law was still paramount; and to-day, despite the almost unanimous trend of public opinion towards remedial treatment, he confesses that he has never left a prison without a feeling of horror. "I feel inclined to say," he adds, "that, if our prison mark is so bad that it must hinder anybody for the whole of his life, every sentence becomes a life sentence." This indictment, coupled with a plain statement of prison experiences by an educated prisoner, are grim evidence of what remains to be done; but the book as a whole is an exhilarating chronicle of achievement. At Clerkenwell, Southwark, Tower Bridge and Westminster Mr. CHAPMAN's poor people were still his poor people, out of court as in it. Their stories often end happily, and the allies who helped the magistrate in his off-time work were all, as you might expect, of the salt of the earth. "The reclamation of a prisoner is an intensely personal work," said one of them. "Given time, sympathy and a little money, wonders can be effected." It is as a record of such wonders that I chiefly recommend this modest and enthusiastic book.

Mr. JOHN PARIS, in his novel, *Banzai* (COLLINS), resumes for the second time his self-appointed task of rending ruthlessly away the veils of sentiment and romance which popular fiction, light opera and musical comedy have combined to weave around the land of the cherry-blossom. Modern Japan, as he depicts it, is a distressingly sordid combination of various qualities (mainly objectionable) borrowed from the West, with certain definitely Oriental brands of vice and immorality none the less disreputable by reason of their unquestioned antiquity. The combination is aptly expressed in the personality of Mr. PARIS's central character, *Ono San*, whose great ambition in life is to "make big swank" and become, by fair means or foul, preferably the latter, "conspishous." Those who are reluctant to give up the idealised Nippon of their dreams

may however find consolation in the reflection that every country has its underside and that Japan possesses no monopoly of unscrupulous and ungrateful wasters of the type of *Ono San*.

Colvin Barr, in Guayaquil,
Takes a partner, and these two
Quickly settle that they will
Seek for gold in far Peru;
There they find an unknown race—
Tillers of terraces, tall and fine;
And from a strawberry mark these trace
In *Barr* the blood of their royal line.

Caris, spinster with good looks
(*The Lady of the Terraces*
Is her title—and the book's),
Leads the nation; so it is
That *Barr* and *Caris* fall in love—
What more natural thing could be?
But bad *Prince Huello* is not above
Making trouble, through jealousy.

Plots ensue, then fire and brand
Follow, and the land runs red;
Barr and *Huello*, hand to hand
Fighting, fall together dead;
Caris lives to mourn her man.
Here's a capital story, Sirs,
Its author is E. CHARLES VIVIAN,
And HODDER AND STOUGHTON its publishers.

One of the more edifying tales of STRAPAROLA tells of a Venetian beauty who demanded a pair of his own new shoes from every one of her lovers. Having by these means filled a whole warehouse with footgear of every size and make she grew old and ugly; and in order to secure any gallant attentions at all was forced to part, pair by pair, with the spoils she had so laboriously accumulated. Something of this sort, I gather from Mr. CONINGSBY DAWSON'S *Old Youth* (HUTCHINSON), is apt to befall the wealthy American matron of the present era. Unembarrassed as a girl by the professional training which is almost *de rigueur* here, she sets out at the earliest possible moment to make herself indispensable to the lighter moods of the wage-earning sex. Having by this method acquired a husband she finds herself far too set in her ways to master the intricate technique of wifehood; if children come they are treated as toys until they develop into nuisances and rivals; and finally the *jeune fille* of forty begins to pay (usually in such currency of wealth and status as her marriage has brought her) for a continuance of the excitements she has grown to regard as indispensable. The odd thing is that whereas STRAPAROLA finds the spectacle of incurably amatory middle-age rather grimly shocking, Mr. DAWSON appears to consider it extremely pretty and touching. Certainly the chief of its three or four exponents is in his case a widow, who feels, perhaps pardonably, that the years owe her compensation for a sad marriage. But I cannot say that I found her determined onslaught on a widower of like convictions a sympathetic spectacle, especially as a showy flirtation with a male cinema-star was needed to bring the widower to proposing-point. A less artificial but equally irresponsible wooing by the widower's very young daughter of a youth of kindred tastes is interwoven with the frolics of their elders, and the handling of the whole is neither above nor below the level of these interests.



Saleswoman. "A PACKET OF OUR GIANT SWEET-PEAS AT ONE-AND-SIX, AND A PAIR OF OUR PATENT FOLDING STEPS TO PICK THEM, AT EIGHTEEN SHILLINGS, MAKE A NICE PRESENT, SIR."

The Provost of ETON has the reputation of being able to make the hairs of the head stand up, but I must confess that while reading *A Warning to the Curious and other Ghost Stories* (ARNOLD) my scalp remained altogether unperturbed. This was disappointing, for not to be at least a little frightened by a ghost story is to feel oneself cheated. If the curtains are to remain just curtains, concealing nothing but innocent windows, and bed-time is to bring no uneasiness, you might as well have spent your evening over a story of ordinary mortals. It is not that Dr. MONTAGU JAMES does not provide us with plenty of ghosts, some of them very nasty ones; nor that his tales are not well told, with that sober exactitude of detail which the *genre* demands. All the proper paraphernalia are there, neatly arranged. Only somehow the expected entertainment does not quite come off. That the thrill in the first of these tales should be tiny is appropriate

enough. The story of a haunted doll's house, of which the inhabitants come nightly to life only to do one another horridly to death, it was written for that minuscular library which forms part of HER MAJESTY'S wonderful toy, and no doubt it is calculated to turn sawdust hearts to ice or set marionettes trembling on their wires. But the temperature of human blood will hardly be altered by it. Some of the other stories are nearer the real thing. For instance, there is certainly something uncanny about those unusually heavy field-glasses (in "A View from a Hill") which showed the landscape under so unfamiliar an aspect and with such disconcerting accessories, and were found to have been filled with a concoction of hanged men's bones. There you have the true ghoulish note. But on the whole Dr. JAMES has dealt too gently with us. One only hopes that he is not permanently mellowing, and that in his next book he will recover his old black magic.

The third volume of *The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page* (HEINEMANN) emphasises the already realised certainty that this great and lovable American gentleman was not only a staunch friend of our country, but perhaps the most efficient advocate and serviceable adherent not born within the Empire that England has ever been fortunate enough to enlist. In this volume Mr. BURTON J. HENDRICK turns aside occasionally to amplify special occurrences—most notably the sensational affair of ZIMMERMANN'S telegram to Mexico, now for the first time fully detailed—but almost entirely he is concerned with Mr. PAGE'S letters to President WILSON, which in themselves are complete enough to form a connected account of their writer's service as Ambassador at the Court of St. James from 1913 to 1918. From Mr. PAGE'S pen a steady stream of pro-Ally influence was directed for years on the Washington Government; was maintained in the face of stony indifference, of daunting silence, of the pettiest failure to realise the issues at stake, and maintained always, even in moments of depression, with a light vivacity of touch and a certain boyish simplicity. Mr. PAGE'S writing is notable for the lofty eloquence with which the rightness of the Allied cause is upheld, and not less for the courtly flattery employed to fortify the PRESIDENT'S wavering resolution. As literature these letters are admirable. As impressions of Britain's leaders during the dark years, and perhaps even more as a record of her changing yet steadfast moods from hour to hour of the conflict, they are of the raw material of history. But above all, as having been a principal means to bring America eventually into the War on the side of liberty, they are momentous. This is a book which it is simply superfluous to commend to anyone.



Severe elder Sister. "DEREK, YOU PIG, YOU 'VE BEEN DEBAUCHING AGAIN. YOUR BREATH SMELLS QUITE STRONGLY OF BISCUIT."

Messrs. COLLINS, the publishers of *A Gay Lover*, claim inherited literary ability for Miss RUTHERFORD CROCKETT, and I am prepared to support them. Miss CROCKETT is, I take it, a beginner and she has not yet found her feet; though her satire hits its mark it is aimed more than once in this story at rather worthless targets. She has however a pleasant style, keen observation and a way of creating a fragrant atmosphere. *Sarah Reynolds* derived from sound stock, whose home was on the Scottish border; but most of her time, as far as we are concerned, was spent in an English cathedral town. Not a very intoxicating *milieu*, you would say; yet it seems to have had that effect upon her. "I have no business to find life intoxicating, but I do," she exclaims; the fact being that her state of alleged intoxication was caused by over-indulgence in the habit of introspection. Still she knew how to be happy, was generous in her judgments, and solved the question of her marriage in a way that I thoroughly approve. In short I can recommend Miss CROCKETT and her *Sarah* to your notice if you want a book in which you can take a steady interest without any risk of palpitations of the heart.

I have to confess that I was more amused than impressed by DEREK VANE'S portrait of an "alive to his finger-tips, cool, audacious" man in *The Trump Card* (HURST AND BLACKETT). *Philip Corbett*, at the outset of this story of modern society, was a power in the land, able, so it seemed, to influence everyone except his wife, *Lady Iris*, who for excellent reasons kept him at long arm's length. *Corbett* was a well-known financier and also owner of *The Metropolitan*, "a clever daily paper run on popular lines." But, enormous as its circulation was, I fancy that for one day it would have been fabulously increased if a photograph of its proprietor hiding in the grass of the Green Park and listening while *Esslemont* (his editor-in-chief) made love to *Lady Iris* could have been printed on its back page. Although I could not conjure up a belief in *Corbett* I appreciated the clever talk and reasonable conduct of the women in the book. By far the greater part of this story consists of conversation, and that is well, for DEREK VANE is a fluent and able writer of dialogue.

"The vicar of Christ Church, ——, has received 'self-denying bags' from members of his congregation."—*Daily Paper.*

Not the Oxford type, we infer.

"E. —— is favoured with instructions from Rev. —— —— to Sell by Auction all that very Valuable and Charming Gentleman's Residence. Also Detached Gardener's Cottage."—*Provincial Paper.*

We marvel that the gardener should become detached from such an ideal employer.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to Lord BEAVERBROOK, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE likes his food in small quantities and underdone. We trust the EX-PREMIER hasn't been looking hungrily at Lord BEAVERBROOK.

* * *

Lord EMMOTT says that the Briton does best with his back to the wall. This, of course, is not the wall at the street corner close to the Labour Exchange.

* * *

"Sioux Brave at a Revue," says a heading. This tribe of course has the reputation of being able to suffer pain in stoical silence.

* * *

At the same time, if he is the gentleman of the name of HENRY KILLS-BY-NIGHT who recently arrived in London, we can easily understand why he was not serenaded by any carol-singers.

* * *

An ethnologist remarks upon the Semitic appearance of some Highlanders. This is of course especially noticeable in the kindred of the MacCabees.

* * *

A theory is being advanced that DRAKE was a Scotsman. One sees it all now. He'd already paid his fee for that bowling-green.

* * *

The motor-car will eventually drive people underground, says a traffic expert. It often does now, if it hits a man hard enough.

* * *

Not so many jewels, we are told, are being bought this season. Alas, the good old days when the parvenu used to buy them by the pint seem to have gone for ever.

* * *

A Society woman complains of the number of uninvited guests who attend weddings. In America the number of ex-husbands of the bride attending such ceremonies is usually limited to seven.

* * *

Asked to write an article on the subject of aviation, Mr. H. G. WELLS replied that he could say nothing worth saying on the matter. Few writers would have let a little thing like that worry them.

* * *

We read of a domestic servant who is an expert billiards player. Her latest break is said to be twelve dishes and a Sèvres vase, and she is still in play.

It is reported that fewer widows are remarrying. Can it be that dead men do tell tales?

* * *

"Get in Touch with Turkey," says a *Westminster Gazette* headline. Most of us did our best on Christmas Day.

* * *

The practice of christening new vessels by breaking a bottle of champagne has been abolished in America. At the recent launch of a vessel in New York a ten-pound jar of ice-cream was broken over her bows. If this arrangement is followed at the christening of his next infant brother or sister, Smith *mi* is prepared to attend the function.

* * *

A forthcoming wedding will unite two famous tobacco families. This is regarded as the last word in tobacco-blending.

* * *

Farmers are hopeful of record crops next season when the Russian boot becomes the fashionable wear for scarecrows.

* * *

Alpine sports, we read, are in full swing in Switzerland. Not in the Sahara, as you might have expected.

* * *

The Metropolitan Railway has issued a calendar printed in colours. But have you seen the Christmas Number of *The Straphanger*?

* * *

A pigeon returned to its loft in Hitchin last week after an absence of five years. It is feared that it has been living a double life.

* * *

According to Dr. FRASER HAMMERTON all wives in Utah are good cooks. We pity, however, the Mormon who favours broth.

* * *

"British coal is always being held up to abuse," declares a contemporary. It is certainly very much slated.

* * *

Professor JOSEPH BARCROFT of Cambridge shut himself up in a glass compartment for six days and came out fit and well. We can only suppose he threw no stones.

* * *

At Camden Town a sea-gull swooped down on a fish-barrow and flew off with a fresh herring. We decided not to send a representative to invite the views of the proprietor of the barrow.

* * *

Some London banks have forbidden their staffs to wear sporting clothes even on a Saturday morning. We can well understand that a feeling of uneasiness was caused by the sight of one of the cashiers in running shorts and spiked shoes.

* * *

Attempts are being made to discover a non-inflammable wood for houses, but some of our match-manufacturers seem to have known the secret for years.

* * *

Lord JELLICOE says that there are no better fellows in the world than British seamen. They are in fact the salts of the earth.

* * *

Our killjoys have been at it again. A seventy-year-old inmate of a Devonshire workhouse who struck another inmate on the head with a poker has had his tobacco stopped for a fortnight.

* * *

Last year invalids in America consumed 1,347,614 gallons of whisky. Things seem to have reached the stage when any man in that country who says he is feeling quite well is in danger of being put back for the state of his mind to be examined.



Grateful Tramp (to wretched dyspeptic who would give anything for an appetite). "MAY YOU NEVER KNOW WOT IT IS TO BE 'UNGRY, SIR!"

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

CAPTAIN GUNN.

(*After E. H. VISIAK.*)

THERE was a certain captain
Sailed out upon the sea
In an old ship with barnacles,
By name the *Rosemarye*.

He shipped a crew at Bristol,
And cut-throats every one,
But the bloodiest cut-throat of them all
Was Captain Henry Gunn.

And Gunn he signed a parrot,
A cursed loquacious bird
That took a pride in cackling
The blasphemies she heard.

And when I tell you, matey,
She never heard nought else
You 'll understand the pleasure
She gave them infidels.

I was the cook's boy, savvy,
And taught to fear the Lord,
But I own I was afearder
Of Captain Henry's sword;

For when in rum or Hollands
He 'd wave his dirk and cry,
"Now by Sir Henry Morgan's ghost
I 'll flay ye all, will I!"

And once he snipped an ear off,
And once he snipped a nose,
And nobody durst grumble
For fear of worser blows;

And once I caught him crying
And poring on a chart,
With clutching of his hair and fist,
A-banging of his heart.

Now when we made Sargasso
And floated in the weed
That tyrant Captain came on deck
And bade the crew take heed.

His eyes rolled and his mouth twitched,
'Twas plain that he was drunk:
"We 'll have to scrape them barnacles
Or like as not we 're sunk.

"Sling out your knives, my hearties,
And each man overboard
And scrape the bottom of *Rosemarye*
Until I give the word.

"Lively, ye lubbers, lively!"
And Poll screamed monstrously
As at the sword's flash Jerry Bate
Jumped headlong in the sea.

He never scraped no barnacles,
No fish was Jerry Bate,
But the parrot screamed on the bowsprit
As a shark that morsel ate.

I hid me in a barrel
And watched the dirty work,
For Captain Gunn made six men more
Dive deeply from his dirk;

And as they dived he capered
And spat and swore to Heaven
He 'd have the *Rosemarye's* bottom scraped
By that unlucky seven.

He was too blind with liquor
To see the bloody sea,
But Poll on the mizzen glimpsed a shark,
And a fearful shriek shrieked she;

For where the ship lay rocking
Beneath the crimson sun
The shark like a giant trout leaped up
And snapped at Captain Gunn.

We had no cause for sorrow,
And none durst breathe a sigh
As the fish a silver rainbow swept
And bore him down to die.

And Poll she fared no better,
For Isaac Fence decreed
That *she* should scrape the barnacles,
And sank her in the weed.

Down with a dreadful volley
Of pagan oaths she went,
While the crimson sun grew ashen
As a dead king in his tent.

A wind came then, a swift wind,
Blowing an icy breath,
And so we sailed while a phantom bird
In the dim shrouds whistled death.

But when we had a landfall,
Why, every mother's son
Set to and scraped the barnacles
For fear of Captain Gunn.

We was a graceless party,
And mostly cut-throats we,
But Captain Gunn he gave the word,
So we scraped the *Rosemarye*.

W. K. S.

"Rubber spats are the latest article of men's wear.

The coroner has been informed of the circumstances."—*Daily Paper.*

We gather that these rubber spats are not hygienic.

"CAT.—Lady moving into a Flat would like to Find Good Home with garden for fine Half Persian Male, 6 yrs. old."—*Daily Paper.*

"Choicely situated, Detached mouse, standing in a beautiful matured garden of 1 acre."
House-Agent's List.

We should like to introduce these advertisers to one another if we could be quite sure that the mouse would be still standing when the cat arrived.

From an article on "Sex-War Nonsense":—

"I know of one coterie of intellectual women who actually hold that the evolution of women is the prime purpose of Nature, and man is a mere excrescence—a side issue."—*Daily Paper.*

A suggestion diametrically opposed to the account of the evolution of woman as given in Genesis.

HOW TO ANSWER A NEW YEAR GREETING.

UNTIL lately I have always found it impossible to make any really intelligent or original response to the salutations of friends whom I may meet on New Year's Day. The choice seemed to lie between a parrot retort and the vulgar "Same to you."

Presence of mind I lack, otherwise the obvious way out of the difficulty would be to get in my greeting first. But I cannot think quickly. I never was any good at "Snap" or "Animal Grab." I *cannot* say "Snap" impulsively; and, though I may know I have to play the cow, at the critical moment I bray like an ass; which is absurd.

Walking along the street on the first day of the year, I may say over and over again to myself quite calmly, "A Happy New Year." But should an acquaintance appear suddenly round a corner, "Good morning," I begin. "A Merry—I mean, of course, A Happy——" and long before I have finished my halting utterance my friend has said brightly, "A Happy New Year," and passed on.

I had, in fact, long ago given up all hope of ever being before my neighbours with the usual expressions of goodwill, and was still racking my brains for a suitable reply when last New Year's Day dawned.

Wishes on cards look all very well in print, but they are no good to me for vocal purposes. To the grocer who has just said to you over the counter, "A Happy New Year, Madam; what can I get you?" it is such a mouthful to reply—

"'This fond wish I give to you,
Joys abundant, troubles few';

a pound of tapioca, please."

Something brief and sincere, crisp and convincing, is called for, and at last I found the ideal rejoinder.

Looking from my window that New Year's morning I saw my small friend and neighbour Brian careering up and down the garden next-door. This is the way he has of working off his excitement. His face was rosy with exercise. Up and down, up and down the tiny figure fluttered.

I opened my window and called to him.

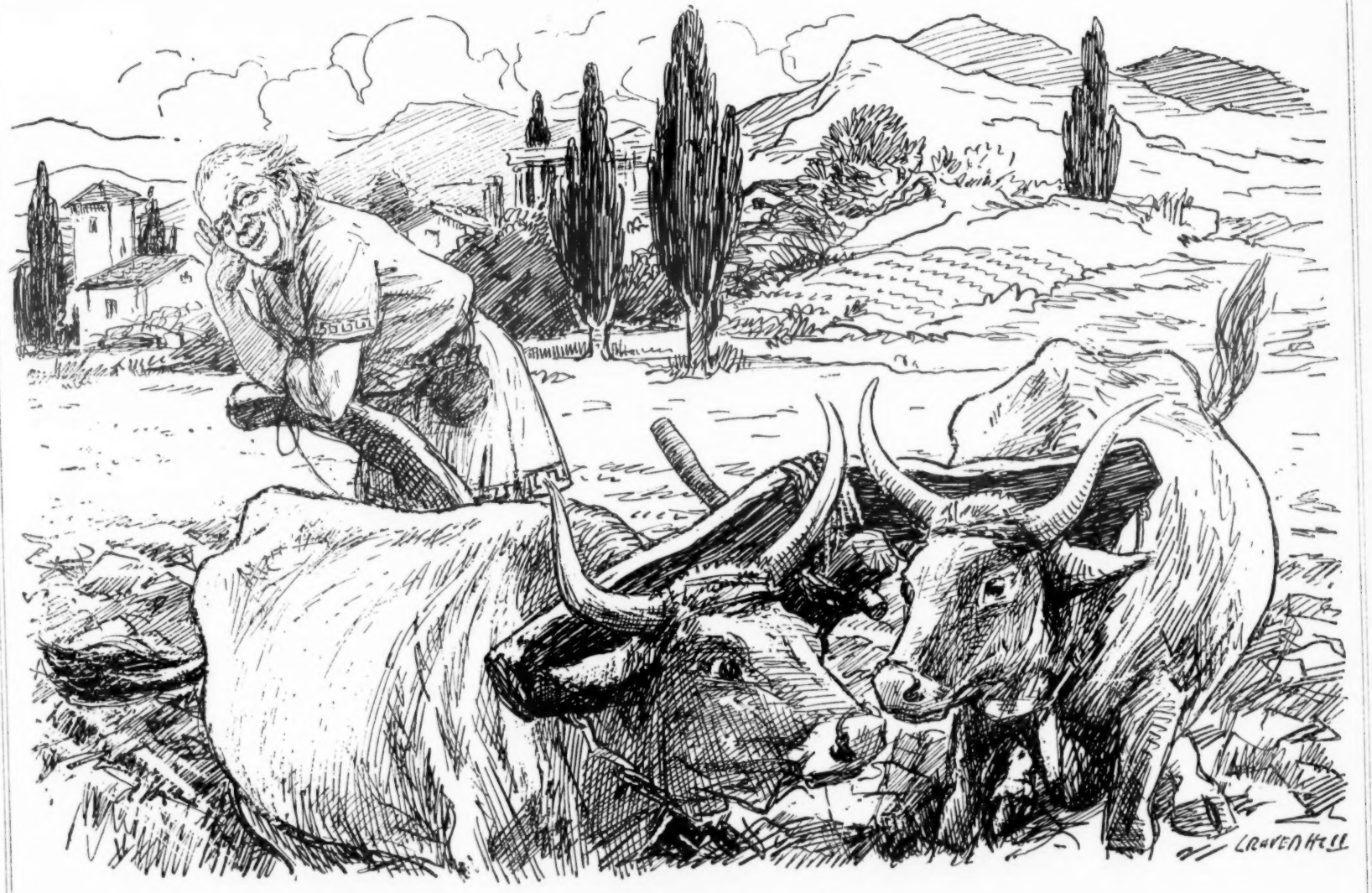
"A Happy New Year, Brian!" I shouted.

Without pausing in his running he lifted a radiant face to me.

"*Yes!*" he cried with happy conviction.

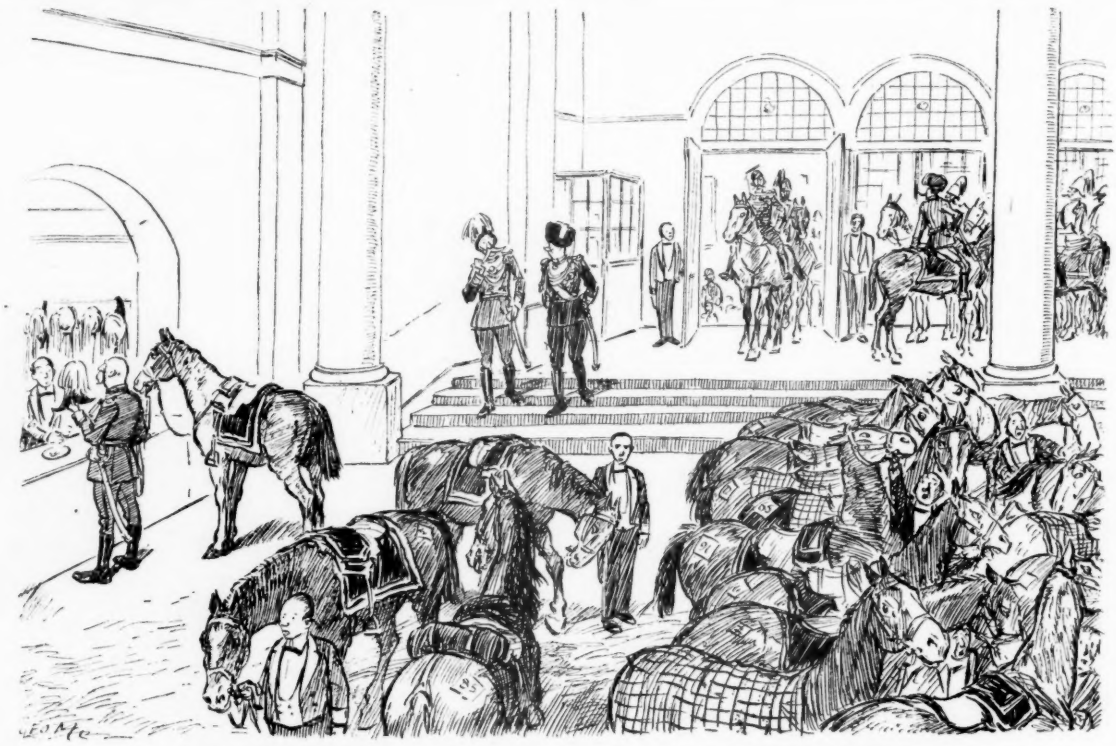
"Ernest Ambitious Woman desiring commence business."—*Advt. in Evening Paper.*

She seems to have started well by realising "the Importance of being Ernest."



IN DICTATOR-LAND.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (*reproducing on the spot the agricultural setting from which* CINCINNATUS *was recalled to power*). "DO I HEAR VOICES?"



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

BIG NIGHT AT THE CAVALRY CLUB: THE CLOAK-ROOM.

THE LITTLE PAGAN FAUN.

IT was the eve of the second (or was it the third?) of all the Christmases when three little, rather self-esteeming, girl seraphs slipped out of the pearly gates of one of the heavenly spheres and ran merrily down the star-powdered stairways of the sky to sing carols to the Little Child. They were in fact the first of the waits, but they didn't know that they were.

When they got to the earth they found that they had made a slight miscalculation, and that they had still to go through a fir-wood before they came to the Babe's abode. Very beautiful the fir-wood looked in the frosty moonlight, and very beautiful the three little seraphs looked too as they hastened through it; while the faint and tender effulgence of their preparatory Paradise which was still about them made the pine-shadows deeper and more velvety and the three little seraphs themselves to look like three little glorified glow-worms.

Very lovely were their flower faces, you may be sure; and their best clothes, new on for the occasion, were all the scarlets, blues and golds that you can imagine. Their halcyon wings* too were folded closely about them and over their chests, for it was cold, and the snow and the moonlight were of course strange to them, and a little frightening besides, and so they ran tippity-tip-toe, each carrying her harp.

Now there sat in the wood on the stump of a tree a freckled little pagan faun; he was a very little one, and he was feeling uncommon lonesome, for his family had been a bit out of it for the last year or more; and so there he sat alone, and occasionally he blew himself a few notes on his whistle for company, and between whiles he blew on his fingers to keep them warm.

Presently he saw the three little seraphs running tippity-tip-toe, and he thought that he 'd never seen anything so lovely before, and he longed to be their playmate.

"Oh, you lovely little girl nymphs," said he (for he knew no better), "where are you going to?"

"Oh, you little pagan faun," said the biggest one of the three little seraphs, "we are going to sing carols to the Babe."

"May I not come with you?" asked the little faun, ever so humbly; "I can't sing carols but I can play tunes on my whistle."

"No, indeed, you little pagan faun," replied the biggest one again, "certainly *not*;" and her two little sparkly sisters said, "*What* an idea!" and then they all ran on, more tippity-tip-toe than ever, and came to the Babe's abode.

And then there they stood up, outside in the snow, and sang their carols more clearly and sweetly than thrushes.

And this is what they thought as they were singing:—

The first one thought, "How beautifully I'm singing to-night, and how pleased the Babe will be to hear me!"

The second one thought, "How sweetly I make my harp to ring, and how happy the Babe must be listening to it!"

The third one thought, "How becoming to me are these beautiful clothes I have put on in the Babe's honour, and how he 'll clap his hands to see me!

Thus then they thought as they sang together more clearly and sweetly than thrushes.

* Seraphs' wings, it has been stated, serve no practical purpose for flying with, their position on the shoulder being destructive to equilibrity if so used.

And in the sharp blue shadow of a pine-tree sat the little faun, who had followed them there, far off and unbeknownst, and his heart was in his little pagan throat, for never had he heard such tunes or seen such flower faces in all the forest.

And when the carols were sung the biggest little seraph went to the door and knocked, and the Lady of the House, who was the Babe's Mother, opened it and stood there holding the Babe to her heart; and very sweet and kindly she looked with the firelight about her and her little son sitting, grave and sleepily grey-eyed, in her arms.

And the three little seraphs all curtseyed down to the snow, very low indeed, and then they all said together, "We wish you a merry Christmas and we hope you liked our carols."

Now as a matter of fact the Lady and the Babe hadn't heard the carols at all, not a note of 'em, though the singers had sung them more clearly and sweetly than thrushes; and this was, as the Lady knew at once and you will probably guess, because the three little self-esteeming seraphs had thought all the time only of their own sweet singing, their own sweet harping and their own lovely new clothes, and thus had rendered their music mute to those in whose honour it was intended.

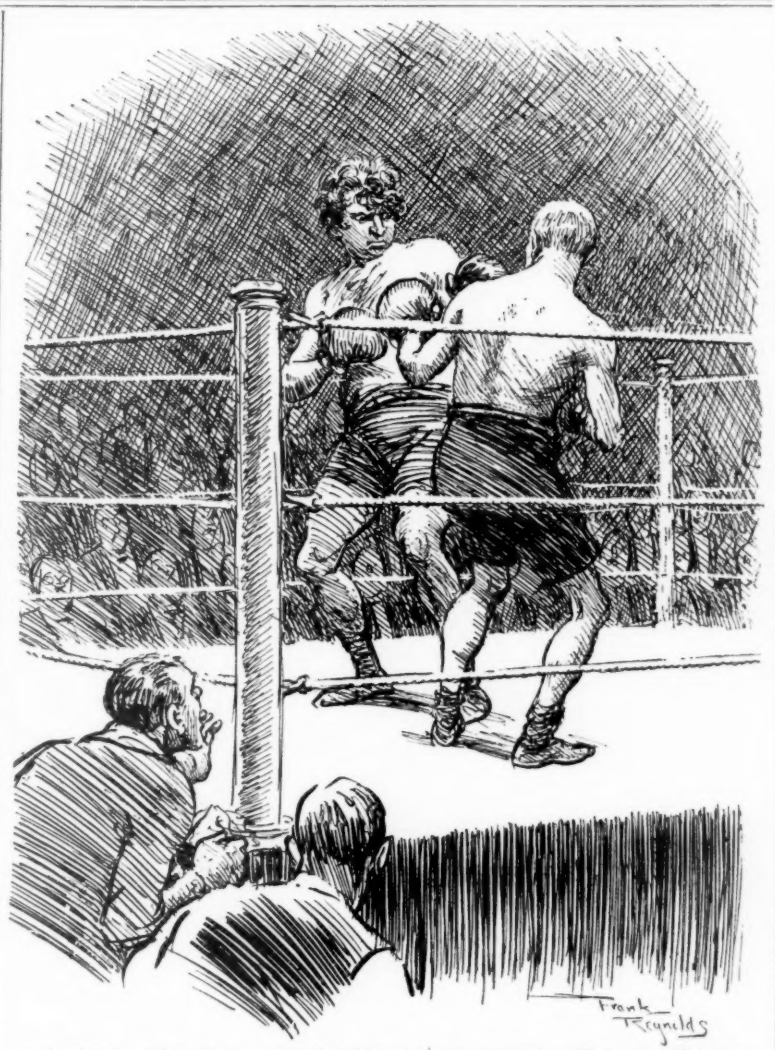
But the Lady of the House was too kind and gentle to say this, for she hated to hurt anyone, and the seraphs were really rather little darlings after all and meant very well. So she said:

"Thank you kindly, my dears;" and to her little son she said, "Say 'Thank you,'" and the Babe said "Thank you" (for he could just talk a little), speaking very clearly, gravely and politely.

And then she gave each of the three a bit of the Babe's birthday-cake, although it was a day too soon to cut it, and wished them a merry Christmas, and they ran off, tippity-tip-toe again, through the cold and the moonlit wood, their halcyon wings folded over their chests, until they came to the purple stairway, up which they ran, twinkling like stars, as fast as they 'd run down it.

And when they 'd gone and the house door was shut again, the little faun trotted timidly out of the shadows and began to blow a little tune on his whistle all about the summer and the hills of the sheep and the little woolly lambs; and as he played he thought to himself thus:—

"That was the most beautiful little boy shepherd I have ever seen, but he looks very grave, and I should love to make him laugh, so I will try very hard indeed to play my best for him, though he will think it very poor stuff after the carols."



Excited Second (to Cockney opposing Italian). "SET ABAHT 'IM, 'ERBERT. 'E LOOKS BIG, BUT IT 'S MOSTLY ICE-CREAM."

Now he hadn't played more than half his tune before the Lady came to the door of her own accord and said, "Oh, you funny little faun, please to come in out of the cold and finish the pretty tune that you are so kindly playing to us in the kitchen, where we can hear it even better."

So the faun stamped the snow off his hooves and came in and put his whistle to his lips and played his tune so merrily that the Babe laughed with delight, like robins singing; and the Lady laughed too, as gaily as a girl, tapping her foot the while in time with the music.

And when he 'd done she gave the little faun an extra big bit of birthday-cake, and he asked, "Please, my lady, mayn't I stay here for always and make tunes for the Babe to laugh at?"

And the Lady said very gently, "No, my dear, that can't be; you must go back to the wood and play your tunes to the rabbits and the shepherds and the shadows of the trees, and so help to make the world laugh and go round. But," she added, "you shall come and stay with the Babe and me when the world 's gone round often enough; and a merry Christmas to you, my dear, and thank you."

Now *you* mayn't be able to believe that the Lady promised the little pagan faun anything of the sort, but *I* can assure you that she did, and that he trotted off into the woods again, munching his cake and feeling much comforted about things, just as the clocks were striking twelve and it was Christmas Day.



Mabel. "WHAT 'S HE LIKE TO DANCE WITH?"
Doris. "NOT AT ALL BAD. HASN'T GOT MUCH TO SAY, BUT HE HUMS AWFULLY WELL."

PARLIAMENT AND THE PRESS;

Or, My Puppets and Me.

By Lord Bandersnatch.

Much, and indeed more than much, has been written on the relations existing between the politician and the journalist in recent years, and most of it seems to be based on the supposition that one of them is worse than the other. No judgment could be harsher or more untrue. I was for several years a Member of Parliament before I began to interest myself in Fleet Street and took over the management of *The Daily Excursion*, *The Sunday Peril* and (finally) *The Evening Flare*. I have been a Cabinet Minister. I have dined with Cabinet Ministers and then overthrown them. I have overthrown them and then dined with them afterwards. Sometimes I have actually overthrown them during the soup. So I know.

At the time when the offer of *The Daily Excursion* came to me I had just been placed in quarantine as a carrier of spino-meningitis germs. When I was released I went on a black Saturday winter evening to consult Lord Brothermere on the venture. His summing up amounted to this:—

"You have just been released from being a carrier of spino-meningitis germs. Why not buy shares in *The Daily Excursion?*"

I took his advice. Almost at once it began to do me good.

My own view of the proper relations between Fleet Street and Westminster ever since that day has been this:—that the normal attitude of the Press towards the politician must be one of severely hostile criticism when it appears that political leaders are going wrong, and of telling them that they are merely following the orders of *The Daily Excursion* when they happen to go right.

To take a case. Shortly after the War I was lunching with Lord B——D, Mr. W——N C——L and Mr. L——D G——E. (At that time these statesmen were all in friendly relations with me, though at other times they have all of them quarrelled so bitterly with me during the course of a meal that they have laid down their knives and forks and refused to go on.) Lord B——D happened to mention that the financial state of the country was so serious that the wolf was practically at the door. Mr. W——N C——L said that it was already at the door. Mr. L——D G——E said that he could hear it scratching with its front feet. I agreed with them, and immediately published leading articles in *The Daily Excursion* and *The Sunday Peril*, saying that the wolf could be heard scratching at the door, and that *The Daily Excursion* and *The Sunday Peril* had been the first to hear it and inform the world of the fact. How right this warning proved the public now knows.

But now to take a totally different case. A great battle between *The Daily Excursion* and the Government arose some time ago over the importation into this country of live Canadian cattle. This battle about cattle began at the end of 1920. I considered the case of Canadian cattle and wrote leading articles about them. I saw perfectly clearly that there was a ban or embargo on Canadian cattle which prevented them from coming alive into this country, and if the ban or embargo were to be removed these live cattle would be able to come in. I felt exceedingly sorry for them and espoused

their cause. I decided that whether or no the Government meant to let this ban or embargo go, go it should. It went.

Thus I won the day for the cattle of Canada and a grave imperial menace was averted.

All this time the circulation of *The Daily Excursion* had been growing by leaps and bounds. At first this proved very annoying, as the rise in circulation was due not to Canadian cattle but to English horses, the running of which our expert tipster foretold so well that many backers became millionaires and all the bookmakers were in tears. The following Table will give some idea of our successes:—

June 1920		Circulation
2nd	6 losers	40
3rd	Nil	400
4th	5 losers	40,000
5th	Sunday	
6th	4 losers	400,000
7th	No selections given	40
8th	3 losers	400,000
9th	1 winner	800,000
10th	No selections given	1,000,000

The run of luck ceased as suddenly and inexplicably as it had begun, and everyone in Boot Lane heaved a sigh of relief. It is impossible to deal seriously with politics when a newspaper is being bought for the sake of betting alone.

Nevertheless I still continued to dine with Mr. L——D G——E and Mr. W——N C——L and Lord B——D, or to refuse to dine with them when I happened to disagree with their policies. Whenever I dined with them *The Morning Post* and *The Manchester Guardian* peeped in at the window and said that I was hatching a plot with them. Whenever I refused to dine, it was stated that I had a vendetta against these men.

Occasionally, it is true, they may have asked for my support in the Press for some political campaign. Occasionally I may have refused it. But there was no truth in the vendetta idea or in the plot accusation. I have never hatched out a vendetta nor incubated a plot in my life. I have merely overthrown Governments or else forborne to overthrow. I remember on one occasion, at the Borstal Club, that Mr. L——D G——E complained that the shoulder of mutton was a little rare. I had it removed instantly. Next time that he dined the joint was perfect and we were as amicable as ever. *The Manchester Guardian*, which was lurking under the table, made a great deal of this incident. I only mention it here to show the absurdity of such baseless insinuations.

Amongst policies that I have consistently opposed I must particularly enumerate rash intervention in the Near East, Zionism, the duty on eye-glasses and silk stockings, Mr. BALDWIN's settlement of the American debt, and advertisements on our outside page. *The Daily Excursion* gives its readers news on the front page and pictures on the back. The tremendous self-sacrifice that this means may be judged when I mention that several of the leading drapers of London came to me one morning and begged me on their knees to allow them to advertise on the outside sheet. Shortly after this I went for a lonely walk and came to a place where two roads met. I seemed to see in front of me a great choice, like that presented to Hercules in the old Greek legend. After a long struggle I chose the way of keeping the front page clear of advertisements, and I have never since regretted it. What my readers think of this decision the circulation figures of *The Daily Excursion* prove.

In conclusion let me say that I have no feud whatever with Mr. BALDWIN. The only point about Mr. BALDWIN is that he is always wrong and I am always right. Mr. BALDWIN may have a feud with me, though I hope and think he has not. But I have none whatever with him. Absolutely none whatever. Ab-so-lutely none whatever.

EVOE.



Taxi-driver (who has collided with two-seater). "LUMME! IF I 'D A-KNOWN AS *you* WAS AHT TO-DAY I 'D 'AVE STOPPED AT 'OME."

CANDOUR AND CONSOLATION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I confess to having found considerable difficulty in attuning my spirit to the proper pitch of Christmas merriment in view of the pessimistic pronouncement of Colonel GEORGE HARVEY, lately the American ambassador to the Court of St. James's, on the perilous condition of British trade and finance and the improbability of any revival or restoration of our prosperity. The cry of "England is Done" is echoed or only faintly disputed in certain widely circulated English newspapers, though you, Mr. Punch, have been immune from the infection and have refused to allow yourself to be stampeded into national self-disparagement or despair. And, quite apart from your example, I have now been reconverted to optimism by the startling evidence of the compatriots of our sternest critic. England may be decadent and impoverished, but there are still some things that we manage better than in the great Republic.

The *Tu quoque* method is always undesirable, but here it is not necessary; the critic is answered by the admissions of his own countrymen. America is enormously rich and prosperous, but she "is the most lawless nation on earth." The homicide rate of the United States is "nine times that of England and Wales . . . Robbery is thirty-six times as prevalent in New York as it is in London. In Chicago it is one hundred times as prevalent as it is in London." The financial loss through the operations of criminals in the United States at the lowest estimate —three billion dollars per annum—"is practically equivalent to all the expenditure of the Federal Government." That crime "has become an established business" has been officially declared by the City Council of Chicago. "It is centralized, organized, and commercialized. It is as steady a business as the automobile industry."

Mr. LAWRENCE VEILLER, from whose article on "The Rising Tide of Crime" in *The World's Work* of New York, the above extracts are taken, in discussing the explanation of this great outbreak, dismisses the view that it is due to the War. A Committee of the American Bar Association have reported that they were not able to discover that crimes of violence had materially increased in France, England or Canada during or since the War, "though the effects of the War must be more marked in these countries." The real explanation, in Mr. VEILLER's view, is to be found in (1) increasing luxury of the people, the disinclination of the present generation to exert themselves in honest industry, and the constant need that youth has at the present time for money; (2) the failure of the law and its administration to bring criminals to justice; (3) the inability of public opinion to distinguish between the professional criminal and the casual offender; (4) the absence of any effective control of the manufacture or sale of revolvers; (5) the use of high-powered stolen motor-cars by burglars and crooks.

And this leads up to the most remarkable piece of candour in the whole article:—

"There are hundreds of thousands of persons in the United States who believe that the President should call a great International Disarmament Conference, and that America should persuade France, England, Germany and the other nations of Europe of the desirability of disarmament. Might it not be appropriate for this country to take a humbler attitude, and, before telling the older nations of the world what they should do, to practise a bit of what it preaches? If we believe so strongly in disarmament, why not begin at home and disarm our civil population? . . . When this has been done it will be time enough to talk about disarming the other nations of the world."

The World's Work is not alone in its candid disclosures of "the rising tide of crime" in America. The subject is treated with equal seriousness by Mr. MCCLURE in *McClure's Magazine*. But please don't imagine, Mr. Punch, that I take any special pleasure from these admissions that all is not for the best in the best of all possible Republics. It is merely that they bring home to us the consoling reflection that in spite of our troubles and worries, in spite of Russian boots and Rima, the rising tide of rates and taxes, the recrudescence of the Tango and the bestiality of our climate, we still enjoy, thanks to our courts of justice and to Robert the ubiquitous and indispensable, a measure of security denied to the richest nation upon earth.

Years ago an attempt was made to carry out an informal religious census in London, and one old woman described herself as "a moderate Hatheist." Being on the side of the angels I content myself with the adjective and subscribe myself, dear Mr. Punch, with deep respect, Yours faithfully,

MODERATE OPTIMIST.

A Popular Official.

"The arrangements for the meeting had been ably made by Mrs. ——, the local treasure."
Provincial Paper.

"A LONDON ARCHBISHOP.

One of the characteristic features of the Central London streets is the provision of islands in the middle of the torrent of traffic. In Trafalgar Square the number is so great that they might be called an archipelagoa."
Irish Paper.

Not very good; but better than calling them an archbishop.

INSULARS ABROAD.

IV.—*Billard.*

WE were walking along the Grands Boulevards the other night when we saw written up: "Grand Billiard Match at 9 P.M." Percival stopped instantly. He has rather fancied himself as a billiard fan ever since his "rooting" one evening for INMAN caused such a sensation in police-court circles. Then we read "Entrance free." Now "free" sounds to Percival like a trumpet-call to a war-horse. He plunged forward, while I tried to point out that there must be a catch in it somewhere; for I cannot believe there is really such a word as "free" for the Englishman in Paris. I showed him that "*Consommation Obligatoire*" was written underneath. But Percival simply whizzed into the doorway all the quicker. Now I come to think of it, to be told it is obligatory to have a drink would hardly act as a deterrent to a fellow like Percival. I followed him in.

"We can do all this on the cheap, old man," he panted as we dashed up miles of stairway. "A small Bock for a franc and all the rest of the show for nothing, old man."

At a doorway on the second floor an official abruptly sold us two tickets at five francs each. We said, "Wasn't it free?" He replied that it was and that the tickets were for the "*consommations obligatoires.*"

"Never mind, old man," said Percival with a poor show of reluctance. "If we 've got to have five Bocks we 'll have them."

We entered a room full of mysterious shadows, religious stillness and people saying "Sh-h" at us. I thought at first we must be in a private cathedral, and as we took our places in the semi-darkness the impression deepened. In the centre of the nave was a small billiard-table in a pool of light. In the centre of the billiard-table were three billiard-balls, all extremely close together. Sitting casually half on and half off the table was an enormously fat man. He was gently poking at the balls with a small cue held almost vertically. Each time he gave a poke the balls trembled slightly together. The shadows and the silence enfolded us.

Presently Percival noticed rather a beautiful window in the south transept with "Bar" written up over it. Then someone called out a number and instinctively Percival began to fumble along the ledge of the pew for a hymn-book. He found instead a glass of beer. Instinctively also he had raised it halfway to his lips when, without a word, a hand appeared out of the darkness at his side and took it from him.



First Musician (to second ditto). "'KING WENCESLAS' DON'T SEEM TO BE THE DRAW IT USED TO BE. 'OW D' YER THINK IT WOULD BE TO SYNKERPATE IT?"

The silence deepened. The fat man was still poking gently at the balls, but had slightly changed the position of his left hand.

After a while a churchwarden tiptoed past, and Percival—very irreverently I thought—ordered two Bocks. It seemed all very wrong somehow. The churchwarden brought our Bocks, but took both our tickets away. The Bocks, he explained in an English whisper—very garlicised English—were five francs each for the first order; but of course we could order again for only one franc if we wished. I had known there would be a catch somewhere, but Percival was quite indignant and said he was going to complain to the Bishop or whoever was responsible. Then the religious peace descended once more, broken only by Percival in trouble with his froth.

Suddenly Falstaff—the fat man—swore; an umpire appeared in the limelight, decided that two balls were touching, and separated them to different spots. A wave of excitement swept the pews at this. Bets were apparently being made. We got quite worked up too, and Percival bet me that Falstaff would get in off the red. I bet he wouldn't—and won. I just managed to get the money off Percival before he realised that the table, being French, had no pockets. I ordered two more Bocks on the strength of it, and got

them at one franc this time, thus bringing the price of our drinks down to an average of three francs each.

After a while Falstaff failed, and his opponent came to the table. During Falstaff's innings he'd apparently been hobnobbing with the lads at the bar and a boy had to be sent out for him. He was thin and saturnine and we named him Mephistopheles. Certainly he could use the black arts. I have never seen billiard balls achieve more impossible cannons and yet gather cheerily round for the next. Percival got so enthusiastic that he applauded by rapping with his glass—and the waiter brought us two more Bocks.

Falstaff reappeared in due course, and Mephistopheles with an air of relief went back to his drink and to tell the lads another one he'd just thought of. Breathing heavily, Falstaff made sixty-eight cannons in succession; and we had two more Bocks, thus getting them down to two francs each. We felt we were doing the management in the eye. Percival was trying to work out in his head how many we would have to drink to get them at a reasonable figure, and I began to get quite keen on it too. I ordered a couple more, and Percival got some writing-paper from the waiter to calculate it all out on.

An hour later Mephistopheles was in play with 397 to Falstaff's 349, and we had got our Bocks by sheer hard work down to $1\frac{1}{2}$ francs. Mephistopheles' play now seemed more wonderful than ever. Percival said he'd never seen anyone make a cannon off two red balls at the same time.

By midnight Bocks were being quoted at about $1\frac{1}{3}$ francs, and Percival, under the impression that a game of snooker pool was in progress, was trying to join in; so I took him home.

Next morning at a late hour we decided that French billiards is too exhausting a game to watch very often.

A. A.

Commercial Candour.

Extracts from trade circulars:—

"Nothing will be found lacking in to-day's offers to lower the standard of quality for which the Firm has been famous for more than a century."

"Our charges are commensurate to quality given, and can be safely assumed to be the lowest in the district."

"Dr. —— and Dr. —— both referred to the importance of damp, low-lying houses."
Provincial Magazine.

Speaking from a strictly professional point of view, of course.

THE HEART OF BURGLAR BILL.

I HAVE missed an old friend this Yuletide, and it has saddened me, for the merry merry Yule is the time of all others at which one expects to meet with old friends. Perhaps you know the old friend I mean. It is that story of the Christmas burglar whose heart is softened by—— But I 'll give you my own version of it.

It was Christmas Eve, and everywhere the world lay white and silent under a stainless mantle of snow. Golders Green looked as innocent as Peckham Rye; there was nothing to choose between Wandsworth and Streatham Hill. All the window-panes were dimmed with frost, and icicles hung from all the eaves; in fact, it was the sort of Christmas which in these hopelessly modern days is nowhere to be found except on old-fashioned Christmas-cards.

And everywhere the spirit of Christmas held sway, excepting only in the heart of Burglar Bill. One season was like another to him; it took more than a fall of snow and a hard frost to thaw *his* heart, and to-night of all nights he was cracking a crib.

Outside the multi-windowed mansion of a multi-millionaire, Burglar Bill paused and smiled grimly, for one of the multi-windows was unfastened. If you have multi-windows to your mansion, it is so easy to leave one of them unfastened when you go to bed.

"Careless," muttered Burglar Bill to himself, "very careless." And he thought of his own snug little home in Hampstead, with burglar-proof fastenings to all the windows, upon which all his various professional friends had tried their skill in vain. Not that they baffled *him*. He always made a point of burgling his way in when he went home after the evening's work, just to keep his hand in. His wife was quite used to it. In fact she expected it, and one night, when he forgot his jemmy and had to use his latch-key, she screamed until the police came.

With a sigh of the artist confronted with unworthy material, Burglar Bill gently raised the window and insinuated himself into the multi-millionaire's mansion, only to find himself confronted by a locked door.

But Bill throve on locked doors; they were meat and drink to him. To open sixteen of them was to him the work of a moment, and he found himself in the bedroom of the multi-millionaire, face to face with the safe.

Again Burglar Bill smiled grimly to himself, for he was the master cracksman of his age. Could any safe resist him? It could not. Was there a single diamond necklace in all Poplar that was safe from him? There was not. This would be mere child's play.

In the luxurious bed the multi-millionaire lay sleeping loudly to himself, surfeited with too many millions. In fact he was sleeping so loudly that, as Burglar Bill sat with his ear to the door of the safe, twiddling the combination lock as he had seen them do on the movies, the faint tinkle which was to tell him that out of the four-hundred-and-seventy-three-million combinations he had miraculously found the right one was entirely inaudible.

Bill looked round at the multi-millionaire, more in sorrow than in anger.

"Hush," he said. "Please—*please*."

But the multi-millionaire continued to sleep out loud, and with a sigh Burglar Bill slipped off his coat. Skill had failed, now he would have to try brute force.

Tumbling his burgling tools out on the floor, he selected a hammer and a cold chisel, and set doggedly to work. The noise was terrific; it even awak-



"THE NOISE WAS TERRIFIC; IT EVEN AWAKENED THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE."

ened the multi-millionaire. He sat up in bed.

"Hallo!" he said.

Burglar Bill rose to his feet and took off his cap, for he had been nicely brought up.

"Good evening, guv'nor," he said.

"Who are you?" asked the multi-millionaire, not unreasonably.

Burglar Bill picked up a crow-bar and, crossing the room, assumed his best bedside manner.

"Only a poor burglar, guv'nor," he said. "Sorry to have woke you up, guv'nor," he added handsomely.

"Not at all," said the multi-millionaire, mollified—for there is nothing that softens multi-millionaires like politeness, unless it is champagne. "But, you know, you're making an awful mess of that safe."

"I know, guv'nor," said Burglar Bill. "I was cracking it."

"You're *bending* it very badly," said the multi-millionaire with the first touch of severity in his tone. "But never mind. I don't like to see you put to so much trouble. The key word is Maria. The name of my long-dead wife," he added in justification.

The multi-millionaire sighed. So did Burglar Bill. His wife's name was Maria, and she was still alive.

"Thank you, guv'nor," he said.

"That's all right," said the multi-millionaire. "You'll find it much easier."

The multi-millionaire sighed again as he turned over in bed and addressed himself once more to the task of broadcasting his slumbers. But not before he had privily pressed the jewelled bell-push which hung beside his pillow.

Burglar Bill straightened the safe out a little and soon twisted the letters of the combination round to the required word. He thought sentimentally of his wife as he did it; in fact his heart began quite perceptibly to soften on the spot. He hardened it again with an effort.

The door of the safe swung open, creaking a little, for it was buckled rather, and, plunging his hands into the interior, Bill drew forth a glittering tangle of diamond necklaces.

But just as he was about to stuff them into his pocket and do a quick get-away he heard a step in the corridor outside. Cold perspiration broke out all over him. He stood as if transfixed as the door slowly opened . . .

But it was no uniformed minion of the law who entered; it was not even a liveried flunkey. For there, blinking in the sudden light and clutching her nightgown with one baby hand, was a lit-tel golden-haired che-ild.

Burglar Bill reeled slightly and passed his hand across his eyes. He knew that the game was up; he had not been to the movies for nothing.

Across the carpet came the little pattering feet.

"Is oo Santa Claus?" said the little one, looking up into Burglar Bill's grim face with trusting eyes.

Burglar Bill trembled in every limb, unable to say a word. His heart was now completely fluid.

"Oh, pitty, pitty!" said the golden-haired tot, stretching out her hands for the glittering swag. "Santa Claus give to little Dowis."



"THERE, CLUTCHING HER NIGHTGOWN WITH ONE BALY HAND, WAS A LIT-TEL GOLDEN-HAIRED CHE-ILD."

With a sob in his throat Burglar Bill dropped the shining strings into the little hands and, turning, dashed out into the night, crying like a child.

* * * * *

The next morning the multi-millionaire was awakened by an obsequious valet.

"Oh, Henry," he said, "there was another burglar here last night. I see he's left a lot of things lying about. Careless of him. Please gather them up; and, oh, yes, order a new safe, will you? And you might just get all those diamonds and things back from Miss Doris as usual. She might swallow some of them. Is my bath ready?"

L. DU G.

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

XX.—A DREAM OF FAIR CREATURES.

IT may or may not be difficult to see the wood for the trees, but when one is on an official Mission it is almost impossible to see the sights for the photographers. When we had travelled some two thousand miles in Australia some members of the Mission complained that they had not yet seen a rabbit. But this is because they will go about in a queue of motor-cars, drinking in each other's dust and swarming with mayors and camera-men; if they had slipped away sometimes with George and me and crawled about on foot through the bush and sat placid on the tops of little hills in the sun and gazed over the next ten thousand miles of Australia, they would have seen a rabbit quite soon.

We saw the first rabbit and the first "goanna" and the first laughing jackass, and we ate the first orange in an orange-grove, while the rest of the Mission were charging round experimental farms in motor-cars, destroying the crops with dust.

"Oranges!" The very word is like a bell. When I look back to England and the Strand and those vast shopwindows of the Dominions I remember nothing but apples. The one imperial fact I knew in London was that apples were grown about the Empire—apples as large as moons, as rosy as the sun and twice as shiny.

But till I came here I never knew that oranges were grown in Australia—grove after grove of them. And here in this little suburban garden are two or three trees of them, and lemon-trees too, preposterously blossoming and fruiting at the same time. And George is at this moment having a bath in an Australian orange. What a country!

Then there are the *kookaburras*.

Is this a little incoherent? Well, I am sleepy, and I have been dozing in the sun. And I dreamed a dream of all the strange animals and birds and flowers that I have seen from time to time in this Elysian island—not singly and in different States, as I have seen them, but jumbled deliciously together. Oh, dear, how sleepy I am! Oh, dear, how glorious are the suns of Adelaide, likewise her daughters! What a country!

And what a burden is the trade of writing!

But I dreamed of a beautiful garden, a garden like some small edition of Kew,



(*The Girl's Parents have agreed that they must remonstrate with her on some minor backsliding.*)
Mother. "I CAN'T SPEAK TO HER—YOU MUST DO IT."
Father. "NO, *you* MUST. DASH IT, SHE ISN'T THE COOK!"

only that the palms and tropicalities need not be kept in hot-houses, and here there is no gardener kept, for you cannot get gardeners in Australia except at the salary of princes, and then there are few offers; so the Doctor rises in the dawn and is busy in his Eden before the day's work, and his rock-garden would cause a sensation at Kew.

But there, in this country you have only to look at a vacant piece of ground for ten minutes and up comes an orange-tree; look ten minutes longer and up comes a newspaper man; stay there till sunset and there will be a race-course, and by the end of the week a flourishing township with four or five mayors and a bulging savings-bank. So I wandered in the garden and picked a grape-fruit and ate quantities of loquats; and the Doctor whistled four times softly, and a parrot answered him—a wild parrot, mark you. And he showed me hemp-trees, and flax-trees, and a pink wistaria, and mesembriembrianthemums, and the Aurora Borealis, and the Lord knows what.

But I was most excited because in the dusk the 'possums come out and play about the roof. And this is just outside a State capital—shall we say about Richmond? So we went out for a pic-nic into the green hills behind, though they will not long be green, for the summer is coming; and on the way we killed a great black snake lying in the road. And there were crowds of jolly young men and lovely young women and understanding elders.

We built fires in the bush and boiled tea in a "billy," and grilled chops. And it was extraordinarily uncomfortable and pleasant because of the ants and the prickly corkscrews, which are a kind of seedling from the wild geranium or something. They are the length of needles and just as sharp; they fasten in your clothes and screw themselves slowly in, till at last you receive a sharp prick in the stern. There was a large rubbery tarantula in one of the boughs we plucked for the fire; and we sat about and talked horse-racing, which is the one serious subject of discussion in Australia. The marvellous horse "Manfred," for example, which can beat anything if it will only start; but racing bores him, and as often as not he refuses to start at all; but he won the Sydney Derby after being left a furlong behind at the start owing to a display of petulence and independence.

Well, there it is; so we walked about the bush, not in crowds now, but almost in couples. I walked with George for a little, and we scrambled through some real thick jungle in order to taste the sensations of the pioneer—no, that was Tasmania. Never mind, there were huge tree-ferns and towering gum-trees, and we fought our way, and kept falling over logs, and lost ourselves.

George had just been hearing the details about Australian snakes, and as I struggled ahead through the tangle he would murmur casually "The Tiger Snake leaps upon its prey from afar," or "The Black Snake travels at twenty miles an hour, and after the bite of the Death Adder a man dies in agony in ten minutes." So when we emerged into the open I changed companions and walked with a maiden. We picked eucalyptus leaves and burrowed into an ant-hill standing three feet from the ground. Then we saw my first "*goanna*," or "*iguana*," which is just

like a baby dragon or a colossal lizard. It was scaly and four feet "over all," and it ran up a tree and put out its tongue at us. Jolly green parrots flew chattering across our path, also rosellas and blueys, I expect, but the Lord knows which is which. The birds in a strange country should always wear labels. But I know that there were *galahs*—no, that was in New South Wales; all the same, they are large parroty creatures in pink and grey, and they fly about in "mobs."

The big black-and-white ibis is amusing too, and you never saw so many magpies as there are in this country. The magpie should be the national bird of Australia, and not the emu, for I have never seen him—except a tame one, and he was quite ridiculous.

So we walked on together, and suddenly there was a great burst of laughter. It was a crowd of laughing jackasses, laughing heartily at me. You thought they were quadrupeds, and so did I; but they are not. They are the *kookaburra*, and the *kookaburra* is a charming bird. It kills snakes. It picks up the snake and carries it a great way into the air and drops it. And, if it is not dead, then it picks it up and drops it again. And so on. . . .

I sat in the verandah with the peach-blossom shimmering below; there were two tame *kookaburras* in the garden with their wings clipped; and the wild ones came down every morning and sat in the pear-tree and laughed at them. They have great wise heads, like Mr. ASQUITH, and I love them. So the sun fell swiftly, and we sat on a slope over a stream and drank Sauterne in the dusk. The plates slid down the hill-side, we fed on tinned asparagus, and the mosquitoes on our ankles. The soft Australian night descended to the deafening noise of the cricket and the stentorian bellow of the bull-frog; and what with the hush of Nature and the roar of homing motor-cars we went home too at a great many miles an hour. That was the dream, or more or less. What a country!

And George says, "Whatever you do, you *must* eat Australian oranges."

A. P. H.

The Scourge.

Though foot-and-mouth may still prevail
We 'll beat it by-and-by,
If we assail it tooth-and-nail
And smite it hip-and-thigh.

"Turnip Pull.ng; Man wanted by the acre."
Provincial Paper.

An out-size man seems to be indicated. We wonder if the *Giant* from *Jack and the Beanstalk* would oblige?



"IF YER CAN'T CHUCK SOMETHINK IN THE 'AT, BUZZ ORF. THIS AIN'T ART FER ART'S SIKE."

PRETENCE.

WHEN Nurse and I went out to-day,
The most exciting walk we had,
Although she 'd chosen just the way
I like the least—it seemed too bad!
But, just as I was thinking that,
There came a Lion up behind
And smiled—much wider than our cat—
And after that I didn't mind.

For soon a humpy Camel passed
And winked so kindly, going by;
And then two Eagles, flapping fast,
Flew overhead; and presently
A Tiger peeped out through a fence,
Quite fierce, you know, but *feeling* tame!
Nurse would have said they were Pretence;
But, even if they *were*, they CAME.



The Girl. "IT'S QUEER, BUT I SEEM TO HAVE A FATAL ATTRACTION FOR LITTLE MEN. WHY DO THEY WANT TO DANCE WITH ME?"

Little Man (annoyed). "I CAN'T ANSWER FOR THE OTHERS. IN MY CASE IT'S TO CURE MYSELF OF STOOPING."

TOOTH AND LAW.

[The Court of Appeal has decided that the owner of a cat is not liable if it eats the neighbour's pigeons unless the cat can be shown to have acted "contrary to its nature."]

My pussy of the velvet paw,
The silky coat, the milky mewling—
Can such, I ask, provoke the law
Or fall beneath its austere ruling?

I mark thee snoozing on the mat
With half-closed eye and pensive whisker;
"Surely," I cry, "no fighting cat
Lies there, no amatory frisker!

"Not thine the voice I know so well
That mocks the stars my roof-tree's ridge on;
Oh, say not thine the talon fell
That covets Brown my neighbour's pigeon!"

Alas! what boots it to ignore
Facts that would floor the stoutest doubter?
Thou art a hardened carnivore;
Thy favourite meal is pigeons, pouter.

Must I then grieve, and thou depart
Pent in a sack with bricks to sink it?
Shall I invoke the BORGIA's art,
Poison thy milk and watch thee drink it?

Or pay, alternatively, much
Money for murder foully done to
Modenas, Jacobins and such,
That my lean purse will never run to?

Not so. The Court—three Solons wise
As ever decked a judicature—
Hold that no action can arise
Unless thou go'st agin thy nature;

That cats, though deemed domestic beasts,
Nor classed with stenches, fire and water,
Are prone to make *al-fresco* feasts
Of poultry, which they didn't oughter.

Wherefore—the law 's as clear as light—
It 's up to Brown, whose squabs you gobbled,
To keep his tumblers wired in tight
Or stand the loss should they be nobbled.

Then purr, my puss, beside the hob;
The law is on our side, my treasure;
And, when it 's dark, steal forth and rob
The neighbours' pigeon-lofts at leisure.

But oh, beware, my pretty one,
Lest Brown, when you arrive to steal his
Birds, should be waiting with a gun;
For then the law is "*caveat felis.*"

ALGOL.

For the Army of the Rhine.

IF the good work done by the Y.M.C.A. in Cologne is to be continued in Wiesbaden, to which our Army of the Rhine is moving, a sum of £6,000 will be needed to allow them to carry on. The fine service of the Y.M.C.A. in the War is not forgotten, and Mr. Punch cannot believe that this sum will not be readily subscribed by those at home who appreciate the great help that has been given to our young soldiers by the Y.M.C.A. in maintaining in a Continental garrison city the best traditions of the Army. He has sincere pleasure in supporting the appeal of PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA and begs his readers to send a New Year's gift, earmarked for the service of the Army of the Rhine, to Lord ASKWITH, Hon. Treasurer, Y.M.C.A. Headquarters, Tottenham Court Road, W.C.1.



SISYPHUS VI.

M. DOUMER (*Minister of Finance, at the time of going to press*). "HELP!"
FRENCH TAXPAYER. "I'LL DO ANYTHING IN REASON, BUT I WON'T SHOVE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 21st.—Would the CHAIRMAN of the Kitchen Committee (a Member asked) endeavour to call the attention of Members to Empire tobacco "in some striking way"? Alas, the CHAIRMAN was absent. Had he been advertising Empire tobacco by smoking it himself and been struck down in the discharge of his duty?

Except that Empire tobacco is admittedly excellent—I smoke it myself—Members might have feared the worst, recalling the case of the young man of Braemar who lit an offensive cigar. As he cast it from sight he asked "Am I right?" and they answered "You certainly are."

Was the POSTMASTER-GENERAL aware, another member inquired, that traders were gravely dissatisfied over the belated delivery of "unsealed letters stamped a halfpenny"? The POSTMASTER-GENERAL thought that communications of this class were being delivered quite as promptly as need be. Public opinion will be solidly behind him.

It is right and proper that a *soupçon* of the pantomime spirit should inform the deliberations of the House when it is on the point of going home to dress up as Father Christmas. Mr. CLYNES, in the rôle of *Joey*, suddenly applying the red-hot poker, was a novelty; and Mr. NEIL MACLEAN, flitting about up stage like a hirsute Harlequin, gave a meritorious performance. It all arose out of the unwillingness of the Labour Party to commit itself on the Mosul question. Mr. CLYNES besought the PRIME MINISTER to turn his Resolution into a Motion to Adjourn, which would enable the Opposition to oppose, without actually voting for or against, the proposed Mosul Treaty. Mr. BALDWIN, satisfied that a solid vote of the House in its favour at this moment would largely discount the bellowings of certain inspired news organs, regretfully declined. Pointing out that the League's decision had compelled the question to be debated on the eve of the adjournment, he explained that, like football, the Parliamentary game was never over till the whistle blew. Mr. CLYNES retorted that the Government were using the Opposition as the football and announced that he would withdraw his team from the field. Here was a Harlequinade indeed!

The team however decided to play a little game of its own, and announced its intention of debating and dividing on all of the hundred and thirty-one Lords' Amendments to the Rating Bill. The "filibuster" proceeded, Messrs. LANSBURY, MACLEAN, JACK JONES, SAKLATVALA and others taking the floor *seriatim*. How much better some people speak when they are talking for the sake of talking than when speech and cerebration are supposed to be going hand-in-hand! Mr. LANSBURY sparkled; Mr. JACK JONES quoted the Classics with the practised ease of a University Public Orator; Mr. SAKLATVALA was almost coherent.

Mr. MACLEAN, forgetting whether he was centre-forward or the ball, had previously endeavoured, without success, to dribble himself past the SPEAKER. He arose on some point of order, only to be told that he must wait until the question, then in the act of being put, was well and truly put. Mr. MACLEAN waited courteously, and then arose to put his point, only to be greeted with shouts of "Hat!" There was no hat. Mr. MACLEAN'S abundant hair stood still further on end with indignation, but no hat arrived to shelter it from the rude breeze of mirth that played about it.

Time was called to the obstruction game by a Motion to adjourn the debate, and Mr. CLYNES, looking very much like an angry goose leading her young towards the village pond, amid derisive shouts from the village urchins, stalked from the chamber, his followers pacing funereally at his heels.

The debate proceeded. Mr. BALDWIN explained Mosul. One or two Liberals uttered half-hearted remonstrances or approved as the case might be. Mr. AMERY finished explaining. The House by a vote of 239 to 4 resolved that public opinion is still mightier than the syndicated pen.

Tuesday, December 22nd.—The intellectual sausage-man who advertised his wares as "linked sweetness long drawn out," was possibly thinking of the last day of a Parliamentary Session. To-day the Opposition sniffed the ingredients added by the "Other Place" to those "three bags full" of mystery"—the Rating, Criminal Justice and Tithe Bills—and found them bad, but not so bad that the taste might not be removed by Christmas pudding. With the Clydesiders already "awa'" to where Hogmanay stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops, it was left to gallant little Wales to strike a last gesture for the municipal trader and the drunken motorist, hereafter to be automatically delicensed. Mr. MARDY (*Gras*) JONES, who does not look the sort of man to let a mince-pie or two stand between him and a spectacular finish to twelve months of happy opposition, led the depleted ranks of the eloquent; but he too has a heart, and left off in due time; and four o'clock brought the end of a useful if not a perfect Session.

Parliament was then prorogued until Tuesday, February 2nd, when we may expect livelier if not better proceedings.



A PRETTY PAIR OF SHOES.

Captain WEDGWOOD BENN *(in Mr.* LLOYD GEORGE'S *shoe).* "UP, CLYNES, AND AT 'EM!'

Mr. CLYNES *(in Mr.* RAMSAY MACDONALD'S *shoe).* "NO, I'M ALL FOR A QUIET LIFE." *(Hoists the white flag.)*

LAYS OF LEARNING.

VI.—THE CRIB.

HE said we used a crib.
It did no good to fib.
He 'd all the proof he needed:
He used the same as we did.

G. B.

"In the mess at Portsmouth one day someone waved a red handkerchief, and a few men sank 'The Red Flag.'"—*Daily Paper.*

Much the best thing to do with it.

At an orchestral concert:—

"Herr —— gave a coherent rending of the score, and he certainly made the most of the patches which approximate to normal music making."—*Scots Paper.*

Far better than tearing it up altogether.

A MATTER OF JUSTICE.

Now, at the mournful close of another year, the Great Railway Controversy is with us again. I mean to say that it is with me.

Three weeks ago I journeyed to the well-known university town of X——. I journeyed with Gregory: a rotten thing to do, but there was no help for it. We travelled by what I propose to call the London and Nearly Everlasting Railway, and bought return tickets at one and the same moment in the Central Booking Hall, or Monster Seat-Securing Palace, or whatever it is called. The purchase was attended by no unusual incident. We poked our piece of paper like a lettuce under the wires and the rabbit did the rest.

On the way home from X—— I lost the return half of my ticket. A man on the platform at X—— had previously inspected and damaged it. I suppose that I dropped the débris on the platform. At any rate, when a second man travelling on the train demanded it from me, it was nowhere to be found. If there is any predicament sillier than that of a passenger on a train who is unable to produce his ticket, it can only be experienced in dreams.

What I tried to do was to put on the appearance of a genial English gentleman immersed in grave cares—I was as a matter of fact helping Gregory to do a cross-word puzzle—a gentleman not forgetful by nature nor absent-minded, tolerantly amused by a piece of unnecessary official-dom with which it was scarcely essential that (considering his status) he should have to comply. That attitude did not last for very long. When I had searched about fourteen times in every pocket, and stood up and shaken myself like a dog, and looked on the rack and under the seat, and humoured Gregory's and the ticket-collector's suggestions as to my having other pockets which did not really exist, and demolished rather indignantly Gregory's final insinuation that I had put the thing in the lining of my hat, I became conscious that the other people in the carriage were staring rather scornfully at me. People in railway carriages, I grant, have a habit of staring rather scornfully at their fellow-passengers for no very obvious reason. I once knew a lady, rather shy and not very well off, who, when she had been stared at a sufficiently long time by other ladies in pearl necklaces and real silk stockings and soft furs derived from all the rarer North American mammals, used to pull out from under her coat a little card which she wore attached to its lining. On this was printed:

I HAVE BEEN PRESENTED AT COURT.
HAVE YOU?

But there is no remedy for the social pariah who is being stared at because he has lost his railway-ticket.

By the time that all my clothing had been so disarranged that I looked like a strayed reveller being escorted to Vine Street, I took out a handful of money and, suffused with blushes and trembling with nervousness, suggested paying for the ticket on the spot. But the ticket inspector would not hear of this. He said he had gone beyond his station already and I had better look again. So I looked again. I emptied my pockets, I made neat piles of pencils, envelopes, papers and match-boxes on the seat. When I had finished I presented the appearance of a man who is trying to get ready in a hurry for a fancy-dress ball. I had one glove in my mouth and had lost the other. My muffler was wound round my ankles and I had trodden on my hat.

The inspector was now graciously ready to receive payment for my ticket, but this time it was Gregory who would not hear of it.

"Absolute nonsense," he said. "They can check the purchase of your ticket. It was the next number to mine, and the other halves have been collected already. Give him your name and address."

I gave the ticket inspector my name and address, parentage, clubs, recreations, motor-car number and the first line of my favourite hymn. He put them all down in a little book.

During the whole of the next week I had nightmares. The dream was always the same. I dreamt that I had been fastened by ropes on to the permanent-way of the London and Nearly Everlasting Railway, and that the down express was due to run over me in five minutes' time. Hour after hour I lay in agony (there was a slight fog on the line), yet all the time I knew well that if I could only produce my ticket I should be released from my bonds.

The next week, however, I slumbered more easily and began to forget. What was my surprise to receive suddenly, and only a short time before Christmas Day (Christmas Day, mark you!), a typewritten letter containing these words:—

"*S.4* 599999. T.Q.

DEAR SIR,—It is reported that on Saturday the 5th inst. you travelled from X—— to Y——, and were unable to produce a ticket covering the journey, stating that it had been lost.

If since recovered I shall be glad to receive it, but failing that I must ask you, please, to let me have remittance of the fare, viz., ——, at an early date in settlement of the matter. Yours faithfully ——."

I forbear to comment on the English. I content myself with mentioning that on the back of this epistle was an X-ray photograph of one of the larger vertebrates, supposed to represent the ramifications of the London and Nearly Everlasting Railway and accompanied by a few cordial words commenting on the attractions of the line.

It was not the first time that I had received such a letter. I could indeed remember clearly the last occasion. It was during the final stages of Armageddon, and my correspondents were the



THE LOST TICKET.



A SAD CASE AT "THE ROYAL NURSERY HOSPITAL."

Doctor (to Nurse). "I B'LIEVE, AS R'SULT OF HIS CHRIS'MAS DINNER, HIS APPENDIX HAS SNAPPED."

London and Next Week Railway. The circumstances were exactly the same, and the correspondence, with fairly long intervals on my side, lasted for months. Armageddon closed, but the correspondence went on. A few days before Christmas, 1918, I received a postcard with a brightly-coloured picture of a London and Next Week Railway terminus on one side of it and a further demand for my fare on the other. The matter was then referred to the Paymaster-General, who sent me a minute asking me from what account the sum in question should be stopped. I replied on the right-hand side of seven buff sheets, giving a full account of the affair. When this went up to the Conference at Versailles, I have reason to believe that President CLEMENCEAU was strongly on my side. At any rate, I heard no more of the matter, and the sum was never paid.

This time, I suppose, it will have to go to the House of Lords. There are some strong bitter speakers in that august body. It will do no harm, perhaps, to adumbrate the probable lines of the defence.

In the first place I bought my ticket, and in the gathering in of the great harvest this can be proved.

In the second place it was clipped. Heavily clipped, too. Mutilated would be a better word. To avoid having it clipped I should have been compelled to crawl rapidly under the legs of the ticket inspector on X—— platform, or else to have broken burglariously on to the premises of the station at X—— in an outburst of rude joy.

In the third place, I have never in my life travelled without buying a railway ticket, and I scarcely look like the bullying rhinoceros-hided species of criminal who might be expected to attempt the feat. I am the sort of man who would far sooner stoke and oil the train from X—— to London for mere love than pretend to lose the return half of a ticket and face the unspeakable humiliations attendant thereon for the purpose of defrauding the Company.

Is it the notion of the London and Nearly Everlasting Railway that I might have sent the return half of my ticket to some dare-devil student at X—— to use when coming home for the holidays? Why should innocent passengers suffer from these cowardly and libellous insinuations? The Court will not be influenced——but I wander.

I have not found the return half of my ticket. I do not intend to pay for it over again. JOHN HAMPDEN, English statesman and patriot, was born in 1594 (in London), and died in 1643 (at Thame).

EVOE.

TO MY RIGHT HAND.

RIGHT hand, conductor of my pen
And wielder of my racquet,
I would that you were well again,
Not pinned against my jacket!
The left has more than it can do;
It boggles at each button,
It knows not how to tie a shoe,
It shies at beef and mutton.

It does its best, but not a thing
Achieves with your old deftness,
So burst your bandage, slough your sling
And free me from this leftness;
A claw as clumsy as a clown
At dressing and at dinner
Is like to let its master down,
Both outer man and inner.

And yet I 'm grateful for the smash;
For, while you ride at anchor,
The left, I find, conserves my cash—
For proof, consult my banker;
It scrawled a cheque to meet a bill
For Chloe's hats and raiment;
The signature was formed so ill
They held it forged—no payment.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"It may be useful . . . to remember that the French for hat is 'chateau.'"—*Weekly Paper.*

But, as the poet says, it 's wiser to forget.

AT THE PLAY.

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" (OLD VIC).

IF this strange magnificent medley were presented to us now for the first time how many of us critics would have the wit to refrain from taunting Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE with his so shameless borrowing of the technique of the cinematograph? Forty-two scenes – many no longer than a caption-while – Alexandria, Rome, Misenum, Syria, Actium; palace, camp, street and galley! Or from advising him that he would do well to make up his mind whether he wished to present us a loose-knit chronicle play of *Pompey* and the *Triumvirs* or to concentrate on the personal tragedy of a noble Roman seduced from the paths of soldierly honour and sceptre-grasping ambition by the fatal beauty of the ruthless Serpent of Old Nile? Happily we are saved from such a *gaffe*, and can discreetly acknowledge that a work which breaks every rule that could be framed by academic folk for the making of a compact and coherent stage-play breaks them all triumphantly.

Little wonder that we so seldom are privileged to see *Antony and Cleopatra*. It sets a stiff problem to the producer anxious to bring his entertainment within the confines of three hours or so. The subsidiary scenes vitally necessary for the unfolding of the action are so short they can scarce be made shorter; while we cannot forgo the richly-jewelled embellishments of the longer scenes.

The necessary compression was adroitly achieved in the distinguished performance at the Old Vic without sacrifice of coherence, by curtained scenic simplifications, a little crafty telescoping, and a well-drilled speed of utterance not, in the main, too hurried to be intelligible. I will not indeed assert that, despite all the care evidently given to elocution in the present production, there were not many inaudible phrases, nay, passages. The muffling background of drapery was in part responsible for this; in part the obscurity to a modern ear (an obscurity beyond the normal wont of SHAKESPEARE) of much of the dialogue. But the spirited and intelligent playing assured us of not losing the drift of a phrase or the essence of a situation. Else the rapt attention of a packed house could not have been held as it was from start to finish—even assuming it leavened by many members of that eager sodality of passionate Shakespeareans, the Old Vic Association.



THE BIG THREE.

Triumvirs { *Antony* . . . . . MR. BALIOL HOLLOWAY. *Lepidus* . . . . . MR. JOHN GARSIDE. *Octavius Cæsar* . . . MR. DUNCAN YARROW.

Miss EDITH EVANS (*Cleopatra*) was particularly skilful in getting the intimate meaning and mood of her lines over to her audience. She succeeded conspicuously as the lover, passionate, wayward, disingenuous, substantially steadfast, irresistibly seductive. Her gestures and carriage sustained the effect of Oriental repose, save where, rightly, she let the tiger forth upon the bringer of ill-news. I thought she failed a little to show behind the woman the fixed disdainful pride of Egypt's Queen. Still, a well-studied brilliant performance.

Mr. BALIOL HOLLOWAY was a noble *Antony*, suggesting finely the hint of greatness, the generosity and instability of this superbly drawn character, so seeming-worthy of the staunch love of his captains, so ignobly sacrificing his soldier's honour to his desires. Mr. NEIL PORTER's presentation of the bluff *Enobarbus* was a singularly attractive performance. I thought, by the way, that the bantering passage between *Enobarbus* and *Menas* (played by Mr. ERNEST MEADS), after the reconciliation of *Pompey* and the *Triumvirate*, was quite admirably played—an instance of what a skilled technique and an easy, effortless, because trained, elocution can achieve. Every syllable was heard and had its full weight, yet neither player was straining for his effect.



WHAT EXPRESS MESSENGERS HAD TO PUT UP WITH.

A Messenger . . . . . MR. GRAVELEY EDWARDS.
Cleopatra . . . . . MISS EDITH EVANS.

Another most successful scene was the drunken feast on board *Pompey's* galley, which skilfully stopped this side of over-acting. Mr. BALIOL HOLLOWAY played it with a sound humour, and Mr. JOHN GARSIDE as the inebriated *Lepidus* was extremely amusing. Of the tragic scenes, apart from those in which *Antony* and his *Queen* were engaged, I liked best that between *Eros* the armour-bearer and his broken chief, beginning with those magically poignant words:—

"Unarm, Eros. The long day's task is done
And we must sleep,"

and ending with *Antony's* falling upon his sword. There was a manly simplicity and sincerity about Mr. RALPH TRUMAN'S *Eros* which I found very attractive here and elsewhere.



Draper's Assistant (at Smithfield show). "YES, IT'S THICK ENOUGH, BUT IT DOESN'T FEEL TO ME LIKE ALL PURE WOOL."

Mr. DUNCAN YARROW made an excellent *Octavius*, a little difficult to hear but conveying well the dignity of the *Triumvir* embarrassed by his youth and inly resentful of the status of his powerful colleagues.

There were, of course, things to criticise in detail, but any sense of shortcomings was swallowed up in what I can only call the splendour of a noble work of art, of which the spirit had been caught by the players and interpreted with sincerity and zeal. The three hours passed as one. It is difficult in cold blood to believe that one could have been so intensely moved by the great Master's magic. T.

"By kind permission of the Inspector-General of Police, the police will play at the Lagos Lawn Tennis Club *to-night*, from 6.30 p.m. to 8 p.m."—*Local News-Sheet.*

We trust they had a nice game, and that their boots did not cut up the courts.

"Her eyes . . . were timid, like the eyes of Cophetua in the palace of the king."
Recent Novel.

No doubt it was this timidity in the presence of his Court ladies which was accountable for King Cophetua's *mésalliance*.

A PONDEROUS PEST.

[A plague of hippopotami is troubling a district of the Transvaal.]

THERE are some weighty reasons why
A plague of hippopotami
Should not alone surprise and vex,
But also painfully perplex
A man whose garden is his pride;
They are so hard to keep outside.
With mild amusement they will mark
The watchdog's plainly nervous bark;
No scarecrow will suffice to rout
A hippo bent on dining out;
In frank derision he will hoot
At netting to protect the fruit;
He won't sheer off for shouts of "Shoo!"
As conscience-stricken cats may do;
And what to him the patch of salt
At which, in panic, slugs will halt?
A barrier of soot will not
Avail to check the hippopot;
In vain the ardent novice goes
To smoke them off the threatened rose;
Nor is the ponderous plundering tribe
Susceptible to gift or bribe;
They will not leave the rasps and plums
To scramble for your scattered crumbs,
Or let your precious peas alone
To peck a swinging mutton-bone.
A warning notice is absurd,
However bold in type and word;
For hippos, I need hardly state,
Are hopelessly illiterate,
And, could they read it, I expect
The hint would fail of its effect,
The creature being, books affirm,
Essentially a pachyderm,
A boorish animal, in fact,
Insensitive to threat or tact.
Two ways, however, we suggest
To rid your precincts of the pest:
One predicates, alas! a gun
(That is the crude unkindly one);
The other owes its sure success
To something you would never guess—
The horror hippos share with us
Of being made ridiculous.
(For this pure vanity 's to blame
In man and hippo, both the same;
Its figure being, nose to stern,
Apart from meals, its chief concern).
This second scheme necessitates
A showman's mirror at your gates,
A large distorting looking-glass;
Each hippo, when he wants to pass,
Observes himself mis-shapen there
With consternation and despair,
And, fearful of his playmates' smiles,
Turns round and runs for miles and miles.

W. K. H.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THOSE two "gay GORDONS," JAN and CORA, have embodied, in *Two Vagabonds in Languedoc* (THE BODLEY HEAD), the results in pen and pencil of their summer residence in a French village at the average cost of 2*s.* 9½*d.* a day. It grew out of a flying visit and was prolonged for four months—a record, I should think, in the roving career of these accomplished vagabonds. I use the adjective advisedly, for they write as well as or better than they paint; they have a fund of philosophy matched with a keen sense of humour; and, as I have reason to know, they play like angels on the guitar. A better picture of the genius of a remote French village, still seventeenth or eighteenth century in its spirit, in spite of electric light, mechanical transport and the infection of the disease of speed, it would be hard to find. The vagabonds are artists first, but they are shrewd and critical though not censorious observers of humanity. So while they lament the disappearance of the beautiful local costume, the standardising of dress and the drift of the peasantry to the towns, they are fully alive to the drawbacks of primitive hygiene, the persistence of superstition and the power of magic to resist the advance of modern medicine. Some of these traits are common to all peasants; others are peculiar to the French. Each is acutely noted and illustrated. With all deductions the authors declare their belief that the French peasant is the freest man in the world, and here, as all through, assertion is fortified by example, ranging from the comic and grotesque to the tragic. I cannot find "Janac," the scene of their residence, on the map or in any gazetteer or guide-book. And in view of the notorious objection of country-folk to be "put into a book"—as shown by the Aran Islanders when they were thus treated by SYNGE—I can well imagine that it is an *alias* invented by the authors to guard against the identification of the models they have so faithfully portrayed.



Bobby. "BOO-HOO! JOHN 'S EATEN ALL MY CAKE!"
John. "YOU SAID I MIGHT HAVE A BITE, AND IT ISN'T MY FAULT IF MY BITE 'S AS BIG AS YOUR CAKE."

I am quite of Mr. A. A. MILNE'S opinion that his "best book" has no right to rest content with one ill-timed War-time appearance; and I was delighted to see it revived this Christmas to catch the eyes which in 1917 were all out of focus for fairy-tales. *Once On A Time* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a fascinating blend of *The Rose and the Ring* and *Prince Otto*. It should, I feel, become a family possession, perhaps an heirloom, if only because it is written from first to last on the sound principle that "no one can write a book which children will like unless he write it for himself first." Like both its suggested progenitors it deals with courts and courtly politics. *King Merriwig of Euralia* has been insulted by *His Majesty of Barodia*, who strides over his fellow-sovereign's breakfast-table nineteen times during a constitutional in seven-leagued boots. The archery of Euralia is instructed to shoot at the portent; a royal Barodian whisker is damaged and, after an interchange of stiff Notes, war is declared. *King Merriwig* leaves for the Front, and his motherless daughter, the *Princess Hyacinth*, remains behind as Regent, chaperoned by the astute *Countess Belvane*. The *Countess* "carries on" with extraordinary competence, levying vast taxes in the *Princess's* name and distributing vast largesse among the enthusiastic populace in her own. *Hyacinth* summons a princely suitor, *Udo of Araby*, to her aid. He sets out gaily, but is intercepted by *Belvane's* enchantments and arrives transformed into a species of mild Chimera—too mild, worse luck, to be of any defensive use to the *Princess*. However victory (bloodless) crowns the Euralian arms, *Belvane's* spells are reversed and a happy ending secured for a very happy story. Mr. CHARLES ROBINSON'S illustrations are designed throughout to decorate two opposing pages together. Thus the metamorphosed *Udo* strains to attack his enchantress across two united rivulets of margin. It is, I think, a pretty and original fashion of embellishing a book, and likely to prove highly entertaining to the book's smallest readers.

Our sense of proportion is a little strained when it comes to publishing such a book as *The Life of W. T. Stead* (CAPE) in two large volumes. For it is thirteen years or so since the *Titanic* disaster; and even then STEAD was not quite the great figure in journalism that he had been. Still Mr. FREDERIC WHYTE'S life of this eccentric Northern journalist who came to London and stirred it to the depths not once but a dozen times makes excellent reading. There must have been something dæmonic in the youth who, while still editor of *The Northern Echo*, of Darlington, corresponded with such men as GLADSTONE, FREEMAN, FROUDE and LIDDON. Then came the remarkable decade at the old *Pall Mall Gazette* office, first under JOHN MORLEY and then in sole command. I suppose STEAD must take the responsibility for having started the New Journalism on its devastating path. The "stunt" habit dates from him, with the important qualification that in his case the motive was invariably the regeneration of the world rather than the boosting of his paper. Mr. WHYTE deals faithfully with all the famous performances, from "Chinese GORDON," through the "Maiden Tribute," the LANGWORTHY case, and "Bloody Sunday" to "The Truth About the Navy" and the TSAR'S Peace Rescript, with a host of minor crusades in between. STEAD himself laid most stress on his part as amanuensis of the "Letters from Julia," and perhaps on his services as purveyor of literature to the multitude. He spoke sometimes as though a nation could be civilised by the forcible injection of good poetry into the system. But he was a big man and is worthy of these two volumes. Mr. WHYTE does not overdo the panegyric; he includes correctives in a



Stalker (in hoarse whisper to sportsman who has been "told about it" at least twenty times). "KEEP Y'R HEID DOON."

communication from Mr. BERNARD SHAW, who writes of him as "stupendously ignorant," and another from Mrs. EMILY CRAWFORD, who contributes a delightful sketch of an interview she arranged between M. FLOQUET, then Premier of France, and a traveller in a fur cap who looked like an exceptionally villainous dog-stealer.

Mr. FRANK SWINNERTON'S latest character study, *The Elder Sister* (HUTCHINSON), tells of the familiarly fatal fascination exercised by an orthodox villain on two beautiful victims, one at least of whom was as nice a girl as you would like to see good friends with your growing-up son. The theme may not be strikingly original, yet the author shows a certain undeniable cleverness in leading one through a series of accurately-studied convincing details of everyday life towards the acceptance of major conclusions that in themselves are quite unsatisfactory. Personally I do not for a moment believe that level-headed *Anne* would have succumbed to *Mortimer's* elementary attractions, yet I have to admit finishing the book with sorrow at being unable to share in the happy ending that surely some honest lover was to contrive for her sooner or later. And sorrow of this kind argues a degree of persuasion. Whether even impulsive *Vera*, *Anne's* younger sister, would have found such a conventional scoundrel's influences fatal may be doubtful. Regrets on her behalf centre mainly round the failure of that fellow *Harrow*, who was muscular and materially minded, to introduce a little lively action with the point of his boot, an attention that would have improved the staidly-moving plot no less than the plotter. The author's defence, if he feels he needs one, for his almost criminal complicity in the double tragedy of his story would seem to be either that he is pointing to bigamy as a solution for a young man's temperamental difficulties, or, alternatively, that he is decrying bigamy, since only such a "currish spirit" as *Mortimer's* could seem to require it. Neither of which intentions, it might appear, justifies the portraying of attractive girls only to use them thus untenderly.

The Gun Runners (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) may irritate those who cannot stomach extravaganzas, but it has provided me with several agreeable chuckles. The outstanding character of the story is the *Abbess of Ventura*, a delightful lady to meet in fiction, though in the flesh she would have scared me, as she scared others, to incoherency. Ventura was an island somewhere in the Adriatic, and there the *Abbess* reigned supreme over the sisters of the Hagia Sophrosyne Order. I regret to say that she herself was deplorably lax in her religious observances, but, as she was writing a treatise on no less a subject than the Causes and Cure of War, much may be forgiven her. And, if we are to believe Mr. "GEORGE BIRMINGHAM," such a book was badly needed. In short, another European war was in the offing. An American lady, who had begun life as plain *Sophie Hook*, but was now the widowed ex-Queen of Karnonia, considered that her young son would make an excellent king if he could secure a kingdom. So she began to plot with Jews and filibusters, and presently guns labelled "Furniture, Antique," were landed on the *Abbess's* island. Panic spread over the Exchanges of Europe. But everyone was reckoning without the *Abbess*, who had in her time astonished many people but still had a wonderful surprise up her flowing sleeve. Both the climax and the scenes that lead up to it are treated with the ironical humour peculiar to Mr. "BIRMINGHAM."



THE LOCARNO SPIRIT.

YESTERDAY, when I intruded, after a long interval, upon the privacy of my friend the Sage I was filled with apprehension at finding him engaged upon a map of Switzerland. Could it be that he proposed to imperil his venerable limbs in the pursuit of Winter Sports?

"No," he said, interpreting my unspoken fears with that quick intuition which is among the most admirable of his many gifts—"no, I am not arranging to course about an Alp on skis. I was only looking up the exact locality of this Locarno of which we have heard so much. I see that it lies a little off the beaten track, which explains why it escaped my observation in the old days of the Via Mala *diligence*. But had I foreseen its future fame I might have made a pilgrimage to it. It was in my thoughts to rectify that omission."

"It is indeed," I said, "a Mecca to which the leisured Faithful should flock. But the spirit of Locarno promises to develop into a religion that needs no visible shrine."

"True," said Mr. Punch; "I foresee the application of that spirit to all international and intertribal disputes. Already its sedative effect has been manifested in the affair of the Irish boundary. And what can be done under its influence in Ireland can surely be done anywhere. Even the Turk, to take an extreme case of congenital immunity from such infection, may be made amenable to it in course of time. It makes me very sad to think what they missed for lack of the spirit of Locarno, those warring nations and factions of the past. Athens and Sparta, Rome and Carthage, York and Lancaster—if it had only existed in their days! And the Guelphs and Ghibellines in Florence, so near to Locarno—they only knew the spirit of Lung' Arno, a totally different brand. However, it is idle to regret. Let us instead see to it that, with this new cordial always on tap, the history of war is not allowed to repeat itself."

"And have you noticed," I asked, "that the aroma of this spirit of Locarno is spreading to other circles than those of international politics? I have just received an advertisement of 'Wines of Quality for Christmas,' and I was so much struck with the way in which it associated this spirit with the advocacy of the firm's goods that I committed some of it to memory. 'With the approach of the Festive Season,' it ran, 'we have pleasure in submitting a carefully assorted list of CHRISTMAS CASES . . . . We take this opportunity of offering you the Season's greetings, and now that the Amity of Nations appears to have been sealed with the Pact of Locarno, we trust that the coming year will . . . prove the dawn of an era of contentment and prosperity.'"

"I see no limit," said the Sage, "to the possibilities that may 'emerge' (if you will pardon this word)

from the Locarno Pact. I see its spirit pervading the domestic interior; I see it acting as a solvent of matrimonial disputes. I would have some leading artist commissioned to paint a picture (in oils) of Locarno; and I would have reproductions of it placed upon the market at so reasonable a price that every householder in the land, however humble, might have a copy hanging upon the wall of his home. The rather loud and crude colouring of Lago Maggiore, with its absence of atmosphere, would lend itself admirably to oleographic treatment. The constant proximity of such a picture would, I am convinced, serve to correct any tendency to conjugal difference.

"But," continued Mr. Punch on a less frivolous note, "we have said nothing of the man to whom most of all we owe the creation of this new spirit. I am tempted to break into poetry and say

'Twas AUSTEN'S tact
That did the Pact.

Very sincerely I join the universal pæan of praise that our latest K.G. receives so modestly. The motto of the Garter—*Honi soit qui mal y pense*—threatens to lose something of its point. For nobody is likely to 'think ill' of its new Knight, and many people are beginning to think a good deal better of the Order since he joined it."

"I suppose," said I, "that it really was Sir AUSTEN who brought about the Pact, and not Mr. COOLIDGE?"

"I have read," replied His Sagacity, "a report of that gentleman's complacent Message to Congress, and I don't think he went so far as to make that direct claim. You see, the splendid aloofness of America did not permit her to be there at the time in the person of her PRESIDENT or any lesser exponent of her world-supremacy. If she had been there I hardly doubt that she would claim to have won the Peace as well as the War. As it is, I gather from her PRESIDENT'S remarks that his colleague, General DAWES, figure-head of the Reparations Commission and titular hero of the 'DAWES Scheme,' had a hand in paving the way for the Locarno Pact. Incidentally one notes the quiet self-satisfaction with which Mr. COOLIDGE announces that America, the arch-profiteer of the War, by settlements already made or 'which will undoubtedly be made' (this for the edification of France), has secured from those nations that fought all through the War, and not for the last year of it only, a sum of over three-thousand-million pounds sterling—enough to wipe out her own national debt.

"These noble figures, however, have nothing to do with Locarno, except that the Pact expressed the resolve of various impoverished nations to prevent another European War from being waged for America's benefit."

"To come back, Sir," I said, "to Sir AUSTEN'S part in this achievement. I have a pleasant picture in my mind of the very jolly birthday excursion on Lago Maggiore which is said to have clinched it. I wish we could reproduce that *mise-en-scène* for the solution of future international questions; for there seems to be a certain magic about a boat on a lake. London, of course, presents difficulties; but there is the Serpentine, and there are the pelicans' quarters in St. James's Park; or, since we should have to resort to artificial water, why not flood the courtyard of the Foreign Office and make a Lago Minore of it?"

"A happy thought," said Mr. Punch, "which I will put to Sir AUSTEN. And I will tell my old friend how gladly I would assist at a rehearsal of such a scheme. Indeed I might seize the occasion to offer him a personal tribute of regard and affection which I am holding in readiness for some auspicious moment."

"You interest me strangely," I said. "Would it be indiscreet to ask what form that tribute will take?"

"Your curiosity," said the Sage, "is pardonable and it shall be instantly appeased. Know, then, that my proposed tribute has this distinguishing merit, that it is the work of my own hands, the result of no less than six months of unremitted toil. It is in fact—and you will kindly regard the information as confidential—my

One Hundred and Sixty-Ninth Volume."





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